

# LUCIFER

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 640

### Discontent.

A peasant lay on hospitable grass  
To watch a silent cloud-procession pass;  
And bathe in tempered sunshine sifting down  
In softened radiance over the field and town.  
A passing horseman drew his rein and said  
"Good man, where travel you, by fancy led?  
'Tis noontide sun that warms your grassy bed,  
And yet I fear me you remain unfed."  
"I feed on wishes," thoughtfully replied  
The peasant. Then he smiled and then he sighed.  
"I'm tired of all the foolish gods I know:  
I wish a greater minded god would grow:  
One who would touch my master's heart to pay  
To me, his laborer, more pence a day.  
The earth is wide and green; the sky is fair,  
And yet I find no mercy anywhere."  
"Do beaten schoolboys pray for other gods?  
Pray not," the horseman said, "a change of gods—  
If gods are cruel, all the gods detrone:  
If masters rob you, mastership disown.  
Wish not to be part bound, but wholly free—  
A god, a master of yourself to be."

—Clara D. Davidson.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENNON.

A "Liberal" editor says he would not defend the dead chiefs of his host if it had not been proved they were moral. Why, then, does he sell the works of Voltaire? Why does he sell the Queen Mab of Shelley? "Moral" these two mighty geniuses were not, as the editor well knows.

The man who proclaims his unquestioning faith in the "purity" of a woman and in the next instant demands a "surgical and medical examination" to make certain the fact of said "purity," is a spectacle for gods and men. If he and others of his genus would keep still no questions could be raised concerning the "purity" of the one hesaw awkwardly champions. Every stain upon her reputation has been put there by him and his fellow-reactionists. "Against stupidity even the gods are powerless."

Irreligious moral conformists pay to their leaders the compliment of believing that when the latter say they stand for liberty all-around, they mean the liberty only of those who agree with them and to the extent only that they agree. In so far as the radical leaders believe as the conformists believe, the latter have no doubt the leaders are honest enough to live their principles, but when the leaders advocate a deeper and wider liberty than the conformists can accept, then the conformists flatter the leaders by supposing they are hypocrites, that they teach what they are too good to practice! In other words, the conformists believe that their beloved chiefs are so degraded that they will deliberately direct their followers into quagmires of "immorality" which they will not go near themselves! So enamored are the conformists with their own ideals that they cannot conceive that other men's ideals may call out at least as loyal worship as do their own.

When professional moralists fall out, the public hears some wholesome truth. As an instance of this, listen to a denunciation of Rev. C. H. Parkhurst by Charlotte Smith's "Woman's Rescue League":

One Charles H. Parkhurst has done more harm to society than he can ever atone for during the period of his natural life. Through the agitation brought on by the said man in the pulpit and through society, this so-called reformer has been the means of driving respectable women into the dwelling places of respectable women. The state of the city is worse than ever before, and a man with money and church influence at his command that will use the heartless language he has and plan such cruel method against outcast women is a disgrace to the pulpit and Christianity as well. The name of the society of which he is president should be changed to the Society of the Propagation of Vice, Disease and Crime.

Now if Mr. Parkhurst will tell us what he thinks of the methods of Mrs. Smith we can strike a balance and throw both debtors out of the court of Reason.

When you hear the question, "Is he an honest boy?" you understand that the inquirer wants to know if the boy indicated is honest as regards the property of other people. The honest boy does not steal, and, giving a little broader meaning to the word honest, he does not lie. The honest boy keeps his hands off the effects of his neighbors and he keeps his word. But when you hear the question, "Is she an honest girl?" your experience tells you that the inquirer wants to know if the girl asked about is still taboo. "Honest" has been transformed. It no longer refers to what may be called commercial integrity; applied to the girl, it seems that she has never failed to conform. The honest girl does not love until she has received a license from an official. She can get a license to love, but she is still honest. In this she differs from the boy. He is an honest boy, even if he does love without a license. But he cannot get a license to steal or to lie, and even if he could he would be a thief and a liar, if he stole or lied. Odd, is it not, that a strong and rugged word like "honest" can be bent and twisted out of all resemblance to itself in the skinny and gnarled fingers of the imbecile Madame Grundy! The woman, having no property but her sex, had no use for commercial integrity, and so it came about that we say "She is honest" when we mean that she will not sell her sex (except legally) and will not use it without a license from man, who, having property, has use for common honesty but never thinks of calling himself dishonest when he loves without a license. The Freethinker who asks, "Is she honest?" meaning, Is she still taboo? fails to see that he is doing what he can to perpetuate the Christian sociology, which deprived woman of her property rights and left her with nothing but her sex with which to play at housewifery. This is a vicious distinction which makes "honest" mean one thing in the case of a man and something entirely different in the case of a woman.

No reform work can succeed without the assistance of the press. The reform press must have the support of reformers or go down. These are two simple, elementary facts, and they

should be within the comprehension even of moralists. All this jabbering about the connection of "The Truth Seeker" and the Freethought Federation proceeds either from thoughtlessness or from do-nothing envy, or from the two combined. "The Truth Seeker" keeps the Liberals informed concerning the schemes of the religious marplots and the counteracting work of organized Freethought and, naturally, the five Liberals take "The Truth Seeker" to get this information. Thus it happens that the Freethought lecturer finds that in every neighborhood the men and women who give him effective help are the men and women whom "The Truth Seeker" has told about the work that needs to be done and the laborers who are doing it. The same condition of affairs prevails in England, and there is a similar little group of fault-finders to pick at the management of the British Secular Union. It is the poorest kind of poor policy to circulate a paper which is continually nagging at Liberal workers on personal grounds and side issues, whose editor has no more discretion than to put into cold type every bit of information or misinformation that falls in his way and every vagrant fancy and foul suspicion that floats about in his brain, and which has never given the slightest indication that it voices the fundamental demands of Freethought, viz., Freedom of Investigation, Freedom of Expression, Freedom of Application. "The Truth Seeker" has its grave limitations, from my point of view, but it is a vigorous fighter along its own lines of work, and that work is a work that must be done, and the editor who can do it deserves our help, for we need him and his paper. And common justice demands that the aspersions of the uninformed or of the jealous be repelled.

The criminal immorality of orthodox "morality" was never better expressed—except by General Sickle's pistol—than in a poem written by Elizabeth Harman and printed in New York "Town Topics" of December 10, 1896. It is entitled, "A Woman's Love," and reads as follows:

The Maid. . . . Oh, whispering Wind that blows  
Across the sea,  
Where is my sailor now?  
Pray answer me!

The Wind. . . . O'er waters calm, his boat  
Bounds swiftly on,  
Your sailor treads the deck  
With jest and song.

The Maid. . . . And in his heart, oh Wind,  
What do you see?  
A maiden's pictured face?—  
A maid—like me?

The Wind. . . . Ah yes, I see a face  
Of maiden there—  
But she is bold and dark—  
And you are fair.

The Maid. . . . Oh, Wind, cease whispering!  
If this be true,  
Storm! Rage! Beneath the waves  
Sink boat and crew!

I love him so! And him  
Another charms!  
Give him to Death, oh Wind,  
Not to her arms!

I sincerely trust that the poetess did not express her own feelings in this horror of rhymed composition. Such a woman would depopulate a city to wreak her "love" on a wandering lover. Why she gives the title of "A Woman's Love" to the libel on her own sex, I do not know; certainly woman has no monopoly of this fiendish love of possession. This Harman of the old school so vindictively loves the unfortunate man of her choice that she will not only murder him but with him a whole ship's crew, thus willingly bringing poverty and despair into many other homes and hearts. Her love is as dangerous as the love of the Jewish Yahveh. Like that ancient tribal deity, whom she loveth she chasteneth, and every one else who gets in the way of her affectionate vengeance. The morality of the purity people sweats blood.

In the Direct Legislation Record for December a Mrs. Ella B. Carter, of New Jersey, has a very complimentary review of my handbook on direct legislation, and upsets the whole article by closing with the following words:

"If there is one thing in the book to which, as a woman, I must take exception, it is the fling at the Comstock postal law, which is wrongly compared to Russian censorship. This law was made in the interest of social purity, and was desired and striven for by some of the women whose names are mentioned in the book in a list of noted people who advocate direct legislation. The effort to stop the dissemination of vile and obscene literature through the United States mails was made in the interest of pure homes, and all must admit that in the integrity of the family and the home lies the true basis of the State, the only sure foundation of our civilization."

No doubt thousands of intelligent and well-meaning people share the views here expressed by Mrs. Carter. For many years it has been a matter of surprise to me why so many hold to the belief that the Comstock law was intended to prevent the dissemination of obscene literature. This was never the real purpose of the law, and the fact that the "Police Gazette" and other similar publications have not been molested for years must be accepted as proof that this law does not prevent the dissemination of vile literature. The intent and purpose of the Comstock law is to prevent the dissemination of all knowledge pertaining to contraceptive science—not obscene literature.

Under this law Dr. E. B. Foote paid \$5,000 fine for transmitting copies of his "Words in Pearl" through the mails, and there is no more obscenity in this publication than in Dickens' *Domby and Son*. It is a work of such practical importance to the well-being of the race that it should be circulated at government expense, especially in the slums of all large cities and among the colored population of the south. Who would think of charging that Anna Besant's "Law of Population" is obscene or the "Reform of the Century," and many other similar works that have been ignominiously ruled out of the mails under this bigoted law? Mrs. Wainbrooker, Leroy Berrier and Moses Harman have been unreasonably persecuted under this law—was it for disseminating obscene literature?—such a charge would imply an insult to the life-long labors of these earnest reformers in the course of humanity.

In this connection I desire to give some facts that I have never before given to the public. During the four years I was secretary of the National Social Science League, of Chicago, I carried on a confidential correspondence which extended to almost every section of the union. It is my honest belief, from the facts I gained through this correspondence, that the Comstock law has been the cause of hundreds of deaths annually for the past twenty years by enforcing ignorance of contraceptive science, thereby creating a demand for all manner of abortion-producing drugs. Almost wholly on account of this law nearly all newspapers today teem with advertisements of "pennyroyal and tansy pills," and other emmenagogues sold for the express purpose of inducing abortion, and the sale of these drugs, it is estimated, amounts to more than one million dollars annually.

If Mrs. Carter will investigate thoroughly the workings of the Comstock law she will find that "as a woman" she ought not to defend any such monstrosity. Mrs. Carter cannot desire more earnestly than I do the dissemination of only pure and useful literature, but before she lends her influence to the support of this law that enforces ignorance on the most vital questions of life and happiness and actually increases the national death rate she should at least be certain that her statements are founded on facts.

Much as I desire the adoption of direct legislation I believe the repeal of the Comstock law is of vastly more importance at this time.

The majority of women like titles. If you consider the matter you will find it quite natural. Titles can be divided. A duke makes a duchess. Whereas a man of brains cannot share his intellect with a fool.—*Edgar Saltus*.



## Additional Notes Concerning Our Double Bereavement.

BY E. C. WALKER.

I am sure that an impartial review of the circumstances attending the sudden death of Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins will kill all the absurd rumors to the effect that one or the other of our comrades committed suicide. All who knew him admit at once that such imaginings about Putnam are too absurd for a moment's credence, and those who knew Miss Collins best are no less positive in scouting the scarcely veiled charges made against her. Before I went to Boston to attend the funeral of President Putnam and to gather information bearing upon the disaster, I dismissed as the reporters' idle guesses all the newspaper conjectures of suicide, and after a very careful examination of the place where our friends perished, after exhaustive questioning of the persons who were in a position to know all that can ever be known concerning the events of the fatal evening, and after (then and since) ascertaining much regarding the expressions and demeanor of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins during that day and the immediately preceding days, I am more positive than at first that the catastrophe we so bitterly lament was an accident, pure and simple.

To prevent a possible misapprehension, let me say right here that I have no moral objections to suicide; that I hold that it is preposterous to claim that any man or woman is in duty bound to cling to life after life has ceased to be enjoyable. But it is a reflection on the intelligence of a person if that person destroys himself without a careful comparison of the apparent relative advantages of continued life and of extinction, or after a false balancing of the good and the bad sides of the ledger of life. I have too much faith in the mental soundness of both Samuel Putnam and May Collins to believe that either of them made the one blunder or the other. Life had not ceased to be enjoyable to them. Each faced a promising future. Each was planning work that it would take a lifetime to accomplish, and it was work in which their whole natures were enlisted. Each had high ambitions. Neither saw any evidence that the dead individual lives again, and therefore each realized most keenly the wisdom of making all possible of this one life. Neither feared the ghosts, and hence neither hesitated to live a full and rounded life. I reject as ridiculous and repel as an insult to the departed the assumption that either of our death-laundered comrades wantonly shattered the golden bowl of existence. They died by an accident, and by an accident belonging in a class alarmingly large. Of this kind of accident, more further along.

At the little dinner in Stoneham on the day of doom, the two who were to die early that night were planning widely for the coming year. In the party was a member of the Lilliputian Company. She was an old friend of both Mr. Putnam and the hostess. Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins were to travel and lecture in the secular cause; the prospective route of the Lilliputians and that of the Freethought champions were scanned and compared; all points of possible contact were noted, and it was arranged that the three friends should meet in several cities, including San Francisco, which sits in beauty by the Golden Gate, in that state of California which Mr. Putnam had done so much to keep out of the clutches of the ecclesiastical enemies of human liberty. "Isn't this a jolly dinner, girls?" he exclaimed in his jovial, happy way. All present were young (Putnam would never have grown old in spirit), hopeful, with eyes that looked forward and upward and saw the towering columns, the slender arches, the translucent lights, and the iridescent hues which ever belong to the castles that Ambition and Youth and Love build in the Spain of sweet Fancy. At 6:25 the three travelers took the train for Boston. At 7:15 the Freethought workers said good night to the actress at the doors of her theater. In two hours or less, as subsequent developments show, the curtain had rung down forever on the lives of Samuel Putnam and May Collins.

It is asked how it could be possible for two persons in the full possession of their faculties to be overcome by illuminating gas. There is no mystery about it if all the contributory

factors are taken into account. Such accidents are very numerous, and this attracts our attention and provokes our inquiry only because the victims were known and loved by us. Gas does not act upon the human system in the way commonly supposed. There is no suffocation, in the ordinary sense. The heart is affected, and unless the sense of smell gives warning, those subject to its influence may fall to the floor unconscious without any premonition of danger. Dr. Draper, Medical Examiner of Boston, in the certificate which he gave to Mr. Hoge, the lawyer representing Dr. Collins, the father of May Collins, stated that the gas now used in Boston is very poisonous, and a small quantity of it is sufficient to produce death, especially as it is almost odorless, and so takes its victims unawares. These facts, considered in connection with the further facts that Mr. Putnam's olfactory sense was totally destroyed years ago by nasal catarrh and that Miss Collins had a weak heart action, fully explain, to my mind, the apparent mystery of these deaths. The position of the bodies indicated that Miss Collins had been the first to feel the effects of the gas, as was to be expected, her heart being unable to withstand a severe pressure. As she fell, Mr. Putnam stooped or knelt to raise her from the floor. This brought his head into a denser stratum of gas, away from the current of fresh air flowing in through the narrow crevice at the top of the window. Then he too, was overcome, and fell gently backward, so that he was in no way bruised by contact with the floor, while Miss Collins had a slight cut upon the forehead. The bodies lay with the heads at opposite sides of the room. What follows serves by illustration to make more clear my explanation and to demonstrate its reasonableness. In the "Truth Seeker" of December 26th, Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., is quoted as follows:

"I was talking with a lady yesterday who keeps a boarding-house. She said that last winter an accident of a similar kind took place in her house. She discovered a faint odor of gas, and went about the house to see where it was escaping. She rapped at one of her lady boarder's doors, and the lady informed her that there was no escape of gas in her room. The landlady returned to her first floor, but was not quite satisfied, and determined to make another investigation. Failing to find any escape elsewhere she again went to the lady aforesaid. Speaking without opening the door, she still protested that there was no escape of gas there, and finally came to the door, but as she was speaking with the landlady, fell flat upon the floor. On investigation it was found that the gas was escaping in this very room. The fumes probably came on so gradually that the affected lady was not conscious of any escape of gas, but she was so near dead when they picked her up from the floor that they had to work at her until five o'clock the next morning to restore her."

Here is another case: Two or three days ago in Bridgeport, Conn., a mother and her five children were prostrated by gas, under these circumstances: Two of the children fell to the floor. Neither the mother nor any of the children had smelled escaping gas. The mother, unable to revive the children, and not knowing the cause of their sickness, hastened for a physician. When she returned with him, she found that the other three children had yielded to the same mysterious malady. Still neither she nor the doctor smelled gas, although both had come into the close room from the open air. The doctor, at his wit's ends, but suspecting poison, went for remedies. When he came back, he discovered that he had another patient—the mother was prostrate with her five little ones. Then, and not till then, was it found that gas was pouring from an open burner in the gas-stove.

In view of these striking facts I respectfully submit that all this talk about suicide and about "foul play" in connection with the deaths of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins might profitably cease. It is wholly gratuitous. And the same is true of a great deal of other chatter in connection with the heartrending affair. Our friends are dead. They died because we have not learned all the ways of the natural forces which we have harnessed for our use. That tells the story in brief. It is enough.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1304 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1890?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1304 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Change of Form.

After years of delay and consideration, and not without serious misgivings, it has at length been decided to change Lucifer's form from the folio to the quarto. Of the many reasons, pro and con, the oft-expressed desire to have the paper in better shape for binding has prevailed. We are not satisfied with the new head-piece, but are promised by the friend who has kindly undertaken the task of getting it up for us, that a better one, with the same design will soon be prepared. Hoping that our friends will be pleased with the change, and that the Light-Bearer's usefulness will be increased thereby, we respectfully tender this change of form as a New Year's gift from the publisher and workers in office to our readers and patrons.

## Two Copies to Each Subscriber.

Many of our friends tell us that they give away their copies of Lucifer to neighbors or send them by mail to distant relatives, and still would like to preserve a file for their own use, if in suitable shape for binding. To all who feel thus inclined the offer is hereby made of two copies each week for one dollar and fifty cents per year. The extra fifty cents, however, may be credited on the yearly subscription of the first subscriber sent in by the person taking two copies, or it may be credited, twenty-five cents each, to two new half-yearly subscribers, so that he who takes the two copies, one for missionary work, will really pay but one dollar. Or, if he so elects books will be sent, instead of crediting new subscribers with the fifty cents paid by him or her who acts as agent.

In the hope that many of our old subscribers will accept this offer we print a few hundred copies extra to supply back numbers from the beginning of the new year, and from beginning of the new series.

## The Story.

Instead of the weekly installment of "Hilda's Home" we give a part of the many letters lately received, in relation thereto. Almost every mail brings letters of commendation, some subscribing for one or more copies in book form, and all expressing approbation of the sentiments therein inculcated. One good friend in Massachusetts who has been a paying sub-

scriber to Lucifer for ten or more years, and who expresses unabated interest in its work, says, "Send the paper till Hilda's Home is completed. When that is completed I shall ask you to suspend my name, but not to cancel my obligation until it is paid. My misfortune is simply a fine growth of children, loving and fairly happy, without corresponding growth of income."

Does not this letter—and many like it received by us, emphasize the need of such teaching as that given in the story, the central thought of which is the emancipation of woman, and the awakening of her sense of responsibility to the unborn?—which sense, when once fully awakened, will not permit her to bring children into the world until conditions are provided that will give to each a place at nature's table, such conditions as will not require the discontinuance of the favorite family paper in order that all may have bread.

We are glad to be able to say that if subscriptions continue to come in at the present rate, we shall soon feel it safe to begin the work of putting into book form a story that more than one reader tells us "fills a niche of its own" marking a new departure, a new Era in reform literature.

## Among the Pioneers.

The man is thought a knave or fool,  
Or bigot plotting crime,  
Who for the advancement of his race  
Is wiser than his time.

The close of the old year and beginning of the new, is a good time to speak a word in behalf of those who have deserved well of their kind, by trying to hew out new paths through the forests and jungles of ignorance and error, by following which paths the feet of coming generations may reach the table-lands of science, the highlands of unclouded reason, and of a better and purer morality.

Of these pioneers few if any deserve more honorable mention than do the Doctors Foote of New York City. For nearly if not quite forty years Dr. E. B. Foote, senior, has stood in the front rank of medical reformers. His "Medical Common Sense"—copyrighted in 1858, later revised and enlarged to nearly one thousand pages and published as "Plain Home Talk," marks a new era in medical science. No book in its line ever written, perhaps, has been more widely circulated—certainly none containing so much of the iconoclastic and the revolutionary as regards the old medical superstitions, and the old notions of what is true and healthful in the social relations of women and men, and of what is due from parents to children, never has a volume of such size and character been so widely disseminated and so generally appreciated by the more thoughtful of both sexes, as has this the crowning work of a most useful and most honorable life—a life which we all hope has many years of useful and appreciated work still in the storehouse of the future.

For many years Dr. Foote, in conjunction with his son, Dr. E. B. Foote, junior, published a health journal, most of the time appearing promptly every month, that did most excellent work as a pioneer or pathfinder, on questions relating to health, happiness and long life. Meantime many smaller books,—such as "Science in Story," in five handsome volumes, the last being entitled, "Sexual Physiology for the Young;" "The Radical Remedy in Social Science," by Dr. Foote, Jr.; "Handbook of Health Hints and Ready Recipes;" "Mothers' Manual," and several other very valuable contributions to radical literature, along reformatory lines, have appeared from the publishing house of these two pioneers, these brave thinkers and workers in the fields of humanitarian endeavor.

Of pioneers among the other sex—among woman workers and thinkers in the fields of unpopular reform, few if any have made a record more honorable or noteworthy than has Lois Waisbrooker, who is now on the Pacific coast, and visiting with relatives this winter, at Antioch, California. Having spoken at some length in recent issues of Lucifer, of Mrs. Waisbrooker and her various books, I will only add for this time that she is now asking for names of women to a "Declaration of Independence," of which the following is a copy:



Whereas:—Man, as a sex, has no more right to make laws and insist upon our obedience than we, as a sex, have to make laws and insist upon his obedience, and

Whereas:—The race lives upon the heart's blood of woman during its pre-natal existence, thus making the character of its individual members largely dependent upon conditions surrounding her, and

Whereas:—Woman herself can best understand the conditions needed for her work as mother of the race, and

Whereas:—The present institutions of society are not adapted to woman's freedom,

Therefore we the undersigned, hereby repudiate man's rule over us, demanding the right to ourselves and such a re-adjustment of conditions as will enable us to do our Best Work for the human race.

To this "declaration"—the animus and scope of which, as our readers readily see, are in accord with Lucifer's work, and that of "Our New Humanity," Mrs. Waisbrooker adds:

We do not propose to organize under man-made law, but as numbers give a sense of strength it is well to ascertain how many are ready to make the above demand, in spirit, thus acting on the psychic plane to prepare the way for Woman's Era. The names of those who sign this demand will be given only to each other, and when their numbers warrant the effort, it is hoped that a paper may be established as the educational organ of this Loyal Sisterhood.

Accompanying this paper is another for men to sign—men who are willing to sustain women in this demand.

All who feel an interest in this matter and who would like to help Mrs. Waisbrooker in securing names to such declaration are hereby requested to correspond with her at address given above.

Another brave and very effective pioneer in the work of liberating the human intellect from the thralldom of old-time superstitions, is Matilda Joselyn Gage, of Fayetteville, New York, but who is spending the present winter with friends in Chicago. Few, if any, of our readers need to be told who Mrs. Gage is, or what she has done for her sisters and for the "advancement of her race." Her book, "Woman, Church and State," has written the name of its author in letters of living light on imperishable scroll of fame. Like the chief work of Dr. Foote, this book, the result of twenty years of assiduous and painstaking research, marks an era in the reform that aims at Woman's Emancipation, from creed and dogma, and from the despotisms of the Patriarchate, or of man's rule over woman and child. Though considerably advanced in years and somewhat feeble in health, Mrs. Gage shows no diminution of intellectual energy. On Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing her make a short address before the Society of Anthropology, in reply to, or in criticism of, the paper of the afternoon, read by Miss Caroline Huling of this city. The subject of discussion was the "Relation of the Child to the State"—the author of the paper having taken the ground that it is the duty of the state to see that the parent does not neglect the child, and that if such neglect be persisted in, or in case of homeless and friendless orphans, the state should discharge the duties that naturally devolve upon the parent.

In her reply Mrs. Gage made a stirring protest against all interference by the state, and especially by the church. Were it not for the church and its obedient tool the state, the chains of slavery would never have been riveted upon woman's body, mind and soul, as they have been riveted, and children through this enslavement of mothers, would not have been deprived of their best inheritance, the right to be born well; and that therefore there would have been little need of help, from any quarter, to care for the waifs of human society if we had had less of state and church in the past. From the history of the past, take warning for the future.

The applause that followed showed that Mrs. Gage's remarks carried conviction to the hearers. Her present address is 120 Flournoy St., Chicago.

Of the younger pioneers in the field of fearless investigation, Le Roy Berrier of Minneapolis, Minn., deserves honorable mention. As an advocate of social and sexual purity from the standpoint of Nature and of Reason, Mr. Berrier has done good and efficient work. His best known work is "Sexuality and its Functions," the publication of which struck such consternation

to the hearts of the privileged classes that its author was arrested, tried and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars. We are glad to know, however, that opposition has not daunted the brave young author, and that his book is now receiving much commendation and is being widely circulated. And thus is fulfilled the saying of Shakespeare, "The whirligig of time gets in its revenges,"—and also the later saying of Mackay, I think it was,

"Ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever in justice done."

## A Final Word About Homes.

BY A. WARREN.

I have no desire to continue a controversy with J. W. Gaskin. As to "freedom—what it is, and how possible," he says there is no real dispute between us. He agrees with me then, that individualizing the home is the proper thing to make freedom possible. This was my position, and why he attacked me I cannot see. Nor can I see why he still compares me to a general whose works have been assaulted and carried. As there has been no dispute, however, I can afford to humor his conceit, and I write, not for further defence of what has not been assailed, but to apologize for my part of the rudeness which may seem to have been reciprocal between us.

I confess that I felt the injustice of his blundering criticism, and was not in a mood to worship at the altar of conventional communism merely to justify his aspersions. However, I had no conscious design to make my words offensive to Mr. Gaskin personally, and I regret that he so construed them.

In this connection, it seems necessary to explain what I had hoped might pass without further mention, but what seems to have been the main root of my friend's mistake. It has been my impression, from the beginning, that the title to my first article was changed in the Lucifer office. I certainly was surprised, when the article appeared with the word co-operative in its title. I could not remember with certainty, for a long time had elapsed between the writing and the publication; but nothing could be clearer, than that I or the printer had made a serious mistake. In my next article, therefore, without directly repudiating the authorship of the word, I took special care to make myself understood; and for that reason, I afterward thought Mr. Gaskin rude, in his manner of attack. I did think that, after the explanation I had made, he must be either dull or dishonest, to charge me with communism of the baser sort, not only in a general way, but in detail, and in contradiction of all I had written.

As I have said before, I have no objection to voluntary communism; to real communism, based on community of thought and feeling. But I have contended that conventional merging of interests, as in marriage, and in the communistic societies, enslaves the individual, by divesting him or her of the means of self-support, in case the outward relation becomes disagreeable; and this slavery destroys the real communion, the communism of the soul. I therefore propose that we abandon those "entangling alliances, which tend to subordinate the individual, and to crucify the higher aspirations of the human heart."

I am aware that, to some, the proposal of separate homes may seem to involve the sundering of the ties of love between the sexes, and denying to women the affectionate regard which they crave and need. For the reason given above, I firmly believe the opposite. By maintaining her individuality, woman will not lessen the respect and esteem of her brother man. Nor will freedom, the freedom of the individual home, make men more promiscuous in their loving, than they have hitherto been. I believe they will be less so, for the reason that love will be reciprocal and satisfying, instead of selfish and superficial, as it has been in marriage. I believe that the deeper and more genuine it is, the more exclusive it becomes. Real love takes possession of the whole being, and fills it with blessing. And a soul filled with joy, is not prone to squander it in pursuit of other joy.

To woman, love is expensive. It brings her toil and pain. To her, the love that fails to share with her the burden of offspring is not genuine. Men who, by nature, seek to gather honey from many flowers, while one that has yielded its sweetness is left to wither and die, will, in the freedom of the new home, seek and not find. Only true hearts deserve love. In freedom, only the true heart will win love. If I believed otherwise, I would go back to marriage.

This is not casting a stone at the varietists. Paradoxical as it may appear, love is both exclusive and diffusive. It is not to be denied that we all love every body and every thing that brings us pleasure. And there is no limit, in either direction. The height, the depth, the immensity of the heaven that blooms, and breathes, and glows in harmonized human hearts, has not been measured nor treasured, even by imagination. But into this elysium the man who seeks pleasure at the expense of another is never permitted to enter. Equity is the key that unlocks the golden gates of paradise. The wealth of the soul is won by giving.

Our efforts may, indeed, fail, as our friend predicts; but should free grouping elude us, even as communism has so often slipped from its devotees, we will toil on, to the end, and welcome the freedom that the merciful grave will not deny us.

But we shall not fail from the causes which Mr. Gaskine suggests. Our ideas of property are not antagonistic to those of other people, even in so dark a state as Alabama. We propose to give an equivalent for what we receive. So far as heard from, nobody has ever objected to other people doing that. As to religion, we have none. Possibly some will not like us as well for that; but the day is past for driving people out of a neighborhood, on account of their lack of religion. There remains but the question of the sexes. We propose to live separate. What law is there to forbid us? What further agreement is required?

Evidently, our friend does not yet comprehend what he is criticising; for he still criticises, after confessing that there is no controversy. Why should he object to a few lonely people, even so few as two or three, coming somewhat nearer to each other, yet not so near as to sacrifice their individuality?

### The Old and the New Ideal.

BY ELMINA D. SLENNER.

"The Old and the New Ideal," by Emil Ruedebusch, is one of the most extensive of books on the subject of free love, free sexing and free motherhood. It seems to present all sides of the subject in the full light of reason and science.

Whether it proves its demands or not, depends more upon the reader than upon the writer.

While a majority of Radical Freedomists will accept the reasonings as irrefutable, yet there are many, who, like myself, will still continue to adhere to Dianism in opposition to free sexing and contraceptics. But all will be sure to read the whole book (347 pages) with appreciative interest and will find much to admire and to accept, as true and helpful.

In commenting upon criticisms—page 315—the author says: "A lady friend writes—'The love of a varietist would bring me joy but mixed with pain. To every gladness he'd create there'd be an added bane. The roses he would offer would be full of thorns, and sting me to the quick. It would be the inexorable law; though he might kindly lavish much upon me, he'd take my peace of mind. And why? Because I'm so constituted, that when others receive the same, the gift decreases for me.'"

I agree with the lady that this is so, not only in love, but in many of the simplest treasures we have. A multiplication of duplicates despoils many a thing of much of its value. A chromo given with a paper, hangs on the walls of a dozen houses in one neighborhood, and soon loses its charm by its commonness. We see it till we tire of it.

There were six sisters of us at my girlhood home. Father would bring a bolt of calico and mother and children each have

a dress of it—seven times duplicated. How very quickly we tired of it!

It's no wonder so many want hats, jewelry, etc., of special patterns of which no duplicate can be had. We are glad to feel that we have something that is ours alone.

We are willing others should share in love of our one specially beloved, but we wish to hold the first and best place in his heart, as long as he holds it in ours. We are Altruists, and want everybody to have a full share of the world's pleasures, blisses and happinesses, but we also want our own specialties for our own special selves.

The immortal I comes first, and always will do so. Not selfishly but centrally and naturally, because we are individualists, even while we are co-operativists and Altruists.

I wandered alone over the beach and undressing bathed  
Laughing with the cool waters, and saw the sun rise,  
And when I thought how my dear friend, My Lover,  
Was on his way coming, (I then I was happy,  
O then each breath tasted sweeter,  
And all that day my food nourished me more,  
And the beautiful day passed well,  
And the next came with equal joy,  
And with the next at evening  
Came My friend.

—Whitman.

### Sociologic Lesson. No XXIV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

PROPER MODES OF TAXATION. Taxes which can be evaded, and taxes which are levied with reference to ease of collection irrespective of equitable return by the government, tend to unfit men for the education in justice and honesty which must precede successful reorganization. There are three forms of taxation avoiding these objections. 1. A poll tax, which may be a prerequisite to the right of suffrage, the right to bring suit or to claim police protection, to cover the expense of protection. 2. A land tax, provided it is equitably distributed, to cover the cost of streets, street lights, water distribution, and such improvements. Equitable distribution depends, not upon the estimated value of the land, but upon the advantages which are conferred upon its possessor by the government. 3. Stamp taxes, license fees, and similar taxes, for mail transportation, and other special advantage for which the citizens pays in proportion to his enjoyment of them. In this class may be included insurance taxes, for which the government may insure against sundry misfortunes, such as fire and robbery, which it can avert by special police or other protection. These taxes would be entirely voluntary; and the two preceding classes would be accepted by the community as equitable and proper.

The inquisitorial feature of taxation, such as counting the separate sheets or pieces of paper in a sealed letter, as was formerly done, and the restrictions against writing in a package or newspapers or merchandise at present existing, are gradually disappearing as unworthy of a free people; and even the semblance of individual compulsory taxation will cease when reorganization is attained.

That a man and woman should occupy the same house and daily enjoy each other's society, so long as such an association gives birth to virtuous feelings, to kindness, to mutual forbearance, to courtesy, to disinterested affection, I consider right and proper. That they should continue to inhabit the same house and to meet daily, in case such intercourse should give birth to vicious feelings, to dislike, to ill-temper, to scolding, to a carelessness of each other's comfort and a want of respect for each other's feelings—this I consider, when the two individuals alone are concerned, neither right nor proper; neither conducive to good order nor to virtue. I do not think it well, therefore, to promise, at all hazards, to live together for life.—Robert Dale Owen.

Protection against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough; there needs protection also against the tyranny of prevailing opinion and feeling.—John Stuart Mill.



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entity or as a personality, or conceive of it as impersonal, is an ever-living and  
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Mrs. A. D. Stone, Smith Centre, Kansas:—Inclosed find order for "Our New Humanity." I will also speak for a copy of "Hilda's Home," if the book is published later. You are doing a most worthy work, would that your labors could be appreciated and sustained by all of God's creatures.

L. N. Maxwell, Franklin, Wash.:—The wave of prosperity has struck me so hard I must ask you to discontinue sending *Lucifer* to me. After ten or twelve years of constant reading, it is like giving up one of my children, but I hope for the best and may be able to send money for another year or two in a few months.

W. N. Slocum, Los Angeles, Cal.:—The inclosed one dollar is for Volume II. of "Our New Humanity." You can put me down for six copies of "Hilda's Home" in paper (three dollars,) and two in cloth (two dollars,)—making five dollars. I want them for presents to people who might not buy the book, but will, I am sure, be glad to read it, and will be benefitted by the lessons the story teaches.

Elsie Cole-Wilcox, Lawrence, Wash.:—For some reason Nos. 631 and 632 of *Lucifer* have failed to reach me. I never want to miss a number at any time, for every one is good. But I am particularly anxious to get every installment of "Hilda's Home." If that story holds out as well as it has thus far, it will be worth a dozen — — —. I inclose stamps to help cover expense of sending the two missing numbers.

E. S. N., Phila.:—Kindly send a copy of "Diana," also a copy of *Lucifer* to Mrs. — — —. This lady is twenty-five years of age, a good reasoner, and am fully convinced by placing within her reach progressive reading matter, it will eventually be of good service to her, and to many others who come under her influence. She is very outspoken, and surrounded by Catholic friends may cause some antagonism. While they may not accept they will have to listen, therefore good may be done.

W. P. Austin, Poplar, Calif.:—In regard to "Hilda's Home" I do wish I could promise to take a copy, but cannot promise absolutely. It is a *grand* story—not a bit too radical for me, either. I do hope it may be published in book form. Will do what I can to get my friends to subscribe for a copy each, also will write to you at once when I can see my way clear to subscribe for a copy. Speaking for myself, I should prefer that you would wait some time yet if necessary so as to get the required number of subscribers.

W. P. H., San Francisco, Cal.:—I have just found an old copy of your valuable paper and in looking it over, I find many things which seem to suit my ideas of truth and proper teaching

and as I am something of a writer on those line myself, I hasten to write you asking you to send me copy of recent date. I will say that I have been a minister of the gospel for many years until two years ago when I became too liberal in my views to longer preach the old dogmas of the church, so I left it and am now free to think and speak as I please without fear of any. If *Lucifer* is still published, let me hear from you. Yours, looking truth in the face.

[Among the "Voices" a place is freely given to the following a crostic, sent by a good lady friend:]

Touched with inspiration's fire;  
Heart and soul in one desire;  
Ever striving to send forth  
Light on darksome paths of earth  
In the shadows, quick and fast,  
Ghosts are exorcised at last—  
Hidden from our careless view,  
Trailing ever life path through.  
Blessing on thy name shall rest;  
Every woman shall be best.  
Angel hands are helping thee  
Raise the Torch of Liberty,  
Ever striving for the good—  
Right the wrongs of womanhood.

H. Ford, Wash.:—I inclose stamps for as many copies of *Lucifer* No. 636 as you can afford to mail for that sum. Also eight cents for any back numbers you may care to send to be circulated.

I am glad you thought my article worth publishing—it may not be any better for circulating than much or most of what is printed in *Lucifer*, but some of my orthodox (sexually) friends may read it out of curiosity if I send it to them.

I will take one copy of *Hilda's Home*, if it turns out as radical as it has gone thus far.

I should like to send much more to help on *Lucifer's* work but can only do a little at a time.

I live in hopes of being in a position to do more for reform work than now, but the time may or may not come.

Walter Breen, Omaha, Neb.:—I have subscribed to "Our New Humanity" from the outstart and expect to subscribe for it as long as the gold standard of iniquity permits me. In reference to your article on Motherhood, I think about it much as I do about nearly everything you write. I think it is indeed excellent. I have not made any very deep study of the question of alliances between men and women—but I have always been an independent thinker and fully agree with you that until we have free mothers we are going to have a continuation of this hell on earth, at least for some centuries yet to come. Human beings, as the stream of life throws us around like flotsam and jetsam can, and do, exercise an influence upon one another—which I think in the main, among educated people, "makes for good." Public opinion, in other words, is this subtle unmeasured and perhaps unmeasurable force—but unless the human race starts right we cannot expect any great progress. The Onida community was too far in advance of its surroundings, and the life there too ideal for these 19th century savages to permit it to exist.

## LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE And the Sovereignty of the Individual.

A Discussion between Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews. There are here included the final replies of Mr. Andrews, refused by the New York Tribune, and a subsequent discussion, occurring twenty years later, between Mr. James and Mr. Andrews.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 13, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 641.

### The Morning Star

We have the morning star,  
O foolish people, O kings!  
With us the day-springs are,  
Even all the fresh day-springs;  
For us, and with us, all the multitudes of things,  
O sorrowing hearts of slaves,  
We heard you beat from far!  
We bring the light that saves,  
We bring the morning star,  
Free to men's good things we bring you, whence all good things are:  
The strife of things and beauty,  
The fire and light adored,  
Truth and life-light'ning duty,  
Love without crown or sword,  
That by his might and godhead makes man god and lord.  
These have we, these are ours,  
That no priests give, nor kings;  
The honey of all these flowers,  
The heart of all these springs:  
Ours, for where freedom lives not, there live no good things.  
Rise, ere the dawn be risen,  
Come, and be all souls fed;  
From field, and street, and prison,  
Come, for the feast is spread:  
Live, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

—Swainburner.

### Paragraphs.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

Women will be slaves as long as there is special legislation for their protection.

Lucifer emits the X rays which reveal the distorted skeleton of conventional society.

Murder is not a bailable crime in Chicago—unless the man indicted for murder is wealthy and has a strong political "pull."

According to the Bible, man was created before woman. The new woman seems to be first in the creation of a new humanity.

The Rev. Caroline Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., became a bride last week by performing her own marriage ceremony. She has set a good example for the maidens in her flock. A third person is superfluous in a marriage contract.

Dr. Tallman, a wealthy Chicago physician, eloped with Mrs. Jane Cannon, a divorcee, a few weeks ago. Mrs. Tallman promptly secured a divorce and the highly moral doctor made Mrs. Cannon an "honest woman" by marrying her the next day. Now the doctor declares Mrs. Cannon hypnotized him and made him marry her when he was drunk. He also says she deceived him by not telling him of her "former escapades." Having performed his duty to society by making Mrs. Cannon an "honest woman," the doctor now says he intends to apply for a divorce. If he gets it—and, as he lives in Chicago he certainly will get it—he intimates that he may try to persuade his former wife to make him an "honest man" by marrying him again.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

Some day the people of New York will tire of sham reform and bogus reformers, and then several very vociferous persons will find themselves out of profitable jobs.—*New York "Journal."*

I wish I could believe this to be genuine prophecy, but history justifies me only in expect that the people will some day turn out the present set of bogus reformers and give another set their lucrative jobs. Evolution is a very slow process. The advance we make is so gradual that it takes the passage of one hundred or five hundred years to make it perceptible.

Society shuts its eyes to the tragedy of affectional death, and stops its ears to keep out the cries of its tortured victims. And this blindness and deafness it calls "propriety." It declares that human life is sacred, and yet refuses to permit the dissemination of that knowledge whereby the lives of millions of human embryos would cease to be annually sacrificed, because they would not be to be sacrificed. It says that it loathes impurity, and yet it is the great source of impurity, because it sets a price upon love and rewards legalized prostitution, while at the same time it drives uncounted thousands, men and women, into the other kind of prostitution.

How pitiful it is, this condition of the human mind which makes a woman's whole reputation depend upon A's consent or his refusal to consent that she express her love for B! It is this state of mind that makes otherwise intelligent men ask, "Was she honest?" It is this state of mind that makes usually rational men and women strive to prove that their brothers and sisters were babes in logic. It is this state of mind that makes hitherto honored leaders throw away their swords and scamp to the rear or get behind the trees of Disclaimers and Apology. Men have so long lied about sex, the fundamental fact of existence and the motor of progress, that they are as timorous in the presence of the naked truth as nurse-taught children are in the dark.

In an Eastern town not long since a man was sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term for the offense of hypnotizing a girl, as she alleged, and then associating with her. In Jamestown, N. Y., one Burton Main was arrested for hypnotizing a girl and marrying her. But the law is lame—it provides for no such crime, and so all that has been done is to keep the man in jail. That is characteristic of the law—it does not conceive it possible for a husband to sexually offend against his wife, save by impotence, and so while the man who, by means of hypnotism, associates with a woman not his wife, is sent to the penitentiary, the man who by the same means does the same thing, but takes the precaution to secure himself by a license giving him the "right" to so associate while they both shall live, need not fear any serious consequences, although his invasion is almost infinitely worse than that of the unmarried deceiver.

One other thought in this connection—the charge of hypnotism is one easily made but hard to substantiate. Every case based on such a charge needs the closest sifting, as does every case wherein a person accused of crime alleges in defense that he was hypnotized into the commission of the offense. "Hypnotism" is all too convenient a synonym for late repentance and loophole for escape.

The continuity of human life in the race, the oneness of man, the outcoming of the present from the past, are not to be made the excuse for the crushing out of individual expression, for the suppression of differentiation, by the pseudo-sociologists of the modern state nor of the state that may succeed the present political organization. The gentlemen who so much delight to adjure us to remember that we are what we are because the race has a past conveniently forget the other side of the story; they forget to state that we are what we are also because the pseudo-sociologists of the cons gone failed to cast the future in the outworn forms of the past. Every new integration was the outcome of disintegration. Old biological and social forms dissolved and as they dissolved there blossomed into life new forms. Man is here because of change, of differentiation, of repudiation of the unfit old, of rebellion against the customary. He would today be in the sea-shine along with other forms whose ancestors could not change if his ancestors had not struck out for better feeding-grounds and gradually adapted themselves to new conditions of growth. Hands off, gentlemen.

Last October Josephine Knoop was granted a divorce from her husband, Louis J. Knoop, in New York City. He denied the charge made against him by his wife, and brought a counter action, naming Leo Dietrichstein, the actor, as co-respondent. Mrs. Knoop had named Mrs. Sarah Nadel as co-respondent with her husband. On the witness-stand Mrs. Nadel made a full confession and Mrs. Knoop received her decree. The marriage the other day of Mrs. Knoop and Mr. Dietrichstein recalls his famous answers when testifying in the divorce suit.

"If your relations with Mrs. Knoop had been as charged, would you admit it?" asked Knoop's counsel of Dietrichstein.

"I would not," was the actor's reply.

"Would you commit perjury rather than make such an admission?" was next asked.

"I would; gladly cheerfully," was the answer.

"Do you think you would be justified in such a perjury?"

"I do."

We have all heard how one should "perjure himself like a gentleman" to shield the reputation of a woman, and the saying and Mr. Dietrichstein's avowals alike induce thought. Whatever men may have convinced themselves that they think about violations of the marriage code, it is clear that deep down in their consciousness is a conviction that society, argue and bluster as it will, has no right to interfere with a matter so delicate and private as the love of two human hearts. Lying is esteemed a mean and cowardly vice, and yet no person of sense expects men to tell the truth about their relations with women. Society is pledged to mercilessly crush the woman who loves outside its prescribed forms, and yet men, who help compose this same society, will perjure themselves "gladly, cheerfully," in order to save women from the vengeance of this Frankenstein of which they are themselves parts.

### Probity in Mayfair.

BY C. F. H.

The Mayfair church gave vaudeville on Christmas eve. A telephone rang at intervals, and the progress of Santa Claus from the north pole to Mayfair was ascertained. The children actually believed that he telephoned at Alaska, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg and Evanston, and that the real saint came down a cloth chimney and worked a big pump which gave forth oranges. Christianity, which teaches truth telling as a prime essential, thus sets an example to children of deliberate falsehood. The effect on the young when they learn of the deception, must be bad. Still I suppose Santa Claus will be in vogue when I am dead. So will lying.

### Ideals in Love.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

From Emil P. Ruedebusch, Mayville, Wis., I have received a copy of his new book, "The Old and the New Ideal," with a generous invitation to criticize it as I please. I am happy to be able to assure the author that I have seldom read a work on Free Love with such pleasure. While not agreeing with it in every detail, as will appear hereafter, there is hardly a page on which I have not found something to strongly approve. The spirit of the author is admirable. He has evidently taken the greatest pains to be fair and kind; to enter into the motives of the monogamists and do them full justice. There is no sarcasm, rancor or bitterness in the book. I feel under personal obligations to the author. I think that he has clarified my mind on some points, has helped me to round out my philosophy, and I am grateful. The chapter on the "Sense of Shame" is the best essay on the subject I have ever read, and has given me a new idea. I earnestly urge all who are interested in sexual ethics to get this book.

Most writers on Free Love content themselves with cold logic, which, however invincible and valuable for a scientific basis, hardly meets the needs of the case. Love is essentially a matter of feeling, sentiment and emotion, and must be treated as that plane for success. Mr. Ruedebusch has not failed here, but has given more attention than any other writer to the "spiritual" aspects of the question.

Probably he might have gone still further in that direction with profit. We must all remember that the objections to Free Love are more felt than expressed. We must change the feeling about it, and make it recognize certain feelings toward which at present it is indifferent or opposed, if it is to win. We only subdue nature by agreeing with it, and so far as the present ideal is based on human nature and its needs it is invincible. The present ideal would hardly have captured and held so large a part of the human race, for so long a time, had it not been fitted to survive. It meets certain real or supposed needs, and we must do as much and more or we shall not supplant it.

Let us give a hasty glance at some of these needs. Human nature needs sexual gratification; it needs procreation; security for the child and security that the care of the child shall not be shirked by its parents; it likes system and order in love as in other things. Where there is intense love there is a natural desire that it shall be eternal and eternally gratified by its chosen object. Where property in the married partner is recognized, there is a natural desire that that property shall be secure; there is the natural desire for security, permanency and success felt in domestic as in all other ventures. There is the desire to refine, idealize, spiritualize love and ennoble character by it. There is the desire for comradeship with the other sex in everything.

Now it will be observed that the marriage system promises to legally secure every one of these desires, and its ideal promises to spiritually secure them. Here is its strength.

What have we to put up against it?

Many Free Lovers will answer, "Variety." That seems a rather coarse answer, but it is a legitimate one, for, however the fact is blinked, the fact remains that there certainly is a demand in the nature of every one for variety in love and no education can subdue it. But against this answer it may be said, first, that a great many Free Lovers do not recognize variety as legitimate, second, that marriage indirectly provides it. This is startling but, if we look, we shall see that marriage is everywhere accompanied by a recognized and permitted, if abused and shamed, variety. Sometimes it is polygamy, sometimes concubinage, sometimes the kept mistress or the prostitute—always it is there in some form. To be sure it is usually only for the man, but that is all right so long as the man holds the law; and the legally justified wife is always allowed to revenge herself by casting shame and legal penalties on her rivals. Besides in some countries a certain latitude is allowed the wife also. And most marriage systems admit the perfect propriety of Platonic love.



The chief things that Free Love has to offer against marriage are greater liberty for both sexes and greater justice for woman. But until the demand for liberty grows greater than the demand for security, until women care more for justice and selfhood than for devotion and support these will not avail.

I have full confidence that the demands for liberty, selfhood, justice, self-support will increase, and thus that Free Love will have a steady growth and ultimate triumph; and in the meantime we shall be wise if we so prune and purify and perfect our Free Love ideals that the objections to them, spiritual and practical, shall be as few as possible. It is on this line that our author is working and he is doing good work. His purpose is to show how Free Love may be practically today without conflict with the law and, still more fundamentally, to break down certain "superstitions" about love and sex. He claims that the trouble in love relations heretofore has been that the fact that they are of many different kinds has not been recognized and one contract has been made to cover all. He claims that sex-love and sex-relations should always be regarded apart and with no reference to other contracts between sexes. With regard to sex he would have all human beings at all times perfectly free and irresponsible, except to their own ideals, and would have no standing contracts whatever, claiming that the natural desire, which alone justified the act, naturally terminates the contract by its own termination. But he claims that men and women could be friends and comrades, co-operators in business ventures, in studies, and in household expenses, in raising families, and in any or all of these could make contracts of a purely business character with no reference to love or sex (which might be as it would) and with the invariable proviso of perfectly private and separate sleeping room, or rather apartments, for each.

The law, he says, takes no heed of aught but sex relations and interferes only with contracts having relation to these. Therefore always keep your sex relations private, and out of your contracts, and you are safe. He furthermore thinks that some of these contracts might be and some of them should be for life. If I understand him aright he considers that comradeship contracts, procreative contracts, and joint-purse contracts, should be for life; says that some of them "necessarily" are such.

There is much practical good sense in the above, but, for my part, I can see no need of any contract being for life. All contracts, I hold, should be dissolvable at the desire of either party, with due regard to responsibility for material losses that might result from such dissolution. Of course, in the matter of parentage, there is a natural and inherent responsibility of the parent to the child outside of and superior to all contracts, which they cannot affect.

Again I am at loss to see how, where there is a family, the evasion of the law is to be accomplished. Sex relations are necessarily "given away" where children are born, and a contract to beget and raise children is a sex contract. If the law in that place takes cognizance of sex relations the parties are at its mercy. I feel pretty sure that in many sections the raising of a family under contract, or without it even, would be construed as common-law marriage and "living together as man and wife."

But to my mind the law is not our worst enemy. It is the "superstition" to which Mr. Ruessbach alludes but which he does not take into account sufficiently here. In great cities Free Lovers can be pretty secure as to privacy, though even there more or less badgered, but from progressively smaller communities progressively worse treatment will be received. Religious bigotry, marital jealousy, social prejudice, will operate in ostracism, contempt, boycotts, open insult and actual violence, for which redress can seldom be obtained. Those who wish social privileges, respect and pleasures; who depend upon the good will of their neighbors for a living; who wish their children respected and themselves at peace, cannot afford to be Free Lovers even if the law says nothing. I mean open and acknowl-

edged and practical Free Lovers. If you practice Free Love, but by mouth deny it, or, if you avow it as a theory but act as the world does, society will forgive you, but it will not forgive the combination.

As a matter of fact, only those can be Free Lovers today who are exceptionally favorably placed in life, or who are willing to endure whatever martyrdom may be inflicted upon them. And Mr. Ruessbach has done little, I fear, although I admit he has done something to aid the martyrs. The public, I fear, will be very nearly as hard on "comrades," "friends," "business partners," etc., of opposite sexes, who inhabit the same house, as upon any other "immoral" couples, even if they maintain separate rooms and refuse to affirm or deny sex relations. Of course, those contractors who inhabit different houses and are prudent in outward conduct are all right, and Mr. Ruessbach's greatest service will consist, I believe, in convincing Free Lovers that love does not always include sex relations, and that separate homes are best, and in forming a public sentiment to that effect. But while Platonic loves are possible, practically very few people are "built that way" and judgment can only be expected by the average standard and precedents. I am sorry I cannot agree with my author that he has made a brilliant discovery here. It seems to me that there are only two courses open to Free Lovers: First, to do as they please, openly, and take the consequences, whatever they may be; or, second, if they wish to be close comrades, or sex-partners, and enjoy average respect and comfort, to go through the outward form of marriage with a private contract of entire liberty; maintaining separate homes and complete individuality in fact under the same roof and under cover of the law; but, at the same time, protesting against marriage as a tyrannical invasion and doing all they prudently can for the cause of Free Love. Of course those who love battle, consistency and devotion will keep in the middle of the road till run over, but Mr. Ruessbach and I are both trying to find comfortable passage for those who take to the side walk. His plan is the more consistent and mine has the further disadvantage that it needs two partners who can thoroughly trust each other, but, waiving these, I think my plan has all the practical advantages. There is really nothing to be said against the courage or the consistency of a combatant who yields a point under pressure of overwhelming compulsion. And a married Free Lover has actually the advantage of position. He is a protected spy in the enemy's camp, having their ear and able to spread disaffection everywhere in their ranks. He can always plausibly say—"I am no fanatic. I am married because the law compels me to, but really this is not the ideal way," etc., and nobody refuses to listen to his ideal if it is nicely put.

Here then to my mind is the important point just now. We need the highest and most attractive ideals of Free Love that can be made, put forward with eloquence and profound conviction—ideals that meet all the real needs that the marriage ideal promises to meet, and something more. There is much in Mr. Ruessbach's ideal worth study and his book best explains that. I have an ideal of my own, to which I have given much thought, which while more elaborate than his and perhaps more intended for ideal society I contend is founded on and truly adapted to human needs.

With the editor's permission I will give this in another article.

Love is not quite willing to accept the judge's mace for his arrow. When the law no longer supplies husband or wife with a cage, each must look to find and make available what resources he or she has for holding what has been won. We may then look for sober second thoughts both before and after marriage. Love, from so long having bandaged eyes, will be all eye. Every real attraction will be stimulated when all depends upon real attraction. . . . From the hour when a thought of obligation influences either party to it, the marriage becomes a prostitution.—*Moncure D. Conway.*

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 27, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Babel in 1864. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name Lucifer means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands:  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER'S specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

"Food and Its Relation to Human Development," will be the subject of a lecture to be given by Anagarika H. Dharmapala, general secretary Maha-Bodhi society of India and official representative of the Buddhists of Asia, before the west side branch Chicago Vegetarian Society, at People's Institute, corner Van Buren and Leavitt streets, Wednesday evening, January 13, at 8 o'clock. Admission free.

## Trip to Cleveland.

On New Year's eve Lucifer's scribe boarded the Nickle Plate train for the Forest City, arriving in time to eat a New Year's dinner with friends at the home of one of the Light-Bearer's most faithful friends and helpers, Elizabeth H. Russell, on Sayle street.

Sunday forenoon was spent at the Children's Progressive Lyceum, one of the oldest and most successful of all the organizations of that name in this country. Its conductor at present is Mr. Copeland, who kindly invited the writer to address the Lyceum. Our old friend Thomas Lees is one of the most active promoters of this educational movement, and was for many years its conductor in this city.

In the afternoon I again had the pleasure of meeting the Franklin Club, and was very cordially invited to take part in discussing the "eight hour" movement, a paper on which subject was read by Mr. Bond. The general drift of both paper and comments thereon was against legislation as a cure for existing evils.

All attempts to secure protection against capitalistic greed by legislation has hitherto proved useless and worse than useless. Either in the law itself, or in the administration thereof, or in both, the capitalistic employer has managed to get his interests protected while the worker has been robbed of his earnings, and of his natural right to the use of nature's materials and opportunities.

The speaker of the evening, in his closing remarks, sanctioned the saying that all the good laws that have been enacted for the past hundred years are those that repealed previous enactments, and that the best thing to be done is to continue the repealing process until all were wiped off the statute books. That all laws are class laws, granting privileges to some that are not allowed to others, and all were or are made the occasion

of corruption and the excuse for despotism and degradation of the classes in whose interest they were ostensibly enacted. Protection protects none except those who need no protection. Among other instances mentioned was that of protection to bankers and money monopolists by making one commodity the basis of legal tender money!

On next Sunday afternoon the club will discuss the "Social Problem—Liberty, Love, Wisdom—Man's True and Only Saviors."

While waiting at the depot on New Year's Eve I fell into conversation with an old Indian who was returning from Dakota to visit friends at his old home. He had bought land two years ago in the famous Red River Valley, paying, or promising to pay twenty-five dollars an acre to a "land company" for the privilege of making a home on unimproved land for himself and family. The conversation ran something like this:

"You say you bought land on the 'crop plan'? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I promise to give half my crop, or the proceeds thereof, as payment to the land company till the price, twenty-five dollars an acre, is paid."

"But what right has the 'land company' to compel you to pay this money? What did they pay for their title?"

"O, I suppose they bought it of the government for about fifty cents an acre."

"I see! But don't you think twenty-five dollars a pretty high price to pay for unimproved land?"

"O, yes; certainly it is. But what is a poor man to do that wants a home of his own? Better give half your crop for a term of years than give it all to the land holder, as is often done here in Indiana and Illinois, and then have to run away in the night to prevent the same landlord from levying on your team and wagon to pay the difference between the value of the crop and the cash rent."

So then, thought I, this is what "protection" means. The government is custodian of the public land, to see that the strong do not rob the weak of their equal right to the earth, from which the means of living must be drawn, and upon which homes must be built in which to live. A few questions were also suggested by this incident, such as,

How many object lessons like this will yet be necessary to convince the stupid masses that ours is not a government of the people, by and for the people, but a government of the classes, by the classes and for the classes?

How many more such lessons will be necessary to prove to the robbed and disinherited multitude that governments never were invented for their benefit but to enable the parasitic drones of human society to rob the workers without danger to themselves?

How many more such legalized robberies will be required to cause the robbed to lose confidence in and respect for the thing, the machine, called government?

How many ages of suffering will it take to convince the average citizen that Burke was right when he said of man-made government—"Talk not to me of the abuses of government; the thing, the thing itself, is the abuse."

Emerson said, "The good man will not obey the laws too well," and Jefferson said, "That government is best which governs least," but our rulers would have us believe that he is the best man who obeys the laws best, and that that government is best that governs most.

The remedy, as seen from Lucifer's standpoint, lies in the elimination of "government by authority," and the substitution of an agency whose only function is the defense of the citizen against invasion; and in building up a sentiment that teaches, "everyone has the right to do as he wills so long as he does not invade the equal right of others."

The weather in Cleveland, since my arrival three days ago has been mild, almost spring-like, and thus far my visit has been a very pleasant one. As to how soon I shall return to the off-



will depend much upon prospects for business here. The Buckeyes have as yet but little more cause to congratulate themselves over the election of their "favorite son," than have the people of other states. The papers say the newly-elected American king is now in Cleveland enjoying a holiday visit with his political manager, Mark Hanna, but he did not bring with him the wave of prosperity promised by the said Hanna. Perhaps he is keeping it back until "inauguration" day, so that he may get the full credit thereof.

## Womanhood and Manhood in Freedom

BY S. C. CAMPBELL.

Womanhood and manhood are, were, and always will be, more important than motherhood and fatherhood, and will be universally so considered in the land of freedom, the heaven on earth that is to be, when we shall have outgrown the mistakes of the past, mistakes for which the church is mainly if not wholly responsible.

Were womanhood and manhood sufficiently near perfection, motherhood and fatherhood would take care of themselves. For this reason, how to develop womanhood and manhood is the place to begin, and not with motherhood alone. Before motherhood and fatherhood will in the least degree be right in the land of freedom to which the race is journeying, woman and man must be physically and mentally capable of bringing into being physically and mentally sound children. In order to have a nearer perfect womanhood and manhood, woman and man must know, among a great many other things, that there is a higher, a much more important use for sex association than that of begetting offspring. An association free from a liability to beget offspring, but conducive to physical and mental development. (See "Sex Ethics," and "Talks on Nature.")

[Replying briefly to the above I would say,  
Follow Nature!

The child is father of the man.

The child is mother of the woman.

Childhood is before adulthood, and

Motherhood is before childhood.

It would seem then, that, following nature's teaching, how to develop motherhood "is the place to begin," and not with "womanhood and manhood," and that

With motherhood "sufficiently near perfection," womanhood and manhood would "take care of themselves."

It would follow then, that the writers from whom Mrs. Campbell draws the above thoughts have begun at the wrong place.

Without good motherhood we cannot have good childhood, and without good childhood we cannot have good womanhood and good manhood.

Paraphrasing the saying of Paul:

And now abideth adulthood, childhood, motherhood; these three, but the greatest of these is motherhood.

In the order of natural development first comes discontent with the present; then desire for something better; then the ideal of what that something would be; then the effort to obtain that better something; then the realization of the better.

Following this order: Mothers must first be discontented with the result of their creative work; then must come the desire for better children; then the ideal of what better children would be like; then the effort to practicalize that ideal; then the realization; the incarnation of that ideal in the children of the future—children that will be as much superior to the children of the present as the Belmont or Pearmain apple is superior to the wild crab, or the finest double rose of the florist to the dog-rose of the fields and woods.

As to what is the highest and best use of "sex association" there must always be difference of opinion, but there should be no difference as to the right of women and men to learn all that can be learned, by experiment and by comparison of ideas, in regard to this vitally important matter, and the men who make

and enforce laws to perpetuate ignorance of the forces and methods of nature in the production of life, and the conservation of health through the right use of sex-power, these men are themselves the worst of criminals, because the enemies of progress—the enemies of the improvement and the happiness of mankind through an enlargement of the field of knowledge.

M. H.]

## Illustrations of Incoherence by Mr. Chavannes.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Albert Chavannes says that my reply to his previous article reminds him of the time when the communications that appeared in the reform papers "were more remarkable for earnestness and fire than for coherence of thought." Thanks! But as the coherence thus lacking was not "necessary," I suppose that Mr. Chavannes enjoyed the controversies. I am unable, therefore, to see why the gentleman should try to "make a little clearer" his own views on the question. His effort in that direction would seem to indicate that, while incoherence is "necessary" to secure "other things which are desirable," coherence is still more necessary, which is the sum of my contention. I congratulate my opponent upon his progress; if he keeps on he may at last get both feet on the coherent platform. My position is that, while incoherence and rattlesnakes are facts in nature, and therefore "necessary" in the course of evolution, man is better off without either. I am sorry that Mr. Chavannes regrets the necessity he is under of paying for what he wants. As the alternative of his paying for the satisfaction of his wants is the imposition of the burden upon some one else, his desire to personally enjoy without paying would seem to show a moral obliviousness that is as deplorable as it is unexpected.

In his fourth and fifth paragraphs Mr. Chavannes describes the difficulties which he met in passing from a belief in special creation to acceptance of the evolutionary principle. He also therein points out the fact that scientific thinkers are not agreed on all points. All that he says here is true, but of course it does not go to show that the incoherence of transition is desirable, *per se*, nor that the man who remains in that incoherent state of mind is better qualified to teach his fellows than is the man who more or less quickly passes into the domain of comparative coherence. If it did, then, as I said before, the lunatic would be our ideal teacher. The child is incoherent—it is "necessary" that he should be so—but we do not think that condition of mind so desirable that we give our rewards to the least progressive pupils. Mr. Chavannes' whole struggle upward into or toward the region of intellectual clearness, as he has outlined it himself, shows that he does not believe that confusion of thought is so desirable as lucidity of thought. Then, the reader will naturally ask, why in the name of good sense did he spring into the breach in defense of the "incoherence of transition"? That is a question that no man can answer. There is no more occasion to defend incoherence of thought than there is to defend cruelty and many other "facts" of nature, which were "necessary" merely because they were. Explain confused cogitation, we may profitably; defend it, is worse than a waste of breath. We want just as little of it as we can have; the less we have the more rapid and certain our progress.

Our beliefs result from the examination of evidence and the thought thereby induced. Mr. Chavannes says that "the power to investigate and accept subordinate beliefs that are not coherent with the other beliefs that we possess, is that which enables us to change." But will there be further change if the mind is so constituted that it is satisfied with its incoherence? These men with narrow logical minds—is it true that they are so severely consistent? My observation tells me that they are generally the most inconsistent of men—as, for instance, the modern Christian, who cannot accept new thoughts, but whose conduct is a flat and flagrant denial of the validity of the dogmas he accepts. The man who continues to grow is the man who is persistently striving to rid himself of incongruous beliefs, to become coherent in thought and consistent in action.



Mr. Chavannes need not have troubled himself to defend those who have stepped upon his bridge of transition; the work to be done is to convince them that that is not a safe stopping-place. In order to induce the child to come on into the field of the higher mathematics it is not "necessary" to defend its blunders in addition and common fractions. The wise teacher will point out its mistakes instead of telling the child that they are "necessary." In a word, it is folly to foster false reasoning by showing that it is inevitable that fallible beings will sometimes reason fallaciously. Even Mr. Chavannes undoubtedly would prefer that the man he was trying to instruct in the doctrine of happiness exhibit brightness and clearness of mind rather than dullness and confusion. He wants his "bridge" to be as short as possible. What he takes for a bridge, I think is a swamp, and that it hinders instead of helps the pilgrim.

No, Mr. Chavannes, I do not believe that logic is necessarily the equivalent of truth. In fact, they have no immediate necessary relation. A man may be logical and neither truthful nor just. It is easily possible to reason logically from false premises. What I maintain is that coherence of thought is helpful in all the relations of life; that it hastens the advance in intelligence of the man and of the race, and is therefore one of the greatest aids in happiness. Coherence of thought, clearness of thinking, must tend to make less and less the sum total of that false reasoning that proceeds logically from a faulty premise or illogically from a sound premise.

Coherence results from the effort to correctly classify the phenomena of the universe. Hence all progress is the outcome of the attempt to get away from incoherence. In his "First Principles," Herbert Spencer has thus defined evolution:

"Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

Chavannes says that the more incoherence we have the better for humanity; Spencer says that humanity itself is the fruit of coherence, or of the effort to reach coherence. The more coherent matter is, says the synthetic philosopher, the farther evolution has progressed. The less coherence we have, says the philosopher of happiness, the more rapidly evolution will carry us onward. We are passing, says Spencer, from incoherent homogeneity to coherent heterogeneity. If this be true, then what we call inorganic matter is comparatively incoherent and man, the highest form of organic matter, is comparatively coherent. But Mr. Chavannes asseverates that incoherence is preferable to coherence, and if we agree with him we must conclude that we would be happier if we were inorganic matter, if we had not passed from a state of "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." In truth, Mr. Chavannes mistakes the obstacles we have to overcome in the march upward for the stepping-stones of progress. Coherence is order, and order is the handmaid of happiness.

To free love from thorns and thistles, to heal its wounds, to restore it, to ennoble it, to make it sublime, the fecund nest of joy and gymnasiarch of virtue, one thing alone will suffice, a little sincerity.—Mantegazza.

#### A New Standard of Morals.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

The daily press is devoting some attention to the disappearance and supposed suicide of Hubert Crackenthorpe, a young English story writer, who belonged to the "Decadent" school.

I have not read any of his stories, but the New York "World" says they were "horrible, indecent, and gave every evidence of a diseased mind." We must accept the "World's" verdict, as it makes a specialty of horrible stories in its Sunday "Magazine," in which this comment appears.

The last seen of the young man was when he called on Grant Allen, "in the company of a young lady not his wife." The

"World" says, "Mr. Grant Allen was so shocked by the state of the case that he was very cool to his young friend. This is rather inconsistent on the part of a man who has done as much as any other by his writings to corrupt the youth of Britain." Of course it is probable that Grant Allen's coolness of demeanor existed only in the imagination of the newspaper correspondent. But what a wonderful standard of morals this is, to be sure! According to this writer, it is improper for a man to call on a friend in company with a young woman, unless they have their marriage license engraved on their cards with their names.

To live up to the new ethical rule, a marriage ceremony must invariably precede a call, an invitation to the theater, or to any other place where men and women accompany each other. What an upheaval of society this involves! It will be interesting to watch the new crusade inaugurated by the "World."

#### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

CO-OPERATIVE ERRORS. The advantages of co-operation are so great that even errors hold their sway by their union long after singly they would have succumbed. They are like the links of a chain supporting each other; and so when one gives way, a multitude of others fall with it. Often a relative truth, a principle which is only true in its adaptation to environment, serves to anchor a raft of errors, until advancing development sweeps it away, and the errors are abandoned. The question to be considered, in looking far into the future, is not adaptation to present circumstances, but to the advanced circumstances of the time; and on every step of the way there must be adaptation to existing circumstances, or the masses of the people will not acquiesce. The majority of the people now are unprepared for reorganization; and what is needed now is to learn their deficiencies, and to improve existing conditions as far as possible so as to educate them in the respects in which they are wanting. Egoism has been excessive; altruism needs cultivation; but justice, the connecting link between the two, is the greatest need; for it looks to the interests of others while not neglecting our own interests. No plan of co-operation can permanently succeed, which is not under the control of men who are thoroughly honest and just.

#### Almost Another "Mysterious" Tragedy.

BY L. H.

Much has been said concerning the incredibility of two people, in the possession of their senses, dying from the effects of gas without calling for help. But, as Mr. Walker stated last week, "Such accidents are very numerous and this attracts our attention and provokes our inquiry only because the victims were known and loved by us,"—and, I would add, The attention of the daily press was so largely given to this tragedy because the victims were known and feared by the enemies of free thought and free action.

An accident very similar to that which caused the death of our friends occurred in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 4. Miss Cottrell, a typewriter in the office of the Franklin Typewriter Co., became unconscious and dropped to the floor. The manager, Frank Marshall, hearing the noise in the rear office, went to find the cause, and seeing her lying on the floor stooped to discover if her heart yet beat, when he, too, became unconscious. Their lives were saved by a messenger boy who, coming to the door, discovered them, and raised the alarm. One of the burners in the radiator near Miss Cottrell's desk was not lighted. The accident was caused by poison, not by suffocation. A few lines in the daily papers tell the story. But, had the messenger boy not arrived so opportunely, and had Miss Cottrell and Mr. Marshall been prominent non-conformists, it would have been the Putnam-Collins tragedy over again, and who can doubt that the daily press, far and near, would have heralded the news that there is an epidemic of suicide by gas among the dissenters from the traditional thought and morals?

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXII.

For the first time Imelda's mind was free. She had left Alice sleeping. Not in a dull feverish stupor, constantly interrupted with delirious mutterings but sleeping, actually and really sleeping. And although her breathing was only a gentle fluttering, it was so weak, it was a quiet sleep, and she knew that for a few hours, at least, she could safely trust her to the faithful nurse. So Imelda slept the sleep of the just.

When the morning sunlight streamed through the open window, flooding the room with its bright glory, a servant had softly entered and with deft fingers closed the shutters, darkening the room so that the slumbers of the completely exhausted girl might not be disturbed; the nurse meanwhile remaining faithful and true to her trust. Now and then a maid softly opened the door to listen, but Imelda slept on, and when the doctor came he gave the order to let her sleep by all means, until she should awake of herself. So the hours of the day passed and the evening shades were falling ere that death-like sleep was lifted and Imelda opened her eyes. The deep hush and darkness that prevailed left her for a long time in semi-unconsciousness, a delicious drowsiness folding her in its power, but by and by it passed away, leaving her brain more clear, and presently, all in an instant, she knew and remembered.

But how long had she slept? It was three o'clock when she sought her bed and only two hours before the morning light would appear. It was still dark, yet she did not feel as if she had slept only a short time, but rather had the sensation of having slept a long while, she was so wide awake, and—yes! she was hungry, very hungry. She reached out her hand for her watch, which she remembered having placed upon the stand near the bedside. It was there, but when she placed it to her ear she made the discovery that it had stopped. Then she struck a light, having a lucifer always within reach. By the flickering flame she saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes of two. A puzzled look overspread her face. What did it mean? Just then she thought she heard a footstep outside her door; the next instant the door was softly opened.

"Who is there?" she hastily inquired, her heart giving a bound, as she was not in the habit of leaving her door unlocked. Could she have forgotten it? A soft laugh answered her.

"Is it you, Mary?" she asked, recognizing the voice.

"Yes, Miss Imelda, it is I. Have you decided to return to life? I was beginning to fear you were going to sleep right over into the next world."

"Why, what time is it?" was Imelda's next question, still surprised and puzzled. Again the girl laughed the low, amused laugh.

"Almost eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock! Why, Mary, you ought to have called me ere this. Mrs. Boswell ought to have been relieved some time ago. But why is it so dark? I thought I had the windows open."

"So you had. I made free to close them but will open them now," saying which the girl unfastened and opened the shutters. Instead of the bright sunshine, as Imelda had expected, only a hazy twilight filled it with dim shadows.

"What does this mean?" she stammered. "Why, it is quite dark. Did not you say that it is almost eight o'clock? She was growing impatient. Mary's laugh again rang through the room.

"Yes," she said "it is eight o'clock, not in the morning but in the evening."

Imelda was sitting bolt upright in bed now.

"What! Do you mean to say that I have slept all day through?"

"Just that, and nothing else."

"O, that was wrong! I ought to have been called long

ago. How is—?" She stopped, a sudden fear holding her tongue a prisoner.

"Mrs. Westcot is getting better,"—supplementing the unfinished question and answering it at the same time. "She, like yourself, has been sleeping all day."

"And Mrs. Boswell—?"

"Has also had a nap while I sat and watched with Mrs. Westcot, and now if you will rise and dress I will prepare you some—breakfast," and laughing again she disappeared leaving Imelda to her own reflections, but first having lit the gas overhead. No hesitation now. Hastily she arose and quickly made her toilet. Donning a wrapper she twisted the dark hair into a shining coil, and in a few minutes descended to the dining room where Mary had spread for her a tempting meal.

Imelda was a favorite with the servants, who were always willing to do a favor for this fair girl from the west, who was so considerate. It was well known that Mrs. Westcot was also from the western metropolis, and they often wondered if people in the west generally were so kind and considerate. It would have been impossible for the gentle-hearted Alice to assume aristocratic airs, therefore she could always depend upon her servants, and all hearts were filled with fear while the gentle mistress was raving of real or fancied woes, and when at last, after weary weeks, the crisis was over, it was as if a heavy cloud had passed away, and the gloomy faces were bright with smiles.

Having done ample justice to the generous repast, and feeling much refreshed, Imelda sped to the chamber above. Softly she opened the door and moved to the bedside. Mrs. Boswell was sitting with her elbow resting upon the bed, her head upon her hand. She never moved as Imelda stepped to her side. Bending down she found that the nurse was fast asleep. A pang smote her that while she, in the strength of youth, had slept the day away the much older woman had continued at her post. True, Mary had said that she had relieved her for awhile, but Imelda knew that she, like herself, needed a good long rest, and she decided that she should have it. Seeing that Alice too was sleeping, she gently touched Mrs. Boswell on the shoulder and slightly shaking her the nurse awoke with a start. Imelda held up a warning finger to prevent her from making an outcry. But the woman was frightened. She felt guilty at having been found asleep at her post of duty. Hastily reaching for her watch she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Only ten minutes," she whispered. "She has been sleeping so long," indicating Alice, "that I suppose the quiet has overpowered me."

"And no wonder," said Imelda,—"you are certainly in need of rest. I will now take your place while you sleep all night and all day tomorrow, too, if you wish. So just give me the directions for tonight, and then away to you couch." The woman smiled.

"Thank you. I am only too glad to accept." After giving the proper directions she added: "And now if you will excuse me I will accept your kind offer and sleep. Mary took my place for several hours or I fear I could not have held out. In the morning I will be ready to take my place again."

So the nurse withdrew and left Imelda alone with her sick friend, and as she largely imitated the example of the young girl and slept until the afternoon of the next day, Imelda had a long watch before her.

But we are forestalling. While the nurse has gone to recruit her strength in sleep we will remain with Imelda and follow the outline of her thoughts as she watched her sick friend. Over three weeks have now passed since the promenade of the lovers in the moonlight under the silver maples,—the evening after that on which for the first time she had discarded her mourning garments, when they had spent two happy hours together, Imelda adroitly avoiding a repetition of the pleadings of the night before. She was happy, and was willing that Norman should know it. He in turn had been content to drink the kisses from the dewy lips and leave the morrow to take care of itself.

Since that evening Imelda had seen but little of her lover.

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If he came in the evening she scarcely ever had longer than a half hour to give him. The cloud that hung above this house was too dark to admit of much happiness or joy for them. On the other hand it did not give them the leisure to discuss the question nearest their hearts, and Imelda did not wish it just now.

Long ere this, had the answer come to the long letter that she had written to Margaret. But not alone in Margaret's delicate tracing had the answer come. A long letter had also come in the bolder handwriting of Wilbur Wallace. Her heart gave a bound as she recognized the hand, while the rich blood rushed in a hot wave to her face dyeing her temples, ears and neck. What would he have to say? With a beating heart she had opened it. Something impelled her to lay Margaret's aside until she first perused Wilbur's letter.

To be continued.

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WHOLE No. 642

### Equal Brotherhood.

They tell me, Liberty! that, in thy name,  
I may not plead for all the human race;  
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,  
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,  
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame.  
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine ease,  
And as an equal brotherhood, embrace  
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!

O! not for Africa's sons alone I plead,  
Or her descendants; but for all who sigh  
In servile chains, whatever their caste or creed:  
They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry:  
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,  
And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.  
—William Lloyd Garrison.

### Life, Health, and Longevity.

Moses Harman, in "Our New Humanity."

Not as a dogmatist, not as a Gnostic—"one who knows," nor as an Agnostic—"one who does not know," but rather as a "Skeptic," that is, "one who inquires," one who is willing to be taught and anxious to learn,—would I approach the Temple of Truth, the Temple of Nature, the Temple of Life. Reverently, and yet with no feeling of self-abasement—such as an inferior is expected to feel in the presence of a superior; nor with fear, such as a creature is supposed to feel in presence of his creator, but rather with confidence, self-respect and self-reliance, as recognizing myself an integral part of the great whole, recognizing myself as a microcosm in the macrocosm—with such feelings I would approach this particular investigation. With such feelings, and with the lights before me—with the lights within me and around me I give it as my honest conviction that there is purpose in Nature, there is purpose in Life, and that purpose is simply the evolution of

#### LIVING ORGANISMS.

This seems tantamount to saying that life is its own object or purpose. The development, the perfection, the aggrandizement, the glorification of life, through and by organization in the vegetable, the animal, the psychic, and—shall I say it?—the spiritual, this so far as my limited vision can reach, is the object and purpose of Nature, of Life in the universal.

Inasmuch, however, as the proof of the existence of psychic and spiritual forms, belongs to the realm of the occult, rather than to that of the physical senses, I prefer not to take the time of the reader nor the space of the magazine in further consideration of this much disputed question but will proceed at once to speak briefly of some of the more visible, palpable and indisputable relations that connect us, as human beings, with life, or with animate nature.

In common with other *mammalia*, the human animal is possessed of several co-ordinate and subordinate systems, organisms, semi-independent, and yet mutually dependent systems. The first of these, in the order of development, is the digestive and assimilative system, the chief organ of which is the stomach.

The process of digestion and assimilation of food for the

growth and sustenance of the body, begins in the mouth. This important organ, as its first and perhaps most important use is a mill to grind the food and prepare it to be acted upon by the first digestive fluid called the saliva, secreted from the blood by glands located convenient for emptying into and mixing with the food during the process of grinding, called mastication. When sufficiently ground and mixed with saliva a little hand, placed in the back part of the mouth, seizes the food and pushes it down the oesophagus, the name applied to the upper end of the long tube called the alimentary canal.

This is the first step in the process of digestion, and if not properly performed it is but reasonable to infer that the subsequent steps will not be well done. William E. Gladstone is reported as saying that much of the exceptional health and vigor enjoyed by him at the advanced age of fourscore and more, is due to the fact that he uniformly makes two dozen bites for every morsel of food taken into the mouth.

The second step in the process of digestion is performed in and by the stomach, which is simply a sack-like enlargement of the alimentary canal. If the mouth is the mill the stomach is the kitchen of the digestive process. For its use there is another fluid prepared,—secreted only when food is present, or when the mind dwells upon the idea of eating—called the gastric juice. This fluid is emptied into the stomach which, when food is present, proceeds to mix it with the food by what is called the peristaltic or churning movement. The result of this mixing is a milky looking compound called chyme which is then allowed to pass through the door or gate called the pylorus, at the lower or farther end of the stomach.

As evidence that the stomach—sometimes personified and called "Sir Gastric"—has intelligence of its own, is the fact that when hard substances present themselves at the pyloric exit, the gate instantly closes and the chunk of food or indigestible matter, is made to pass the round again to give the gastric juice more time to dissolve it. If, however, after repeated or long continued effort the stomach fails to dissolve what the mill failed to properly grind, the pylorus is opened and the stomach sends the unwelcome substance into the next department of the alimentary canal, called the duodenum, or second stomach.

Another evidence of such unconscious or sub-conscious intelligence is the fact that, under normal conditions, when the mill, or mouth, has sent down enough food for the wants of the animal organism, there is a sudden contraction of the upper opening of the stomach—a peremptory command, so to speak, not to send down any more food till further orders. If this command is not heeded, however, and if in obedience to an abnormal appetite, or to please the host or hostess who says,

"Why, you don't mean to say you have eaten all you can! Come, come, 'never say die!' Just try our plum-pudding, our pie"—or other tempting dessert—then poor Sir Gastric is compelled to submit—passively he submits and gives no further warning—as much as to say to the conscious intelligence, the will-power, supposed to be located in the brain:

"Well, sir! I have done my duty, and now the consequences

of surfeit rest with you. If you want to kill yourself and all the rest of your sub-conscious helpers you can do so, but the blame of such calamity will not rest with me."

And just here is probably as good a place as any to say that of all the errors, of all the mistakes, incident to this our transition state, our long and painful passage from the plane of brute intelligence, and brute instinct,—the plane of unconscious or sub-conscious intelligence, to what we call the higher or human plane,—the plane of conscious or rational intelligence,—the most hurtful of all these mistakes is that of

#### OVER-EATING!

Brute beasts, when not enslaved by man, seldom if ever are guilty of the vice of over-eating. Neither does their unconscious intelligence often mislead them in the selection of the right kind of food. It is left to man to do this. Man alone makes this stupid blunder, and the results of these two errors—over-eating and use of unhealthy or indigestible food, are pain, disease, debility, premature old age and premature death.

Man, in his pride of superior intelligence, could learn much from his elder but despised brothers, the brute beasts.

The best guide in the selection of food—and the same may be said of drink—is doubtless the unperverted, the uneducated appetite, which appetite is the voice of the indwelling life—the voice of nature; the object, the purpose, of which voice is simply the growth and preservation of the animal form. Whether the visible animal form is or is not the outer manifestation or covering of an invisible living form, sometimes called the psychic body, the astral body, the soul, or spiritual body, is a question upon which there is much difference of opinion among equally honest and equally capable investigators.

The study of the digestive system and its functions, the question as to what kinds of food and drink are best adapted to the well-being of the visible animal body, and of its possible psychic counterpart, is one of deep interest to all who deem life worth living—all who prefer health and longevity to disease and early death.

The agitation of the Food question, or Food and Drink question, has doubtless done good; has done something towards correcting the errors into which our perverted animal instincts have led us, but that some of the most earnest and intelligent of our modern teachers of hygiene have been blessed with more zeal than knowledge is doubtless true. I will mention only a few of what seem to me serious errors. For instance:

The Vegetarian reform and reformers. That the use of flesh as food is often the cause of disease and of premature death is doubtless true, but that it is so generally hurtful to the body, so vitiating to the intellect, and so demoralizing to the emotional and the psychic nature of the human animal, as some of these reformers tell us, seems not to be borne out by the facts. It is part of the weakness of human nature to oscillate from one extreme to the opposite. Having seen the evil of excessive flesh-eating in one's own case, and in that of friends, we jump to the conclusion that the use of animal food is always injurious. We fail to remember, always, that the human animal is a microcosm—embodying or incarnating the characteristics of all the provisional orders, genera and species of animal life, and that food that is normal and proper for one person may not be such or another; also what is proper or best at one stage of life is not so for another.

One of the evils incident to an exclusive diet of, or free use of, cereals, legumes, potatoes and other starchy foods in the early ossification of the arteries, thereby bringing on premature decrepitude, premature loss of memory and other mental faculties—early old age and untimely death. This result is doubtless caused by the calcareous or earthy matters contained in these substances, of which matters flesh meats, nuts, milk and eggs contain very little.

Fruits and nuts seem to constitute the ideal food for the adult human, as milk is the natural provision for the infant mammal, but we cannot at once, or in one generation, get away from our heredity—or get the mastery over our heredity—

sufficiently to discard flesh meat and starchy foods, and yet exhibit the vigor of body and mind we could and would possess while judiciously and temperately making use of a mixed diet.

Experience is the only sure guide. I once heard O. S. Fowler say that for fifteen years of his life he was a strict vegetarian, but that he was at length obliged—by the loss of vigor, mental as well as physical, to return to a mixed diet.

#### Motherhood in Freedom.

COMMENTS BY ALBERT CHAVANNES.

In answer to Friend Harman's demand for criticism and opinions about his pamphlet, I send a few words, giving some of my views on this important question.

On one point, I am perfectly agreed with the author. I believe that the way to hereditary improvement lies through freedom of the individual. While upon some economic questions, I do not agree with Mr. Harman, and believe that a certain amount of coercion exercised by society is best for the progress of humanity, I believe also that so far as the hereditary forces are concerned, it is upon individual intelligence and action that we must rely for the improvement of the human race.

But granted that the mother must be free to achieve the best results, I am not prepared to say that the lines of action proposed in that little pamphlet are the best at all times and under all circumstances, and I am much more inclined to believe that the best advice we can give to the prospective mother, is to follow that line of action which satisfies her best.

My first advice would be for no woman to enter upon the task of maternity unless the thought of so doing gave her pleasant sensations. Then, if for her own sake she decides to become a mother, let her seek for her partner a man who is attractive to her, and let the attraction be physical and sexual more than intellectual. Then, when she is impregnated, if she is satisfied with her mate, let her seek no further, but if on the other hand, she desires for the society of other men, let her seek for it, and enjoy it to her full capacity.

But another point is to be considered, and if I was to criticize Mr. Harman, it is in that he has failed to state that the co-operation of the man must be as free as that of the woman. It must be a free and mutual partnership where giving and receiving are alike pleasurable, for I have held for a long time that the best way to improve the race is for the parents to seek for those conditions which make for their own satisfaction.

And right here is the difference I make between economic and sexual co-operation. Experience has shown that in economics, a certain degree of coercion has often very good results. For instance, if a majority of the citizens of a city see proper to pass sanitary measures, and a majority refuses to obey them, coercion on the part of the majority will benefit the whole city, and I approve of it. But experience shows also that in the sexual relation, coercion always fails of its object, and on that account I am opposed to it.

This statement will explain to many of my friends why, while I am a strong advocate of freedom in the home and in the domestic relations, I advocate the increase of government control in many other directions.

While I am on this subject of heredity there is another side of this question which I want to bring to the notice of you readers. The example of the improvements made by stock breeders is often given to show what could be done for the human race. But there is a wide difference that ought to be noted. We improve stock, not for their own sake, but for our benefit, while the human race must improve itself for its own benefit.

We breed some horses to draw heavy loads, others to trot speedily, others for general farm work. In cattle we improve some for milk, others for butter, others for beef. In sheep we breed for mutton or wool.

It is very clear to my mind that we cannot do the same thing for men and women. We cannot breed some women for cooks, others for school teachers, others for milliners, nor men

for doctors, farmers or blacksmiths. I can see but one thing we can do; we can breed for health.

Now the result of all my studies is that the best way at present to breed for health, is to breed out—stop reproducing—diseases. Looking as I do upon drunkenness, insanity, nervousness, consumption, etc., as inherited diseases, I believe it perfectly possible to breed them out as soon as the race has acquired sufficient intelligence and sufficient individual freedom.

But here comes the difficulty. All these diseases are generated anew by the present economic conditions, and as fast as we breed them out, the defective surrounding will reproduce them. What we build with one hand, we destroy with the other.

On that account, I hold that the work of improving the economic conditions is just as necessary as the work of increasing the amount of individual freedom and the knowledge of hereditary laws.

I fully sympathize with Moses Harman and the work of Lucifer, but I do not believe that the portion of the field he has selected is of more importance than any other. As I look at it, progress is a very complex machine, all parts of which are banded and held together, and no one portion can travel any faster than the others. The best we can do, in my estimation, is not to work in that part that we think the most important, but in that part for which we find ourselves the best fitted, which is usually the kind of work we find the most satisfaction in doing.

It is in fact what most all the reformers are doing; the pity of it is that too many think that they are carrying the world on their shoulders.

### Is the Narrowest Selfishness to be Eulogized as a Virtue?

BY FLORA.

I am glad Aunt Elmina gave us an extract from "The Old and New Ideal." I have not yet seen a copy and if that is a fair sample—which I hope it is not,—don't know that I would be much edified or instructed. With all due respect for Aunt Elmina and her opinions, I must everlastingly protest against such erroneous ideas as "The lady friend" voices in the above book. Let us dissect it.

1. "The love of a varietist would bring me joy, but mixed with pain." How does the lady know what the mixture would bring her, as she speaks as one having no experience?

2. "To every gladness he'd create, there'd be an added bane." It generally takes two to create gladness or sorrow, and why put all the responsibility upon him?

3. "The roses he would offer would be full of thorns, and sting me to the quick." This is merely poetical license, the thorns might sting him as quickly.

4. "It would be the inexorable law; though he might kindly lavish much upon me, he'd take my peace of mind." Evidently her piece of mind was taken, or she would excuse herself from mourning its peaceful loss!

5. "And why?" asks this bundle of flesh and bones, inconsistency and utterly useless loveliness. "Because I'm so constituted that when others receive the same, the gift decreases for me." Now here's constitutional egotism in a sextuple compounded dose! Evidently she values herself for all she's worth—"roses with thorns that sting," and "gifts!" She ought to get a corner upon the pure air, sunshine, colors, landscapes, clear cool water, light and life, because these are so common and may be enjoyed by millions!

That little lady has not begun to learn the a, b, c's of nature's boundless possibilities of growth in freedom. She will find that the love that is enduring and ennobling exists only between equals, and there is no cheating, possible.

"Love comes unasked, maybe unsought,  
In equal exchange of worth and thought,  
But it never can be forced or bought."

There never was an iniquitous institution but what its beneficiaries strenuously objected to an investigation and to criticism.—*Alteged.*

### Some Thoughts on Prenatal Influence.

BY IDA BALLOU.

It is a subject not wholly new and yet one upon which I have never been accustomed to dwell much. The many sides of the question seemed so diverse and conflicting that I had set it aside as one upon which more conjecture was lost than facts established. And now this little incident occurring so near by, has started these thoughts into a different channel.

I knew of his life and the facts attending it before birth and after; long before I really became acquainted with his individuality. And not until his sudden death did I see, as clearly as if painted out by some visible means, the plainly established fact that the failure which so sadly attended his broken career was but the inevitable sequence of the conditions bearing upon his development before birth.

It would take too long to enumerate the many little evidences of the unhappy and uncongenial temperaments of the household into which he was born, and the total lack of home education that had made him capricious and vacillating—as he was universally known by his friends, "fickle"—and the morbid sensitiveness, inherited from a mother-heart, tortured by the "hurts" inflicted by the hands that some how or other, it was her misfortune to love. It was necessary for her to "abstract" from her "liege lord," her necessary portion during gestation; so her "boy," when still at a childish age, had to "work out a term," in a reformatory to satisfy Nature's inexorable rule.

"He was born accursed," one of his friends had said, and the expression embodies the whole sad truth. Education would, however, have helped him. Had his mother been a thoughtful woman, free from superstition, his body would not rest in an unmarked grave, today. She had evolved out of the "god-idea," and declared her independence from wearing corsets, but she did not realize that it would be possible to live without her "husband," or that marriage was other than a life sentence.

She realized that it had all been a mistake, and she made the still graver mistake of thinking it impossible to remedy it. Nor did she realize that every child born under such conditions is "born accursed."

The common expression, "marking children" is believed in by almost every woman, but how many women dream of the possibility of shaping an existence for good or for evil in the life she lives today? "To drag from the depth of painless unconsciousness a being into painful consciousness" is one of the heaviest of responsibilities, and one that receives the least attention. Because this young man, this all-too-apparent victim of mis-spent lives, failed in his ventures and drifted along life's course, some thoughtless people blamed him, and called him "shiftless." Others who liked him, blamed his brutal father, and censured his seemingly careless mother. A little thought and carefully applied logic disproves them all. No one is to blame. His life was simply the outcome of false education and deep-rooted superstition. To me, it illustrated beyond all manner of doubt that prenatal influence is a powerful factor of life, and by it the individual is stamped for success or failure; for a useful or a disappointed career. Just how far it is possible to control this I will leave for others to decide; yet stonily averring that

"Not those who seem to fail have failed indeed,  
What though the seed be cast by the wayside,  
And the birds eat it? Yet the birds are fed!"

The ancients have us at a disadvantage. They worshipped the supreme being as the father of men and saw no impurity in the symbolism of parentage to indicate the work of creation. What is divine to be and to do can not be immodest and wicked to express. No man born of woman can with decency impugn the operation of that law to which he owes his existence; and he is impious beyond all others who regards that law as only sensual.—*Prof. Alexander Wilder, M. D.*



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 20, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each Individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

The editor is still in Cleveland, and instead of holding the forms for editorial, as I did last week, I will insert a portion of his article published in "Our New Humanity," for January.

No. 641 was delayed because the forms were changed on the press, and the pages printed wrong, so the forms had to be sent back and the edition printed over again. We hope our friends will overlook this unusual delay. They will receive two numbers almost at the same time.

## "Our New Humanity."

The January number of "Our New Humanity" was sent to subscribers last week. The excellence of the intellectual feast it provides for its readers may be judged, in a limited degree, by the following extracts from some of the principal dishes in its "bill of fare."

"The woman of the future will be recognized as the rightful proprietor of her own bedroom. Its keys shall be given into her eternal keeping, and she shall 'open and no man shut, and shut and no man open.' Who shall be admitted into its sacred precincts it will be for her to say, and not for me. But I venture it will be he who approaches with reverent tread; the sound of whose footstep, outside the threshold, sends the rich blood dancing through her happy veins. I would make for true virtue the severest tests. I would institute for it the highest standards. But they are not such as the dark, and degraded, and ignorant, and sensual past has set up. The priests, and legislators, and courts of Christendom, cannot, combined, confer upon a single man the right to touch the hem of a woman's garment irreverently. Woman's highest wisdom, and her sweetest love, and man's most reverent tenderness, is the holy trinity at whose sacred altar I summon you to worship."—From "Woman's Primal Right," by Francis Barry.

"No child of sound mind should be permitted to arrive at the age of puberty without a knowledge of the functions of the sexual organs of man and woman. Such knowledge is a more powerful protection against baleful secret habits and sexual indiscretions than countless thousands of moral lectures in which the nature of the sex functions is shrouded in mystery. 'Thou shalt not' is the language of a master, not of a parent. Instead of forbidding a child to do an injurious act, explain to

it clearly the injury which results from such an act. If the explanation is sufficiently clear the curiosity is satisfied and where no command is given there is no temptation to disobey."—From "How to Escape the Curse," by Jonathan Mayo Crane.

"I am fully aware of the defects of the present monogamic marriage, and do not believe that it is conducive to the highest happiness of the individual or to the best social results, but I believe, nevertheless, that it contains elements that are necessary to the perpetuation and improvement of the race, and I think it is a mistake for reformers to fail to recognize these elements and to try to throw overboard marriage as a whole. The march of progress is undoubtedly toward more individual freedom and better social organization, and the improvement of marriage will follow the same lines, and on that account I look upon the changes that tend to the enlargement of the family, as the only ones that will permanently affect the relations of the sexes."—From "Can Marriage be Abolished?" by A. Chavannes.

"Yes, legal marriage may well serve beneficent ends in addition to reproduction, but free association can still better serve all these ends, including that of the production of children, while it is not likely to bring in its train many of the evils that are connected with marriage. Even better than marriage, it can and does strengthen social bonds, knit together new and desirable ties and friendships, and extend culture and refinement. On the other hand, it does not so often, not even frequently, force the lover to accept as part of his 'family' undesirable relatives, it does not tend to make the man a boor and the woman a slattern, and it leaves free to come into the lives of both many elements of growth to which the husband and wife must be strangers. It in no way interferes with a 'long-enduring union of esteem, tender companionship, and reciprocal aid and encouragement'—rather, it renders more easily attainable such an ideal of respect, trust, and happiness—while it is one of its strongest recommendations that it seriously interferes with the formation and the continuance of those convict-unions of mutual indifference, distrust, or hate which abound everywhere that the legal marriage system prevails."—From "Woman's 'Duty' to Bear Children," by E. C. Walker.

"Women, forced into the sexual embrace by unrelenting husbands, protected and aided by the inexorability of the marriage laws, cannot bear normal, healthy and well-developed children, to say nothing of preserving their own health and mental equilibrium in relations so repulsive and loathsome as to be torturing. Since, therefore, the law, the political power, is robbing and pauperizing people (though it is enriching the elect and the select few) and simultaneously forcing them to do things that are bringing into existence a race that can be more easily robbed and pauperized, the first and foremost freedom that we need—the liberty that is essential before any other liberty can be useful—is the freedom not to do. With this freedom all else can be achieved."—From "The Freedom Not to Do," by C. L. Swartz.

"Punishment and preaching, the old remedies for supposed sexual abnormality, are alike wholly inadmissible. The more modern reformatory discipline may do good sometimes, but rarely. On the other hand, it follows from the criterion we have chosen, that giving nature the fullest opportunity to eliminate what she stamps, in so doing, as abnormal, is necessarily and always conducive to race-improvement. Sexual liberty, of the most absolute kind, the removal of all penalties, legal, lynch-legal, and so far as practicable, social, or Grundyish, is the first of scientific sexual regulation."—From "True and False Morality," by C. L. James.

Part of Moses Harman's article of "Life, Health and Longevity" is reprinted in this issue of Lucifer. Other features of the magazine is a poem, "Love's Law," by William Francis Barnard, and two selected articles: "A Brood Mare," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, and "Wanted: A New Adam," by Aphra Wilson. The price of "Our New Humanity" is 25 cents for a single number; or \$1 a year.

## Home Life, Health and Happiness.

[The greater part of a paper read by E. C. Walker before the Lucifer Circle of Chicago, slightly altered, owing to loss of last page of the original manuscript.]

Home life in relation to health and happiness is my subject. When men and women are free from sexual superstitions how will they live? How should they live to obtain the best results? As individuals differ in temperaments and tastes, they will necessarily differ in their methods of seeking happiness, and so we must be prepared to find social radicals occupying diametrically opposite positions as to which is the most desirable form of home life. But I believe that observation and experience have made the great majority of emancipated lovers suspicious of the common home. I have found men and women who are State or Fabian Socialists in economics who are staunch Individualists in regard to domestic arrangements.

One feature of the coming social organization seems to be already fixed. Whether the free man and woman will live in a communistic home, or will keep their business interests separate while dwelling in the same house, or will maintain entirely separate establishments, it cannot be doubted that each man and woman and child will have his or her own room. This involves far-reaching economic changes, but they must come before human liberty and dignity can be adequately safeguarded. There must be one place where the man or woman may be intruded upon by no other—where none may enter without the invitation of the occupant, and where any whom the occupant chooses may freely come. This secures woman's initiative when desired. Here will be found that restful solitude which every one craves at times, and here the man, the woman, the child is master, is mistress. No matter how intimate the relations of the persons, neither can come unwelcomed into the presence of the other without invasion, and without making mere frail and uncertain the tenure of their love.

The common home cannot be had without either making the woman more or less of a domestic drudge or introducing assistants who are on a different intellectual plane and who will be spies upon the actions of their employers. Of course some women are perfectly happy in the performance of household labors, but they are not often found within the ranks of the socially emancipated. Progressive women, as well as progressive men, generally desire to make for themselves places in the world, and they chafe under the system that gives them nothing more to do than keep a few rooms clean and cook and wash for the members of small households. The work is very necessary, of course, and there is nothing "low" about it, but it is not, as at present performed, an economical expenditure of force, and it narrows the horizon of women who wish to see beyond the confines of the flat or cottage. Not all women are by nature adapted to this kind of work, any more than all men are fitted for blacksmiths or farmers or lawyers.

Besides, and still more important, the constant association of two persons tends to make prosy, irritating and hateful their mutual life, and rubs off all the bloom of romance and love that should remain to the end of their days. As husband and wife or as lovers in a "free union," living together, they are constantly tempted to assume the attitude of owners and dictators, no matter how broad and free their theories may be, and they must annoy each other in a thousand ways. But as guest and hostess or host they are put upon their good behavior; they are independent; each is supreme in his or her own domicile; each may be alone or have company as suits the mood of the hour and each may have any company that is congenial, without annoying the other by the presence of those whom that other, for any reason, does not like.

With the individual home, free to all friends on invitation, and to those only, undesired solitude would be reduced to a minimum while undesired association would become almost unknown. While some would prefer to do their own cooking and washing, there is no doubt that by far the greater number would find it more economical and pleasant to combine and have their food prepared at one place and their washing done

where the best results could be obtained at the least expense. The members of a group could dine at a common table, or break up into sub-groups, or have their meals sent to their rooms. In this way those women—or men—who had a special aptitude for culinary and laundry work could labor where they could use their talents to the best advantage, leaving all other comrades, free to do the same. Any work is done best when done willingly, and it will be done willingly only when it is done by those who prefer it to other kinds of labor.

The same general principles apply in the care and education of children. It is a wasteful extravagance for a woman who is an expert in housework or floriculture or bookkeeping or literature but who is not a natural nurse or teacher to devote her entire time to the training of a child or of two or three children. With proper free co-operation the children can be together during the working hours of their mothers and return to them at night, and on days of recreation, if so desired. Put under the charge of efficient nurses and instructors, they will be better cared for and taught than they could be otherwise, and will be company for one another, while learning more quickly than they could do if alone with adults. Such a combination of forces by free men and women would enable many women, amply qualified in every way to be mothers, to have children. I know many free women who intensely desire children, who feel that their health would be better if they could have them, but who realize that, as wage-workers or as persons whose business ventures yield them very small incomes, they cannot afford to assume such responsibilities; for the care of children would take them from their work and lessen or destroy their economic and therefore their sexual independence. In this connection, a Boston friend has suggested the formation of a voluntary mutual motherhood insurance company, each free woman and each free man to pay so much per month into the common treasury to aid such unmarried members as should become mothers. The plan merits serious consideration.

Freedom of thought is valueless if it does not secure for us freedom of action. Health is essential to happiness, and health is not attainable except under conditions that permit full freedom of the sex life. If we wish to be healthy and therefore happy we must strive to emancipate ourselves from the trammels of ignorance and prejudice. If we are wise we will no more refuse the delights of love because they are under the taboo of convention than we will refuse to eat certain foods or on certain days because some church has ordered us not to eat said foods or on said days. If we are rational beings, we will no more abdicate our right to accept and enjoy the friendships and loves that come to us than we will abdicate our right to work or play on the priests' day. We profit by the experiences of the past chiefly by avoiding the mistakes made by those who passed through those experiences. That is the main use of history. It is a danger signal.

Because liberty gives opportunity to grow; because liberty permits us to correct our mistakes; because liberty files the chains that bind us to the dead body of the past; because liberty has worked better than despotism in the fields of religion, politics, and industry—because of all these facts we strive to attain liberty in the fields of morals and love, believing that there as in all other fields of human thought and action, a measure of health and happiness will come to us through liberty that never could be ours through despotism. Generation after generation must pass into oblivion before the race can reach the summits we build in thought, but that need not change us—we can do only the work that lies at our feet, and in doing that we must find our satisfaction in that and in the confidence and love of our fellow workers.

All children born under maternal protest must, in the very nature of things, be unfortunately born, and, if there is any truth in the doctrine of pre-natal influence, undesired children must be unhappy children, cursed with dissatisfied minds and usually handicapped still further with diseased bodies.—*Edward B. Foote, M. D.*



## Another "Morality" Crusade.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

A bill is to be introduced into the New York Legislature providing for the punishment of husbands who are "untrue" to their wives. The punishment is to consist of a fine of from one thousand to five thousand dollars, or an imprisonment of from one to five years. The bill is to be introduced by Senator Ford at the instigation of Mrs. Grannis, Anthony Comstock, Charles H. Parkhurst, and other statute moralists.

It is strange that these agitators cannot see the logical result of their crusade, supposing that the enactment could be enforced against any considerable numbers of "unfaithful" husbands, and the others made "faithful" thereby. This is, of course, an impossible result. But, if it could be attained the condition of wives who are really abused by their husbands would be incalculably worse than it is at present. As it is, a woman is free to leave her husband and get a divorce, and a divorce on the ground of adultery is never denied. But many women are deterred from leaving their husbands by fear of loss of subsistence for themselves and their children. It would be interesting to learn how their condition would be improved by taking away five thousand dollars or five years of time from the bread-winner.

On the other hand, if the husband is frightened by the law, what of the great increase of marital rape and undesired motherhood? The former is no offense in the eyes of the law, and the prevention of the latter is a crime.

## Sociologic Lesson. No XXVI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**COMMUNISM.** The various theories of communism are based upon a stage of human development in which protection from robbery is unnecessary, and in which a large proportion of the people are sufficiently altruistic to perform the labor requisite to produce the comforts of civilization without direct compensation. It is manifest that that stage has not yet been reached. The history of all socialistic communities demonstrates that it has not yet been possible to associate together a thousand selected persons developed up to that standard; for even in the most successful communities it has always been necessary to bring in a religious control of individual action, in order to reach harmony and prosperity. Wherever the individuals have been left free to be governed by their own impulses, the number of shirks and inefficient, squanderers, pilferers and quarrelers, has always been sufficient to prevent success. And even the best communities have always shared in the protection of the government, from outside invasion, theft and robbery. What is needed now is such a social system as will be self-sustaining under existing conditions. We will consider later how such a social system can be gradually developed into the displacement of hostile conditions, but first accept the fact of the necessity of protection of some sort, and seek for the highest protection with the least surrender of individual liberty.

Colonel Ingersoll, in his sermon at the dedicatory exercises of the Militant Church in Chicago, declared that the child of the future must be the child of love. The feelings of the mother become the character of the child and wedlock, other than wedlock of love, is a crime against the offspring. This same thought is taken up by Moses Harman, who has devoted years of study to the subject, and the result of his thought has been incorporated in a small brochure, entitled "Motherhood in Freedom." It certainly commends itself to both the liberal and the humanitarian, and there are none who would not be interested in its perusal. Much is said in certain quarters against our liberal divorce laws, but surely a thousand times more may be said against the suffering of defenseless and often friendless women who, in the name of the law, are treated worse than was any chattel slave. The work is strikingly radical and will at least stir up those whom it does not convince.—*Chicago Vegetarian.*

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

With Imelda we will read Wilbur's letter:

"MY DARLING: The fact that I am writing this to you must of necessity be proof that Margaret has laid before me your letter containing the news that already the event has come into your life which I, in our parting hour, prophesied would come; though I still claim you as my darling, and though my heart still goes to meet you with the same tender emotions, I cannot do otherwise than say I am pleased. I am glad that that other has so soon stepped into your life, and, building upon the past, I take the responsibility on myself of giving the advice you ask of Margaret.

"The fact alone that you love this man, that your heart has so fully gone into his keeping, is to me the best evidence of his trustworthiness. Not but that you, as well as many another, are liable to make mistakes as to the character of any individual you may come in contact with, but in a case of spontaneous love I feel and know that the purity of mind itself, of which you are possessed, would intuitively recognize that which is not equally pure.

"That Norman should still be bound by old superstitions and creeds may prove an obstacle to the speedy consummation of your love. It is here your work begins; here your strength will be tested. If you would be a priestess in our holy work you will be expected to remain true to the sentiments you have so often expressed. Your soul must remain free and unfettered, even though the man may be purity and justice personified. Not a semblance even of the power the law gives to a husband must you put into his hands. If your love is great enough to trust him he will be generous enough to trust you, or he is not the man he has represented himself to be. If he is not generous enough to trust you, then your intuition will have been at fault—the blindness of a common love has been laid upon your vision.

"Where lies the beginning of your work?—you ask. I will tell you. Your first duty is one that you owe to him and to yourself. You say that in your past life lie hidden many dark spots. It is your duty in this case to lay bare these dark spots in the full light of day. It is thus you will test his strength of character. As he comes of a long line of Puritan ancestors this will be necessary. The old prejudices may be so deeply rooted that, rather than take to his arms one who, although not responsible for the actions of others, may by the ties of blood be allied to those that are, he may be willing to crush out a love that would leave his own heart mangled and bleeding. If such should be the case, my little girl, I understand full well that bitter pain must then for a while gnaw at the cords of your heart. But it will pass, and in passing leave you purer and stronger than ever.

"If, on the other hand, he stands the test I feel sure it will be only a short time until his whole soul will come to the understanding of the grand sublimity of full and untrammelled liberty. Love cannot be fettered. Love will always remain free; the greater his freedom the more certainty is ours of retaining him to make bright our lives. Try to fetter him, he unfolds his wings and mockingly takes his departure. Then, what are we to do with our empty lives?

"In justice to woman we must admit that she is at the greater disadvantage, no matter in what light the case may be placed. In marriage, it matters not how just may be the man whom she calls 'lord,' she is, she remains his property, according to the mandates of the law. No matter how willing he may be that she shall enjoy perfect freedom, society takes it upon itself to place a watch upon her. If her husband has no sense of honor, or of what is due to himself, the stern finger of the law points it out to him. Society prepares a code for her that she is bound to respect and accept as her guide. The path which he asked to walk is not nearly so straight. There are many



recesses and angles in it, if he chooses to explore them. If he does so quietly nothing will be said.

"On the other hand, we know only too well if woman refuses marriage, it is equivalent to throwing away all hope of ever enjoying life as nature has designed. If she dares to thus enjoy life she is ostracized from society.

"At the present time we are still in the dark. But may we not hope, sometime, to grow strong enough to defy the mandates of society? May not love find a way that shall yet defy all the lynx eyed agents of a corrupt moral code? May we not hope that man and woman both may yet be pure and natural as the new-born babe, when it is first placed in the mother's arms—at nature's fount?

"Will you be strong, my Imelda? Think you, you can take your Norman by the hand and lead him on until he stands upon your own sublime heights? until he stands at your side? then side by side to explore the unknown heights that still lie beyond your field of vision?

"Be brave, my precious one; be strong, and when the time comes when we shall again meet, (and I feel that it will come,) and I fold you to my heart, pressing warm kisses on your lips, some prophetic spirit tells me that your Norman will stand by and understand.

"There must and will a time come when the full glory of a free love will be understood and enjoyed. So, look up to the goal in view; bravely work on, and remember there is strength in the knowledge of the unity of thought and purpose of those who work in a like cause, even though your friends with their supporting love are distant. Remaining as ever, loving you with a love that is absolutely pure, I am yours for truth of purpose, and for the best of humanity.

WILBUR."

A long drawn sigh escaped the lips of Imelda as she laid the closely written sheets upon her knees. Well she knew that he was right. In the still hours of the night watches, by the side of the sick friend the thought had come to her again that open truth was the only course for her to pursue. But oh, how gigantic the task appeared. In all the three weeks the subject had never been touched again by them. Few indeed had been the moments she had been able to accord him, her strength being tested to its utmost, in her capacity as nurse. Being well aware of the state of things, Norman Carlton was far too noble to press for the reason of the loved girl's views, at such a time. For the present he accepted the boon of her love as a priceless jewel of whose possession he was assured.

But Imelda knew that the hour was coming when he would expect an answer to his question, and as Wilbur had stated, it was then her work would begin. If she dreaded that coming hour, was she to blame? Folding the letter she placed it back in the envelope and with the action there came to her, with overwhelming force, the realization of the grandeur of this man's character. What purity, what nobility! Even as the new love more fully filled out her life so did she understand better the true worth of the man who had first called her love into being.

"O, Margaret darling," was her mental comment, "when your heart chose Wilbur as its best beloved, it made a grand selection, no one will ever find his way into your life who will be able to look to you from a loftier height than that upon which he stands."

Recalling her wandering thoughts she next opened the epistle from Margaret, for such it proved to be. Such a long, warm, glowing letter; overflowing with the love her pure young heart contained. She had filled page after page, concluding with the words:

"And now my dearest girl, I think I have made my meaning clear. I have given you the best advice that I know of. I know, however, that it is the same as Wilbur's only perhaps in other words, and I feel that now we shall not be disappointed in our brave girl. Let me add one thing. I understand fully how difficult the making of such a revelation will prove; and yet it must be made. I can see nothing else you can do and remain true to yourself and lover. Not the shadow of a suspicion, of a

deception, must lie between you. I will not say disgrace; that will exist, if it exist at all, only in your Norman's mind. But now for my advice:

"Write the history of your life. That will be easier. You can tell him all, everything, without the disadvantage of seeing in his face the emotions, that such a history might call into play. He will have time to think, and understand the full import of it all. You will not then receive an immediate answer, prompted by an impulse that might prove a barrier to your love. Cool, calm reflection is necessary in such a case, and as my own Imelda possesses her full share of common sense, she can but see the wisdom of such a course.

"Be brave, my dearest friend, my own loved one. If this man is worthy of your love he will stand the test. If he does not stand it, then I can but say he was not worthy. And now remember,—three hearts beat in love for you, and the united strength of that love is bent on the success of your heart's dearest hope (for of course my mother knows), and hoping to be re-united in a not too distant future, thus writes and advises your most sincere and loving friend,

MARGARET."

This letter had been folded and placed side by side with that other one. Long had Imelda sat with bowed head and folded hands. Yes! both kind and loving friends were right. An inner voice told her that this was the only course to pursue. But the condition of the sick friend had not permitted her to think of it. Every minute of her time had been devoted to her. Her lover must wait until the dark, uncertain hours would be past; but now as Imelda sat and watched the peaceful sleeper, she realized that she could not spend the long hours of the night watch to better advantage than in the performance of this duty. The dreaded hour had passed; hope and sunshine were again seeking admittance at the portals of this home, and Norman was waiting, patiently waiting, for his answer. So when the morning broke, with its pale light, she folded the closely written sheets. With trembling hands and beating heart she wrote the address and sent them to their destination. Would he stand the test? When tried by this crucial ordeal, would he prove faithful and true?

[To be continued.]

I desire to call the attention of prospective mothers to the advertisement of "Niapon." I have investigated the claims made for it, and am satisfied, from the statements of those who have had experience,—the mothers and physicians—that it is a very great aid. So certain do I feel of this that I am sure that if I should ever again pass through that period, I would give "Niapon" a personal trial. This is not a "paid reading notice." The advertisement itself is paid for, but I am writing this because I am greatly interested in anything which will lessen the danger and pain of maternity.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

John G. Cooper, Carbondale, Kansas:—I have saved the within for you. I intended to meet you all in Chicago at your last convention, but an important suit of mine here prevented. I shall always regret it, now more than ever since I have heard the sad news of S. P. Putnam's sudden death. It is sad, for we shall miss him in many ways very much.

D. L. Stockton, Lake City, Colo.:—Inclosed you will find one dollar and fifty cents for which credit me one dollar on Lucifer and send Lucifer three months to —, and also send me "Love Ventures of Tom, Dick and Harry." Lucifer is doing too much good for humanity for the friends of progress to allow it to be swamped in the sea of financial peril.

Nellie M. Mastick, Junction City, Wash.:—Find inclosed two dollars for renewal of subscription to Lucifer and "Our New Humanity." I have been very slow in send it but it is so hard to get money, as you know. This was my Christmas gift, so I send it where I know it will do the most good.



# LUCIFER



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 3.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 27, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 643

### Defeat and Victory.

TO D. M. BENNETT.—BY S. P. PUTNAM.

There can be no defeat in freedom's cause  
Save for the moment. Though its flag may fall  
Yet it will rise again, and sweep in light:  
For all our hope is in its glowing folds—  
The hope of ages, the undying hope  
That beamed on Marathon and Salamis.  
And ever yet hath grown more sweet and great.  
Freedom, that rose sublime, with starry front,  
With large life throbbing, from the mighty land  
That burst upon Columbus' adoring sight,  
Like some fair paradise in golden sky—  
Freedom so nurtured, child of storm and toil;  
Child of the mountains and the boundless sea;  
Child of man's heart and rich, exultant joy,  
It cannot perish. Freedom cannot die.  
Though it be seared with many a deadly wound,  
Courage, brave friend; the prison walls bind not  
The spirit in the breast; it shall go forth  
And touch the living heart with living fire.  
Thou shalt be consecrate to noble use.  
Each weary hour shall be an angel's flight  
To sweep the music of advancing thought;  
Thy labor shall be deep and grand and high,  
Though done in felon's clothes. Each stroke shall be  
Resounding blows upon the mailed wrong  
Heard through wide lands and better days to come.  
The crown is with thee, and no prison bars  
Can keep its luster from the nation's gaze.  
Its fire shall leap from kindling soul to soul,  
Till, like the thunder of the storm-vexed sea,  
Shall roll the indignant voice, and thou art free;  
The door shall open; chains as the wind  
Shall be thy body; dauntless as the truth  
Shall be thy pen. Thou shalt still seek for truth  
In the clear light of liberty; its beams  
Thy living words again shall carry far.  
The flag shall wave, the flag of freedom's cause.  
Thy hand still bears in the darkness den,  
Stuck not. Faint not; for the sublimest past  
Heroes and martyrs, poets, prophets, seers,  
Are with thee. We are with thee. All the light  
Of heaven is with thee. Nature's vast heart,  
The radiant bosom of the fruitful earth,  
Thought's lustrous wealth—the music of the spheres—  
All these are with thee. The great work moves on,  
And thou art in it, spite of tyrants' chains,  
And its reward shall make thee victor yet.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

A Christian writes that Lucifer's "chief work is to fight the marriage relation as authorized by God and Christian civilization." By "God," I presume that the writer means the Yahveh of the ancient Hebrews. As the only form of marriage that he knew anything about was polygamy, I fail to see the applicability of the Christian's remark. Regarding the marriage of "Christian civilization," that being indissolubly associated with the grossest and most destructive kind of non-legal prostitution, and being itself a system of slavery, it is greatly to the credit of this paper that it declines to enter into any compromise with it; that it is doing all that it can to make the most precious relations of men and women free, and ennobling because free.

"A Doctor's Wife," contributing to a medical publication, tells of a woman whose children came in such quick succession that she finally complained to her husband, when that gentleman consoled her with the information that "it is on account of women's sins that they suffer so." "A Doctor's Wife" pertinently inquires: "Tied to such men as these, shall women go on bearing children for them just for a support?" She reaches the conclusion that information regarding the prevention of conception could be safely given in such instances. I should say so! But the husband's gospel of submission is good Bible doctrine; what does "A Doctor's Wife" think of the use of that work as a text-book in schools, and of woman's superstitious reverence for its teachings?

It is unmanly to misrepresent the opinions of the dead. Convictions honestly cherished merit the respect and truth-telling of the world. While one lives, he may find it absolutely necessary to remain silent concerning some of his views; the so-called obligation of martyrdom rests rightly upon no man. Whether he will speak or not speak is a matter wholly within his own discretion. But when his lips are closed in death no one can justly asperse his memory and depreciate his intelligence by claiming that he was the victim of superstitions he had rejected. Still less is any person justified in misrepresenting the opinions of one who had never sought to wear a mental mask. An attempt is now being made to have it appear that the lamented May L. Collins was not the personal friend of the representative social radicals of the day. The truth is—and it reflects the greatest credit on both her intelligence and her courage—that she was their admirer and their loyal friend, seeking their companionship whenever possible, and openly expressing her own radical views. Her respect for the unshackled mother was unbounded, and her interest in the child of freedom was intense and loving. Don't lie about the dead.

Felix Adler lectured the other day on "The New Phase of Woman in Modern Society." He is reported to have said that if we observe that a change is taking place in the relations of the sexes, we should mark it well, and if "this change be in the right direction society will be benefited, and if not it will be detrimental to us." Will Mr. Adler kindly inform us how we can know a change is in "the right direction" unless it *does* benefit us? The gentleman has got the vehicle in front of the engine. We must reason from facts to principles, not from principles to facts. If the present movement in favor of larger liberty for woman is a benefit to her and through her to the race as a whole, it is really a movement in the right direction, even though it may cut its way through a half-hundred *a priori* assumptions concerning the relations of the sexes. Mr. Adler declares his sympathy with the "so-called woman's movement," but finds himself antipathetic as to certain forms that it has assumed, as no doubt we all find ourselves antipathetic to certain phases of the movement. The strangest part of Mr.



Adler's criticism is that wherein he says that the new woman who wants to be "mannish" is an agitator, implying that the new woman who does not want to be mannish is *not* an agitator. It seems to me that an agitator is one who wishes to impress his or her fellow-citizens with the truth of the ideas he or she accepts, and if that is so, then all who labor to propagate any opinion are agitators, including Professor Adler himself.

The clerical entertainers, notably such "stars" as Moody and Sankey, are trying to get up a great revival in New York and its environs. Moody has been at work here for some time, and he has now reached the incendiary stage of proceedings. On Sunday, January 10th, he preached an inflammatory discourse in the Academy of Music. He told his hearers to tear the nude paintings from the walls of their homes, and "burn the Sunday newspapers," he shrieked. "Why, I believe you are ready to do it," he continued; "I believe we are on the eve of a tidal wave of religion. The way to begin it is to get all the pictures that are lewd in one huge pile, tear rich paintings from your walls and from the art galleries, collect the newspapers in which are portraits of the nude, and make of all of them a huge bonfire in Fifth avenue. All honor to Anthony Comstock; I would to God we had a thousand Anthony Comstocks. If you haven't helped him, do it now. Send him a check to help carry on the work." There spoke the typical Puritan, the enemy of unexpurgated nature, the hater of art, of literature, of science, the contemner of beauty, of human love, and of earthly joy; the admirer of ugliness, of gloom, of religious renunciation, of god-inspired fanaticism. This priestly incendiary would put the torch to the productions of human genius only because he now lacks the power to bind the genius himself to the stake and light the fagots at his feet. This would be vandal stands ready to burn the representations of "the human form divine," "even if it burns New York," as he audaciously and shamelessly declares. In spirit Dwight L. Moody is worse than the incendiaries whom our judges are sending to Sing Sing for what are practically life terms. Such as he have ever been the menace of civilization, and its destroyers whenever they could grasp the sword of legal authority, or incite the mob, as Moody is now endeavoring to do, to lay the hands of bigoted ignorance upon the choicest fruits of man's heart and brain. If Mr. Moody should succeed in his crusade against art, and the flames of his bonfire in Fifth avenue should light our skies, it would not be the first time that Christian barbarians have so distinguished themselves. This modern revivalist is only a feeble imitator. The old Inquisitors knew well how to still the tongues of thinkers and palsied the hands of workers. He is even only an echo of the imbecile Salvation Army, which called attention to itself the other day by burning the "devil," in the figure of Colonel Ingersoll, in effigy here in the streets of the metropolis. All these survivals of savagery burn pictures and books and the effigies of men merely because they cannot, just yet, burn the men themselves. For, as William Douglass O'Connor said when the asinine officials of Boston and the federal postmaster there were trying to suppress "Leaves of Grass," "Who knows, since fortune favors the brave and enterprising, but that we may yet, step by step, succeed in bringing the fourteenth century into the nineteenth [or even the twentieth], and re-erect Montfaucon—that hideous edifice of scaffolds reared by Philippe le Bel, where the blackened corpse of Glanus swung beside the carcass of the regicide for having translated Plato, and where Peter Albin dangled gibbeted beside the robber for having published Virgil?" Curiously enough, Mr. Moody has not said a word about adding his Bible to the holocaust in Fifth avenue. Is it possible that in his crusade against the "indecent" he is going to permit himself to be frightened away by one of the chief offenders? Do not misunderstand me—the Bible is not "obscene," but it is just as "obscene" and not a tenth part as beautiful as the lovely pictures and statuary which this narrow-minded mountebank is inciting his poor dupes to destroy. All this outcry against art is really an outcry against the god in whom these religious

people profess to believe. They say that he made man, and we know that clothes are simply a human invention, that children come into the world absolutely naked, that the other animals are naked, and all the flowers likewise. From the Thirteenth standpoint, god is the guilty party—the Vice Society exists only to frighten us into concealing his handiwork. A white-washed hypocrite is infinitely more indecent than a nude woman or the photograph or painting of a nude woman.

## St. George Mivart's "Duty" Doctrine Applied

BY E. C. WALKER.

Readers of Number 6 of "Our New Humanity" will find a review and criticism of an article written for the "Humanitarian" by the English Catholic and scientific writer, St. George Mivart, in which he maintains that it is the "duty" of wives to submit to their husbands, regardless of their own feelings, and to bear children to them. He declares that not to so submit is "degradation." The argument is ingenious, but weak and revolting. His critic asks him granting, for argument's sake, that it is the duty of the wife to accede to her husband's demands, if that is a duty that should be enforced by the law, and, if so, if that would not be the perpetration of rape by the express command of the state. In the November "Humanitarian," Grant Allen replied to Mr. Mivart, and in the December issue of that publication the reactionary propagandist rejoined. But it has remained for an American exponent of the law to authoritatively sanction the dictum of the English writer, as will be seen by the second paragraph following this. Judge Gunster has answered the questions I put to St. George Mivart.

Before giving the case adverted to in the foregoing, I will recount an incident detailed to me the other day by a most reputable gentleman who is a member of the society to which the application for relief was made. It appears that a man, who had long been in straightened circumstances and in poor health, applied to his benevolent organization for help. He was near death's door, and his wife was prostrate with a paralytic complaint, but was about to become a mother. She was marked for death before the coming child was conceived. Now, will St. George Mivart and Judge Gunster have the hardihood to contend that this wife did her duty simply in acceding to the demands of her diseased husband at a time when it was a grave question whether she herself would live to give birth to another child? Judge Gunster talks of "proper circumstances," but does he wish us to understand that he thinks there are ever circumstances in which the wife should surrender the sovereignty of her body into the keeping of her husband? As for St. George Mivart, he bases his plea for the wife's dutiful submission largely upon the necessity for race preservation. Does he think that a race preserved through marital rape is worth preserving? How strong a factor in race preservation would be a child born under the conditions here described?

The Scranton, Pennsylvania, "Republican," of December 2, 1896, in its report of court proceedings for the preceding day, gives us the facts that follow: Mary E. Hover sued her husband, H. J. Hover for cruel treatment. She swore that he took her on his lap, twisted her wrist, turned her fingers backward, and otherwise maltreated her, and did not desist until a servant had called in a neighbor. Earlier in the day (October 14th) he had abused her, and as a result she had suffered more or less pain for a week. "She charged that her husband for several years past had abused her and made her life miserable." Hover testified in his own behalf that the allegations made by his wife were false. He said that on the day mentioned he had been cross and his wife "grumpy"; in the evening he went to her room to seek a reconciliation, and the violence of which she complained was the result of her aversion to the caress he offered; she scratched him and he held her hands, but not in anger and malice, as had been alleged. We are not concerned here with the question as to which of the parties to the suit has told the truth and which has committed perjury. It is the charge of the judge which interests us, and only so much of the testimony has been reproduced as was needed to make the

narrative intelligible. Here is the "Republican's" synopsis of Judge Gunster's charge:

"Judge Gunster declared himself in the most positive terms while charging the jury. He said that if the jury believed that Hoover in embracing his wife and holding her in his arms had been actuated by violence and malice, they could convict him, but he wanted to make himself plainly understood that it is the duty of a wife to be obedient to her husband, and he is entitled to a show of her affections under proper circumstances, and it is her duty to accept his advances. If the jury believed that Mr. Hoover used no more violence than was necessary to restrain her from refusing to do her wifely duty, then he was within his rights and could not be convicted."

Social radicals have often asserted that the wife is the only woman who can be outraged with impunity, and Judge Gunster, of Pennsylvania, now solemnly asseverates that they were right in their contention, for it is not to be presumed that he would charge a jury that any man could rightfully use as much violence as might be necessary to compel a woman other than his wife "to accept his advances." It may be added that the jury acquitted Mr. Hoover.

### Monotony versus Variety.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Mrs. Slenker's communication in last *Light-Bearer*, appears to me a powerful argument for variety. The seven little girls found it very tiresome that they all had to wear the same calico pattern. No wonder. Would it not have been worse if each had been condemned to wear the same pattern all her life instead of only till it wore out? And if one had been dressed for life in blue, one in white, one in yellow, etc.,—like Miss Lucy's babies in the song—and all for life, would that have mended matters? Oh Lord! how the blue would have longed for the yellow, and vice versa! A decided improvement would have been to change about blue for yellow, and both for white. And if, instead of taking these colors alternately, by an arbitrary rule, they had changed as they could agree—ah! that would have left little to be desired.

Of Emil Ruedebusch's great work "The Old and the New Ideal," I hope to say more by and by. Let this suffice now, that I feel my own work for sexual liberty closed by advent of the Legitimation League. Sexual freedom has become respectable—therefore I drop it. Apostleship of variety, nudity and plain English, devolves on Emil Ruedebusch.

### Splitting Hairs.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

It is interesting to note that the society for the suppression of vice has made an advance of one half the breadth of a hair. Mr. Oram, who next to Anthony Comstock himself represents the society, said to the interviewer of the "Brooklyn Eagle":

"No man is ever authorized by this society to lead any man into any kind of crime for the purpose of making a case against him. All our authorized agents are furnished with printed instructions telling them just what they can do and just what they cannot do. They are continually reminded by all the officers of the society that the society is for the suppression of vice, not for the creation of vice. For instance, an agent of this society might hear that a certain man was selling an improper book. If, when that agent called on that man and asked for a copy of the book, intending to purchase, and the man told him that he did not have the book in stock but would send for it, the agent would be forbidden to order the book, because that would be making himself accessory to the crime. Under no circumstances do we allow a representative of our society to compound with crime."

When A, the agent of the Comstock society, calls on B, the bookseller, for an "improper book," he is forbidden to order the book because that would make A accessory to the crime of obtaining the book from C. If it is a crime for B to obtain the book from C, it is equally a crime for A to obtain the book from

B. In other words, A may commit a crime himself, but is forbidden to become accessory to the commission of the same crime by B. If to be accessory to the commission of a crime is "the creation of vice," is not committing the same crime the creation of vice? We have been claiming for years that the action of that society has been for the creation of vice. When "Nettie G. Harlan" wrote a decoy letter to procure means for committing abortion, he, Mr. Comstock, was accessory to the crime. When Mr. McAfee ordered from Mrs. Slenker the writings for the mailing of which he arrested her, he was accessory to whatever crime he supposed there was in the mailing. I am not surprised that a society with so much keenness of perception as to have discovered the difference this society now makes, has been keen enough to see or to imagine crimes nobody else can see. For my part, the distinction between inducing a bookseller to send for an improper book before he delivers it, and to send for it afterwards to replenish his stock, is so narrow that I can but admire the perspicacity which discovered it.

### Salvation Not for the "Special Few," Only.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

Mr. Elbert Wakeman complains of having been misinterpreted by Lucifer correspondents. As far as it concerns me, I plead not guilty. I have not accused Mr. Wakeman of being a champion of Miss Charlotte Smith's methods. In his first communication Mr. Wakeman stated that Miss Smith's methods may be unwise, and believing as I do that they are positively bad, I took an opportunity to point out the evils which they may lead to. That was all. There was no intimation that Mr. Wakeman defended her methods.

As to scientific breeding, I have no quarrel with Mr. Wakeman. To me freedom does not mean the freedom to leave to the world a curse as an inheritance. Those women who wish to become mothers should do all they can to have good children; they should shun evil associations as much as possible. I am the last man in the world to advise the "diamonds of the race" to run the risk of being accosted by "mongrel curs." I am a defender of the bicycle, but I do not advise women to take rides on lonely roads where they are liable to be assaulted by ruffians; but really I do not think that many women are in need of such advice, for no woman, no matter whether she is a "diamond" or one of the "masses," wants to be raped, seduced or no science.

I cannot agree with Mr. Wakeman when he says: "Yes, let the masses of girls do as they like,—the risk is small." That one of the "special few" is of more value than are a score of "the masses" is true, but, after all, the world consists of masses. The special few cannot reform the world, so long as the masses of girls bring into existence undesirable children. If the world is to be saved, the masses, as well as the special few, must do their best to give us better babies.

Rev. E. P. Powell says: "The spiritual agnostic is an unchurched and irreligious man." Well, a man may be no worse for being "unchurched," and if an agnostic is "irreligious," then such men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and Lewis, such women as George Eliot and Harriet Martineau were irreligious; and if these fine and lofty characters were without religion, then the having of religion, as it is understood by Mr. Powell, is not necessary to insure intellectual and moral excellence, while it may co-exist, as we know, with low ideals and a still lower moral life. It is no discredit to a man to be without such a religion, or to be outside of a church which makes the profession of such a religion a qualification for membership. Rev. Mr. Powell seems to be much disturbed by the attitude of agnostics, but if he hopes to engage their serious attention, he should point out the real fallacies of their position and do less scolding on the subject. He possesses too much of the spirit of the orthodox pulpit, from which he preached several years, to have any intellectual hospitality for theories or ideas which he cannot make a part of his creed. He may, and will it is hoped, grow to a more liberal stature.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 27, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon Each Individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Birth, Death, and Funerals.

"If it were not for death and funerals I think the institution of the church would not stand longer. The necessity that men be decently buried, our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and children (notwithstanding the danger that they be buried alive) will long, if not forever, prevent our laying violent hands on it. If salaries were stopped off, and men walked out bodily at last, the minister and his vocation were gone."—Thoreau's "Autumn."

There is certainly much truth in this tersely worded statement. The mystery that enshrouds the change called death, the longing to know where our loved ones have gone, and if still alive, whether happy or unhappy, this mystery and these longings clothe with awful importance the man who is believed to know more about death than do his fellow-mortals, and who can speak words of comfort to surviving friends.

Yes, there is much of truth in these terse lines of Thoreau, but the terse statement needs to be supplemented by another. If he had said,

"If it were not for its control over births the institution of the church would not stand longer," his saying would have been quite as truthful, if not more so. It is through its control of sex, its control of the mating of human beings for parentage, that the church perpetuates its power, more than in any other way.

It is through sex—and especially through the sex-nature of woman, whose body holds the young life in its keeping during the first nine months after conception, that human beings are generated or born into the earth-life. The church assumes control of the sex-hood of woman; the church derives a revenue from the license it gives to woman to associate with man in the sex-relation; or, which is practically the same thing, it derives revenue, power and influence as a teacher of sex-morality, by granting to man the privilege of sex-association with woman.

True, the judge or civil magistrate now divides with the priest the business of controlling sex, by this means establishing a moral code as to what births are right and lawful and what are not, but it should be observed that in doing this, as well as in administering religious oaths, the judge assumes the role of priest, and thus aids the church in controlling the masses. "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," is usually

a part of the marriage ceremony when performed by a civil officer, and when he administers, or causes to be administered, the oath, or civil affirmation with uplifted hand, he teaches the church doctrine of rewards and punishments in a "life-after-death."

The church teaches the subordination of woman to man, the enslavement of woman to man, in the sex-relation, in her work of creating new human beings—"Man is the head of woman as Christ is the head of the Church," and "wives submit yourselves to your husbands as unto the Lord," etc. The natural result of this teaching is a race of human beings submissive to the priest, that is, submissive to the church, and also to the judge, who holds and exercises priestly powers. Enslaved motherhood by natural sequence, means enslaved offspring, and hence "the institution of the church" becomes self-perpetuating.

From infancy upward woman is taught to revere the priest as a Divine oracle, and when he tells her that independent motherhood—motherhood not sanctioned by himself—is unlawful and sinful, woman accepts the decision as the voice of God. And if, obeying her natural instincts and strongest impulses she should become a mother outside the pale of priest-made marriage, so powerful is the influence of early teaching that, in many cases at least, the child is no better than if born in slavery—legal wedlock,—because the mother cannot rise above the standard of morality set for her by her theologic teachers, and thus she incarnates in her offspring, by prenatal impression, a feeling of shame, of self-depreciation and self-abasement, and hence the child easily becomes a servant, a slave, to the church-state officials under whose rule he was born.

Yes, control over the creatory—marriage and birth—and over childhood and burial of the masses of people, gives power to the priest that will long prevent freedom-lovers from "laying violent hands on the institution of the church."

Hence the importance of rousing woman to a sense of the degradation to herself and children that inheres in the canon law,—or church law of marriage, and to a sense of the necessity of throwing off the priestly yoke if she would live a true life—a normal and happy life, and especially if she would become the mother of free, self-respecting, self-reliant children.

## At the Forest City.

Since my first letter from Cleveland was written the short winter days have chased each other with startling rapidity, and now the middle of January is here, reminding us that soon the balmy airs of spring will take the place of the chill blasts of winter. Most of the time, however, since New Year's day, the weather here has been unreasonably warm; a little snow, but so little that it seems hard to believe that only a few hundred miles westward the blizzards have raged, during the first half of January with phenomenal violence.

While it was my intention to take a little mid-winter relaxation the time has not been spent in idleness. My forenoons in Cleveland have been devoted to writing—correspondence, etc., and the afternoons and evenings to introducing Lucifer and "Our New Humanity" to the attention of the "Buckeyes," as the Ohioans are called,—to holding parlor meetings at which discussion in Race improvement through the emancipation of Motherhood, has been the leading feature.

The most important event of my sojourn thus far was the meeting at the Franklin Club, on Champlain street, Sunday the tenth inst. The attendance was unusually large, and notwithstanding the length of the session—nearly four hours—the interest manifested was unabated; very few going out till the janitor threatened to turn off the light. I was given about an hour for the opening—subject "Liberty, Love, Wisdom, mankind's true and only saviors." Among those who followed with remarks of approval or dissent, were, Mrs. H. R. Adams, author and lecturer—representing what is called the "Higher Criticism," in Presbyterian Theology; Miss Edith Slade, teacher in city schools; Mr. Taylor, of the "Silver Knight," Cleveland; Mrs. Mary Smith, of Newburg, O.; Anna Perkin, prominent as a



reformer in Woman's Dress, Cleveland; Mrs. Bedford, Joseph Lee, Claude Taylor, Fred Schuller, Dr. Copper, H. H. Cline and others of the Franklin Club.

Several "reporters" were present. The "News and Herald" of Monday morning, under the caption "A Windy City Anarchist Speaks," said:

A Chicago Anarchist, by name Moses Harman, "entertained" the members of the Franklin Club yesterday afternoon with a long and exhaustive paper on "Liberty, Love and Wisdom," which he said was a trinity which "guided the human race from the lowlands of ignorance to the uplands of knowledge and freedom." The central thought throughout the address was that the human race would be much happier if there were no man-made laws. This address was freely discussed by the members present.

The "Plaindealer" said, "A speaker from Chicago has invented a science which he wants adopted," adding:

A large attendance at the Franklin club was called out yesterday afternoon to hear the lecture of Moses Harman of Chicago, editor of *Lucifer*, on "Liberty, Love and Wisdom," which he characterized as a trinity, in his own mind, superior to that of "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Mr. Harman is one of those few and peculiar persons who advocate what he chooses to term the "sexologic science."

The burden of his lecture was his opposition to the legalized form of the marriage contract. "Marrying," he said, "is a religious contrivance that has never taken well with humanity, and how to evade its restrictions, while appearing to conform thereto, has become one of the fine arts. Nature rebels against the creedal chains, and the monogamy dogma will continue to make men and women hypocrites until they get sense and courage enough to live honest, open lives, neither ashamed of love nor fearing it, no matter unto whom it may draw them."

The language here attributed to me is as near to the truth as reporters commonly get it, and presumably I should be thankful that it is no worse. The most gratifying feature of it all was the very general recognition by the audience, as voiced by the various speakers of the paramount importance of the emancipation of motherhood, as the first step in real reform—in true human progress.

By request I gave, at the close, a brief extemporaneous talk in regard to the late and much lamented demise of Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins, which was listened to with marked attention. At a previous meeting a committee on resolutions, and suggesting the propriety of holding a "Memorial" meeting in Cleveland, to do honor to the memory of the dead leaders, was appointed by the club, the chairmanship of which committee was kindly tendered to the writer of these lines. The committee met at the house of Mr. L. B. Silver, a well known and influential "Secularist," and one who had arranged, or was arranging, a lecture engagement in Cleveland, for May L. Collins to come off about this time. Resolutions were drafted and preliminary steps taken to hold the memorial meeting in the near future.

The blessed work of helping the world forward does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Eliot.

### Mr. Tucker's Short and Easy Method.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker is one of the brainiest men of this generation, and he is a most genial, companionable fellow, despite the opinion to the contrary formed of him by those who have never met him. But there are some occupations for which he is not naturally qualified. One of these is bookkeeping. In estimating the assets and liabilities of men, he cannot strike a correct balance. In approximately accurate moral bookkeeping the accountant adds up the columns of debits and credits, subtracts the small total from the larger, and sets down the balance in its proper place. Mr. Tucker proceeds by a different method; he runs his eye down the debit column until it rests on an item that looks rather large; then he puts on the magnifying glasses of Disfavor and gazes long and intently at the item; the longer he studies it the more mountainous it appears; the glasses show every unfavorable detail in exaggerated ugliness, without taking into account a single palliative line of hereditage, education, or environment. "Enough," he cries in disgust, as he draws his cancelling pen heavily through the column of credit items, "he was bad, and must be damned and forgotten." The

books are closed for good and aye. Now, it scarcely needs to be said, this will not do; the process is altogether too brief and summary for justice. Mr. Tucker's is "a short and easy method in bookkeeping," but it is a short-cut that does not give time for judicial estimation of the mingled bad and good in men and women. Man is complex, not simple, in his moral no less than in his physical and intellectual make-up, and it is not fair to damn him nor to unqualifiedly commend him for a single quality or act.

Mr. Tucker sends Samuel P. Putnam into the limbo of oblivion, but the gallant and generous Freethought President will not stay there; rather, he will not reach the destination assigned him; there are too many staunch friends of liberty, men and women, who knew and loved the man Putnam to permit him to be forgotten in this generation at least. No one is stupid enough to assert that he, any more than any other man, was without flaw, but when his character is fairly balanced it is seen that he was a good man, as men go in this world where none is perfect, a hard worker for what he deemed the right, and a man whose word was a bond. It is unfortunate for Mr. Tucker that of the three men in the ranks of Progress who, up to this time, have assailed Samuel Putnam, he is the only one who could have been expected to do better. Two editors, ex-ministers, have been true to their early training in the school of supernatural moralism, and their animadversions are not in the least surprising. As Mr. Tucker has as strong a feeling of contempt as I have for the moral prosing of Moore and Shaw he should agree with me that he is very unfortunate in being bracketed with them as counsel for the prosecution in the cause of "History vs. Samuel Porter Putnam."

Rev. Mr. Hillis, Dr. Swing's successor in Chicago, says: "Epicurus beheld life as a tragedy. Soon death would destroy all. Since tomorrow man must die let him feast and riot today." This is a sample of Mr. Hillis' misrepresentations. Epicurus lived a life of simplicity, frugality and moderation. He was not simply temperate, but abstemious. And he exhorted men to a rational life, pointing out the evil effects of excessive indulgences. Only by slander has his name become proverbial for feasting and rioting. Mr. Hillis ought to know this, but perhaps he does not; for he seems to lack accurate knowledge on a great many subjects which he introduces in his sermons. And although he is supposed to be rather liberal, he is dominated by the theological spirit and loses no opportunity to cast reflections upon eminent Freethinkers. A few Sundays ago, John Stuart Mill's life and social relations were made a subject of unjust and impertinent criticism by the reverend gentleman. Would it not be better for him to denounce some of the business methods, and notoriously corrupt practices which are now common among people who make up such rich and fashionable congregations as the one to whose mental appetite Mr. Hillis caters? Or would he thereby offend many of those upon whom he depends for his large salary?

### Sociologic Lesson. No XXVII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**SURRENDER OF INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.** In the reaction against infringement of individual liberty, there has arisen a revulsion against all surrender of individual liberty, reaching its culmination in the theory of Josiah Warren, and in the theory of anarchy. The Josiah Warren of today would not infringe upon the liberty of the Josiah Warren of tomorrow by making any promise whatever. If a tailor made him a coat, he incurred the risk that the Josiah Warren of tomorrow would conclude to demonstrate his absolute liberty by refusing to take it. All co-operation involves a voluntary surrender of individual liberty in certain respects. In communism the surrender of individual liberty is very great; for each one is bound to perform his share of the necessary work, and there are no means of knowing what his share is. Any one sensitive to the good opinion of his fellows must perform much more than his share,

especially if his work involves much skill and mental exertion, in order to satisfy the ignorant and unskillful that he is doing as much as they. So with regard to individual ownership: every communist surrenders the liberty of appropriating to his own use that which his own hands have created, in order to satisfy the envious who wish to share what they do not appreciate. The highest individual liberty can only come from freedom from censorship of others as to work done or property used, necessitating the recognition of individual property; and it can only come from such co-operation as will secure cheap production; necessitating such surrender of individual liberty as may be essential to secure co-operation, the extent of such surrender continually diminishing as the co-operation becomes more perfect and as products become cheapened.

... Fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,  
Have fallen in her defense. —Cowper.

#### Letter From an Old Contributor.

Another year has gone and still ignorance and bigotry hold the race in chains. The struggle is a hard one, and I do not wonder that now and then a worker, refusing to go further, lies down to rise no more. But I did not sit down to write in this sad strain, but to wish all the readers of *Lucifer* a "Happy New Year," and to give them the whereabouts of an old contributor.

I left Antioch the 2nd, and, going to San Francisco, found I had a little spare time so went up to 621 O'Farrell street and had the pleasure of dining with your friend and patron, Cora A. Morse, M. D.

Mrs. Morse is a very busy woman. She has not only a good practice, but has fitted up the basement of her home and called together a group of working girls, thirty in number, who meet at stated intervals to have the benefit of her teaching. Last summer she took a respite from toil and paid a visit to the Yosemite, reveled in the beauty of its scenery, climbed its mountains, and wrote descriptive letters home which are so life-like that one almost sees and feels it all. At the request of friends she has had them published and nicely illustrated. I was honored with a copy, and was so delighted with it I mailed it to Topeka, that friends there might read and return. I wanted to share the pleasure with them. By the way, if any of your readers should wish a copy they can get one by sending fifty cents to her at the above named street and number in San Francisco.

At 2.15 P. M. I crossed the ferry and took the train for this place, fifty-five miles from the city in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, lying between the Santa Cruz mountains and Coast Range, and about twenty miles from the Pacific coast, where I am now staying with another of your patrons, my old time friend, Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, formerly of Maquoketa, Iowa. The scenery and climate is beautiful, and I hope to gather some of the strength and life-force that I need so much, if I continue to work, and if I cannot, I do not wish to tarry in this life, for it is not a pleasant task when old and crippled, to struggle for bread and shelter, merely to prolong an earthly existence. If any of your readers will send to me one dollar for my last work, "My Century Plant," or for "Perfect Motherhood," they will materially assist me in my struggle, as well as aid in scattering liberalizing thought; and now, that you may live many years to carry on your work is the wish of — LOIS WASHBROOK, Los Gatos, Calif., Jan. 7, 1897.

Our false modern society has written in its code infamous and cruel punishments to defend the modesty and innocence of women, and it has sown in all paths of life so much immunity to defend its vices, as to render every infamy lawful to man, to disarm woman of all weapons.

To pretend that a "prudent" marriage generates love, is the same as to sow pumpkins and wish them to produce melons. —Mantegazza.

#### Protection, not Punishment.

S. H. Preston, in "Halt's Journal of Health."

There were probably beings born with a special tendency to sin as others are to scrofula. There is a virus of vice in the moral make-up for which they are no more accountable than for bad blood in their bodies. They are what may be truly termed fetal felons—children conceived in criminal impulse, or maybe imbibing the malice of murder in their mother's milk. Poor guiltless victims of parental ignorance or gestational conditions! Their only crime is in being born, in coming into the world as criminals through the cruelty of circumstances; yet it is a crime the world will not condone, and fearful are the punishments it frequently inflicts.

Oh, yes, of course, society should protect itself, but not as the hunter with hounds in pursuit of the rabbit or the hare. The world is wide enough and mankind mighty enough to quarantine every earthly evil—to put every criminal in probationary isolation, to exhaust every resource of experimental reformation, before having recourse to cruel and retaliatory punishment. It has not been conclusively shown that even the worst felon that ever lived was wholly beyond the pale of human reclamation.

All that society has a right to ask is safety, not judicial vengeance.

A spectacle of brutality but serves to brutalize the beholder.

He who robs you wrongs himself worse than you. You may recover your property or purchase more, but he has corrupted his conscience, ruined his reputation, assassinated his manhood. He has inflicted upon himself a misfortune, while you have but sustained a pecuniary, and perchance, a trifling loss.

The treatment of crime is truly a solemn subject. Its commission is most frequently the effect of ignorance, folly, unpremeditated parley with temptation, or unfortunate relations of life.

The old vindictive method of dealing with crime has had a thorough trial and crime is still increasing at an appalling rate. Now, let society seek a system of prevention and reformation rather than one of punishment and condemnation—employ its magnificent moral machinery in providing for the propagation of better beings, stop the supply of criminals from the cradle and permit the sunshine of a beneficent civilization to pervade our prisons and penitentiaries.

#### Paragraphs.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

The God idea is the despair of reason.

No man can be a free thinker until he conquers his prejudices.

When so many undesired children are born is it any wonder that suicides are so common?

Few people consider the fact that the sorrows of children are more poignant than those of adults.

Knowledge of biology and of sociology is more effective than legal enactment as a regulator of parentage.

No man can be entirely free; but that is no justification for restrictions additional to those imposed by nature.

Interest in the welfare of another person is commendable, but interference with the non-invasive acts of another is reprehensible and inexcusable.

Those who believe the free coinage of silver is the solution of the money question should read Col. Greene's book, "Mutual Banking." The same advice may be given to those who believe gold is "honest money."

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The sultry summer day was at its close, and Norman Carlton had just finished reading the letter that Imelda had written the night before. A troubled look was upon the frank and honest face, as he stood at the open window looking out at the falling shadows, but seeing nothing. In one hand he still held the fateful sheets; the other hand he held to his aching temples. He stood and gazed until dusky twilight faded into starlit night. Ever and anon a deep sigh escaped the drawn lips as he thought, and thought, and thought.

But what was it he thought? Did that miserable tale of woe show him only the impracticability of an alliance with a child of the people? A woman whose mother had no right, according to the views of society, to the title of "lady," whose sister had made an outcast of herself; whose brother might, even now, be occupying the cell of a criminal; whose past life had been one long privation and struggle with fate. His own lady mother and sister! Was it not his duty to first consult their views, their feeling upon the matter?

Or was it that he was made of more noble material? Were his views so broad that it was of no consequence what the world might say? It could hardly be expected, when we consider the training of his past life, that he would now have no battle to fight. It was not pleasant to know that the woman who had won his love should be so unpleasantly connected, but while this knowledge was to him most depressing, it also had the effect of raising, many fold, the respect he felt for her. What could have been easier for her than to keep these matters secret? It gave him a better insight into the nobility of her character. She at least was truth itself. She would prove trustworthy. She was above reproach. He was doing battle with the old prejudices based on society codes, as they rose, one by one, to assail his love.

But to do him justice his love wavered not for one instant. If the setting be tarnished will that fact diminish the lustre of the diamond? He knew that his jewel was of the purest; why should the setting trouble him? But all was not yet plain to him. He remembered that night under the maples when she had refused him marriage—not love. Love she had given then as freely as now. He saw it then, he knew it now. But now again she makes the same refusal. "You understand now," she wrote, "why it is that I cannot marry you."

His noble manhood was all alert now. Does she think so meanly, so basely of him as to suppose that he would add to the burden that had so many years been resting upon those slender shoulders, by withdrawing his proposal? If that is what she thinks, her opinion of him is not so exalted as he could wish and—he must seek her—must see her tonight. With him to think was to act, and a few minutes later finds him on the way to the woman of his choice. It was with a dazed feeling that he stood upon the marble steps awaiting an answer to his ring. What would be the outcome of this night's quest?

His card again found her at the bedside of the patient preparing for another long night watch by herself. Her heart beat high when the little bit of pasteboard was placed in her hand. Mrs. Boswell had not yet retired. She saw the flush steal over the fair brow and an understanding came intuitively to her as to what it meant. It was not so many years ago that she too had received a lover's visit, and she knew so well that since the illness of Mrs. Westcott the young girl had had no time to spend on friends or lovers. So she kindly said:

"Go and see your friend. I am not tired tonight and can well remain several hours longer." With an appreciative "Thank you" Imelda accepted the kind offer and descended to the drawing room, where but one jet of gas was burning and which but dimly lit the room.

Scarcely had she entered when she felt herself folded with strong arms to a wildly beating heart. Lips that whispered,

"My own love," were pressed firmly to hers. Her heart was full, her bosom heaving. That he held her thus was ample proof that to him she was just as lovable now as before he knew her wretched story. Brushing the soft dusky waves of hair from the flushed temples, he asked:

"Will my girl have a little while to spare for me tonight? I would have you walk with me under the maples. Will you come?" Without a word she turned to the hallway and taking a soft white scarf from a rack, threw it over her shoulders and said:

"Now, I am ready." Together they wended their way to the silver-leaved trees where once more they paced back and forth, his arm about the graceful form, his head bent until it rested against hers. Every attitude betokened the love they bore each other. O, how he talked, how he pleaded. But the slender girl at his side was strong and firm. She understood the ground she was treading upon. She met him at every turn.

He loved her, and as he listened to her arguments, as he watched the sparkle of her eye, as he got a better insight into her life, he felt that here was indeed a woman of superior qualities, a woman possessed of rare intellect. And as she met him, point after point, he began to see things in a different light. Dim and hazy at first yet still he saw a difference. Not that he showed an inclination to acknowledge the truth of any of the pictures she painted. O, no! not quite so easy are deep-rooted superstitions and prejudices uprooted. Yet she gave him food for thought.

She pointed out to him conditions as they exist throughout the country. She showed him how one vexed question is entangled with another. She drew his attention to the masses of workers who with their dollar a day,—sometimes a little more, sometimes even less,—have no time for self-improvement, no time for healthful recreation. That recreation which is of an elevating character, is quite unattainable and that which is within their reach is of the most demoralizing kind. The swilling of vile drinks, with vile companions in dens still more vile.

She spoke of the overburdened wife and mother, wearing away her life in drudgery and loneliness. At the close of his day's toil the husband brings no love to the cheerless home. That which he had named, and believed love on their wedding day has long since fled; yet of this union spring unwished-for children; children gestated in an atmosphere of hate; idiots and criminals ushered into being to fill our prisons and insane asylums. The employer class, on the other hand, feast upon the wealth these unfortunates produce, and by their excesses sow the seeds of crime in their offspring.

"On all sides," said Imelda, "through the force of circumstances young lives are lost in the sloughs of vice and shame. Woman sells her virtue to the highest bidder; the one for a passing hour, the other for a life time. Which of the two is the worse? The merciless and unnatural codes of society demand the unsexing of woman by strangling nature's desires, then these codes permit one man to drive her to the grave or to the mad house through the power given to him by the law. The woman that would be true to her normal instincts, the woman that would practicalize her natural right of being a mother, must first sell herself for all time to some man, who, in return, forces upon her what at first was a pleasure and blessing but now a hundred-fold curse. To surrender herself in love with holiest emotion is a sin, is a demoralization. To endure the hated embrace of the man who long since murdered every trace of that holy love, is a duty and a virtue.

"To escape such thralldom is to her an utter impossibility, as the only way out lies through that most damnable of abominations, the divorce court, where every pure instinct of a sensitive woman's nature is outraged to such extent that generally she prefers, of the two evils, the marital outrage to the expose.

"And yet the world goes on. Ignorant mothers bear and rear ignorant children. From their birth nature is strangled. They are fed and clothed in an unhealthy, unnatural manner, so that the wonder is, not that there are so many small grave but rather that so many survive. The little girl with propensi-





# LUCIFER



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 4.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 3, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 644

### Freedom of Conscience.

Oh, brave Apostle, thou hast truly said  
It is a trivial thing indeed to be  
Judged of man's judgment! Conscience must be free,  
Nor blindly nor dogmatically led,  
Either by living oracles or dead:  
For truth admits of no monopoly,  
And where it points each for himself must see  
Nor fear an independent path to tread.  
Honor to him who speaks his honest thought,  
Who guards his reason as a sacred trust,  
Demands the truth for every dogma taught;  
And turns dissenter only when he must!  
For he shall rise by whom the light is sought,  
To the high plane where stand the wise and just.  
—William Lloyd Garrison.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

As a friend said the other evening, nothing is more impressive than an inconvenient fact. It is a fact that sexual attraction ever seeks and sooner or later finds an equilibrium. Behold, then, the folly of enacting that a man and woman shall be "true" to each other the whole period of their lives! You might as well decree that water shall run up hill.

Now, as we are told by the newspapers, it is in Kansas that the bloomer and the bicycle are to be legislated out of existence. At all events, so far as women are concerned; men, I suppose, will be permitted to continue to wear bifurcated garments and ride wheels. But women, the helpless creatures, are to be saved from destruction by the massive brain of Representative Lambert, who purposes to introduce a bill forbidding the wearing of bloomers and making it a misdemeanor for a woman to appear in a public place astride a bicycle. We might laugh at these freaks did we not know that they so very often constitute a large majority in legislative bodies.

The papers say that at Anderson, Indiana, the barbers are agitating for a law to tax whiskers. This is of a piece with the clamor of certain doctors against the dissemination of information relating to the prevention of conception. The barbers and the doctors alike want more jobs. As the functions of the doctor and the barber were once combined in the same person, it is perhaps not strange that the barbers and doctors of the present age should be animated by the same spirit of monopoly. Joined with these gentlemen of the razor and lancet are the preachers, who want Sabbath laws so that there will be no competition with the pulpit in the pleasant task of furnishing Sunday amusement. And there are others.

In Boston recently seven persons were killed in twenty-four hours by inhaling illuminating gas. Forty were thus killed between February 5, 1896, and January 4, 1897. The number of deaths due to this cause is constantly on the increase, not only in Boston but in other parts of the country. Carbonic

oxide is the poisonous principle in illuminating gas. Coal-gas—gas made from coal—contains from 5 to 7 per cent. of this poison; water-gas—gas made by the decomposition of water and combined with the vapor of naphtha—contains from 29 to 32 per cent. of carbonic oxide. Water gas is in use in Boston, and is almost odorless. Taking these facts into consideration, it is easy to understand how people exposed to the deadly fumes of this gas so quickly succumb. That persons may be suffocated while a jet is burning in the same room was shown in a recent New York accident, where the secretary of Typographical Union No. 6 and another compositor were found dead in the morning in a room where the gas from another valve was burning. It is not necessary to invent theories of murder or suicide to account for the death of men and women who had not the slightest motive for either murder or suicide, as has been gratuitously done by malevolent and foolish people in a late instance.

A poor demented fellow writing for a nameless sheet says that the "Investigator" and "Truth Seeker" and other Liberal papers "deserve the severest censure for advocating the liquor traffic." This is said because those papers are opposed to prohibition. He might just as pertinently have declared that the "Investigator" and "The Truth Seeker" and Freethinkers generally "deserve the severest censure for advocating" Catholicism. There was no more reason for making the one insane remark than there would be for making the other. Freethought papers "advocate" Catholicism when they protest against the proscription of Catholics no more than they "advocate" the liquor traffic when they antagonize prohibition, and vice versa. It seems to be a hopeless task to make stupid proscriptionists see that the one fundamental principle of Freethought is the right to disagree. The veriest bigot will zealously defend the right of another to agree with him. The real test of his asserted Freethought is his willingness or unwillingness to defend the right of dissent. How he acts when put to this test shows whether he is in fact a Freethinker or an authoritarian.

The police force of New York is now addressing itself to the subjects of dress and art. To be sure, it has been doing so to some extent for many years, especially since Roosevelt became the head of the Police Commission, but for the last two months it has devoted itself seriously and unanimously to the task of regulating the private affairs of individuals in matters of clothing and adornment. That this is so, one is convinced on reading the newspaper articles dealing with the daily doings of the "guardians of the peace." One sees much about the raiding of dinner parties, the inspection of plays in the theaters, the supervision of the conduct of women in the streets, the regulation of poster advertising, and the like, but comparatively little concerning the protection of peaceable citizens against the encroachments of the invasive private members of the community. The normal work of a police force is not regarded as of first import-

BY E. C. WALKER.

ance by the men who are in power in New York City. The burglar is not in so great danger of seeing the inside of a jail as is the boy caught pitching pennies or the colored man playing craps in some obscure corner. A woman must speak to no man (except a policeman) on the streets at night after ten o'clock, not even to inquire her way, on penalty of being dragged off to the station-house as a common character. And this condition of affairs is daily growing worse.

Agent George Oram of the Vice Society arrested in New York, on January 23d, two street sellers for offering to the public a book called "Art Studies," containing pictures of nude women. This again brings up the subject of human nakedness. If "God" thinks nudity is wicked why did not "he" provide that every baby girl and boy coming into the world should be clothed in the garments adapted to the sex of the child? By those who worship "Nature" as a personality, the same query, modified to adapt it in form to their pet superstition, may be profitably pondered. This senseless crusade against the pictured nude results, of course, in the degradation of art and the lowering of the moral nature. With free competition in displaying men and women as they are instead of as their tailors and dressmakers caricature them, we should do away with ninety-nine one-hundredths of the poorest of the pictures of the nude and the partial nude that are now eagerly seized by men and children, yes, and by women, too. Any stuff will go that can be smuggled past the sentries of the censorship. Freedom in art is essential to the improvement of art. The same is true in the matter of contraceptives. Here these goods are under the ban of the law; in England, the sale is practically open. The result is what was to be expected; the American product is vastly inferior to the English. Where people are forced by the law to buy the first thing they can sneak into their possession, or go without, they will be imposed upon by those who engage to supply their wants. They have no opportunity to examine, to accept or reject, in a free market. We are law-mad.

In New York, Mary L. Musgrave brought suit for separation from her husband, Andrew J. Musgrave, alleging that he had knocked her down and so injured her that she was confined to her bed for several weeks. The other day Judge Beckman, of the Supreme Court, handed down his decision in the cause. He says that *even if the charge be true* it is not sufficient to justify the court in granting a separation. The reader will remember that the law of New York grants the privilege of divorce only for adultery, and that the utmost redress that Mrs. Musgrave could get under the law would be the opportunity to live apart from her husband, to whom she would have to remain "true" and who could secure a divorce from her if she should be "untrue." She asks for the half loaf of liberty without love and is told by Judge Beckman that she cannot have it, that being knocked down and disabled for weeks is not a wrong sufficient to justify him in giving her once more the power to control her own person to the extent that a legal separation would confer that power upon her. She had not asked—the law of the state would not let her ask—for the full rights of the citizen; she knew that if she got the decree of separation she must remain alone in the world while her husband lived. All that she could beg for was freedom from the curses, the blows, and the caresses of the one man who is protected by the law in showering either and all upon her as the whim takes him. And this partial freedom is denied by a man who has, rightfully, no more jurisdiction on the premises than a Digger chief. Yet some women—nearly all women—say they have all the rights they want!

To unite in matrimony without knowing each other would be a crime if it were not a folly.—*Mantegazza.*

A condition requiring the continuance of marriage, notwithstanding a change in the feelings of the parties, is absurd, shocking and contrary to humanity.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

St. George Mivart evidently knew what he was writing about when he asserted that it was woman's moral duty to bear children, no matter how averse she might be to the performance of that task. At all events, he has the new priesthood, that of medicine, at his back, if we may judge the attitude of the drugging fraternity from the utterances of some of its representatives. In a recent issue of the "Medical World" there is a discussion of the question of the prevention of conception. It seems that the question had been broached in previous issues of the same publication, but none of the writers had ventured to describe any preventatives. Now, however, three doctors tell something of their experience, each offering his favorite method for the consideration of his professional brethren. All these physicians affirm that there are circumstances under which it is justifiable to prevent conception. The first, Dr. H. P. Monroe, narrates his experience with patients who, before he had prescribed for them in this particular, had "been bringing children into the world as fast as the laws of nature would permit," but who, since they had used his remedy, had never been *eniente*, and who are now "enjoying the best of health." From this experience he reaches the conclusion that "the remedy is an effectual one when properly used, and at the same time is harmless." Then follows this remarkable paragraph, addressed to his fellow practitioners.

Let me caution you never to write a prescription for this remedy. The knowledge of these remedies should not become public property, for women would consent to endure the pangs of child-birth, if they were in possession of the knowledge of so simple and yet so effective a remedy.

The italics are my own, as in all other quotations in this article. Immediately following the foregoing warning of Dr. Monroe's, the editor, Dr. C. F. Taylor, adds his, in these words:

We wish to emphasize the last paragraph of the above. The physician should not only be thoroughly convinced that it is extremely important from a medical point of view that his patient should not become pregnant, but he should consult his conscience long before allowing himself to take a hand in this kind of business, and when he does so the patient should not know how or where to get the preparation except through him.

Next comes an anonymous contributor, who reasons that, as men and women will marry so long as there is no law to prevent [and he might have added, Will associate, law or no law] and will consort regardless of inherited or acquired disease, and so long as conception may follow this association, the question "has resolved itself down to one thing, and that is, what shall be done to prevent conception without injury to the woman's health?" Then he makes his suggestions as to the best kind of preventative. Instantly the frightened editor brackets two sticksful of protesting comment, the most striking of which I subjoin:

In part of the above contribution not printed, the writer seems to think we should "let it be known" for the benefit of suffering women. We must insist all the time that this is a subject that should engage the physician's most careful and conscientious attention in any given case, and that to give out general information upon this subject is not to be thought of. How many men and women in your practice would shirk the duties of parenthood if they knew how, and thus miss the greatest joys of life? How many children would there be in your community if only those that are wanted would come!

Finally, Dr. F. F. Jackson devotes a few words of comment to each of the preventatives in most common use, and then tells the other doctors what he thinks is the best yet devised. He would make this an indispensable part of the wife's toilet outfit, and closes with the quietly suggestive remark that it is "worth consideration whether or not controlling the quantity would not enhance the quality of the product." This gives the editor the opportunity to fire his last warning gun:

We have avoided and resisted the discussion of this subject in these columns for a number of years. That the use of this knowledge has a legitimate place in the practice of medicine, there can be no doubt. Yet we wish to impress the importance of making the application of it the subject of maturest judgment and deepest conscience. We will further ask that this issue of the "Medical World" be specially guarded from the hands of the lay public.

The piteous pleas of Dr. Monroe and Dr. Taylor for the



retention of their monopoly move me nearly to tears. I am affected almost as profoundly and lachrymously as I am when I read a diatribe of a Catholic priest against freedom of conscience or civil marriage or the halfwailing, half-angry protest of a Protestant dominion against the competition of the theater and the Sunday newspaper with the pulpit. It is a burning shame—I say it boldly—that any woman should be so unfeeling as to try to starve the struggling doctors by taking care of her own body. It is of a piece with the miserable Protestant heresy which dispensed with the services of the clerical medicine-man in seeking the cure of souls. See what are the consequences of a bad precedent! Why, come to think the matter over seriously, is it not infringing on the prerogatives of the doctors when a presumptuous man guards against taking cold, or keeps sober, and so preserves his health? Is he not taking bread right out of the physician's mouth? What business has he to thus interfere with the orderly processes of the universe? Does not he realize that he is only an insignificant unit of the "lay public," and that laymen have never amounted to much in comparison with the sacred priesthoods?

We have long been accustomed to the demand that woman attend strictly to the work for which nature created her, and it is constantly dinned into our ears that the "true woman" asks nothing better than to be the mother of as many children as it pleases heaven to bestow upon her. But now come St. George Mivart and Drs. Monroe and Taylor with the solemn and emphasized assurance that the one creature selected by nature to perpetuate the human race is so ill-fitted for the labor she is designed to perform that she would let us go to the demitition bow-wows if she only knew of a "simple" and "effective" preventative of conception! She sums up in herself, vociferously insist the popular romancers, all the graces and all the virtues of our poor, frail humanity, but after all she is so immoral as to care nothing for the future of the race so only she can escape "the pangs of child-birth"! The egoistic shirk! Despite the fact that nature has made her "the matrix of the generations" she would abandon generation instantaneously if it were not for the self-sacrificing men, who insist with Spartan heroism that she perform her duty, amid the thunderous applause of the galleries and the medical monopolizers of knowledge.

Seriously, what do these gentlemen think of the exhibition they are making of themselves? Consider for a moment what their declarations involve. Stripped of all unnecessary fripperies of moral ornamentation, they say that the race would become extinct if it were not for ignorance. That is the gist of their assertions. No wonder Yahveh was exercised in spirit when Eve tasted of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. With a prophetic eye he saw down "the aisles of time" that the day was coming when only the firm hand of the altruistic doctor would interpose between his crowning work and ignominious suicide. "Seriously," I said in the beginning of this paragraph, but really, it is too much to expect one to be serious on such an occasion as this. The comedy is too good for one to keep a straight face through the whole performance. However, we will make another attempt to gravely examine these rare specimens of gall. If it be true, as asserted, that woman is so much less moral than man that were it not for the gallant doctors she would send the race tumbling into the gulf of oblivion to escape a little trumphy pain herself, what is the meaning of all the centuries-old rhodomontade concerning her superior purity, heroism and devotion? And what is the use of trying to secure a "single standard" of morals by eliminating man's and adopting woman's for everybody if the result is to be the wiping out of the whole crowd? According to Mivart, Taylor & Co., woman would annul the "primal decree of the universe" if only some doctor would for a moment forget his high duty as Race Conservator and write a preventative prescription for populus consumption. Great Grandy! On what a slender thread we dangle over the abyss!

"How many children would there be in your community if only those that are wanted would come?" asks Dr. Taylor. Significant question! It suggests to us a multi-

tude of thoughts, none of them the most pleasant. It tells us that even reactionary doctors realize the fact that enforced motherhood is very prevalent. But so far from deploring the unfortunate condition of things, they appear to regard it as unavoidable, if not desirable. They even seem to think it is natural, within the narrower meaning of the word, for they probably look upon the agonies of parturition as unescapable, and, if so, then enforced motherhood is to remain as a permanent factor in the race problem. While there are women who, if they could, would use preventatives to avoid the sufferings of maternity, it is imperatively necessary, from the view-point of these doctors, to keep them in ignorance. To keep them in ignorance in regard to the prevention of conception, it is essential that they shall be on a low plan of intelligence generally. So, as before said, if these physicians are to be believed, the only hope of the race is ignorance.

What has sexual rationalism to say? This, in brief. No obligation rests upon any one to remain in this world as a sufferer. If the balance of sensations is against happiness, the individual, freed from superstitions, finds no occasion to make a martyr of himself. And the probability is, also, that his continued existence as a sufferer will be more of a hindrance than a help to his fellows, for cheerfulness in our surroundings is an important contributory factor to our happiness. Applying this fundamental principle to the question of motherhood, we can see no valid reason why a woman should consent to conceive if, so far as she can estimate probabilities, the result will be for her more painful than pleasant. If she believes that her child will not have an equal chance of happiness in life with the children of other women, more fortunately situated, she will feel that she will suffer in sympathy with the child, if she has it, and so, if she is a rational person, she will use the preventative. It would be no more sensible for her to take too great risks than it would be for a person about to submit to a painful surgical operation to refuse to have an anesthetic used. When anesthetics were first brought to public notice the clerical priesthood made a great to-do about the presumption of man in thwarting the beneficent intentions of his maker, who invented pain for man's own good. But I presume that even Drs. Taylor and Monroe have got beyond the reach of that superstition. If there is indeed danger that the race is to become extinct through the aversion of women to bearing pain, then all I have to say is that it is a most salutary danger. It may induce even complacent conservatives, in the medical fraternity and elsewhere, to set about the study of some very serious problems in physiology, pathology and sociology. They may inquire, for instance, why it is that in countries producing more than an abundance for everybody, some few riot in useless luxury, while millions are on the verge of destitution, if not actually suffering the pangs of physical hunger. They may want to know if it would not be better that preventatives were used to such an extent that child mortality could be cut down to something considerably less than fifty per cent. of those born, than to continue to fill the purlieus of our cities with fragile and diseased little ones foredoomed to a losing battle with the wolf of want. They may ask if it is not possible to so diet and exercise that the pains of parturition can be reduced to a minimum, and to this latter question they will receive the answer that the excruciating agonies of motherhood are not decreed by an irrevocable fiat of nature, that the question of comparatively painless child-birth has already been solved. In a word: Let us welcome the rebellion of woman against pain; all progress has been made through the effort to secure easier conditions of life; we ever, both as individuals and as a race, inevitably seek the line of least resistance. "A better world" means always and only a world with less pain, with more pleasure.

Love is in the physical and moral world the force of forces, the health of health. He sins grievously who curses love after having experienced its delights. The last sigh of expiring voluptuousness should be a benediction to life.—Montegozza.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 3, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 307, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"**LUCIFER**: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name **LUCIFER** means **LIGHT-BRINGING** or **LIGHT-BEARING** and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

**LUCIFER**'s speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Cleveland Notes.—Censorship of Mails.

The notes of Thomas Lees, printed elsewhere in this issue, must largely take the place of my intended report of meetings and observations while in the Forest City. Contrary to expectations my winter outing has been prolonged until nearly the end of January. Reports from office being such as to put my mind at ease, and having been urged to utilize the vacation to begin a long deferred sketch of personal history,—work that can better be done away from office than in it, I accepted the kind hospitality of our good Cleveland friends, Elizabeth H. Russell and Tillie and Thomas Lees to begin the long promised work. Whether the result will justify expectations remains to be seen. Another cause of delay to return to office is the oft repeated request of the managers of the Putnam and Collins memorial meeting here that I should remain and take part therein. Also the extreme cold weather of the past few days has been an additional cause.

Omitting for the present any report of meetings in which I have had the honor and the pleasure of taking part, I wish to say that among the daily papers of Cleveland the "Recorder" seems to take the most decided stand against the encroachments of centralized power in the hands of the "elected ones" and their appointees, at Washington, D. C. In its issue of yesterday, the 26th, under the head, "Censorship of the Mails," its leading editorial says:

"To criticize the postal department for denying the use of the mails for immoral, illegal or fraudulent purpose is an ungracious duty. This is so because many thoughtless people do not distinguish the dangers of crime from the greater dangers of some modes of restricting crime. It is quite possible, however, to do more harm by improper restrictions than by the crimes against which they are interposed. When such cases occur it becomes a duty to criticize the restrictions.

"We are led to these observations by the report that the use of the United States mails has been denied to a collecting agency of Ravenna, Ohio. The agency is charged with carrying on a blackmailing business. Whether the charge is true or not we have no means of knowing. The question has been decided arbitrarily, without judge or jury, by the post-master general. We may assume, however, that he believes the charge to be true. But whether he does or not, he acts as an irresponsible censor.

"The objection to this is two fold. Conceding for the

moment the right of the government to close the mails against particular persons for good reasons, it is a right which cannot be safely exercised without an opportunity to those persons to be heard in their own defense before a jury. But even the right cannot be safely conceded. If the government have that right in one case it has it in all cases. If it may empower the post-master general to deny the use of the mails for the transmission of fraudulent circulars, it may deny their use for the transmission of anything else. The question involved is the question of free speech and free press. To make the postmaster general a censor of business circulars and letters, is a long stride toward making him, so far as the mails are concerned, a censor of political and religious discussion.

"The true and safe way of dealing with the mails is to open them to all persons without restriction, holding each person responsible for the use he makes of them. Many years ago, this view was sustained with reference to abolition publications. An attempt having been made to close the mails against such publications, Webster, Clay and their great associates in the senate, though they regarded abolition literature as pernicious, insisted that postoffice officials could not be made censors—that to make them so for any purpose, would be an infraction of the principle upon which the freedom of our institutions rests.

"Those senators acted upon the wise doctrine that everyone must be free to use the mails for any postal purpose, being accountable to the criminal law for abuses of the right. But later, in a lottery case, the supreme court, less sensitive to abstract principles of liberty, conferred upon congress unlimited power over the mails, and since then congress has in certain cases delegated that power to the postmaster general. Hence the present censorship. But principles cannot be violated with impunity. If this censorship continues we may expect to see its powers widely extended."

It is a hopeful sign when a leading daily of one of the principal cities of the United States, enters a protest so bold and manly as this. It indicates that a healthful reaction against ecclesiastical control of civil government has set in. Now if the "Recorder" will define what acts shall come under the regulation of "criminal law"—if its editor will take the only logical and consistent ground that there can be no such thing as a crime against government, or against 'the people,' except such acts as clearly invade the personal right of individuals—some woman, man or child—if he will champion the Spencerian ethical code, viz.: "Everyone has the right to do as he wills so long as he does not invade the equal right of others,"—then the "Cleveland Recorder" will have achieved distinction as a champion of equal liberty for all and special privileges for none, of which any journal might well be proud.

## The Editor in the Forest City.

TO LILLIAN HARMAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF **LUCIFER**:—Thinking your readers, many of them at least, would like to hear something of the doings of the editor in chief, Moses Harman, while here in Cleveland, O., please grant the writer a little space in the greatly improved quarto weekly, **Lucifer the Light Bearer**.

Although arriving just in time to participate in New Year's festivities, our always welcome friend, who seems to enjoy a social time as well as the next one, has kept both eyes wide open to the business purpose of his coming; for notwithstanding the private social receptions that have been tendered him since his arrival, he has inquired into the various economical, industrial, political, religious and social societies based on reform in Cleveland, met with many of them in their public meetings, and addressed several of the societies at length, on invitation; notably the Franklin Club, whose object is political and economic reform; also The Children's Progressive Lyceum, or Spiritualist's Sunday school,—for the spiritual and moral unfoldment of our children, not only those whose parents are Spiritualists but also those of agnostics, and liberals of all shades of opinion met therein.

Cleveland has two such Sunday schools, the East and West

Side Lyceums, the only two freethought schools in the city. That we should have a score or more such training schools, is evidenced by the bigotry and intolerance recently exhibited by "The Church of Christ," ("Christian scientists,") in preventing the spiritualists from occupying a hall that adjoins theirs in the Pythian Temple, after the trustees of the Lyceum had made terms and arranged to move in, that it might celebrate its thirty-first anniversary with appropriate exercises.

The "Cleveland Leader" commenting on the matter said, "The Christian scientists plainly informed the treasurer of the Temple that the spiritualists must move out, or they would; although their quarters were on the opposite sides of the hall-way. An exhibition of narrowness such as this is hardly credible in this day of comparative free thought, and by a religious sect, that has for one of its cardinal axioms—'All is good, there is no evil.'"

So you see the battle for freethought is not yet won. While the thirty-one years work of our Cleveland Lyceum has won many victories, and conquered much bigotry and prejudice, it has yet, it seems, much more hard fighting to do, before free thought and free speech is triumphant in this city.

The Cleveland "Leader" of the 18th, in alluding to the trouble, in its report of the Lyceum's celebration, last Sunday said:

The Spiritualists of Cleveland yesterday, at least that portion of them that are members, scholars, and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and who had arranged for the celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of the organization, in the Pythian Temple, spent most of yesterday morning in walking between the temple and Memorial Hall, their old place of meeting. There was a misunderstanding between the trustees of the Pythian Temple and the Spiritualists' organization, but after much vexation and considerable walking back and forth as Memorial Hall was found locked up, the janitor not expecting the Lyceum to meet there, word was at last received by the people standing outside that the Lyceum might hold its celebration in Pythian Hall, as it was advertised to take place there.

The hall was well filled with tired scholars and friends. The Lyceum session was presided over by Mr. Arthur Davies, the assistant conductor, and Miss Mabel McCallin, the guardian. After a few of the regular exercises, an excellent programme by the following scholars was given:

On the presiding officer calling for remarks from the adult friends, Mr. Thomas Lees, as one of the oldest members, being called upon, stepped to the platform, and after giving a brief history of the organizing of the Lyceum in old Temperance Hall, in 1866, by Andrew Jackson Davis, he said: "For thirty-one years this Children's Lyceum has had a hard struggle for existence, but running through that period of time a brave soul, imbued with the truth and worth of the Spiritual philosophy, have nobly stood by it, unpopular as it has been, and is yet. Spiritualism could not be otherwise than unpopular, because its teachings were in direct opposition to the erroneous dogmas of the church—the popular religion of the day. The cardinal feature of modern Spiritualism, after its proof of continued life and possible communication with those in spirit life, is, that character and not creed is the best and only safe passport into the beyond. I must confess that for years after I became a Spiritualist I feared of the truth of this world arise and at times almost overwhelm me, for at those times I felt if our teachings on this point were not true, I was not only jeopardizing my own soul but the souls of our children when I was advocating these views as conductor of this Lyceum."

"But, friends, those fears are now unknown, and the world is fast coming to our philosophy, and I have no hesitancy in saying, in this my 'youth of old age,' that I would rather pass into the beyond, having lived true to the teachings of our philosophy, than rely on any of the creeds of so-called orthodoxy for my future salvation. While our Lyceum, so far, has not been the outward success the founder of the Lyceum system and Spiritualists generally had hoped for, I feel sure that the thousands of children trained in our Sun-day school have felt its marked effect for good in their lives, and it has been a powerful factor in the disintegrating of old creeds. So I feel glad I have been a worker for the past thirty years in the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, the oldest Lyceum with a continuous history in the country, and I hope to aid in the work the balance of my earthly days."

On Mr. Lees taking his seat Mr. John Critchley, who happened to be in the hall, arose and said: "I was present at the organization of the Children's Lyceum by Andrew Jackson Davis, and I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life in not joining it." Prior to a good collection being taken up Mr. Lees urged on the friends, especially Spiritualists, to stand fast by the Lyceum, and closed by reciting Longfellow's beautiful poem of "The Children."

I am pleased to report that Lucifer's editor, who gave a capital talk to our children on Sunday in our Lyceum session, had several opportunities of meeting in a social way many of the Lyceum workers, who probably are as much interested in and as well prepared for his special work, as any other class of freethinkers. Mr. Harman's parlor talks on "Free Mother-

hood" and sexology in general while not always convincing to his attentive listeners, were always well received and freely commented on; all giving him credit for the great ability with which he handled the delicate subject, and the honesty that seemed to impel him onward in the discussion of this generally tabooed, yet vital subject. His methods to attain Free Motherhood, were questioned by many—his motives were questioned by none.

While here in Cleveland, Mr. Harman was in great demand by all Liberals who knew of his presence here. At a regular meeting of the Franklin Club he was appointed chairman of a committee to draft resolutions of sympathy and respect in regard to the tragic transition of Samuel P. Putnam and May Collins,—which resolutions were published in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," and other city papers,—and will be probably in Lucifer. A public memorial meeting is to be held shortly in this city.

Mr. Harman's second visit to Cleveland will long be remembered with pleasure by the Liberals of this city, and by himself, I hope. It would seem that Lucifer's subscription list should be greatly increased by the thorough canvas of its editor among the liberals while here, which consideration will, it is hoped, compensate the acting editor, in a measure, for the absence of her father. When will it be your turn, Lillian, to take a rest from the daily grind of labor, and to visit round among your Cleveland and other readers? "All work and no play" makes Jill a dull girl. Fraternally yours, THOMAS LEES.

Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it, his dearest privilege—Raunal.

### "The Old and the New Ideal."

BY J. W. GASKINE.

The above is the title of a new book by Emil F. Ruedebusch, and a few words of explanation may be of use in bringing it to the attention of thoughtful persons who seek a sober solution of the troublous and vexing questions of sex, for this is what the book offers on its inner title page: "A solution of that part of the social question which pertains to love, marriage, and sexual intercourse."

Mr. Ruedebusch treats his subject in the scientific spirit; that is, in his examination of the parts of it, he goes for facts—reality—seeking the exact truth, and firmly though courteously, setting aside solutions which have heretofore been accepted as conclusive, because they are found in contradiction of the truth.

In a general sense the whole human society, gradually developing in the course of evolution, may be said to be in an experimental state, and from imperfect knowledge, not knowing precisely what is right or what is wrong, about anything. Social usages become established from mere habit, the habit originating under the promptings of passion and ignorance, and once established, though of the most absurd and even cruel nature, they form opinion; and this opinion is supported not only by the laws but by another authority even more potent, resulting from another form of ignorance—the belief in spirits,—at the head of whom is a great spirit called God, the author of all things and consequently of institutions, which henceforth become absolutely right and beyond criticism or improvement.

Such is the force of opinion of this kind, that usages of the most painful character often prevail for ages, as for instance the binding of the foot amongst the Chinese; the ideal of a foot being fixed beyond question in the mind, its attainment is sought for by the mass of human beings, with as entire indifference to suffering as to the consideration of whether it is, actually the best kind of foot.

And so with marriage, love and sexual intercourse, in our own Christianised society—certain usages building up from the wants and conditions of barbarism, have finally developed by force of habit and common education into a belief about those matters, quite heedless of its own imperfection, and dogmatic.



BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXV.

ally giving us an ideal which we must train ourselves up to, whether or no.

It is this ideal, which the book of Mr. Ruedebusch critically examines, and which he terms—"The Old Ideal."

The two distinctive features of the "Old Ideal" are—first, to stamp the whole sexual part of human beings as low, evil and so dangerous, that full knowledge about it should be shut away from all but physicians; second, the affirmation that love, or that feature of love which finds its expression through the action of the sexual organs, must properly exist only between two persons who have agreed to love each other, and no other, for life.

It does not matter that the truth of these positions of the "Old Ideal" is denied by conspicuous facts in every day experience; the ideal is fixed in the minds as correct, and the facts to the contrary are disregarded under the overwhelming sway of public opinion.

Mr. Ruedebusch, however, hopes that the "Old Ideal" may be discarded, if its errors and their evil effect upon health and happiness are stated with sufficient clearness, which he endeavors to do in his book. And he proposes in its place, an ideal founded upon a fuller understanding of the physical and passion nature of the human being—a "New Ideal" in conformity with reason, after sufficient investigation, in contradistinction to the "Old Ideal" which we have really inherited thoughtlessly from the ignorance and brutality of our savage ancestors.

What the "New Ideal" is, can only be fully understood by reading Mr. Ruedebusch's very interesting work. The author declares it has given him new joy in life. "Cheer up," he writes, "all ye despondent souls; discard the old superstitious ideal of love and sex, and accept the new one. Then we will soon create such conditions that the lives of all believers of the 'New Ideal' will know many a blissful hour—when each one can say truly what I say now, being filled with hope and joyous expectation—'Oh, beautiful world, I love thee!'"

The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under twenty-five.—*Gæthe*.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. XXVIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES. So long as the government is in the hands of persons, whether a larger or smaller proportion of the whole population, who conceive it to be their right to mold it as they please, the law of might prevails, and no appreciable gain results from extending the suffrage. The law of right begins when it is admitted that the minority have rights which the majority are bound to respect. For two men, the majority, to levy a tax upon the property of a third man, and to distribute the proceeds without due regard to his interests and his will, is robbery, even if organized into a government. There is no government yet established in which the rights of minorities are protected or properly recognized. The most important step now to be taken with regard to the right of suffrage, is to make it obligatory upon each person upon whom it is conferred, or on reaching the voting age and offering to vote, to promise to exercise the right always, to the best of his ability, for the benefit of the whole community; and the like obligation find rest upon every officeholder. Such a promise may be disregarded by many; but it will be kept by an ever increasing proportion of the community, developing towards reorganization, the really honest.

The great cause of revolution is this—that while nations move onward constitutions stand still.—*Macaulay*.

When the spirit of liberty has fled, and truth and justice are disregarded, private rights can be easily sacrificed under forms of law.—*Kent's Commentaries*.

But now? One thing Imelda had achieved. She had led Norman into the realms of thought. She had made him think as he had never thought before. He now began to see the real cause of human misery. Asking a few well directed questions he soon had the missing links needed to supplement Imelda's life history. She told him of the fair haired girl whom she loved better than a sister; the girl whose mother's life had been blighted through that self-same marriage curse. She told him of that cherished friend who through the same curse had seen a worshiped mother laid beneath the sod—which tale she ended by requesting him to write those friends: to become acquainted with them; to test their friendship. Norman agreed to do this, and not many days later a letter of his was speeding across the prairies bearing his worded desire to know better those who had in earlier days befriended his Imelda, and who wielded such influence over her.

But to those enthralled in love's golden fetters time speeds on rapid wings. When Norman looked at his watch he found it pointing to half past ten. A pang smote Imelda's heart as she thought of the lonely watcher up in the sick chamber, and hastily sought to disengage herself from the encircling arms of her lover. A half dozen more love-laden kisses and the young girl was bounding across the open grounds followed by the fond eyes of her lover who watched her until she disappeared within the portals of the house ere he wended his way homeward.

No sooner had Imelda stepped into the hall, softly closing the door behind her, than, from the open door to the right, leading into the drawing room, stepped Lawrence Westcott. Imelda drew back. She did not care to encounter anyone just now, least of all Lawrence Westcott. Planting himself directly across her path, but speaking with faultless courtesy he said,

"Miss Ellwood, will you grant me the favor of a few moments conversation?" at the same time holding open the door for her to pass through. Imelda paused, hesitating. What could Lawrence Westcott desire to say to her? Besides it was already late. Her conscience smote her for having absented herself so long from the sick room, and she certainly felt no desire to be alone with this man at this hour of the evening. But he was waiting, holding the door for her to pass through, quite as a matter of course. Much as she was disinclined to do so she yet felt that she could not refuse without appearing rude, and so, reluctantly passing him she entered the room, while he closed the door after them.

The room was dimly lit, as before when she had entered it earlier in the evening. Imelda paused under the singly burning jet. He came forward and turned it to a brighter blaze, then wheeled forward a chair for her to be seated, but which she declined, shaking her head in a positive manner.

"I beg your pardon, but I would rather not, Mr. Westcott. It is time I return to Alice. Mrs. Boswell kindly relieved me this evening of several hours of responsibility. I have already overstayed my time. I do not wish to give it the appearance of an imposition, so if you have anything to say to me I must beg of you to hasten."

She had taken a step or two backward and stood with her hand resting upon the back of the chair Westcott had placed for her, the soft folds of the white shawl that had been loosely thrown over her head and shoulders, the glow of health and happiness upon her cheek, and in the dark brown eyes—Lawrence Westcott felt the magic beauty of the picture before him. It was doubtful if he heard a word of what she had spoken; certain it was that he paid no attention to it. Suddenly Imelda became conscious of his burning gaze, and in a moment her face was dyed from brow to chin with a hot wave of color, and again she spoke:

"If you have something to tell me, Mr. Westcott, will you

please do so without loss of time? I do not wish that Alice should be waiting."

"Let her wait," he said hastily, huskily. "She is not wanting for anything. I have just come from there. Mrs. Boswell is with her and can manage very well. Besides, why should you make such a prisoner of yourself? The nurse is paid for her work; let her do it. A little while longer will not hurt her."

Utterly surprised, Imelda for the moment was unable to speak, but almost instantly recovering her self-possession,

"Was it to tell me this you have asked me to come in here?" He heeded not the withering scorn in her voice, but stepping nearer he possessed himself of one of her hands.

"Why should I not tell you that, and a great deal more if I choose? True, you never gave me a chance, but can you not see that I madly love you?"

"Sir! You forget yourself!" Imelda snatched her hand from him and stepped several paces backward. Nothing daunted the next moment he again was at her side.

"Why should I not tell you, and why should you not listen? Do I not know your views on love and marriage? According to them you cannot deem my love for you a crime because I am a married man." With these words he attempted again to take her hand, but she, by mustering all her strength pushed him from her with such force as to almost unbalance him.

"How dare you!" she articulated. The face that only a few moments ago was dyed scarlet was now ashen in its pallor.

"I dare it because I love you," came in low, almost hissing tones from lips that were now pale as hers, while his black eyes glowed like living coals.

"Do you think I will meekly surrender you to that—no! I will not call names—to that so-called friend of mine? I tell you no! a thousand times no! I acknowledge no barriers, as I know you do not, and I swear to you that you must and shall be mine!"—and ere Imelda was aware of his intention he had gained her side, his arms like bands of iron were laid about her shoulders, and the next instant she felt his hated kisses upon her lips. For a moment she was powerless, and only for a moment, when with the strength of desperation she tore herself from his embrace.

"You are the most despicable creature upon this earth!" I will tell you what barriers stand between us. First and foremost your utter lack of manhood. By whatever despicable means you may have obtained an inkling of my views, let me tell you that you have failed, utterly failed to get the least gleaming of the truth. Know that a creature so wholly devoid of principle and honor may never hope to win the favor of a free woman. Know you that love can neither be forced nor bought. When you come to realize and understand this you may speak to me again—not until then."

With an imperious movement she swept by him, leaving him bewildered and, for the moment, totally subdued. Had he failed to understand her? What a glorious creature! and what superb scorn. Did she know what stood between Alice and him? At the thought of Alice a dark frown swept over his face. What was the meaning of that?

Upon winged feet Imelda flew up the broad stairway and into the sick room. Her strength was at an end. Staggering she would have fallen, had not the nurse seen her condition in time and caught her in her arms. Carefully she laid her upon the lounge. Alice was sleeping, as indeed the last few days and nights she had slept almost constantly, which fact enabled the nurse to pay all her attention for the next half hour to this new patient. Finally Imelda returned to consciousness, but only to break into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. For a little while the nurse permitted this fit to have full sway, but when the storm had spent itself and Imelda became more composed she stepped to the stand where there was quite an array of medicines. Mixing a cool soothing draught and handing it to the sobbing girl, she said:

"Take this," and, quite as a matter of course Imelda drank the cooling drink.

"Now," continued Mrs. Boswell, "go to your room and lie down." But this time she was not so readily obeyed. Imelda's frame shook as with a chill.

"I would rather not. Please let me remain where I am. I shall soon recover and be all right again."

"No! no! the sick room is no place to sleep. I insist that you go to your own room and bed, if you would avoid being sick yourself."

But Imelda on no account would have traversed the lonely hallway again tonight, for fear of meeting in some shadowy nook the man she had just left below in such a storm of passion. Mrs. Boswell soon realized that for some unaccountable reason Imelda seemed afraid, though this was a weakness she had not hitherto noticed in the girl, but she understood too well that she was in need of perfect composure and rest, and the sick room was no place for these. Stepping to the bedside of the sleeping patient she bent over her and listened for a moment to the quiet breathing; then she said:

"Come, I will go with you. It will be perfectly safe to leave our patient for a few moments." Then taking the agitated girl by the hand, she led her through the hallway to her own room. Lighting the gas jet she next turned down the bed clothes and quietly but quickly assisted her to disrobe and helped her into the snowy night robe. She would then have tucked her into her bed but Imelda refused, as she wished to fasten the door after the retreating form of the nurse, who thereupon returned to the bedside of the sleeping Alice to watch the night away when she herself had expected to spend it in needed rest and sleep.

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Walter Breen, Omaha, Neb.:—I am glad Putnam was cremated. I saw that William Seudamore advocated it and was himself committed to urn instead of to the coffin when this life terminated. People of our way of thinking seem to gravitate towards reforms all round.

Nellie M. Mastick, Junction City, Wash.:—Please send Lucifer six months to each of inclosed names. I like the change to quarto very much. It will be so much handier and also wear better, and I like to have them wear well. I have parted with many of mine, but have never been guilty of destroying one yet.

I hope we shall have the story in book form. I have sent away several numbers of my paper containing it.

Flora W. Fox, Rochester, Minn.:—I want to congratulate you upon the greatly improved, because more convenient, form of Lucifer and send in my dollar to help along in these "Prosperity" times. Hope the Light-Bearer will continue to turn the search-light of common sense and progressive thought upon all the taboos. They will consecutively vanish.

I will take two copies (paper) of "Hilda's Home." It is good, and will be an admirable missionary document if it continues as logical, and no doubt it will.

Wm. P. Austin, Poplar, Calif.:—Herein find twenty-five cents for which send Lucifer three months to the inclosed address. This is the second trial subscription I have sent in the last few weeks. With the first I requested you to send me little Virna's picture. Now I would like to have yours. The offer of yours and Virna's photographs is not only an inducement to get subscribers, but it is a help in obtaining them. These trial subscribers have considerable curiosity to see the photograph of a child of free love, to see how she compares with others. Also, the photographs of radicals and their children are educators. People generally expect Anarchists and Free Lovers to be bad, mean looking people. When they see these Anarchists or their pictures they are agreeably surprised, so even pictures are educators.

Huldah G. Heacock, Vineland, N. J.:—Lucifer comes to me





# LUCIFER



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE No. 64

### For the Feast of Giordano Bruno, Philosopher and Martyr.

I.

Son of the lightning and the light that glows  
 Beyond the lightning's or the morning's light,  
 Soul splendid with all-righteous love of right,  
 In whose kren fire all hopes and fears and woes  
 Were clean consumed, and from their ashes rose  
 Transfigured, and intolerable to sight  
 Save of purged eyes whose lids had cast off night,  
 In love's and wisdom's likeness when they close,  
 Embracing, and between them truth stands fast,  
 Embraced of either; thou whose feet were set  
 On English earth while this was England yet,  
 Our friend that art, our Sidney's friend that wast,  
 Heart harder found and higher than all men's past,  
 Shall we not praise thee though thine own forget?

II.

Light up thy light on us and on thine own,  
 O soul whose spirit on earth was as a rod  
 To scourge off priests, a sword to pierce their God,  
 A staff for man's free thought to walk alone,  
 A lamp to lead him far from shrine and throne  
 On ways untrodden where his fathers trod  
 Ere earth's heart withered at a high priest's nod,  
 And all men's mouths that made no prayer made moan,  
 From bonds and torments and the ravening flame,  
 Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet  
 Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,  
 And walk with him apart till Shelley came  
 To make the heaven of heaven more heavenly sweet,  
 And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

—A. C. Swinburne.

### The Fatal Folly of Ignorant Innocence.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Last summer Mrs. Grannis, of New York, went on a crusade of investigation of Coney Island's vice. She wrote reports of the evils which she saw, heard and suspected, and the said reports were published in the Sunday "World." She wrote of one girl in particular, a beautiful young dancer, who told her that she did not like the life but continued in it because it was the only means of support of herself and her widowed mother. Mrs. Grannis gave the girl good advice, and warned her against the evil life; but if she told her of any opening through which she might find "respectable" employment, she failed to mention that fact in her report.

Two months later "La Belle Lillian" Hall's life ended. Quick consumption relieved her of the existence which Mrs. Grannis and the society whose mouthpiece Mrs. Grannis is, declared ruined. Mrs. Hall writes a letter to the "World," lamenting the "sin" of her child, and telling the story of her life. It seems that Lillian's parents were wealthy, lived at Long Branch, and kept "servants." She was the only living child. According to the mother's story, she had tutors who taught her to speak French and German, and she was brought up in the Episcopal faith and "received strict religious discipline." But there was no education or training which she could utilize to make herself self-supporting; it is evident that her parents considered it impossible that their dainty darling might

ever find it necessary to earn her own living. Her mother assures the readers of the "World" that up to the time she was enticed from her home "she had no knowledge of the sin of the world."

Well, a few years ago the father lost his money, fell ill, and in two years died. The mother, who had evidently been brought up to be a useless household ornament, as she in turn reared Lillian, found herself able to do only plain sewing, for which she received fifty cents a day. When the father died she had only fifty dollars, and that she used to "partly defray the funeral expenses." She does not state where the rest of the money came from; but it is to be inferred that she borrowed it. "Respect" must be shown the dead, even though the outward show of respect means starvation for the survivors.

Mrs. Hall says she endeavored to make a "comfortable home" for her daughter, but as she "was not able to be with her as much as a mother should be with a girl of her age, she being then about twenty," Lillian got into the company of girls who told her that there was a better living to be obtained by dancing than in depending on her mother's exertions.

Mrs. Grannis "points the moral" of this story, concluding with these words: "The so-called 'reformers' of our time might readily be dispensed with if the Church were truly alive to its privileges. Suggestive sensual exhibits are today one of the great sources which lead to degeneracy of the human race."

If Lillian Hall had not lived in such childish ignorance, had she received training in some pleasant employment by which she could earn her living, and had her mother shown her the results of excesses and dissipation, instead of keeping her in ignorance of the evil of the world, is it probable that this young girl would have voluntarily chosen the course which brought her to disease and death at twenty-two? Fancy the bitter irony of the phrase, "a comfortable home," to be provided for two women on an income of three dollars per week! Why, they could scarcely even live in a decent place in New York for that, leaving the factors of food and clothing entirely out of the problem. Such would be a bitter experience even for those accustomed to poverty and hardships. What wonder, then, that a girl utterly unfamiliar with any kind of physical deprivation, and ignorant of the dangers she would incur, should eagerly accept the first offer which promised relief from the gridding poverty with which she was totally unfitted to cope?

Mrs. Hall hugged her superstitions to the last. She evidently made no effort to find employment for her daughter. She thought it best to treat a young woman of twenty like a child, leaving her at home in uncongenial surroundings, head and hands unoccupied. It would seem that any one with the faintest gleam of "common sense" would know better. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." Lillian Hall was reared a helpless, beautiful living statue, fitted only to please the senses of men. It was expected that she would be the ornament of her father's home, and, later, of the home of her husband. Then, father and husband failing her, what could she do other than as she did?

It is a sad story, but it will be repeated again and again, thousands of times, until fathers and mothers learn to train their daughters to take care of themselves in all ways, and thus render it unnecessary for them to depend for their subsistence on the favor of any man, either for a life time in marriage or for a night outside that pale.

And similar results will follow such causes, regardless of the existence or suppression of all the "suggestive sensual exhibits" in the world.

### The Right to Love and To Be Loved.

BY S. A. E. J.

The daily papers lately copied a letter from the Princess Chimay-Caraman to a Brussels paper, in which she gives the motives for her elopement with a Hungarian violinist, Jansci Rigo. She states that the neglect of her husband caused her affection to grow less, until she, weary of solitude, did what she calls "the irreparable." She goes on to say:

"I left my children, in order not to contaminate by my presence the pure snow of their minds, and I went away in order to avoid sully the name of the man whom I respect, and who only committed one fault—that of marrying me, since his tastes for sport should have forbidden him to marry a woman of my sort. I was not able to make our home pleasant enough to keep my husband there."

In the mind of one acquainted with the latitude accorded to French and Belgian married women in sex matters, there can only be admiration for the courage of this highstrung and noble woman, who thus puts upon herself the chief blame for her rash act, and who thereby invites the contempt and ostracism of the world, when she might readily have avoided the same by simply becoming her lover's mistress, under the cover of her husband's roof and name.

But one must also regret that she, in accordance with a false code of honor, condemns in her own conscience the step she has taken, by speaking of the "contaminating" influence which her presence, when guilty of adultery, would have upon her children. If she had remained with her husband, although committing secret adultery with her lover, it could have had no sully effect upon husband or children, if her relations to her lover were not discovered, at all events. Only her own mind, in that case, would have been subject to the unrest which such a secret would produce upon a conscience so sensitive.

But in taking the step she took, is it likely that she will be more happy? If we read between the lines of her letter we see a heart already quivering under its own sacrifice. She has sacrificed all that such a woman holds dearest in the world—her children, her home, her good name and position in society, all this is given up for the momentary satisfaction of a passion perhaps as fleeting, beyond which, when that has passed, lies the void.

How different would now be her position if her act had been the culmination point of lofty aspirations to free herself and her sex from sex slavery, a slavery imposed upon her by laws and customs in the making of which she or her sisters had no voice? Instead of standing condemned in her own conscience as a thing too vile even for the touch of her own innocent babes, she would now with uplifted head be proclaiming to the world her inalienable right to love and to be loved, commanding not alone the respect of those who might feel themselves most aggrieved by her act—because of the intensity of her convictions and her courage in carrying them into effect, but she would have been hailed by all truly liberal men and women as an emancipator of her sex, to whom instead of censure all honor and praise should be accorded.

It is this class of people who are unfortunate in their married life, as well as those women who illicitly become mothers, that we ought especially to reach through our propaganda, as they would form that element in present society for whom such phrases as "eternal love," "my only love," have lost much of their force, by their present failure to realize such ideals. These people would be open to conviction by argument because

the citadel of inherited and inbred feelings has already been broken into by that most efficient battle-ax, pain experienced. For it is through their feelings and not through their intellects that people must be approached on this subject if we are to have a measure of success in our reformatory work.

For those to whom life has not yet revealed its bitter disappointments, in love and sex matters; theoretical dissertations upon the logical outcome of the present marriage institution, may be in order, but they will be few who, from mere principle and thorough intellectual appreciation, would join a free motherhood movement, to such extent at least that they should by act expose themselves to the opposition of society.

In Mr. Rudefbusch's new book we have received valuable aid to show the unfortunate in love and marriage a way out of their difficulties, and I think it no more than due to say that but for the unceasing, untiring efforts of the Light-Bearer, such a book would have few readers, if it could even have been written.

### Coherence vs. Happiness.

BY ALBERT CHAVANNES.

I do not believe that a further discussion as to the respective merits of coherence or incoherence would specially interest your readers, so I shall not answer Mr. Walker's last article on the subject, but briefly state how I came to adopt the opinion I have professed.

I was raised to have a great respect for logic, and my parents daily impressed upon me the coherence of the arguments brought forward to support the Christian religion. I was taught that it is better to be right than to be happy, and even when I had accepted evolution and thrown Christianity overboard, I was a firm believer that to be right—coherent—was the true way to happiness, and for many years I used the weapons of logic to make converts to the rule of natural morality.

But as I progressed in my career I found to my surprise that the average men and women cared very little for logic, but were always ready to listen to suggestions that would help them to make their lives happier, and increase the number of their pleasant sensations.

I learned then, what I had never been taught before, that practice goes before theory, a truth which I find corroborated in Lucifer by your contributor, James S. Denson, who ought to be good authority for Mr. Walker. In No. 643 he says: "We must reason from facts to principles, and not from principles to facts."

A little observation showed me that the way to convert people, is first to induce them to act, and that when once they have acted, and found themselves the happier for it, they are ready to listen to arguments that will sustain them in their actions.

But I found also that I could hardly ever induce them to act as I desired without their being incoherent both with their avowed beliefs and with the remainder of their actions. So I came to look upon coherence as an obstacle to progress, and for years I have ceased to look for progress among those persons who pride themselves upon their logical powers.

I can probably better explain myself by taking for example a reform in which Mr. Walker and myself are both interested. I mean the increase of sexual independence among women. I believe I am within the limit when I say that nine-tenths of the women who at times take the control of their sexual conduct into their own hands, do so in opposition to their religious or social beliefs. I do not speak here of free lovers, but of the world at large, and of women of all sorts and conditions.

Now, I feel certain that if I could impress on all women the beauty of coherence, the cause of sexual freedom would receive a blow from which it would take years to recover. Sexual independence will be gained by practice, not by theory, by putting facts before principles.

The inducement to progress is the desire for happiness. Show to average men and women that a certain line of con-

duct will increase their happiness, and they will throw logic to the dogs, and make some advance in the right direction.

There are persons who are specially susceptible to logic, and I believe that Mr. Walker is well calculated to work among them, although I believe he will find them hard customers, but his ways are not my ways, and I know there are many reformers, who, like me, do not care if people are coherent, so they are willing to move onward.

In our line of work, we find incoherence of thoughts and actions a great help to induce many a person to act in such a way as will increase their happiness, and what I have said in opposition to Mr. Walker's position was to offset the impression that might have been caused by his sweeping condemnation.

### Women's Religion as Well as Their Names Change at Marriage.

The religion of princesses is like their conscience, very elastic. The present Empress of Russia was a Lutheran; she became a member of the Greek Church for the purposes of marriage. The Princess Helene who has been married to the Italian heir apparent, the Prince of Naples, was a member of the Greek Church; she has become a Roman Catholic.—*Secular Work.*

Facts like these show how little principle there is in the old established religions. They exist, not as a vital fire in the human heart, but as institutional agencies, as great corporations without souls, as machines to co-operate with despotic governments, whenever possible, to subjugate and oppress the people, to make them mental and spiritual slaves that they may be ridden, booted and spurred the more easily by the representatives of king craft and priest craft.

### A Believer in Intellectual Honesty.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

Mr. James S. Denison states in *Lucifer* that "an attempt is now being made to have it appear that the lamented May L. Collins was not a personal friend of the representative social radicals of the day." I cannot tell how many representative social radicals she counted as her friends, but I know that the talented and ill-fated girl was a radical herself and that she never hesitated to express her views. I take the liberty of quoting the following from a letter which she wrote to me a few months ago: "I marvel when I hear such people as Helen Gardener and Mr. Flower, both of whom claim to have outgrown the old fashioned ideas, wanting the age of consent raised to eighteen years, instead of wanting it eradicated entirely." Surely this is not the voice of one who worships at Mrs. Grundy's shrine. Whether she deserved praise or blame for her views is a matter of opinion. We cannot expect old fogies to indorse her views on social questions any more than we can expect Dr. Talmage to indorse Ingersoll's views on religion, but why should anyone try to make it appear that she was not a radical? What can be gained by it? Let it be understood that our young friend, whose death was a shock to hundreds of people, believed in intellectual honesty. She had very decided opinions and she did not use words to conceal her thoughts.

### Sociologic Lesson. No XXIX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**THE ORIGIN OF MONEY.** The first exchanges of individual property were by barter. Each produced that which he could make to the best advantage, and exchanged his products for articles made by others. If the articles he made were perishable, and he could not readily dispose of them for articles that he wanted to use, he would next exchange them for other articles which he could keep, and for which others would finally give him what he wanted. These intermediate articles exercised the function of money, just so far as they were valuable, requiring labor for their production, durable, and in demand by other persons. Jewels were very early used in this way, especially by persons traveling; for jewels of very little bulk and weight could be exchanged anywhere for large amounts of other articles. Gold and silver were more convenient, from the ease with which

their value could be ascertained, depending wholly upon their weight and the general demand for these metals, and not, as is the case with jewels, varying with the size and character of each gem. Gold and silver were coined simply to aid in determining the weight; and copper, a relatively cheaper metal, was used to save the necessity for very small coins. Since their first introduction these metals have always been money everywhere; and the more diversified the products of the labor of men, the more customary it has become to exchange those products first for money; since it was generally known with considerable accuracy how much of other products could be obtained for the money; and in the meantime the money would be imperishable. Thus in its origin the use of money has been entirely independent of legal considerations or enactments.

### London is Being Slowly Secularized.

Perhaps the most important movement this year in secular circles is the opening to the public on Sundays of the London museums and art galleries. Not how many more years shall we have to wait before the public libraries are all unlocked, and may not the Tower of London be included in the list as a museum? We hope it will be soon at least.—*Secular Work (London.)*

Think of keeping the public libraries closed on Sundays through the influence of a class of men who claim to be moral and religious guides! What other reason is there than that the clergy think the people will rely more on books than on the "preached word" for instruction, and will find the recorded wisdom in the library more attractive than the drippings of the pulpit.

### Mr. Tucker Corrected

Geo. E. Macdonald, in "The Truth Seeker."

Mr. Tucker remarks, apparently addressing myself: "I ask not your mercy, your forgiveness, or your love." I had not thought of asking him to accept either. If I correctly interpret the sensation which he produces in me, it is that of biliousness. The truth is, Tucker has used his "brand" so much that it is getting burnt out, like the breech of a musket too frequently fired. I remember that in 1888 he jabbed it at Putnam with the proclamation: "The time has come to publicly brand S. P. Putnam, president of the American Secular Union, as the miserable coward, hypocrite and wretch that he is." What had poor Putnam done? The circumstances were that a speaker at a convention of the God-in-the-Constitution party had declared that human law had no binding force upon him; and Putnam, who called himself a Jeffersonian democrat, pointed out that the doctrine of the theocrat was identical with that of Herr Johann Most, to whose principles of disorder Freethought was accused of leading. Putnam also took occasion to observe that, as a matter of necessity, when a great number of people come together in social relations, there must be "a regard for what is called the voice of the majority under constitutional guarantees." Later, when he was in Southern California, I admitted to the columns of "Freethought" a letter from O. S. Barrett of Adrian, Mich., in which Putnam's editorial was commended for what it did not contain, the hanging of the Chicago revolutionists approved, and agitation in general condemned. On the whole, Barrett's letter was so barbarous and stupid that I as little thought of replying to it as Putnam thought of noticing the vituperations of Tucker. Now, in face of the fact, of which Tucker was informed, that Putnam never saw Barrett's letter, the editor of "Liberty," in his latest issue, avers that Putnam publicly accepted it as a compliment and fathered its sentiments; which is a falsehood. And so, Putnam being dead, Tucker brands him again as "essentially contemptible and base." In the same paper he says: "I ask only justice." Somebody ought to accommodate him.

Love demands law—not that, however, which is imposed from without but that which springs from its own majesty and delight. Freedom in itself is an education most noble and beautiful. Humanity is not a wild beast to be subdued and chained. On the whole it is right and means to do right. The grandeur of virtue is constantly imperative.—*Samuel P. Putnam.*



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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 29, and C. E. 1897?"

Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

AFTER a vacation of some two months Lucifer Circle will resume its fortnightly meetings at 1394 W. Congress street, on Tuesday evening Feb. 16. J. M. Crane will read a paper on "Sexual Purity."

## Chicago Secular Union.

At Handel Hall, Sunday eve the 29th, the Chicago Secular Union celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine. The speakers were Mr. Solke, one of Chicago's rising young lawyers, and Prof. W. H. Chaney, of the Astrological college. The hall was well filled with attentive listeners, a good proportion of whom were ladies. Mr. Gammage, the president, made some very fitting remarks upon the duty of Freethinkers to join the organization and to actively help in carrying out the purposes of the "Nine Demands of Liberalism," which demands he then proceeded to read.

## Cleveland Notes.

On Sunday the 24th, I had the honor and the pleasure of addressing, briefly three of Cleveland's most progressive societies, or social organizations—the Franklin Club, devoted to economic and governmental reforms, and the two Progressive Lyceums. While the primary object of these Lyceums is instruction and training for the young, physical as well as mental, the exercises are interesting and instructive to grown-up women and men also. The statement in regard to these reform Sunday schools, given by Thomas Lees, in last Lucifer is well worth careful consideration by Freethinkers everywhere, whether Materialistic or Spiritualistic in belief or philosophy. In no other department of needful endeavor are these reformers more sadly delinquent than in the matter of secular or non-theistic education for the young. Paraphrasing a little: The children of Superstition are wiser in their generation than the children of Reason. Chicago, with its many thousands of Liberals,—Materialists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, etc., has not one Freethought Sunday school, so far as I know, thus leaving the children and youth to the care of Christian Sunday Schools, there to imbibe superstitious theology, prejudice and hate towards the real reformers of the world.

On Wednesday eve, the 27th, by invitation of the managers, I read a short essay on "Secular Funerals" before the meeting held in honor of the memory of S. P. Putnam, May Collins, and

Thomas Paine, at Wieber's Hall on the west side. Notwithstanding severity of the weather and scant advertisement, the attendance was quite respectable, a good portion being ladies. The meeting was called to order by Dr. L. S. Copper who made a very appropriate opening address. He was followed by H. B. Cline, whose subject was "Four Hundred Years of Freethought." Mr. Cline spoke eloquently of Bruno, Voltaire, Shelley and other pioneers, incidentally saying that Shelley, as the "friend of woman's freedom anticipated the work of Brother Harman."

The next speaker was Mr. Peter Witt, another of the bright and eloquent young Freethinkers of Cleveland. His subject was "Thomas Paine," and seldom have I heard a better vindication of the work and worth of the "Author-Hero" of the American Revolution and chief apostle of Reason vs. Superstition, and of the Rights of Man as against the Rule of Kingcraft and Priestcraft.

Then came a poem on Thomas Paine by Miss Copper, daughter of the presiding officer. Owing to defect of hearing I failed to catch much of this poem but what I heard was decidedly good.

Another of Cleveland's bright galaxy of young men who espouse the cause of Secularism and of equal liberty for all, Claude Taylor, then followed with a splendid eulogium upon "S. P. Putnam and His Work," winding up with a brief but eloquent tribute to the memory of Thomas Paine.

Mr. C. Elton Blanchard, publisher of the Cleveland "Medical Times," then read a carefully prepared paper on May L. Collins, her record in confounding her teachers in school, her brief but brilliant career on the lecture platform, giving interesting extracts from letters, showing the remarkable precocity as well as maturity of her mind.

The next paper was by Edith Slade, one of the brightest and most successful of the lady teachers in the Cleveland public schools. The subject assigned to her by the management was "The Religion of My Mother," closing her address with some excellent reflections and criticisms upon the false and cruel standard of morality that would snitch the good name of a brilliant and every way admirable young woman because of the fact that her dead body was found in her room near the dead body of a man. As this address will probably be published in pamphlet form I forbear further mention here except to say that none of the speakers of the evening was more warmly applauded by the audience than was Edith Slade.

Then followed the talk on "Secular Funerals" already mentioned, and as this paper also will be published, if demand should justify, no analysis will be here attempted.

Last, though not least, on the regular program, was an original poem by Mrs. Mary Smith of Newburg, a suburb of Cleveland, on "Woman Born of Man"—I think was the title,—an unique and very amusing production, by one of Cleveland's best known and most honored workers in the cause of Secularism, and of all humanitarian reforms.

Then followed brief remarks by John Jacobs, R. G. Holt and others. Mr. Jacobs said he told Mr. Putnam, when at Cleveland, that we can have no secular freedom so long as we have the state. Mr. Holt spent most of his five minutes in commending Lucifer's championship of woman's freedom, as a most important yet much neglected part of secular agitation and education.

I forgot to say that as a prelude to the regular program the poem by "S. P. Putnam to D. M. Bennett," as printed in a late Lucifer, was read from the platform by J. H. Taylor, one of the workers on the "Silver Knight," an excellent reform paper published in Cleveland.

At the close, though the hour was late, Dr. Copper made a stirring address to the Freethinkers of Cleveland to revive their organization and again hold regular meetings, urging the necessity of vigilance and united action if we would preserve what liberties we have left us against further encroachments by the ever vigilant and ever aggressive church power. All in favor of such reorganization were requested to leave their names with or address Dr. L. S. Copper, 433 Pearl street, Cleveland.

Judging from the lively interest manifested there is good ground of hope that regular meetings of the Secular Unionists of the Forest City will now be resumed. While the Franklin Club and the two Progressive Lyceums are in full sympathy with the "Nine Demands of Liberalism" it is believed that a city of more than three hundred thousand people should have at least one live and active organization whose chief object is to agitate for repeal of all laws that give to churchmen any advantage over non-churchmen, as well as to guard against the enactment of more laws that deny the principle of "equal liberty for all and special privileges for none."

Having delayed my return to Chicago, in great measure, in order to attend this memorial meeting, after a few more business calls I boarded the Nickel Plate for the western metropolis, arriving at the Twelfth street station, Chicago, near midnight of the 29th, January, some hours behind time,—trains eastward having been delayed by heavy falls of snow.

And now, notwithstanding the length of these notes I feel that they will not be complete until I again return heartiest thanks to the good friends and co-operators in Cleveland who so kindly entertained and helped me in all possible ways. Though impossible to name all, I must mention the names of Elizabeth H. Russell; Tillie and Thomas Lees; Mary Smith, Newburg Station; Horace E. Carr and family; Mrs. Davies and family; Mr. R. F. Bellows; Mr. L. B. Silver; John Jacobs; Dr. L. S. Copper; Messrs. Claude and J. H. Taylor; Joseph Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Skinner; Mrs. M. McCaslin and Mrs. Bruce. There are many others who deserve kindly and grateful mention but the entire list would occupy more space than can well be spared.

Among the exceptional treats was a ride through the principal streets of the city and through Wade Park, with Mr. Lovern B. Silver, one of whose specialties is fine horses and fine carriages. Mr. Silver is an old friend and comrade of Parker Pillsbury who until prevented by age and infirmity made annual visits to his Cleveland friends.

Another unusual treat was an invitation by the artist, Mr. Ransom, to visit his famous painting now on exhibition at the "Arcade," entitled "Follow Me." It is a representation of "the Christ," entirely different from the ideal usually presented by his followers and worshipers. It is the picture of a giant, seven feet high, muscular and virile in appearance, and without any halo or other hint of the supernatural. A loose gown or toga partially conceals the figure but the design seems to be to show a commanding human form and not in any sense a divine or superhuman object of worship. The expression of countenance is dignified and noble, but full of human sympathy; a calm and peaceful and yet very earnest look—a happy combination of the masculine and the feminine in feature and expression.

That the influence of such paintings in art galleries, and in the homes of the people, have or would have a refining and ennobling effect upon all, I have no doubt, and especially so upon the unborn, if mothers or prospective mothers could have the benefit of frequent contemplation of such ideals, as models.

### Father, Mother and Child

BY CAROLINE DE MAUPASSANT.

"Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse; could we make her as the man, sweet love were slain."—Tennyson.

Will you allow me a little space in your paper to thank Lucinda Chandler for her brave criticism of your "Motherhood in Freedom?" Mrs. Chandler appreciates, as I do, your high and pure aspirations; but she echoes also my convictions when she says that paternity must not be degraded to the "mere function of fertilizing the ovum." The family, father, mother, and child, is the only foundation of the true home, and home that of the nation.

Does it follow that marriage, as it is understood and enforced by church and state made laws, is the goal towards which humanity should strive? Is it not rather the danger which it should avoid? Must the so-called physical necessity enslave for ever the mothers of the race? Of course, high minded men,

like yourself, Mr. Barry, Mr. Warren and others, enter their protest against the sexual enslavement of women and would fain use all their influence to abolish it. Let them remember then, that women cannot free themselves without their help; that many of them would call them their saviors and would willingly work hand in hand with them if they dared. Why would you hesitate, men, our brothers, to stretch out a helping hand to those who scarcely dare to appeal to you for fear of being misunderstood? Will you not encourage them and strengthen their feeble and desperate efforts? The fate of humanity is in your hands, not in ours; if you value freedom for yourselves give it to your mothers, wives and daughters!

REPLY.

The above letter has been in type more than a month, waiting its turn, or rather waiting for the editorial comment that seemed to be called for. After all, however, there is little need for comment. Those who have read "Motherhood in Freedom" know that I do not "degrade paternity to the mere function of fertilizing the ovum." Far from it. I would have fatherhood to be helpful to motherhood in all ways that free motherhood chooses to accept.

But I do most emphatically protest against the ownership of woman and child by the father, as commonly understood and inculcated by the champions of the "family"—the patriarchy expressed by the formula, "father, mother and child,"—making the father first and head of the family. It is largely because "the nation" is modeled after the patriarchal family that we have so much injustice and oppression in the name of government. If we were not all so thoroughly steeped in the idea that the nation must be a family, with a father at its head, such robbery of the many by the few, as we now have, would not be submitted to for a single year or day. What we want is not the patriarchy nor the matriarchy, but Freedom and Justice—Liberty and personal Responsibility. Rights and privileges must be commensurate with duties and labors. This principle, or rule, puts woman first, or chief factor, in the family and the home. There is far more of endorsement than of criticism in the letter of Mrs. de Maupassant. I think, however, she is in the wrong when she calls upon men to be the saviors of women. Woman must be her own savior, but man can and must be an important, a necessary helper in woman's salvation. In no other way can he achieve his own salvation, or the salvation of the race.

M. H.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Since recording the events of the last chapter, weeks of summer sunshine have passed away. Alice, dressed in a soft fleecy white cashmere wrapper, was reclining upon a comfortable lounge in her own cosy room, and which has been drawn closely to the open window from where she can watch the golden rays of the setting sun as it disappears beyond the distant hills. Pale and wan she looks, but the sparkle of returning health is in her eyes as they rest now and then upon the forms of her two little girls who are seated in childish fashion upon the floor, and with their baby fingers trying to wind wreaths of ferns and flowers that were heaped in a low basket that had been placed with its contents at their disposal.

Imelda in one of her soft gray gowns was seated in a low rocker. The book from which she had been reading was lying unnoticed in her lap; her eyes, too, were wandering through the open window to enjoy the golden glory of the setting sun. For a while nothing was heard but childish voices in childish glee. Both fair women were busy with their own thoughts. Imelda had lost some of her wild-rose bloom. The clear-cut features were colorless almost as marble. There was a constrained look upon them yet now and then they would brighten as with an inward light, and reflect the happiness that she, in those moments, felt; but they soon gave way again to that other look, a deep sigh betokening the change of thought.

As the last rays of the sun died out in a golden halo, Alice slowly turned her head and for a while lay watching her friend. "A penny for your thoughts, my dear," she said with a smile, thus recalling her to present things.

"They are not worth it," Imelda made answer. "They are but vague and unreal dreams." Alice's pale face quivered.

"Vague and unreal," she repeated. "Ah, my precious, as long as they are vague and unreal, you may count yourself happy. It is the real and tangible that makes life a burden. Why have I returned to it? I am sure I would have been many times better off had they laid me beneath the green sods." A pitiful quiver was in the sad young voice, and Imelda felt a sudden pain at her heart as she heard and understood. The next moment she knelt at the side of the invalid.

"Why should you talk like that? See, that is why you should be here," pointing to the little ones. Little Norma was laughing and clapping her chubby hands. She had just succeeded in crowning, with the work of their childish hands, the elder and more stately Meta who was attempting a dignified mien under the high honors. The dark-eyed elf looked so comic that Alice could not repress a smile even though a tear trickled over the pale face. Just then a step in the hallway was heard, and the next moment a figure stood in the open doorway.

"Papa! papa!" Norma's baby voice rang out, and the next instant the little one flew to meet him. He stooped and lifted the flaxen-haired child to his arms. The baby arms were twined about his neck. But little Norma's welcome seemed the only one that was accorded him; even Meta hung back, shy and quiet. She walked backwards to where the fair young mother lay, who clasped the child to her fast beating heart. Imelda rose quickly from her kneeling position and stepping to the open window turned her back to the other inmates of the room. Lawrence Westcott saw and understood. For just one moment his black eyes emitted a flash like a smouldering flame, and his white teeth sank deep into his nether lip. But not one word passed those lips that would have betrayed what was taking place underneath the quiet exterior. He had not seen Imelda since that night three weeks ago, when his words had been like cruel blows to the pure, proud girl. She had managed to keep out of his sight, and he did not possess the courage (?) or daring to force himself into her presence. This lack of courage kept him also from the sick room of his wife, which was probably most fortunate for her chances of recovery. Never once, since her return to consciousness, had her eyes rested upon his face. If she missed him it certainly did not cause regret. It is more likely, however, that she did not think of him at all, in those days.

Certain it was that when he suddenly stood, unannounced, in her presence her heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stand still. Could she have thought that he would never come near her again? But the silence was now becoming oppressive. Not a word from anyone only little Norma's cooing, caressing—"Papa, papa," as the little hands patted the dark inscrutable face. With the little one still in his arms he took several steps forward toward the frightened little woman seated upon the lounge. With a start and a gasp she drew Meta with one arm still closer to her, while the other hand was uplifted in a manner intended to wave him off. Seeing the gesture he instantly stopped. An indescribable look passed over his face. Could it be pain? He hesitated a moment, then kissed the baby face and set little Norma down.

"Papa is not wanted here," he said in a tone that sent a strange thrill to the heart of either woman. Was it the same voice they were wont to hear? No sner, no sarcasm. How husky it had become! Did it not sound like regret? Ere they could recover from their surprise he was gone and they were once more alone. The excitement that those few minutes had brought had been too much for Alice. The next moment she was sobbing hysterically, and for the next half hour Imelda had her hands full in trying to restore quiet and peace. For seeing the mother weep caused both little girls to fling their playthings aside in true childish fashion and join with their tears.

Alice was still very weak, or this episode could scarcely have affected her as it did; and to do Lawrence Westcott justice, he had no intention of inflicting pain when he went to his wife's room that evening.

Nevertheless Imelda felt bitter as she reflected what life must mean to this timid, nervous little woman when the mere sight of the man to whom she was bound could throw her into such a hysterical state. O, how wrong it all was, how wrong! After a while, however, she became more quiet and at Imelda's suggestion she soon retired. Imelda mixed for her a soothing drink and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the even, regular breathing of the sleeper. Long ere this she had sent both little girls away with their nurse, so she had the hours of the summer evening to herself. It was quite warm, the evening shadows were deepening and following an inward prompting she soon found herself in the garden walks, wending her way to the fountain. This was a favorite place with her. Its cooling spray was so pleasant after the oppressive heat of the day. She dipped her hand into the cooling liquid while her thought strayed away to distant friends.

The evening before she had spent in the society of Norman, who had that day received a second letter from Wilbur Wallace. He had expressed himself well pleased with the tenor of those letters as they showed to him the writer as in a mirror of light, and of whose character he was forming a high opinion, even though he could not yet second all the ideas placed before him for inspection. Yet, although he found these ideas impracticable in the extreme, as he expressed it, he could not but pronounce them exalted and pure, beyond that of men in general. Imelda longed to see these two men friends, and the prospects were that her wish would be gratified.

Another thing that had proved of interest to Norman was that Harrisburg had been the early home of Wilbur Wallace, the discovery of which fact was as much a surprise to Imelda as to Norman, as he had never made mention thereof. He gave as a reason for not having done so that the place held little of that which was pleasant to his recollection. It was beneath the waves of the Susquehanna that his mother had found her watery grave, and if it were not that his sisters still lived there he would have been glad to forget that there was such a place. But, he had gone on to say, in his last letter to Imelda,

"Since you, my precious friend, have made your home in Harrisburg, I have often desired to tell you that my idolized Edith, who is the eldest, and the equally precious younger sister, my sweet Hilda, are living somewhere at no great distance from your present home. So many years have passed since I have seen them that they have grown almost strangers to me. Do you think you could take an interest in them sufficient to visit them in my name? Both dear girls often send me long and affectionate letters, wherein they tell their 'stranger' brother all about their girlish affairs, and if there is any saving virtue in thoughts transferred to paper I may hope to keep those blessed souls pure and unstained through the strength of the love that they bear me."

"Could she be sufficiently interested in them?" Imelda smiled as her heart warmed to those unknown girls. She would love them as sisters of her own. Had she known she would long since have hastened to meet them; now she must wait a little while longer until Alice would be stronger, so that she could either leave her or persuade her to come with her. She thought of them this evening as she playfully let the water run through her fingers. In her mind she pictured the meeting with them and then she thought of the report she should send Wilbur, and then her thoughts strayed away to her own wayward sister, of whom she had never again heard so much as one single word, or received one sign of life. She did not know if she was still among the living.

Imelda's heart grew warm and yet sad. What had become of Cora? To what depths had she sunk? or had there been enough latent good hidden somewhere in her character to once more extricate herself and rise to higher ground? "Cora, O Cora! where are you tonight? Don't you know your sister



loves you?" and as if in answer to the prayerfully spoken words a voice at her side low and intense spoke her name. "Inelda!" As though the voice had struck her speechless, she stood with stiffening white lips unable to move or speak until her name was repeated.

"Inelda!" Then—

"Frank!" broke from them in a husky whisper.

[To be continued.]

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Peter Manderfield, Grand Forks, N. D.:—Put me down for two copies of "Hilda's Home," bound in cloth. You can have the money whenever you need it. It is seldom I read fiction, but "Hilda's Home" is grand.

Find twenty-five cents to pay for Lucifer. Date my subscription back to first of December. I have been reading the paper of neighbor B—, who cares nothing for it, and I want to pay for what I have received. Will send more money soon. The more I read Lucifer the better I like it.

J. M. Clark, Henryville, Tenn.:—I have been intending to write you ever since the collapse of "Defender." I caught "blizzard" because I dared to insert in its columns the article "To Caress or not to Caress," from Lucifer. I would like to canvass, write and lecture in advocacy of "first birth" [right conditions for first birth?] which if pure and good would, I think, be a better certificate or guaranty for good behavior and for happiness in both worlds than the "second birth" of the measly, mummy revivalists with their annual epidemics, infecting so many communities of the more illiterate, who swallow the Bible at a gulp, accompanied by groans and doxies and bellowing prayers.

Wm. Humble, Weir City, Kan.:—I enclose fifty cents for Lucifer. I have not been paid any money from the company since August, until this month. We were paid fifty cents on the dollar. I think the best I can do is to ask you to stop the paper. I have nothing but my labor, and if not paid for that I cannot pay you. I am a pit-boss [coal mine], and the company has its "pluck me" stores where I can get provisions for my family, and when pay-day comes there is nothing left for us; hence, I ask you to erase my name from your books.

[The above is a fair sample of many letters received at this office. Lucifer's readers are mainly hard working people, and when they are out of employment, or when employers neglect or refuse to pay the money earned, then however much they may regret the loss of their paper they are obliged to ask the publisher to stop sending it.]

A. C. Knapp, Kingston, Ont., Canada:—What humanity has lost by the death of Miss May Collins can never be estimated. She was for freedom in sexological as well as in theological affairs, and one with her ability and determination would have been of great assistance in your good work. The following extract from a letter written by our lamented friend may be of interest as showing her views relative to Lucifer and its specialty:

"Personally I do not believe in a system of legalized prostitution that ties two people together, no matter how irritating the bonds, although I do believe that mutual sex association on a higher plane between the one man and the one woman is the highest expression of love imaginable."

Respecting the manner of such association she says in speaking of Diana: "It seems to me that it would be the happiest, healthiest mode of living, and that sex association would be far more satisfactory and productive of good." But alas! her dreams of love and liberty were short-lived, and we are called to mourn for friends and freedom.

Enclosed is one dollar for Lucifer for the current year. Have not much time to read your worthy paper but we should assist as much as possible the cause of freedom and there is no better

way than by spreading Lucifer's liberal thoughts abroad. I like the neat, compact form of the paper as published now much better than that of old, and am glad to see this evidence of progress.

"Aunt Lydia":—Let me not be "too late" with greetings for this new year to all of your readers—and especially to the members of "L. U."—which signifies a "Liberal Union" for Lucifer, our Light-Bearer; the organ of our particular and special manifestations, and bearer of light and knowledge upon the same. And with "greetings," we want to bear in mind the "liberal" part, and be prompt with annual dues.

The "union" part is as nearly perfect as can be; we have no need to even speak of that except for congratulations to each and everyone.

Perhaps it will not be any inducement to the members of Lucifer Union, and to those who would like to become members—to say that when they write me—(those who have not lately;) that I have a photograph—"New Year's gift" for them—but it may be to some.

And now, dear Lucifer, though changed in form, you are the same old friend. Someone said "To grow old is to grow safe and privileged, and sure." Five years ago the man who "borned" the Light-Bearer talked to me of this very "form." (Query: If Mr. Harman is the "father" of Lucifer, who is its mother?) As soon as I saw this form, I thought of his old illustration of size for paper, by folding the old Lucifer one half and having columns run the other way. Must say I am extremely well pleased with the new dress—it seems an improvement. Although I have preserved every paper for fifteen years (of Mr. Harman's publication) these will be easier preserved, by binding. And, with the same old heading, it does not "lose its identification." Through it, I mentally behold the lovely oil painting of the same in the editorial office of Lucifer's scribe. Also long association has endeared it to us. Best wishes for Lucifer.

Flora Fox, Rochester, Minn.:—Have just read "The Old and the New Ideal." It contains "heaps" of truth and tons of common sense. Demands one code of rules for both sexes, and those rules founded upon practical experience.

Am glad the author has put the price within the reach of nearly all. The idea that a book is not valuable, in interest or education unless it has a high price attached, and that a cheap book for the masses renders the works of other reforms less valuable, belongs to the "old ideals" and false superstitions of the past.

And right here this same logic might well apply to a query of the author, on page 77. "And finally is it not human nature to value that but little which we can have for the simple asking, and to value even less what is forced upon us?" In the first place we should get out of the "force" plane and move into the realm of plain reason. To value but little that which we can so easily obtain, shows that we have not put the true price upon it; have not considered the worth of it so much as the mere possession, hence we must learn to discriminate between values for ourself only, as we can not choose for another.

I like what the author says of freedom. "I will not show you what you have a right to do, but what you should do in order to lead a happier and nobler life. . . . When I speak of freedom . . . I mean not only immunity from all legal interference, but what I would call far more important, emancipation from superstition and the resulting customs and false (love) ideals."

The aim of this book seems to be to make one think. It will not allow you to love the "old ideals" just because they are old! It stirs up all lazy brain vibrations, and brings the glimpse of the possible millennium, in a very practical progressive growth. Who of us are ready to grow out of our false love ideals?

**WHEN LOVE IS LIBERTY AND NATURE LAW.** By John Badcock, Jr. A remarkably clear, convincing work. Price 10 cents.



# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 7.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 17, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 646.

### Woman.

She walketh veiled and sleeping,  
For she knoweth not her power;  
She obeyeth but the peading;  
Of her heart and the high leading  
Of her soul, unto this hour.  
Now advancing, limping, creeping,  
Comes the Woman to the Hour!—  
She walketh veiled and sleeping  
For she knoweth not her power.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

Dwight L. Moody says that Paul's declaration that "Unto the pure all things are pure" does not apply in the discussion of the nude in art, because "Paul is speaking about a different thing altogether from that which now concerns us, and is laying down laws about the clean and unclean with respect to meats and drinks among the Jews." In other words, Mr. Moody, Paul was speaking of the senseless taboos of superstition, and that is just what you are talking about when you echo the ascetic denunciations of the nude. "Paul says that all these distinctions ceased in Christianity, and that all kinds of food might be considered as lawful and proper." Exactly, Sir; and all these distinctions which make one part of the human body pure and another impure ceased in rationalism, and now all parts of the body are equally "lawful and proper."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has for its director General di Cesnola, its curator, Dr. William H. Arnold, and its gatekeeper, D. W. Kellogg. All these gentlemen declare that no man in overalls can be admitted to view the art treasures in the museum. For seventeen years no man so branded with the badge of shame has been permitted within the sacred portals, asseverates General di Cesnola. "We would just as soon think of admitting a drunken man, or a man without a coat, or for that matter a man without his trousers." The fine discrimination of the Museum officials is shown in their lumping men in overalls and shirt-sleeves with drunken men. A workman in overalls is good enough to chisel the rough marble into a thing of beauty but he is not good enough to go into the Museum to see it after it has passed out of his care. "A poor woman with a shawl over her head" is barred, say the snobs in charge of the Museum of Art. "Suppose she were rich, with nothing on her head, or the shawl were from India?" asks the "Journal." Gatekeeper Kellogg's rules let in people who are "properly dressed," and of course Gatekeeper Kellogg can tell at a glance who are "properly dressed." He is infallible. (By the way, does the Metropolitan Museum of Art belong to all the people or only to Gatekeeper Kellogg's "properly dressed" folk?) A man without trousers is shut out, necessarily, but is a fashionable woman with only shoulder-straps for the upper part of her gown? Is it possible to have common sense exhibited in the management of public institutions?

"A naked, tipsy woman dancing in her shame," is the description given of Macmonnies' Bacchante by the "Literary World." Who is simple enough to believe that this was the artist's thought? How could a "tipsy woman" balance upon one foot in the attitude given the Bacchante, holding in one hand above her head a cluster of grapes and bearing on her other arm a heavy child? "Dancing in her shame" undoubtedly has reference to her nudity, and the expression will not prejudice against the statue any man or woman who can look on his or her own body without blushing. Moody, the evangelist, thus raves over the Bacchante:

Think of it! An intoxicated female, totally unclothed, standing on one foot, her head thrown back, a bunch of grapes in one hand and a new-born infant in the other! Consider the history of this courtesan; consider the character of the living model who posed for the statue; consider its position in a public place where the youth of both sexes are, in a certain sense, obliged to go to obtain books for reading and reference, and what shall we say? Do we parents want to encourage this thing by the examples in our own homes?

This is a beautiful example of "clerical mind"! What does Mr. Moody know of the "history of this courtesan"? How does he know that she is a courtesan? What does he know of the "character of the living model"? Who is his authority for the insinuation that she is aught but a virtuous woman, even from the point of view of his own narrow sect? Does he mean to have us understand that the mere fact of posing nude is sufficient to damn a woman, in his eyes? If he does—and he seems to—then all that can be said is that artists' models will do well to continue strangers to Mr. Moody.

Some weeks since, Captain Chapman of the New York police raided a dinner party at Sherry's, a very high-toned restaurant. It was done because the virtuous captain had information which led him to suppose that "Egypt" and other dancing women would give an "improper" exhibition for the delectation of the wealthy gentlemen who were partaking of the dinner. This raid has been the most talked-about event in Gothamite circles since its occurrence. Some of the gentlemen concerned preferred a complaint against Captain Chapman, and a long and "spicy" trial before one of the police commissioners followed. The newspapers were full of the nerve-tingling details. The austere "Sun," which hates the "new journalism," gave the fullest report, printing evidence that the "sensational" papers were too modest to admit to their columns, which makes us suspect that Dana is opposed to sensationalism only when it costs enterprise and money. As a matter of course, the raid has done more to make "lubricity" familiar to the people of the city and of the country at large than would ten thousand undisturbed Seeley dinners. The compulsory moralists always make a mess of their business. But through it all grows the power of the state. Now the grand jury has indicted Mr. Seeley and the other principals in the affair, the police of Brooklyn have followed the example of the official meddlers of New York, the other day raiding a dinner party, and the Metropolitan Board of Police Commissioners have



unanimously exonerated Captain Chapman. "Among policemen and others directly interested, the decision caused great interest. They regard the action of the commissioners as establishing a precedent by which police captains might assume much additional power. Under the decision of the commissioners, it was argued, a policeman could invade any place where he might suspect an offense against some one of the numerous laws of the city or state was being committed. The decision, it was claimed, would support the policemen in acting without warrants, and trusting solely to their own impulse or discretion." The commissioners, however, deny that any such precedent has been established. But their denial avails nothing. These gentlemen know more and consequently are more cautious than the ignorant subalterns of the force; or they may even be credited with sincerity in their disclaimer, and yet the denial be valueless. We know how the great mass of invasive statutes and procedure has accumulated; the process is a comparatively slow one but it is as sure as the remorseless march of time. Every new wrong to which the people submit weakens their resisting power, and toward the end they grow too slavish to even protest. Tyranny in its confidence becomes careless, and then —

In his New York "Sunday Journal" article, Dwight L. Moody quotes from the decision of Judge Phillips in the Harman case as follows:

"There is in the popular conception and heart such a thing as modesty. It was born in the Garden of Eden. After Adam and Eve ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge they passed from that condition of perfectibility, which some people nowadays aspire to, and, their eyes being opened, they discerned that there was both good and evil; and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." From that day to this civilized man has carried with him the sense of shame, the feeling that there were some things on which the eye, the mind, should not look; and where men and women become so depraved by the use, or so insensitive from perverted education, that they will not veil their eyes, nor hold their tongues, the government should perform the office for them in protection of the social compact and the body politic." [U. S. vs. Harman, 45 F. R. 423.]

One wonders what the thoughtful student of history, who in the twenty-fifth century may pore over the records of the nineteenth, will do with Judge Phillips. How will he classify this judge who, presumptively set for the defense of the citizen, prostitutes his position to the service of the exploded superstitions of the childhood of civilization? How will the future antiquarian label this judge who gravely argues for the censorship of art and literature on the ground that the eye and mind of man should not take cognizance of the fact that men and women are of different sexes? Much nonsense is uttered from the bench—we do not expect a great deal of profound wisdom from that quarter, but assuredly we should be spared the infliction of deliverances that rank intellectually with the homilies of a plantation exhorter. If our judges cannot keep clear of superstitions of the order of salt-spilling omens and left-hand-foot-of-rabbit charms we had better put in their places Sioux medicine men or African witch doctors. If we are to have primeval intellects in judicial high places let us be perfectly frank about it; let us honestly say that we are going to savagism for our judges. In his attempt to prove that the government has the right to compel us to veil our eyes and hold our tongues, when he thinks we should, Judge Phillips appeals for sanction to the Garden of Eden myth, the Tree of Knowledge legend, the fig-leaf folk story, whichever you choose to call it, that simple guess of early man as to the origin of evil in the world. Judge Phillips seems not to know that the whole yarn was long ago discredited, that the ablest intellects in the Christian church hold it as no more than a childish fable. Why don't he try to frighten us with the tales of Gulliver or the story of Jack and the Beanstalk? Finally, to reinforce these formidable foes of common sense, our antediluvian judge lugs in two more myths, "the social compact" and "the body politic." Who have entered into this "social compact"? If it be true that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," what becomes of the "social compact" for those who refuse to be governed in a way repugnant to them? When,

for example, did Moses Harman agree to a compact binding him to veil his eyes and hold his tongue at such times as Judge Phillips should think it proper for him to do so?

### A Defense of Divorce.

George Wilson, in Kansas City Journal.

Judge Henry, a fine specimen, and a well preserve one, of the old tyrant Bourbon Democracy, in his speech in the First Congregational church of Kansas City, said that the ease with which married people get divorces under the laws of this state is "infamous." For my part I cannot think of many things that are more infamous than for a man to compel a woman to have the relation of wife to him against her will. It is a curious case of the power of superstition over man that if there has been no marriage ceremony a mob will hang the man for so doing, but if there has been, the same act on his part is approved.

He delivered a panegyric on South Carolina, saying that she is the one state in the Union where no divorce has ever been granted. Why did he not add what he could learn from the Encyclopedia Britannica, if he does not know it—that she is the only state in the world whose laws provide how much of a man's estate his mistress shall get. Every state that has a law forbidding divorce needs an annex law of that kind, whether it has it or not.

The judge says that the divorce laws of this state conflict with the Divine law and are nurseries of infidelity and crime. Look at France in the long time that no divorce was allowed; and at England, where it is very hard to get a divorce. Is there any more infidelity here than there? If the literature of those countries and popular belief are any guide, it is the rule for every married man to keep a mistress.

The rule of the Mosiac law, repeated in the New Testament, and which is impregnable, according to Judge Henry, was that a man could put away his wife for adultery. But what about the woman, if her husband were similarly guilty and she innocent? Under the rule of the Jews, which Judge Henry thinks "divine," the woman had nothing to say and her husband did as he pleased with her and with other women. Judge Henry is immensely enamored of that jug handle arrangement. Ho-ho! But then we men are so weak.

### DIVORCES BY COLLUSION.

He is especially aggrieved that married people get divorces by collusion. Now, if neither one wants to live with the other, I can see no more natural and proper thing for them to do than separate. And I cannot see, for the world, how I have any right to force them to live together if they don't want to, nor how Judge Henry has, nor where all the rest of the people in the state have a right to force these two to live together. And the experience of France and England shows that it does not succeed. If they want a divorce by collusion they will commit adultery by collusion if refused a divorce. And the latter sort of agreement is, I am credibly informed, a very common proceeding in Europe, where divorces cannot be had. How much improvement is that on divorce by collusion?

One of the brightest women in the medical profession in America said to me: "I did not think I was doing right to bring a drunkard's children into the world, so I got a divorce and studied medicine to support myself and our one child." I know many another weaker woman who has gone on under the ideas that Judge Henry holds and brought a lot of children of an habitually drunken father into the world, who can scarcely be anything but a misfortune to themselves and to others.

I know a case of a young couple that, after they had a child, got a divorce by collusion, on account of the husband's drunkenness, and each married again. She took the child and another man married and loved her, and there is nothing that his large means can get for her and the child that he does not get if they want it. Both are as happy as people can be. The drunken father reformed and married another woman and has been a sober and happy man ever since. Instead of three miserable people, there are now five happy ones.

## THE INCREASE OF DIVORCE.

Does it never occur to Judge Henry why there are more divorces now than formerly? One cause is the changed economic conditions. A Chicago judge says that most of them grow out of "the bread and butter question." Another is that American women are learning to make their own living and so will not stand from their husbands what they formerly had to, because completely dependent. It is not right, it is not salutary for the race that when people have made a mistake they be not allowed a chance to correct it. No one has a right to compel a man and woman to live in unhappiness when they can find happiness. Judge Henry's logic would require a child that has wandered into a jail to spend the rest of its life in it.

Judge Henry is a sample of the Bourbon Democrats, the ruling spirit in the politics of this state, calling themselves Jeffersonian yet as far from the spirit of Jefferson as the East is from the West. Jefferson was the embodiment of the spirit of liberty. He said, give truth and error a fair field and no favor, and truth would win. These Bourbons continually forget that the makers of the state are greater than the state. The judge represents himself and somebody else who would fix a "sphere" for women and one for men, and keep each one in his and her own sphere. Didn't it smack a little of appropriateness in disciples of Jefferson and freedom to consult the women about fixing their sphere? Where does man get a right to fix her sphere and she have no right to fix his?

## MANHOOD OF MEN IS DECAYING.

In my opinion, this alarm over the fact that woman is becoming too self-assertive, too "new," too "masculine" means only one thing. It means that the manhood of the men is decaying. I believe that vice-drugs and vices are retarding the growth of the intellect of men, and that the women are actually gaining the advantage, progressing mentally out of proportion to the men. And the men who feel it want a curb put on the women. Let the men abandon their vice-drugs and vices.

Who has not seen a woman trying through years to get her husband to be man enough to keep sober? Who has not seen women taking their husbands out of saloons—the "weaker vessel" taking care of the stronger?

Judge Henry is better informed on what God wants done in this matter than I am. But I call his attention to Jean d'Arc, Isabella, Katherine of Russia, Elizabeth and Victoria as some of the "weaker vessels" who dodged Almighty fiat and did great works for the world.

Among our fathers in Northern Europe, as described by Tacitus, the state of morals was vastly better than among us. Yet it was only necessary for a woman to get witnesses and declare in three specific places that she was divorced and it was complete. It is not the divorcing that is the social ulcer; it is the conditions that make people unhappy in married life. Seek these out; remove their causes. While they exist, refusal of divorce is only like putting a piece of court plaster over a boil on a man's body; it may drive in what might better come out.

People having made a choice ought to be made to stick to it; "unless they have such grounds as wise legislation may prescribe." "Wise legislation"—heaven save the mark! Look in on the average lot "of simlin heads" making laws. Look at the "acts to repeal an act." If they are wise enough to cure the evil, why are they not wise enough to have prevented it? Or, rather, why were they not wise enough not to have caused it? Legislation has brought about the economic conditions that cause most of the divorces.

## JUDGE HENRY ARRAIGNED.

"I would not compel her to live with and treat such a man as her husband, but would separate them, giving time for repentance and reform." And where does "I" get the right to manage a private affair between the man and wife? Suppose they turn the tables and take hold of "I" and do what they please with him and his relations with his wife?

Judge Henry speaks of "one species of immorality that was rare fifty years ago." But it was not. The only difference was

that in this very state fifty years ago it was committed by husbands with slave women, and if Judge Henry does not know this, I do not know where he kept his eyes and ears in those days.

He says: "Since the Savior appeared on earth, in every land which Christianity has reached and obtained a footing the marriage relation has been held sacred and recognized by the law as such. While marriage originates in an agreement between the parties, which until executed is of no higher obligation than any other civil contract, yet, when the minister of the Gospel or other person authorized to perform the ceremony with their consent completes the engagement between the parties who have agreed upon a marriage it ceases to be a mere civil contract, which may be annulled at the pleasure of the parties, and becomes a solemn engagement, to be terminated only in the manner prescribed by the sovereign power of the state. . . . And it would be well if the lawmakers would heed the law of God," etc. If that is not a case of "reversion to an ancient type," the type of union between church and state, I cannot see very well. The people of this country have wisely concluded to stick to human law, for the excellent reason that it is impossible for them to agree as to what is "the law of God."

I venture the assertion that neither Judge Henry nor any other Democratic judge in this state can truly define "law." Voltaire says to disputants, "define your terms." Judge Henry has not the remotest idea of the origin and meaning of the word "God."

It is said that man grows old by the deposit of chalky substance in his tissues, and, whereas, they are "springy" in youth, they get less and less flexible in age. A state has its youth and grows old and becomes like a stiff old horse with chalk in his tissues. The enactment of "laws" that limit the natural rights of the individual are to the state what the chalk in the tissues of physical man is. They make it less and less possible for the individual to move, and thus old age comes over the state. What we need is proper economic conditions, natural freedom, and then everyone for himself and herself must at last "walk up to the captain's office and settle," and the captain is "the law of the survival of the fittest."

## NATURE THE PROPER RULE.

People who have sense enough to marry wisely and live together pleasantly will, other things being equal, leave more children of like natures than those who do not marry wisely and who lose much time in divorcing and remarrying. And it is much better to leave them with that natural advantage and that natural penalty. The best of life that I have ever seen was in an unorganized territory, where there was no law or courts. Everybody minded his own business; there was no interference with anyone's private affairs, and no taxes to pay for services that we did not need or want.

In his "History of American Banking," Gouge, in 1835, foretold the social decay and misfortunes that would be brought on this country, just as they have come, and added: "Instead of tracing its cause to some positive institution, the removal of which, while it might not immediately relieve, . . . would prevent . . . recurrence, men set themselves to heaping law upon law and institution upon institution. They in this resemble quacks, who apply lotions to the skin to cure diseases of the blood or digestive organs occasioned by intemperate living. These projects of relief and efforts at corrective legislation will be numberless in multitude and diversified in character; but as they will not proceed on the principle of 'removing the cause that the effect may cease,' they will ultimately increase the evils they are intended to cure."

Certainly there are few states in our Union where there has been more close, searching and tyrannical legislation, infringing on the natural rights of the individual, than by the Bourbon Democracy of this state—what we might call, in their own language, a lot of "projickin' simlin-heads." And the breath was not out of their mouth for cursing the tyranny of the Drake constitution before they began it.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Some of Chicago's Progressive Societies.

Lucifer Circle will meet fortnightly for awhile, beginning Tuesday eve, Feb. 16, at 1394 West Congress street.

Society of Anthropology meets every Sunday afternoon three o'clock, at Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Discusses Fundamental and Practical Problems of Human Life. Admission free.

Chicago Secular Union meets every Sunday evening, eight o'clock, same place. Devoted to keeping church and state separate, and to the work of making the most and best of this present life. Admission free.

Esoteric Extension Society meets at Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, once a month. The last meeting, Tuesday eve, the 9th of February, Dr. Xavier Sudduth spoke on "Thought Transference," or Telepathy. Admission 25 cents.

Chicago Vegetarian Society—central—meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Great Northern Hotel. Admission free. Several "branches" meet regularly in different parts of the city.

Church of the Soul—Spiritualistic—Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor, holds regular meetings every Sunday evening in Masonic Temple. A series of discourses were begun Feb. 7, on the "Lost Atlantis." Admission free. In forenoon, Sundays, same place, a Spiritual Sunday School is held.

## Banker vs Judge

A large share of space in this week's issue is given up to a stinging reply to a Missouri judge by a Missouri banker. A leading western paper, the Kansas City "Journal," Republican in politics, in a late issue gives prominence to the divorce question, calling it a "burning issue just at this time," and that "the legislature is being called upon to make and amend laws on the subject." Elsewhere in the same issue—Jan. 17—it is said that "Senator Young's divorce bill provides that the prosecuting attorney of the county shall cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses and shall in every way assist the court in determining whether a divorce should be granted."

"The bill allows each county attorney an extra assistant at one hundred dollars per month," and adds, "if this bill should become a law, and there is every reason to believe that it will, it will largely do away with men and women coming to Missouri

and bringing suit for divorce without the defendant ever knowing that there is trouble in the family."

Thus it would appear that the already enormously overburdened tax payers of Missouri will be compelled to pay in some bridleless young lawyer in each county a salary at least three times as great as he could earn at productive labor, simply to assist the county attorney in preventing people who would escape from marriage slavery, from obtaining freedom.

Is there a parallel between such legislation and the fugitive slave laws of fifty years ago?

Though the reply of George Wilson,—who is said to be "President of the Lafayette County bank, (Lexington, Mo.) and a leading citizen of Western Missouri,"—is a long one, it is hoped that no reader will fail to read it. The natural right of women and men to manage their own conjugal affairs without supervision by outsiders was scarcely ever better defended; surely not by one of the privileged classes.

The sub-heads in the article are those of the "Journal," not ours.

## Involuntary Servitude.

Among the very few influential dailies of this country whose editors have the manliness to protest against the encroachments upon individual liberty by our irresponsible and monarchical supreme court the "Cleveland Recorder" holds an honorable position. In its issue of Jan. 29 the "Recorder" has this to say:

"If the report from Washington is true, that the Supreme Court holds that in spite of the constitutional amendment against involuntary servitude, a contract to labor may be enforced against the laborer by bodily seizure and imprisonment, we may well wonder whether that amendment did indeed abolish slavery. As the decision in question was given in a sailor case, it may call for an amendment of our ancient maritime laws, rather than for renewed criticism of the enslaving tendencies of the Supreme Court. In either event, however, it calls for action of some kind. When a ship's crew, at this period of our country's history, may for striking work while on shore, be arrested, put in irons and carried to the ship for which they have refused to work, it is time for congress to overhaul either its own laws or the judge-made laws of the Supreme Court. The fact that Judge Harlan dissents from this decision of the court, indicates that once more that body has attempted to drive a nail into the coffin of individual liberty."

## The Curse of Legalism.

"Sociologic Lessons," by Henry M. Parkhurst, are suggestive and instructive, though not always in line with Lucifer's central thought. Number thirty of this series, found in this week's issue, treats of "Legal Tender." This lesson seems to postulate or assume that the citizens of this country and their government are two distinct entities. For if the government is not an entity distinct from and superior to the citizens, where does it get the right to make gold coins, or gold and silver coins, and the notes based on these coins, the only legal tender in the payment of debts? Is it because "the people," in their collective capacity, have given this right to the government? If so, where did the people in their collective capacity get this right? Do collective bodies possess rights that do not inhere in the units? If a particular Jones, Smith or Brown has no right to establish and enforce any particular coin as legal tender, how or where do any number of Joneses, Smiths and Browns get such right? Do citizen rights increase with numbers?

The theory seems to be that until organized under rules called a "government," a "state" or "nation," these Joneses et al, have no right to enforce "legal tender," but that in some mysterious way these paper rules—and the "oath" that is taken when a man begins the business of enforcing these rules—completely change the character of an act from wrong to right, from bad to good,—in a word, from invasion to government!

Remove the curse of legalism; take away the right to invade and rob by authority of paper rules called a government; put gold and silver, copper and nickel, iron, brass, tin, zinc, granite,



coal, clay,—and other natural products, wheat, corn, rye, apples; also manufactured products, houses, clothes, tools, etc., etc.,—put all these on a basis of *equality*, of equal freedom; let all commodities compete on equal terms for use as a basis of "currency" in making exchanges of wealth, and we will have removed one of the chief causes of poverty, crime and misery now so prevalent everywhere.

Then natural selection or the survival of the fittest will soon show what commodity is best adapted both as basis of currency and standard of value. If, under free competition, gold should be preferred as such standard, rather than wheat—"the staff of life," or an hour's work at productive labor,—the source of all acquired wealth,—then no one could complain of favoritism or partiality, and but few enormous fortunes could be built up at the expense of productive labor. Monopolies of all sorts would then dwindle and perish for lack of their right arm and right hand—LEGAL TENDER MONEY!

Much of the same reasoning applies to another law-protected monopoly—*marriage*, which means the exclusive right vested by law in man to own and control the "creatory," the sex-nature of woman. As gold is made the exclusive standard and basis of legal tender money—plus silver in limited quantities, so monogamic marriage—plus a limited quantity of concubinage or plurality, as in South Carolina and among the aristocracies of Europe ("morganatic" unions), is made the only legal tender, or standard and basis of morality or purity in the sex-relation of women and men; and this interference in the realm of sexology and sociology is quite as productive of evil as is the same interference in the realm of economics. Legal tender money, as the basis and chief factor of all economic villainies and inequities, robs men of their natural right to the earth; so likewise, legal tender marriage robs children of their natural right to be *born well*; and students of sociology and of biology are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the interference of legalism in the matter of populating the earth is quite as disastrous in results, quite as productive of pauperism, crime, vice, imbecility, insanity, etc., as is the interference of legalism in the matter of industrial economics and exchange of products—if not more so.

The right to be born well (if born at all) is the first and most important of all human rights. When this right is denied no adequate compensation, to the injured one, can possibly be made by a fair division of subsequent opportunities. Laws which compel woman to be the mother of unwelcome children, or that deprive her of the right, *at all times*, to choose the conditions and the co-operators necessary for doing her best work as race-builder, are more criminal than are those which would deny the right of the child to live, after it is born. From a high moral standpoint it may often be a greater wrong to give life than to destroy it.

Lucifer's cure for the curse of legalism—in economics and in reproduction of the race, is

#### FREE COMPETITION! NATURAL SELECTION!

Equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none. Then let the fittest survive. If, in freedom, gold is demonstrated to be the best standard of exchangeable values then the gold standard will be generally adopted, and those who prefer another standard can also be suited. If under free competition and comparison of results, the exclusive sex-union of two, a woman and a man, is proved to be the best for individual happiness and for the production and rearing of children then monogamy will certainly survive—and those who prefer other methods of association can also be suited; suited without resorting to falsehood, perjury, cruelty or murder to obtain their desires. As a result, poverty will cease; sexual prostitution—legal and illegal—will also cease. As poverty is the natural complement and necessary outcome of legalism in economic relations so sex-prostitution is the natural complement and necessary outcome of legalism in sex-relations.

In a recent discussion at the rooms of the Society of Anthro-

pology, in Chicago, the question was raised, "what to do with our defectives?" One speaker said if it were not for our unwise "charities" nature would soon wipe these defectives off the earth. Another speaker said if it were not for the unwise meddling of human law and custom nature would *not* have made these defectives, and hence there would have been no need of the wiping-off process, and no occasion for the so-called public and private charities to take care of defectives.

A fitting close for this article is in the words of Banker Wilson, printed elsewhere in this issue. Speaking of marriage and divorce he says:

"The best of life I have ever seen was in an unorganized territory, where there was no law or courts. Everybody minded his own business; there was no interference with anyone's private affairs, and no taxes to pay for services that we did not need or want."

This is equivalent to saying that Liberty with Responsibility for one's acts—the right to make mistakes and the right to learn from or profit by those mistakes, is all the law that is needed to make the human race as happy as the present imperfect development of natural conditions will allow.

#### The Other Side.

BY R. B. KERR.

[A few years ago, when Grant Allen published "The Woman Who Did," and "British Barbarians," a well known High Church London clergyman, the Rev. Theodore Stobling, of Mile End Church, was advertised to preach in confirmation of that author's theories. Lucifer sent a special correspondent, who reports the sermon as follows.]

Dearly beloved brethren. We are met today to discuss the doctrines of that notorious heretic who is known among the sons of Darkness as the Darwinian St. Paul.

It may be interesting to begin with an account of the personality of the man. In appearance he bears considerable resemblance both to Charles Darwin and to Alfred Russel Wallace, two of the most mischievous representatives of an unbelieving generation.

I also understand, dear brothers and sisters, that this man shares with these wicked men whom I have named the fame of a noble and stainless character. This is one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, who so often makes the faithful a bye-word for meanness, spite and uncharitableness, while he allows the Prince of Darkness to endow unbelieving men with every virtue, in order to make them a snare to believers.

And what, my friends, are the doctrines which this man is spreading like poison? They may be briefly summed up in this; that he is trying to make all the people in the world happy, when God has decreed that the great majority shall be miserable.

I wish today to deal particularly with his theories regarding sex; a subject of which I believe that many of you, my dear sisters, have never heard, and to which I shall try to allude with the utmost delicacy.

How logical this writer is, and how perfectly qualified his theories are to give happiness to the whole human race, you will see at once when I state his views.

In a word, my brothers and sisters, he wishes to introduce absolute individual liberty into sex relations.

The first result of such liberty would be to leave women free to refuse to bear children when not inclined to have them. This is a direct attack upon the teaching of Holy Writ, which prescribes the unlimited bearing of children as the penalty which women have to pay for their wicked participation with Eve in the sin of plucking the apple.

Not only would the pernicious theories of our author immensely increase the happiness of women by relieving them in many cases from bearing an unlimited number of children to a man they hate, but in another way it would add to the happiness of the race. It would diminish the number of children who are brought into a miserable life of poverty, sickness and hopelessness, in accordance with the will of Our Most Holy Lord, who has predestined the majority to everlasting misery.

It is not enough for our author to wish to alleviate the sufferings of married women and their children, but he aspires, forsooth, to add to the pleasures of unmarried women. We rejoice that one of the triumphs of God's working in the world is the evolution in modern times of our dear sister, the virgin spinster. How beautiful to view the development of her life, and to see the gradual fading of the eye and the dying out of all earthly passion! How good that so many of our dear sisters should be left free to sing a hymn of perpetual praise to the beneficence of the Creator, instead of being troubled with the cares of the world, and the lusts of the flesh!

In order, my dear sisters, that you may know how many of you are chosen for this blessed lot, I will quote the statistics of one city, the city of Edinburgh, at last census. Edinburgh had 142,000 women and 119,000 men. From this it is clear that at least 23,000 women in Edinburgh can never be married. But the number of male births exceeds the number of female births, and therefore it is probable that among the young there is a majority of males, the feminine surplus being made up among the adults alone. Moreover, many men will not marry, and many emigrate, leaving their women behind. It is therefore very safe to assume that the number of celibate women is double what the census indicates, and is really something like 46,000 out of 142,000. Think of that, my dear sisters; think that thirty-two out of every hundred of you will be freed from the desires of the flesh, and be able to lead a spiritual life. Moreover, if we reckon the proportion of the remaining 68 per cent. who will make unhappy marriages, or be crushed by unwilling motherhood, you will see what glorious opportunities you will have of becoming perfect through suffering.

My friends, what does this false guide propose to do for our dear sister, the virgin spinster? He proposes to turn away her mind from the things of God, and to fix it on the pleasures of this world. He wishes to free her from the contempt and loneliness which are so often her lot, and to introduce her to all the intellectual, emotional, magnetic and physical pleasures of unrestricted intercourse with such men as she may happen to love and esteem. He does not wish her to suffer any more from those nervous troubles which draw her so near to her Maker. He believes that the early fading of feminine charms is unnatural, and due to listlessness and loss of hope, or to undesired motherhood; and he wishes to see the eye of the woman of forty sparkle as brightly as that of the woman of twenty, and practice till far on in life the wicked witchery which is associated with sex.

Once more my brothers and sisters, this man wishes to relieve the dullness, the hatred, and the despair which so often characterize domestic life, by allowing perfectly free association between persons of opposite sex according to their inclinations. Some will say that the majority do not care for freedom and variety, because their thoughts are bound up in one object. But, my brothers and sisters, how contrary that would be to all our experience of life! However much we love our native heath, do we not all enjoy new scenes? Although the climate in which we live may suit us better than any other, yet our physician prescribes change of air from time to time. Is not variety of occupation stimulating to the mind and the body? Do we not all love change of diet? Does any man refuse to eat cherries because he has already pledged his affections to strawberries and cream? And is it to be supposed that there is one department of life where the rules which govern all the rest do not prevail?

My friends, it is only too true that variety of sexual pleasures is delightful to the souls of men and women. It is natural to most of us to love one man or woman more than others; but only the veriest Philistine can live in a world full of these soft, charming creatures we call women, and be dead to the fascination of all but one of them. To associate with a new type of mind, to exchange new ideas, to admire in a new form those beauties and graces with which the Prince of Darkness has cunningly endowed nearly all human beings who lead a natural life, to feel the magnetic influence of a new nature,

surely, my friends, these things are delightful to all men and women who are not self-deceived.

Dear brothers and sisters, it is necessary that I should leave this subject, for I confess that my natural and impure heart leaps with delight at the very thought of the pleasures which I have described.

My friends, be not deceived. If the theories of this nefarious author are realized, this vale of tears which we call the world will be changed into an Earthly Paradise, another Garden of Eden. In such a state of existence, who would stop to reflect on the joys of the Paradise above, and the goodness of his Maker? Turn ye, turn ye, my friends, from the teachings of the Evil One, lest haply ye be consumed, and perish in the flame.

### Temperamental Harmony.

BY JESSE H. JONES.

One of the very difficult things to do in this world is to convey into the human mind a new thought. All of us in the field of reform, whatever phase of reform we advocate, experience the same difficulty. Hence I say to the readers of *Lucifer*, kindly turn as favorable a mind as you can toward what I say, for I am undertaking this very difficult task.

Whatever our power of will may be there are some things beyond that power. For instance, a man and a woman may marry, but it is not within the power of man to make some marriages happy. There are discords in human nature which no human striving or suffering can turn into concord. It is better to avoid these discords than to bear them, or to break asunder the marriage relation out of which they arise.

There are some desolations that no medicament can cure. One is when all or all but one of the children in a family die, and die because they are of too feeble vitality to live. Another is when children are born and live that never should have been born, the two parents are so unfitted to be parents together, and yet might have been well fitted for other partners. And there is much more, but these will suffice for illustration.

Now the secret of life which is the secret of love has been discovered. Prof. Wm. Byrd Powell made the discovery, and there is no more important knowledge to be communicated to mankind in the domain of our bodily life than this secret. There is a reason, a deep reason in the very substance and structure of the vitality itself, why some men and women separate from all others and love each other for life; and why these persons do not have and could not have any love for some other persons. This deep reason it is of great importance for every body to know. It is precious, sacred knowledge, and whoever has it has what cannot be measured by gold.

This knowledge is not the only knowledge worth having. It is not to take the place of other knowledge, but in its own place it is invaluable. If there are any who think that I imagine that the possession and practice of this knowledge would cure all the evils of human life, then I have failed to express myself adequately. But that the possession and practice of such knowledge would do a good which nothing else can take the place of, this is to me a verified fact.

Let me try to indicate the place of this knowledge in the sphere of life. There are relations in life, and there are actions under those relations. Thus it is the common form of speech to say "the marriage relation." Then there are right conduct and wrong conduct under that relation. Now *Lucifer* is, I think, dealing chiefly with conduct, and is teaching what it deems right conduct in the marriage relation. But the basis on which to establish that relation wisely and well, so that the two parties in it shall be happy together and shall fulfil the marriage function well, is a matter of far more importance than right conduct in that relation; yet it is not taught, and its value is not realized. The matter is thought of as the queer, curious notion of some quirky people, when it is fundamental to all improvement of mankind in the world. The bringing together of the right man and the right woman in each marriage, is of the highest importance, and the making familiar

throughout the community the principles and laws upon which the right selection is made is of priceless value. But if anybody supposes that the plan of action I would have adopted would be to establish a method that would pair off people under the charge of some supervisor of marriage, so that they would be sorted out and set together as a phrenologist might read them off, then allow me to say, I have no such idea at all. On the contrary what I desire to teach would only deepen the sense of the importance of true love, and enable people more accurately to ascertain for themselves whether a given person would be likely to maintain lifelong affection and permanent faithfulness or not.

And I would close with these words: In their sphere the teachings of Wm. Byrd Powell concerning temperamental adaptation in marriage are not second in importance and value for the welfare of mankind to those of any person this country ever produced; and I urge every reader of *Lucifer* to become acquainted with them.

## COMMENT.

*Lucifer* does not regard temperamentology as the "queer, curious notion of some quirky people," but it does think that something else is more important to human happiness and to race improvement than a technical knowledge of temperaments would give. So many things are involved in this problem that probably only a small minority of people could ever be experts in the science—if science it can be called, and before a genuine sex passion all other considerations are but chaff and stubble before flames driven by a high wind. A far better teacher of what is right and proper in mating for health and happiness and for offspring is the unconscious or subconscious intelligence called "love,"—the attractive force sometimes termed sex-magnetism. Were this force unperverted or uneducated in the anti-natural codes of artificial human society it is believed not many serious mistakes would be made in the matter of temperaments.

Add to this, as a primary condition, freedom of natural selection, the right to choose and to correct one's mistakes of choice, without appealing to a divorce court, with its publicity, its expense and its delays, and we would have better reason to hope for personal happiness of parents and for superior endowment of offspring than from any education that a College of Temperamentology could bestow without such freedom of the affections, and without the right to correct one's mistakes by a new adjustment, or by new adjustments.

Study the temperaments by all means, but let the unperverted and untrammelled impulses of nature be the chief guide in a matter so important as race reproduction. M. H.

## Sociologic Lesson. No XXX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**LEGAL TENDER.** In order that a coin shall exchange owners, it becomes necessary that the parties shall agree upon its weight. This cannot be exactly determined by weighing it, unless it is known how much alloy it contains. The gold coined by the government contains a known amount of pure gold. The unit has a specific name given to it, in this country being called a dollar. This is a legal tender in the payment of debts simply because when a man promises to pay "dollars" it can only mean what the government of the country has designated as dollars. If a man promises to pay anything else than dollars, to tender these coins would not be a payment of the debt. There is no obligation upon anyone to receive them for work or for property; that is merely a matter of general convenience; and the price of the work or of the property is set so as to cover the estimated value of the dollars. When debts are incurred the amount also depends upon their estimated value.

It has been found more convenient, instead of exchanging dollars, to exchange promises to pay dollars, for which the dollars could be obtained at any time by the holder of the promises to pay. The only way to enforce the payment of a debt is by the aid of the government; and the government has declared that it will not consider as dollars canceling a debt, any other

dollars than those which it has coined and knows the weight of and has declared legal tender; and in the second place that it will not oblige the debtor to exchange the notes for the coins, but will consider a debt canceled when notes are tendered for which the government will pay the dollars on presentation. That is all there is of the legal tender notes, that the payment of them will be considered by the government as a sufficient reason for not enforcing the payment of the promised coin.

Any laws or legal decisions inconsistent with this, are either unjust or else relate to branches not yet reached.

## IMELDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Frank! You? Where did you come from?" turning to the dark form that in the darkness had stepped to her side. The old reckless laugh rang upon the still night air:

"Not afraid of me, sister mine, are you? I have come from somewhere out of the darkness surrounding us, but I am not dangerous. I have never yet done anything worse than steal when I was hungry; but as that happens on an average about twice, sometimes thrice a day I have that unpleasant duty rather often to perform. But what is a fellow to do? The world owes me a living, you know, and exerting myself to the extent of taking something wherever I can place my hand upon it is about as much work as I care to do."

"Say sis," he went on in his reckless manner, to the horror-struck girl, "you couldn't give a fellow a little spending money—now could you? You are in a pretty feathered nest here, you must admit. I always knew and always said such saintly goodness and such heavenly beauty must have their reward. I knew too you were not quite so innocent as you would have us believe. Say, now, honor bright, how much is this most honored brother-in-law of mine worth? To judge from the appearance of yonder noble mansion and these surrounding grounds, he must command more than a few thousands, and as I would like to put in an appearance at your next grand entertainment a few hundred would not come amiss. You would not like to be ashamed of me, eh?"

Almost paralyzed with horror Imelda listened. Was this man, who was scarcely more than a boy, her brother? Oh, shame, shame! Her brother, born of the same mother! She understood. He thought she was married and he asked her for some of that supposed husband's money. Was it possible that the man sleeping in his far away western grave was the father of them both?

"Well, 'Melda, can't you give a fellow an answer? I am waiting patiently. Gad, but you have managed nicely. It seems I struck it handsome when the brakesman found me snuggled away in a freight car, the other night, and insisted that my room at that particular place was more welcome than my presence. Think I shall remain here, instead of playing tramp any longer. It will certainly be a change. Only I suppose I can't present myself in my present plight at the front door of my illustrious brother-in-law's mansion. So, sis, you will have to fork over some of the shiners so's I can make the desired change."

"Frank!" now broke in Imelda's horror-struck voice. "Frank! Will you stop? How dare you think any of all the terrible things you have been saying? You seem to take it for granted because you find me here in the grounds of a handsome home that it is my own. I am not married, as you seem to think, but am only a servant in the house you see yonder. So you see all your talk about a rich brother-in-law is the veriest nonsense, and the sooner you leave here and find yourself some honest work to do the better it will be for you."

"Look here, Melda," he cried, catching her roughly by the arm, "you can't come any such chaff over me! I want money! I know you have it, and I swear you are going to give it to me." Imelda felt the blood in her veins turning to ice, not from fear,



## 646.

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but from the horror that her brother had come to a level such as this.

"Let go of my arm," she said in a calm, even voice. "Have you ever known me to speak a falsehood? I have no money, and what is more, if I had I should not give you a cent. You know me well enough of old to know that I never say what I do not mean; so I repeat, let go of my arm and leave these premises as quickly as possible. Until the time that you can prove yourself a *man* I forbid you ever to speak to me again. Go to the home of our childhood and at the graves of those to whom you owe your being, make the resolution that you will be a son worthy of your father, and if you can then keep that resolution a time may come in the future that you may again call me sister. Now for the last time, go,"—saying which she brushed his hand from her arm and turning walked quickly away.

She had not proceeded a dozen steps when she ran into the arms of someone standing there in the darkness. A cry broke from her lips. She was almost overcome with terror. Were the grounds infested tonight? Her heart throbbed with such force it seemed she would suffocate. She could not utter a sound. Who was it? She only heard a heavy breathing and on trying to extricate her hands they were held the tighter.

"Don't fear," spoke a voice which sent a new thrill of fear to her heart, for it was the voice of Lawrence Westcott!

"Don't fear, you are quite safe. I have heard the greater part of what transpired a few steps from here, and I will walk with you to the house."

Imelda was too weak to protest much against this offer. She shivered as he drew her arm through his and led her silently to the house, but in spite of her terror and repugnance at his touch she could not but notice that he treated her with profound respect. He led her to the entrance, opened the door and held it for her to pass through.

Without a single word she left him. Scarcely able to keep on her feet she dragged herself up the broad stairway to her room; then without removing any of her clothing, she sank upon the bed whereon she lay long hours without moving so much as a finger. As the morning dawn stole through the windows she rose and disrobed, a storm of sobs shaking the slender figure while tears bedewed her pillow.

On the following day, and on many following days it was difficult to say which of the two, Alice or Imelda, was the paler; the mere listless; whether in the depths of the blue or brown eyes lay hidden the keenest pain.

Norman came and went. He saw the change in the girl he loved but could not fathom the cause. He asked if she were sick; a shake of the head was the only answer. It was all she could do to restrain the tears in his presence. It would have been a luxury to sob her unhappy story out upon his breast, but shame sealed her lips. So she bore her sorrow as best she could, and in time its keen edge wore off. Frank seemed to have disappeared as suddenly and completely as he did once before. Now and then, as the memory of that evening more vividly rose before her mind's eye, she would whisper to herself,

"O father! my ever dear father! how thankful I am you did not live to realize all this. How thankful that your proud head has not been bowed with the shame such knowledge would have brought you,"—and as these thoughts seemed to give new strength her own head would be uplifted, while a look of pride could be read in that high-bred face.

[To be continued.]

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WHOLE No. 647.

### Warning.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRETT.

Uncrown while ye may, ye rulers and kings;  
Hide your heads from the wrath to be;  
Time hath in store for ye bitter things!

Hear ye the echo of pain as it rings?

'Tis the voice of those who will yet be free.  
Uncrown while ye may, ye rulers and kings!

They endure your laughter, your taunts and stings;  
But be not loud in your jubilee;  
Time hath in store for ye bitter things.

Revenge cometh near; and the word of her wings  
Is heard in the air as the sound of the sea.

Uncrown while ye may, ye rulers and kings!

Forward and backward the pendulum swings.

But its strokes are shortened degree by degree;  
Time hath in store for ye bitter things.

When man his servitude from him flings,

And grasps his sword, will ye think to flee?

Uncrown while ye may, ye rulers and kings!  
Time hath in store for ye bitter things.

### The Money Value of a Wife.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Again has a New York jury awarded to Frederick L. Colwell the sum of \$50,000 as damages for the "alienation of his wife's affections" by Dr. Charles A. Tinker. I have before commented on this case, without mention of the names of the principals. It now becomes necessary to pillory the hypocrite, Colwell. Referring to the triumph he has twice won, this model husband says:

I wish the vic'ory had another champion, but, since it was written that I should suffer, it is well, perhaps, to rejoice that I have had the courage to go through this horrible trial. I have defended the home against the most insidious form of perversity by which it may be attacked and ruined.

What a self-sacrificing hero! Yet how great would have been Mr. Colwell's "courage" if he had been certain in the beginning that he would get the verdict in "defense of the home" but that the damages would be only one cent? Now let him demonstrate that his present unctuous talk is something more than mere gush for the entertainment of the groundlings. Moralists of this school are fond of asserting that the home has other valiant defenders; they tell us that the prostitute guards the home by the sacrifice of her health and happiness, by the giving up of life itself. Surely, such a sacrifice is as much deserving of reward as is the magnificent "courage" of Mr. Colwell in going "through this horrible trial" in pursuit of \$50,000. Let him show his appreciation of the heroism of his comrades of the Legion of Home Defenders. Let him hand over that \$50,000 for the building of a Refuge for disabled prostitutes. Or he might use it in furthering legislation to protect these unfortunate women against the cruel persecutions of the police.

No doubt Mr. Colwell is the hero he modestly says he is; no doubt he has ever scrupulously refrained from actions that would in the slightest degree smirch the unsullied purity of the home. But he talks like a sneak. Listen to some more of his Uriah Heep oratory:

I am sorry for Mrs. Colwell, but she has this consolation, if she will only heed it, that the amount of damages awarded by the jury, being the full amount that I claimed, relieves her of a share of the blame which properly belongs to the man who caused her fall while he was in the possession of our absolute confidence. What a 'ee-oh!

The dear, good man! But why does he not give his sympathy a concrete form by dividing the loot with Mrs. Colwell who is relieved, as he says, of a share of the blame attaching to Dr. Tinker, by his (Colwell's) successful foray? But Colwell's logic is as remarkable as his unctuousness. According to his reasoning, a woman whose husband has sued another man for the alienation of her affections is partly vindicated if the jury gives the plaintiff the full amount he claims; that is, if the jury declares its belief that the wife has been guilty of the offense charged. Then, if the jury should refuse to give the husband anything, which refusal callow lawyers and judges construe into a verdict of "not guilty," the poor wife may consider herself branded "adulteress" without any mitigation of sentence, without relief from any "share of the blame"! But let us not be too hasty in sneering Colwell's logic out of court. He is not wholly wrong; his mistake was in saying that the verdict relieved Mrs. Colwell of no more than "a share" of the blame. It relieved her of *all* the blame, or else the verdict was a crime against Dr. Tinker. If Mrs. Colwell was a piece of property owned in fee simple by her husband, the verdict is just. But if she is a responsible person, an individual capable of choosing and rejecting, then she is either morally under obligation to pay half the damages assessed against Dr. Tinker or neither should pay a cent. They who say that she should pay nothing and the doctor should pay all, insult her; they in effect declare that she is a piece of property without brains or initiative of her own. They who say that both should pay, because Mrs. Colwell and Dr. Tinker have conspired to break a contract which she had made with her husband, in effect declare that the institution of slavery remains and must remain forever a part of the social machinery, for if the husband does not commit an offense against the marriage law which will enable his wife to get a divorce and if he refuses to voluntarily release her from the contract for exclusive sexual association, she must remain his slave to the end of her or his life. And *vice versa*. Such a conception of the so-called sexual contract is repugnant to justice as understood and interpreted by the best jurists.

Your great man always at last sees something the public don't see. This something he will assuredly persist in asserting, whether with tongue or pencil, to be as *he* sees it, not as *they* see it; and all the world in a heap on the other side will not get him to say otherwise. Then, if the world objects to the saying, he may happen to get stoned or burned for it, but that does not in the least matter to him; if the world has no particular objection to the saying, he may get leave to utter it to himself till he dies, and be merely taken for an idiot; that, also, does not matter to him. Matter he will according to what he perceives to be fact, and not at all according to the roaring of Red Sea on the right hand or left of him.—*Ruskin*.

## Freedom of Choice, the Foundation Principle.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

DEAR LILLIAN HARMAN: I am receiving *Loeffler* regularly and read it with pride and pleasure. When I have finished reading I hand them around to neighbors. I am a tyro in this line of work and thought, and there are several points that I do not fully understand as yet, and would like to get some information that is more explicit relative to sexual knowledge.

Now in regard to "Motherhood in Freedom." Does this mean that any woman who is living with a man can choose any other man for the purpose of procreation as she sees fit?

What is to be understood by complex paternity and how is this accomplished? . . .

CARRIE L., Oregon.

The idea elucidated in "Motherhood in Freedom" is that a woman should be free to choose the best conditions available when she wishes to become a mother. This includes her right to choose a man other than her husband if she considers that other man better fitted mentally and physically for fatherhood.

Such choice is necessarily conditional on the willingness of the man she prefers. For instance, a woman may live with and love a man who is consumptive or scrofulous, and thereby unfitted for fatherhood. She may be physically able to bear, and both may intensely desire a child. Now conventional morality would say that she must bear a child by her husband or remain childless as long as he shall live. We hold, on the contrary, that to bring a child into life with such a heritage of impaired vitality would be an act of injustice to it, while to deny her right to become the mother of a happy, healthy child is a cruel deprivation to her.

Now suppose that she loves another man, one who is physically sound. Yet her love for her husband renders it impossible for her to leave him. If those immediately concerned desire the child to inherit the health and strength of the man in normal health, by what right can "society" object?

This is but one of millions of possible cases. The idea is that the persons most nearly affected can take all the factors into consideration more fully than can any mere theorizer, and therefore the decision should rest with them. Also, that as the woman has the most at stake, she should cast the deciding vote.

In short, the author does not mean to dictate what a woman must do when she assumes "motherhood in freedom." On the contrary, he advocates the removal of artificial restrictions and advises her to think for herself, to decide on that course of action which she feels will tend toward the highest development of herself and therefore of her child.

"Complex paternity" means, as I understand it, that a prospective mother may properly associate as unrestrainedly and innocently with those of the opposite sex as with her sisters, and with just as much freedom from fear of a possible approach to a conventional "danger line." It has been said in criticism of "Motherhood in Freedom" that "complex" maternity is just as possible as complex paternity; that a woman can obtain from other women and from good books, paintings and statuary, as much help as she can from the society of men. Whether she can or can not is not a question for the author, or for the critic, or for myself to decide. The woman concerned is the one to settle that question for herself, and for no one else. Our self-imposed task is to help, even though ever so little, to mould public opinion so that a woman may as freely choose her associates among the male as among the female sex; so that she may as innocently consult a man as a book; and we hope that soon the day will dawn when the prudency now existing in the public mind will have vanished, and that people will no longer even "wonder" what degree of friendship exists between any man and woman.

Nothing is secure but life, transition the energizing spirit. No love can be bound by oath or covenant to secure it against a higher love. No truth so sublime but it may be trivial tomorrow in the light of new thoughts. People wish to be settled; only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.—Emerson.

## Another Outrage.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Yesterday (Feb. 5) "Anthony Comstock, Superintendent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and dry nurse of New York's morals," says the "Journal," "raided Henry R. Prowell's book store. For twenty-six years Prowell, an old man, has kept this little shop at 84 Park Row." He deals in old and new books. Comstock has visited the shop several times recently. Yesterday he purchased a book and then went immediately to the Center street police court and got a warrant for Prowell's arrest. With a policeman and an agent of his vicious society Comstock returned to the shop at 7 P. M. Prowell was taken away by the policeman, while Comstock and his subaltern locked up the shop, with themselves inside, and proceeded to appropriate what they wanted.

The "Journal" continues its satirical account: "They began to search the counters and the shelves, to learn just how much vice there was to suppress. They found a number of copies of a book called *Tessie's Temptation*, which, doubtless, would be dangerous to very young shop girls with weak minds. They also found some works of one Rabelais, that scholars have studied for many years, but that are particularly objectionable to Comstock. They found, too, a book called the *Decameron*, written, adapted, and edited by a certain Boccaccio, now deceased. This *Decameron* is full of stories of love and gallantry, and, therefore, should be suppressed.

"In all, Mr. Comstock and his agent collected about 250 books that would simply demoralize Park Row. They packed the books in two big cases, which they sealed. For the books were taken in a push cart to the Oak street station house. If the cases had not been sealed the police reserves there might have sat up all night reading Rabelais or the *Decameron*, and so have ruined their chances of promotion with Commissioners Roosevelt and Andrews."

It will be seen that most of the books stolen are classics. They have been displayed on the shelves and in the windows of the shop for years; no attempt has been made to hide them. Yet Comstock will weigh his booty and add it to the "tons" of "obscene" matter he has in the collection of which he boasts so much. It has often been asked, By what authority does Comstock seize as obscene books and pictures which neither judge nor jury has officially declared to be obscene? The answer is, By the authority of his own sweet will and the stupidity and cowardice of the people of this country. Comstock is accuser, judge and jury. This is not said to indicate my belief that a judge or jury has a particle more right than Comstock has to condemn and confiscate the books and pictures of other people for I well know that they have no such right; but I call attention to the vice agent's high-handed proceedings because he and his supporters profess to be sticklers for the letter of the law, and to hate "anarchy" with a deadly hatred. In fact, however, the law is for Comstock merely a convenient shelter under which he can gratify without danger to his precious person his invasive and predatory instincts.

## Reformers in a Mix.

Parkhurst, Comstock, Charlotte Smith.  
Reformation seems a myth  
When you wrangle overmuch  
Over legacies and such,  
Splitting hairs and talking creed  
While the backs of children bleed;  
While you cavil, carp and cant  
Women sin or die of want.  
No'er a "nude" must be displayed—  
Raise a mighty hue and cry—  
Crush the vicious cycle maid—  
Let the children die,  
Carp and cavil all day long—  
Children steal and girls go wrong—  
Children who have never heard  
Of the "nude in art" a word,  
Girls who never saw a wheel  
Sin to buy a decent meal—  
Reformation seems a myth.  
Parkhurst, Comstock, Charlotte Smith.  
New York "World," Jan. 31, 1897.



## Law Enforced Irresponsibility.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Commenting on an article entitled "The Growth of the French Canadian Race in America," by Prof. Davidson, in the "Annals of the American Academy," the "Review of Reviews" says: "The good French Canadian Catholic would, of course, shrink with horror from such an unnatural crime as limiting his family before birth; but as the figures prove, he and his religion see nothing repugnant either to God or man in allowing the surplus unwanted children to die after they are born."

The President of the Conseil d'Hygiene of the Province of Quebec, writing to Mr. Davidson of the causes of the infant mortality says: "For one, the first cause of the heavy infant mortality among the French Canadians is their very heavy natality, each family being composed of an average of twelve children, and instances of families of fifteen, eighteen, and even twenty-four children being not uncommon. The superabundance of children renders, I think, parents less careful about them. . . . In a word, I think that want of proper care in every way is the principal cause of this heavy infant mortality."

This is merely a glaring illustration of the failure of injected "morality." Church and state unite in the attempt to keep men and women ignorant of their sexual functions and needs. They succeed; but the ignorance which bred the child in dull indifference to adverse conditions can not all in a moment, at the birth of the infant, become wisdom, enabling the parents to rear it in health and strength despite such conditions of poverty and incessant increase of the family. The State makes prevention of conception a crime, the Church declares it a sin. Both unite in enforcing the submission of woman to her husband. "The Lord giveth," is a dictum which has for its inevitable corollary, "The Lord hath taken away." Why, then, accuse the parents of neglect?

Self-love is not so vile a thing  
As self-neglecting.—*Shakespeare.*

## The One Unassailable Argument.

BY HENRY E. ALLEN.

There is one argument that stands like adamant before all the attacks of ignorance and superstition. It cannot be—it never has been refuted. It is this:

Every couple living continuously together as man and wife for ten years, more or less, will find at the end of this time that the sexual vigor of one or both will be impaired or destroyed.

If it be true that the continuous and exclusive association of two persons under our present marriage system will eventually undermine sexual vigor it is certainly an important fact, for it is well known that the impairment of sexual vigor means a long step toward the grave. This fact alone should be considered of sufficient importance for the revision of every creed in Christendom,—for the repeal of every law against the diffusion of knowledge.

Every reader of these words can readily verify this fact in his own acquaintance. It is a fact no well-informed physician will dare deny. Think of the gall and effrontery it requires to claim for our present marriage system *divine origin*, and that the principles for which Moses Harman has been battling for more than a quarter of a century—woman's sexual and economic freedom—are not best for the happiness and well-being of the race!

The world is full of dense ignorance, but it seems actually impenetrable in matters pertaining to sexual science.

To me direct legislation furnishes the only star of hope in the murky political sky for the repeal of present unreasonable laws which enforce ignorance on these vital questions. Even agitation is impossible so long as a few bigots stand guard at the door of every American home in the interest of the under-aker. Without direct legislation our so-called free press will

soon be about as much of a reality as the prosperity of Marcus Aurelius Hanna. Isn't it in fact but a shadow now? Let us all pray that Loud may soon ascend to glory,—wouldn't that be glorious?

For let a man once show the world that he feels  
Afraid of its bark, 'twill fly at his heels;  
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,  
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.  
—*Owen Meredith.*

## Sociologic Lesson. No XXXI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

FIAT MONEY. The facility with which business transactions can be carried on with notes, has led sometimes to the compulsory use of notes as fiat money, with the authority of the government, and sometimes to the demand that fiat money shall replace our whole system of money. A man voluntarily accepts a note instead of coin, when he knows that he can at will obtain the coin for it, and that in the meantime it will be more convenient for him to use the note. It is lighter to carry, more readily counted, less liable to be accidentally lost. If the government forces a man to whom gold has been promised, to receive fiat notes in payment, he is defrauded. He has permission from the government to defraud in the same way those whom he owes; but the man who has been saving and owes little, even if a cheat, cannot balance the account in that way. All that is left for him to do is to use the notes in the purchase of other articles, or in payment for services. Here the government cannot help him. The man who owns the articles which he wishes to purchase can fix his own price; the workman can fix his own price for his labor; and the necessary result is that prices will rise in proportion to the danger that the notes will never be redeemed. As in the case of the Continental currency and the Confederate currency, at last there is a total loss.

Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—*Colton.*

Frances Willard tells us that when Emma Willard started her school in Vermont, two generations ago, "the wives of good deacons and other folk who were supposed to know" would not listen to examinations on physiology. They thought it was "not womanly" to know anything of the bones and organs of their bodies, nor would they permit their daughters to study physiology. Miss Willard truly says: "The good women were not gifted with the scientific mind; but the world will some day have that kind of a mind so generally diffused that any subject whatever, if dealt with in terms of science, can be spoken and written about; for it is doubtless a principle that nothing that is fit to be done is unfit to be spoken of, if the terms used are scientific." If this is true—as it unquestionably is—what verdict will the scientific mind of the world, in that future day, pass upon the action of a court which could sentence a man to imprisonment for denouncing rape, in "scientific terms"? If "nothing that is fit to be done is unfit to be spoken of," why was it considered fit for a man to outrage his wife, but unfit for that fact to be mentioned in a paper? Had that crime been perpetrated by the man on a woman not his wife, he would have been lynched. But as the woman was his wife the editor who published the denunciation was sentenced to imprisonment, while the husband was unmolested. Yet it is claimed that "marriage protects woman." L. H.

There is no virtue which is final; all are initial. The virtues of society are vices of the saint. The terror of reform is the discovery that we must cast away one virtue, of what we have always esteemed such, into the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices.—*Emerson.*

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 24, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 267, and C. E. 1897?"  
 Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Babel in 400. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"Lucifer! The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name *Lucifer* means *LIGHT-BEARING* or *LIGHT-BRINGING* and the paper has adopted this name stands  
 For Light against Darkness—  
 For Reason against Superstition;  
 For Science against Tradition—  
 For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
 For Liberty against Slavery—  
 For Justice against Privilege.

*Lucifer*'s speciality is *Sociology*, or *Sociological Science*, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, with character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to *Moses Harman*, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of *Lucifer*, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers.

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, March 2.

CLARENCE S. DARROW delivered the address before the Chicago Secular Union, on Sunday evening the 14th, at Com-mandery Hall, Masonic Temple. His lecture was entitled "Ruhayyat," suggested by an old Persian poem by an ancient Agnostic. The announcement that Mr. Darrow would speak called out a large audience that listened with marked attention while the orator read in an easy conversational tone what he himself considers the best effort of his life. The Secular Union meets every Sunday evening in the Masonic Temple.

## Objections to the New Form.

While the change of *Lucifer's* form from the folio to the quarto meets general approval a few of our old and helpful friends object in words like these:

"If I could have been consulted in time," says one, "I would have said, 'No.' The best use *Lucifer* can be put to is not to file it away for binding but keep it going. Let each subscriber send it or lend it to a friend and thus help to educate the masses towards a higher and better plane of morality."

Another says, "Any change is bad. People want to see that which they are accustomed to seeing."

In regard to the first objection it is respectfully replied that both ends can easily be practicalized, with just a little thought and care. Those who wish to keep a file for binding, and for future reference, now have *Lucifer* in better shape for that purpose, and if they wish to send a copy or any number of copies to friends, all they have to do is to ask, and they will promptly be supplied. Or, if two or more copies are desired every week, so that the subscriber can always have a copy to lend or give away, we will say here and now that we have always printed a surplus over the regular demand for subscription and exchanges, for missionary use. Some of our friends have sent money to sustain the missionary department of the publication, and hence we are ready and anxious to fill all orders for extra copies for distribution.

One of the best methods of missionary work is to send us

the names of thoughtful and progressive people to whom samples may be sent direct from the office of publication, and we now and here renew the request often made before, for such names. A few stamps for postage will be very acceptable.

It is by this means, more perhaps than by any other, that *Lucifer* has reached its present circulation and appreciation.

As to the second objection: There is practically little change in the appearance of *Lucifer*. Only a little nearer the book or pamphlet form, which cannot be objectionable to many readers.

## Censorship of Press Again.

A prominent Chicago editor, Jos. R. Dunlop, editor of the "Chicago Dispatch," was sentenced, some time ago, to two years imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars, charged with improper use of the common mails. Appeal was taken to the supreme court of the United States, and on the fifteenth of this month that court affirmed the decision of the lower court, leaving no escape for the defendant except through pardon by the president of the United States. Those who profess to know, say that there is not the slightest probability that Grover Cleveland will use his veto in this case.

The particular charge under which sentence was passed upon Editor Dunlop was that he admitted to his columns advertisements of an "immoral," character—gambling houses and houses of "prostitution."

In his defense published at the time of his "conviction," and republished in his issue of the 15th inst. Mr. Dunlop says:

I had not started a newspaper for the purpose of reforming anybody or anything. I have never engaged in the reform business. I had, however, undertaken to print a newspaper—one not controlled by trusts or other organizations—that should fearlessly give the news as it transpired from day to day in the great cosmopolitan city of Chicago. From one standpoint the class of advertisements referred to appeared to be morally objectionable. From another they served the high moral purpose of disclosing to the world real conditions hitherto concealed. I believed, and still believe, that the publication of these advertisements was a legitimate factor in the evolution of society. A question, however, arose as to whether or not the publication of these advertisements was a violation of the federal laws regulating the postal service of the country. I was myself in doubt on this point, because these laws are susceptible to a very rigid construction. I sought to obtain from local postoffice authorities official opinion on this point, but failed to elicit anything definite upon which to base the conduct of the paper in that respect. I should state further that no complaint had been made to this office from any source in the Chicago postoffice. On the contrary I had assurance from certain authorities there that the advertisements in question were allowable. Lucidly it may be stated here that the daily mailing of "The Dispatch" was open and aboveboard for over three years, the postoffice officials during that time receiving my check weekly for the transmission of the same, as in conformity with all daily newspapers in this city. It was well known to the authorities, and to all those honestly interested in the observance of the postal laws, that "The Dispatch" would promptly have conformed to any request touching the publication of advertisements had it been in violation of law.

Elsewhere in his defense Mr. Dunlop charges that the same class of advertisements for the publication of which he is sentenced, have appeared constantly in the other leading Chicago dailies, and that his conviction is the result of co-spiracy malice and envy, on the part of rival publishers. In his issue of the sixteenth inst. he says:

Fear of "The Dispatch" caused to some extent the concentration in Chicago of republican headquarters and of the leading forces for gold and the trusts. In fear of "The Dispatch" as a business rival and in alarm at its power with the people caused the reason for the business and political co-spiracy against it. It was an evil day when two or three newspaper publishers in Chicago sought the services of a perfunctory reform society to crush "The Dispatch" by invoking the technicalities of the federal laws as to the sanctity of the postal service. It was admitted on every side that the editorial columns of "The Dispatch" were pure and clean, and that the tone of its news columns were healthy; but the pharisees found action against "The Dispatch" in that some of its advertisements, though couched in chaste language, were representative of evil.

With the personal character of Mr. Dunlop, or with the moral tone of his paper *Lucifer* has nothing whatever to do or say. But when a "perfunctory reform society" undertakes to crush a man or a paper, through the machinery of technical and partialistic postal laws, it is time for every lover of freedom and justice to sound the alarm.

Judge Neely of Chicago, in a recent charge to the grand

jury, told them "not to start out with the idea that you are a body of reformers. It is not the province of the grand jury to reform."

If it is not the province of the grand jury to reform anybody, how or where do the postal censors, or the "Society for the Prevention of Vice," get their right or power to act as reformers of the people?

Where do the judges of the United States courts get their right to entertain and act upon charges that simply allege "immorality" without specifying who it is that has been invaded or injured by the alleged immoral acts?

As the "Cleveland Recorder" in a recent issue put it, the right to exclude cannot safely be conceded. "If the government have the right in one case it has it in all cases. The true and only way of dealing with the mails is to open them to all persons without restriction, holding each person responsible for the use he makes of them."

This is equivalent to saying that "liberty and responsibility," or equal freedom, is the basis of good citizenship, and if—as is the theory of our government,—citizenship is the only basis of legal authority there can be no crime against government or law, as such. The only crime that a citizen can commit is a crime against another citizen.

This being the only basis of action in criminal cases it devolves upon the prosecution in the Dunlop case to show who it is that has been injured by his publication of the alleged immoral advertisements; and then, if such injured persons can be found, show to what extent they have been injured.

#### TRUTH-TELLING NOT PROFITABLE

It is the right of the accused, always, to state his case in his own way, and this is the way Mr. Dunlop sums up the matter in controversy:

With the initial number of "The Dispatch" I was told by friends that this was not an age in which truth-telling would be profitable; however, I went forward to the duty in hand, and at the close of four years of earnest work I find myself the victim of an unrighteous combination. I have fought the battle for myself and for the people to the very best of my ability, and while, perhaps, a majority of the people have been with me, the money power has been against me.

#### "Subscription Voluntary."

The "Firebrand," a young and vigorous reform weekly, published at Portland, Oregon, comes to us now enlarged to eight pages, without increase of price—pages same size as before. In fact, in the matter of price, the "Firebrand" makes the somewhat startling statement that hereafter it has no fixed price at all—"Subscription Voluntary," stands at the head of its prospectus, or statement of principles and purposes.

The "Firebrand" is a valiant champion of the principle known as Voluntary Communism—perhaps more correctly called Voluntary Co-operation. It urges the adoption of the "labor check," "co-operative banking," etc. For these and other sufficient reasons Lucifer holds out the right hand of fellowship, and hopes that its new departure in the financial department of journalism will be crowned with triumphant success.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The events recorded in the last chapter had for a while caused to be forced into the background the desire in Imelda's heart to become acquainted with the sisters of Wilbur. The affair with Frank was of a nature so unpleasant that the remembrance of it seemed to crush out all youth and life in the proud sensitive heart, but as time is wont to heal all wounds so also did the effect of that dark night's occurrence gradually vanish. As the days and weeks went by on the ceaseless wings of time Imelda again became interested in what was going on around her.

Toward evening of a sunny day in August when Alice had

been feeling better, brighter and stronger than usual she expressed the desire for a drive. Accordingly the carriage was ordered. Both little girls, sweet as snowy blossoms, in fresh white dresses, looking dainty and charming as two little fairies, were lifted upon one of the seats, their lively spirits keeping busy the hands and mind of their young governess, Alice leaned languidly back among the cushions and let her eyes rest alternately upon the glowing landscape and upon the two restless little elves. As it had been quite a while since they had the pleasure of driving with their pretty mamma it was really a treat for the little ones—this driving past pretty gardens filled with gorgeous flowers and trees laden with ripening fruit. Soon they were passing through the more thronged streets when suddenly,—no one knew just how it happened but some boys were playing in the streets. Either in their play or because they had been quarreling among themselves a stone was thrown. Then followed a plunge and a rear of one of the horses, a piercing scream from the inmates of the carriage, and then horses and carriage went plunging down one of the busiest streets—the flying figure of a woman as she hastened to get out of the way—a horrified cry at her having been run down—the figure of a man standing in the path of the runaways, a firm hand grasping the reins of the beasts as with an effort almost superhuman they were brought to a standstill. Snorting, trembling, restive, it was no easy matter to hold them, but the young man with the almost boyish face was equal to the task. A crowd soon gathered around. The carriage door was opened and the frightened ladies and children lifted therefrom. Alice could scarcely keep upon her feet. Just then it was remarked that someone had been run over and injured,—a young girl, someone else added. At hearing this Alice would have fallen had not Imelda caught the swaying figure in her arms.

"Oh," she cried, "I hope she is not killed or seriously injured. We must find out who she is and how badly she has been hurt, and—oh, wait! Where is the young man who so bravely rescued us, perilling his own life to save ours? Where is he? Who is he?"

Upon looking round they found that he was still holding the horses, patting and coaxing them, speaking to them as if they were intelligent beings, while the driver was also busy trying to pacify them. Upon request someone spoke to the young stranger, telling him that the ladies whom he had just rescued wished to speak to him. A comic grimace for a moment distorted the handsome face, then a merry smile played about the ripe red lips, then quickly stepping to the sidewalk, he dropped his hat and bowing asked if he could be of any further service. As he stood with uncovered head awaiting the pleasure of the ladies a sensation flashed through Imelda's mind that some where she had seen this face before. The pose of the head, a trick of the hand, even the very smile playing about the lips seemed familiar, but she found it impossible to place the resemblance. Alice in the old impulsive manner held out both small white hands to him.

"You will permit me to thank you, will you not, for the service you have done us today? But for your daring bravery we might all have been killed." The boyish face dimpled all over with sunny smiles, as he tossed the fair hair from the heated and damp brow.

"I beg your pardon lady, but I think almost anyone would have done as much. It was not so wonderful a thing for me to do. I am used to the handling of horses, it was only a spicy adventure, that is all, and if I thereby was of any important service, why, I am only too glad, I can assure you."

"But will you not give us your name? I want to know to whom I am indebted."

During all this time Imelda was studying the youthful face of this stalwart young stranger. Where had she seen that face, or one like it? Meta was clinging to her skirts, her great dark eyes staring at the handsome boy, for he really was little more than that. Little Norma was clinging to her mother and was still sobbing in childish fright. Ignoring the question of the young mother the young man laid his hand upon the head of



the sobbing little one, which action hushed the sobs, while she lifted her blue eyes in wonderment to the smiling face.

"Never mind, little pet," said he, "when you are a young lady you will have forgotten all about the naughty fright you have had to day. Don't you think so, little Dark Eyes?"

This last to Meta who never for a moment had let her shining dark orbs wander from the fair face of the young rescuer.

"I don't know," was the naive answer the sweet childish voice made, which provoked a merry peal of laughter from the boyish lips. Alice too was smiling now, but if he thought to divert her thoughts from the question she had asked he was mistaken, for as soon as she could again recall his attention she repeated the request.

"Well now," the young man replied in a hesitating manner, "I really have not done anything worth mentioning, and—"

"Please," interrupted Alice, "I want so much to know. As an additional favor I ask it."

"Very well, then," he answered with a sort of desperation, at the same time hunting in the depths of his pockets and fishing therefrom a bit of pasteboard.

"I believe my name is scrawled on this. If that is of any value to you, you are certainly welcome to it," and with that he handed her the little white card.

"Osmond Leland," Alice read. Like an electric shock did the words thrill Imelda. Her hand caught the arm of her friend.

"What is the name? Read it again. I fear I have not heard aright."

"Osmond Leland," repeated Alice. "I am sure that is the name written very plainly here," and she handed the card to Imelda. The young man began to look with some surprise at the beautiful agitated face of the lady who seemed to find something queer about his name. She turned to him with a quick imperious movement. All in an instant she knew why his face seemed familiar.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Leland, but have you not a sister?" A flush slowly mounted his brow, even to the roots of his hair. The surprised look in his face deepened. Who was this lady that she should ask him such a question?

"I believe I have a sister. Yes, but how could you know of this?"

"Her name is Margaret?" entirely ignoring the latter part of the young man's answer.

"I believe that is her name," he again answered becoming still more mystified.

"And her home is in Chicago, where she lives with your mother?" Again the flush mounted to his brow. There was a little stiffening of the lines about the mouth as he answered somewhat coldly.

"She lives in Chicago with her mother," placing a marked emphasis upon the "her." Imelda noticed it and a pained look crept about her lips. She hesitated, scarcely knowing how to proceed. Alice was watching her. Quickly she understood that the young man who had rendered them such signal service must be the brother of the precious friend of Imelda, whom she herself had learned to love in the short time she had known her, for her own sake. Imelda had told her all the sad story. The boy had been many years under the immediate influence of that worthless father. Had he instilled the poison into his heart? It would almost seem so. How would Imelda proceed? She seemed to hesitate for a few moments, then suddenly,—

"I left Chicago only a few months ago. Margaret Leland was my most precious friend in that great city. A woman pure as pure gold; reared, instructed and cared for by her mother, a woman whose life is consecrated to truth and purity. Margaret Leland and her mother are women whom any man in the land might well be proud to own as sister and mother."

Imelda had spoken quickly, her words savoring just a little of excitement. They sounded like a defense, with just an undercurrent of pleading for justice for those loved ones, to one whom fate had placed in a position where he was ignorant of that which ought to concern him most in life. He seemed to under-

stand her desire. After a slight hesitation, his embarrassment growing greater every moment.

"If the ladies will kindly permit I would be thankful to avail myself of the permission to call upon them."

Imelda reached out her hand.

"I would be so pleased. I will have much to tell you." Alice, in her turn, hastened to express her pleasure, giving him her card, and while she clasped his hand in both of hers she gave him, as a parting salutation.

"Do not forget or hesitate to come. I, too, know both sweet ladies referred to. Let me assure you they are ladies, pure and good." Then giving her driver orders to wait she again spoke to young Leland, telling him that they were anxious to ascertain the truth of what they had heard, that a young girl had been injured; whereupon he offered to accompany them. They retraced their steps the distance of a square, where they found quite a number of people gathered who were discussing the accident. Upon inquiring they found that the girl had been picked up bleeding and in an insensible condition, but that before she could be taken to a hospital a young lady, opposite whose home the accident had occurred, and who had just returned from shopping had opened her hospitable door and had cared for the wounded girl. Some bystanders remarked that in all probability her kind action would not meet the approval of her father, or that of her stepmother. But Miss Wallace, it was replied, had a mind of her own, and usually she followed its dictates. The house was pointed out to Alice and Imelda, and to judge from the outward appearance it was by no means the abode of poverty. Mounting the steps they rang the bell. Upon stating their errand, they were asked to enter.

Young Leland here bade them farewell for the present, promising soon to call at the home of the Westcotts. The anxious ladies were then shown into the parlor and left to themselves. They could hear that there was a commotion of some kind. There were hasty steps to and fro; voices in the distance; orders given, etc. After a while the door opened and a beautiful dark-eyed young lady entered. In a voice full and rich she said,

"If I have been rightly informed, you ladies were in the carriage that dashed over the unfortunate girl who has been hurt?"

Both ladies had risen.

"Yes! to our great sorrow, such is the case," said Alice. "Some boys were throwing stones and hitting one of our horses caused the sad accident."

"And were none of you hurt?" looking from one to the other and from them to the little ones.

"No, thank you; not hurt at all. We escaped with only a terrible fright, but the unfortunate young girl,—who is she? Is she seriously injured?"

"Who she is we have as yet no means of ascertaining as she is still unconscious. From appearance she is a working girl; she is very plainly dressed, but there are evident marks of refinement, as though she might have seen better days. How seriously she is hurt we also do not know. As I have said before, she has not yet regained consciousness. We know, however, that she has been hurt about the head. An arm also is broken, but the doctor hopes she is not inwardly injured. She seems to be in a weak condition of body as from recent illness. I have left my sister in charge while I came to you, ladies, so as not to leave you too long in suspense."

It was evident the fair speaker was desirous that her callers would take their leave, as her attention was doubtless required somewhere else. Imelda had not spoken. She experienced again the same sensations as she had when she first saw young Leland. Again the face before her seemed strangely familiar, but she was unable to place it. Was it to be a repetition of her former experience of an hour ago? But how? Alice was in the act of leave-taking, giving minute instructions as to her place of residence in case of an unlooked-for development of the case, for she said:

"I feel as though we are in a measure responsible for the sad accident, and I shall want to know if there be any serious

results." Ere the young lady could give an answer Imelda could no longer resist the impulse to speak what was in her mind. Laying her hand upon that of this beautiful stranger,

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but will you kindly tell me with whom I have the honor of speaking? I do so much want to know your name." The great dark eyes sparkled as she answered:

"The favor you ask is but a small one indeed, and easily granted. My name is Edith Wallace."

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Wm. Halligan, Ephrata, Pa.—I see by the number on the wrapper that it's time I renew my subscription to the ever welcome *Lucifer*. It is improving with every issue. To the thoughtful and investigating mind, it is a helpful companion, far reaching in ideas and wisdom, and I am sure those that read it with a pure mind cannot condemn a single article. Enclosed you will find one dollar on subscription.

E. W. Moorman, M. D., Ioka, Iowa.—Through the notices by the editor of the "Freethought Magazine" I have been introduced to *Lucifer*, and am better pleased with it than with any other publication that finds its way to my table. It points the way I long have sought and mourned because I found it not. Inclosed find one dollar. Send me the January number of "Our New Humanity" and let the balance go on subscription to *Lucifer*.

Mrs. Leo R. Mathers, Wichita, Kan.—Our Freethought society is progressing finely, and if you will send me some sample copies of *Lucifer* I shall distribute them where they will do the most good, and try to get some subscribers. I keep mine to have bound, so do not feel like having them distributed.

[The samples are sent. Hoping many others will do as Mrs. Mathers is doing. It is simply impossible to employ canvassers to get subscribers for *Lucifer* and "Our New Humanity," and therefore we are compelled to rely upon voluntary co-operation to get our publications circulated, and to get the where-withal to pay running expenses. M. H.]

C. H. Lewis, Coloma, Mich.—I like the face of *Lucifer* now better than ever before. I hail its coming with delight, because it brings with it the spirit of love and liberty—the freedom of thought with its power to lift humanity out of the priest-ridden ranks of the religious world—out of the cauldron of bigotry, superstition and intolerance where they have been held and stewed by that reason-destroying, and soul-damning old tyrant called credulity. I hate the very word. Away with it, and let us have instead thereof Truth and Reason, because they are

The power that saves the world;

Works out the bad, works in the right—

Has from his throne the tyrant hurled,

And o'er the land sent freedom's light.

Susan Reicherter, Nortonville, Kan.—If I were a Christian I would say God bless you for sending dear old *Lucifer* to me, whether I pay for it or not. I would gladly send more money, but to tell the truth we have not been so poor in the last twenty-five years. I feel that *Lucifer* is destined to fill a great mission. It voices the most needed of all reforms.

The death of Mr. Putnam is a terrible loss. I can hardly believe it is true. I seem to see him yet as I saw him lecturing twelve years ago at Valley Falls.

[We are always glad to get a line from any one of the tried and true friends who helped to light *Lucifer's* torch, more than sixteen years ago, at Valley Falls, Kan., and who have ever since been contributors with sympathy and material aid, to keep that light burning. Of *Lucifer's* "Old Guard" none are worthy of more honorable mention than are Susan and John Reicherter, of Jefferson County, Kansas. M. H.]

L. Bridges, Toutley Hall, Wokingham, Berks., England.—Mrs. Stuart wishes me to tell you she has now all the copies of "Our New Humanity" for last year and January of this year. She sends two dollars to continue it. She values it greatly. She would like also three or four copies of "Motherhood in Freedom," and if any money is over she would much value a good photograph of yourself. If ever you should come to England she would be glad and proud to see you here.

[*Lucifer's* editor appreciates most highly the good words that from time to time reach him from friends in England, and would be most happy to accept their very kind invitations to visit them at their homes. At present, however, the prospect of satisfying such desire seems very remote, if not impossible of realization. M. H.]

J. Allen Evans, Secretary Liberty Co-operative Association, Hustburg, Tenn.—Our Co-operative Home has made grand strides in a year's time. The majority of its members take an interest in the sex problem as well as in economics. We have been living on leased land adjacent to Hustburg thus far, but are negotiating for a pretty location within a half mile of the post office for our permanent home. We are not only co-operators for the purpose of bettering our material conditions, but as a school for propagating social reform ideas. When we are another year older we will be prepared to keep open house for the reception of liberty-loving visitors. We would be very glad to recruit a good blacksmith, and if there be one among *Lucifer's* readers who is tired of isolation and would like to join a band of congenial workers to build up a comfortable and pleasant home, we would be glad to hear from him. We now have an excellent school for our children taught by a little woman who reads *Lucifer*.

Aunt Elmina.—I am late in speaking a good word for "Our New Humanity" for January 1897, as I had grippe when it came and could not even read it. Like all its predecessors it is "excellent," "good."

It is hard to select a favorite among so many interesting and instructive communications.

I am inclined to think Chavannes correct in the idea that some form of marriage will continue. Probably a simple contract broken or breakable at the will of contractors.

Walker's "Woman's Duty to Bear Children," is full of pregnant thoughts; "Wanted: A New Adam," is plainly and clearly put; Swartz, James and Barry always write soundly, and our own Moses Harman never fails to give us something useful and practical.

Lillian's notice of "The Parson's Dilemma," makes one wish to buy the book.

Long may "Our New Humanity" live to sow good seed for fruitful harvest.

Samuel Carter, Asherville, Kan.—You know that I always like to be prompt in paying for my paper, but last fall I let my taxes run over and suffer the penalty rather than to sell my corn at ten and a half cents a bushel. The editor of the Boston "Investigator" says that if everyone was as prompt as I have been it would be comparatively an easy task to run a paper. I tell the publishers of my daily paper to keep my copy coming and I will send the money some time. And so I say to you. You are aware that I do not agree with all of your sentiments, but I do admire your manhood and I want to keep company with those who would keep God and Jesus out of our government. We do not need them. We do not need Thanksgiving proclamations when we have nothing to be thankful for. We do not need chaplains in the army or in legislative halls. Neither do we need Sunday legislation in the different states. And while all these things exist we need all the liberal help we can get to keep this government from being transformed into a Christian government.

[The citizens of this country voted and paid enormous sums

## 647.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

of money as subsidies to railway companies, and quietly submitted to the policy of giving a large share of the public land to these companies, all with the hope that we would thereby get cheap transportation and cheap exchange of commodities. Now, after the railways have been built and equipped we find the farmers of Kansas, and other western states, burning their corn instead of coal to keep from freezing, while the producers of coal are starving for lack of corn for bread, and all this for want of cheap transportation. The money combine and the railway combines have got the people by the throat. Like the highwayman they "hold up" the real producers of all wealth, that the robbers may spend millions in riotous living; a sample of which was lately seen at the Bradley-Martin ball. M. H.]

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# LUCIFER.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 9.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 3, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 648.

### The Soul Supreme.

I sing of a vision far,  
Of a thought on high things set,  
Of a sight serene,  
And a purpose clean,—  
A pleasure in all things, great and small,  
Loves and loss and the fates that fall,—  
Power to hold or forget,  
(The fountains are clear as spar!)

Of the happy-wise, sing I,  
Consciously, ever to add;  
With their search sublime  
Thro' space and time,  
Their solemn delight in all things true,  
Their child-like joy in all things new,  
Simple and sweet and glad,  
(Cloudless and blue the sky.)

The Overlook my theme,  
And the life in the Lifted Land;  
Where the nights have balm,  
And the days are calm,  
The passions serve, and the charms obey,  
And the brain is sane that holdeth sway,  
Gentle and firm the hand,  
(Is it but a dream?)

I sing of the soul supreme,  
Of a spirit erect and free,  
Too far above  
To be harmed by love,  
Or fear, or hate, or gain, or loss,  
Or to stake its joy on a gambler's toss,  
Hold self-empire,  
(How the white peaks gleam.)

—J. William Lloyd.

### A Bishop to the Rescue!

BY E. C. WALKER.

In No. 642 of this journal, Lillian Harman very clearly showed that the proposed law for the penal punishment of adultery in the state of New York would result disastrously for woman, *provided* it could be enforced. If men were frightened by it into "respect for their marital vows" the increase of enforced association in the family would be immense. Wives would be the chief sufferers under such a law. Again, said Mrs. Harman, there are many wives who do not ask for the divorce that easily can be theirs if their husbands have been guilty of adultery and they can prove the fact, and they do not ask because they cannot afford to lose the subsistence for themselves and their children which their husbands now furnish. "It would be interesting to learn how their condition would be improved by taking away five thousand dollars or five years of time from the bread-winner," said the writer. Other weighty objections to the proposed statute have been made in these columns, and to those may be added this: If the law could be enforced, there can be no doubt that thousands of husbands would be driven to association with prostitutes, and the peril of wives thus be greatly increased.

The backers of the bill seem to be oblivious to the fact that women no less than men would be liable under such a law. The adultery of husbands is committed with the wives of other men,

in a very large proportion of cases, and hence if the law were fairly enforced it might be found that it was as greatly "protective" of men as of women, although, judging by the utterances of its advocates, one would be justified in thinking that men were the only offenders and women the only victims. Among the prominent friends of the bill who have spoken in this way is William Creswell Doane, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, the noted clerical opponent of woman suffrage. He says that the first reason why he supports the measure is because "its object is to make the man as well as the woman suffer." That is to say, when a married man and a married woman break the law, the punishment of the man makes him suffer as his conduct is assumed to have made his wife or the woman who associated with him suffer. Very well; let it stand at that. Then the converse of the proposition must also be true—the punishment of the woman makes *her* suffer as it is assumed (or should be assumed) that her conduct has made her husband or her illegal associate suffer. In an interview, William of Albany, as the bishop loves to style himself, somewhat modified the assertion he had made before the legislative committee. He said in the interview: "I favored the proposed law because it punished both parties to a crime." Inasmuch as no one is arguing in favor of a law that would punish the woman but let the man go free, the bishop's remark is wholly irrelevant. The real issue is whether the act at which the bill of Mrs. Grannis is aimed is a "crime." As no one has advanced any valid affirmative argument, I need not here consume space on the negative side.

Bishop Doane complains that society does not treat the offending man and the offending woman alike, which is very true, but what better does he expect of a society poisoned through and through with the virus of Judaism and Christianity? "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression," says the Bible.

The old cry about "collusion" in divorce proceedings is once more made to do duty in place of fact and argument. The mutual desire of the man and woman to separate is inanely held to be the one all-sufficient reason why they should not separate. Why, if agreement bars divorce, should it not bar marriage? Why would it not be as just to compel a woman to marry a man as it is to compel her to live with him after she wants divorce? And *vice versa*? This "collusion" talk is the veriest drivel. Once more the bishop:

The injunction, "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," constitutes one of the most sacred laws of the church. Obedience to this law is essential to the moral health of any person. And yet, to legally break the law of the church, an illegal act is committed with impunity.

I beg your pardon, Bishop Doane, but you are out of your jurisdiction; what is the law of the church has nothing to do with what should be the law of the state. This, constitutionally speaking, is a civil republic, if you please. We who are without the pale of the church are in no way under obligation to submit to the rules which churchmen may devise for themselves. Stick just as faithfully as you please to your "indissoluble tie;" no

one proposes to divorce you without your consent. In your turn, please mind your own business. As to the dictum that what "God hath joined together" no man shall put asunder, it will be time enough to seriously consider that when you prove that "God" ever put any two persons together. I take it to be an error to assume that the priest represents God, and that therefore those whom the priest marries are married by God. The priest represents only himself and those who voluntarily choose him as their leader. And it is rank presumption to assert that failure to obey the church's rule of indissolubility in marriage is proof of moral ill-health. How is moral health conserved by living with a man or a woman whom one hates, or with a drunkard, a wife-whipper, or a breeder of imbecile or otherwise diseased children?

"William of Albany" favors Mrs. Grannis' anti-adultery bill because it will reduce the number of divorces in the state; that is to say, he favors it because it will force men and women to live together who do not want to live together, and who, therefore, should not live together. He favors the bill because its effect will be to compel women to submit to associations that are repugnant to them and to bear children to men whom they do not wish to be the fathers of their children. And yet "William of Albany" talks about "moral health!"

Before I close I want to put myself clearly on record as a hater of the words "adultery," "adulterous," "adulterer," and "adulteress," as those words are used in the law and in common speech and writing. I employ the words only because they are understood in a certain way and because to avoid using them would force me to resort to cumbersome circumlocutions. The relations of lovers should never be branded as adulterous; leave that opprobrious characterization for the relations of those husbands and wives and the other men and women who associate without love, in conformity to custom, or for mercenary reasons.

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.—*Shakespeare.*

#### Another Step Forward.

Radicalism crops out in the most unexpected places in these days of questioning and social unrest. Among the literary women of the present time, none, with the exception of Jeannette L. Gilder, was apparently less likely than Mrs. Amelia E. Barr to support any proposition looking toward the wiping out of the recognized lines between the married and unmarried woman. Yet in the "American Woman's Home Journal," which is the women's part of the New York "Sunday Journal," Mrs. Barr declares that "Marriage alone should not make the 'Mrs.' " I submit that her reasoning is very good, and it will take me some time to get over the pleasant surprise she has given me. May this not be the last forward step taken by Mrs. Barr? Her article appears in the issue of February 14 of the publication named, and I quote most of it below:

"Much has been written on the political and public wrongs of women, but they have a private, personal disability of great significance, from which they can emancipate themselves promptly and perpetually without the aid or interference of men, either as individuals or as legislative bodies.

"For many years I have been a silent witness to the injury and injustice of the prefix 'Miss' when attached to women of mature age and judgment. As soon as a boy casts his knickerbockers and short coats—as soon as the first signs of manhood appear—he discards the prefix 'Master' and assumes the prefix appointed for maturity. Nothing would insult a young man of twenty more than to call him by the immature title of 'Master' instead of 'Mr.' Yet a woman is not permitted by social usage to assume the title of 'Mrs.' until she marries. She may be a woman of great intellect, of great responsibilities; she may be the bread winner of her family; she may be the director, the soul, the spirit of widespread moral enterprises, but if she has not succeeded in getting a husband she is forced to retain the

prefix given to school girls. Imagine Mr. Chauncey Depew called 'Master Depew,' or Mr. Tom Platt called 'Master Platt.' Yet there is nothing more incongruous in such appellations than there is in 'Miss' Frances Willard or 'Miss' Florence Nightingale or 'Miss' Harriet Martineau.

"In opposition to this injustice is the equal one of giving the title of 'Mrs.' to any immature, foolish girl who succeeds in getting married. Much virtue in those three consonants 'Mrs.' but why should their influence and dignity come only with a wedding ring? Is a woman imperfect, immature, unworthy of being 'mistress' of herself until some man marries her? Is she to be regarded as a minor until she becomes a wife? Do not years and study, and travel and joy, and sorrow and experience of all kinds perfect her as well as they do male humanity without the sacrament of matrimony?

"'Miss' is an appropriate and not ugly definition of a girl in her teens, but for that very reason it is totally inappropriate for a mature woman; consequently there is that want of harmony that is offensive, and this indicates itself by a definite want of respect to those who permit themselves to be improperly addressed, no matter how innocently they suffer. For the world takes cognizance only of conditions; it does not trouble itself about the reasons for them. Thus thousands of noble women, smarting under this sense of some intangible shame, marry unsuitably and unhappily merely to get rid of the belittling 'Miss.' Every woman of any experience knows this to be the case.

"Such a belated relic of the dark ages ought now to be forever relegated to its proper place. Girls may be 'Miss' as long as boys are 'Master,' but after a certain age, which women can determine by a consensus of opinion, girls should assume the prefix of maturity whether they are married or unmarried. Till they do so they practically assert that marriage, and marriage only, makes a woman mistress of herself. They practically assert that until a woman marries she is minor in all things. They practically assert that intellect, worth, public and private ability, home responsibilities well filled, spotless reputation, great social and moral reforms, are unworthy of respect in a woman unless she adorns some man and he justifies her in assuming the title of 'Mrs.'

"This is not a difficult reform. The only point that could be urged against it would be that the universal assumption of 'Mrs.' by women out of their teens would make social confusion. But not more so in the case of young women than it does in young men. Father and son distinguish themselves by the insertion of their Christian names, or, if that is the same, the suffix of Jun. Girls could stand in precisely the same relation to their mothers.

"I contend that it is right that women on arriving at the age of maturity—whether married or not married—should have the title of maturity. I contend that it is wrong that women, entitled by every moral, intellectual and social fact to the title of maturity, should remain branded as schoolgirls, immature, unfinished, simply because, either through force of circumstances or inclination, they have remained unmarried.

"Swift as thought the water level changes, if a single drop is removed, and the removal of that drop affects the whole mass. The same law of unity holds as certainly with human affairs and relations; so, then, this is not as small a reform as it at first appears. There is far more in it than meets the eye. Of course, this movement will be criticised by that remarkable thing called Respectability, as every movement altering woman's status has been; for 'Respectability,' tolerant enough about religion, is in arms at once if either the rights or wrongs of women are named, and immediately begins to talk or write about the foundations of Society and the sacredness of home. Women, however, are used to such criticism and survive it."

Democracy has been defined as the principle that 'one man is as good as another, if not a little better.' Anarchy may be defined as the principle that one government is as bad as another, if not a little worse.—*Benj. R. Tucker.*

## Legal Tender.—An Explanation.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

It has been the endeavor, in all civilized countries, to replace personal altercation and violence by governmental enforcement of the payment of debts. In a later Sociologic Lesson I shall refer to this again. In No. 30, I merely considered the question of the meaning of the promise to pay "dollars," and argued that the government could not properly construe such a promise into anything else than a promise to pay gold or its equivalent, since the government has itself defined the term, and the promises have been made by the debtor and accepted by the creditor in view of that definition. All natural and artificial products are upon a basis of equality and equal freedom; and when the promises are made to pay dollars, it is the choice of the people who make the contracts. The selection of gold as the basis for transfer has been the choice of the people, in a large majority of contracts, simply because it has been found the most convenient basis; and it is therefore the survival of the fittest which has made it the basis, more and more exclusively with the extension of commerce.

It should be remembered that every bargain for the exchange of property involves two debts, each party promising to pay the other something. In barter, neither promises to pay dollars; in other contracts of sale, one party promises to pay dollars and the other to pay something else. When the government is called upon to enforce the contract, it enforces the contract as it is made; and it is only the promise to pay dollars which it requires to be kept by paying the dollars in gold, according to the contract, or else by legal tender notes, in which latter case the government assumes the debt and itself pays the promised dollars.

### LEGAL TENDER.

Replying to the "Explanation" by Mr. Parkhurst given above I would say that while it might be well to wait until the series of "Sociologic Lessons" is finished before venturing to criticize any one of them I think there are serious objections to such waiting. Each issue of *Lucifer* is a separate document, a pamphlet, so to speak, that will be read by many people who never saw a copy before, and possibly will never see another. The publication will be judged by the copy seen, and if the author of an important series of articles, like "Sociologic Lessons," indorses, if only by implication, the use of gold-standard money, and if nothing is said to contradict that impression, the reader will at once conclude that *Lucifer* accepts the gold standard as the best and true doctrine in finance; whereas, all who have read *Lucifer* for any length of time know that its conductors indorse neither gold nor silver standards, nor any other partialistic discrimination in favor of any commodity, or class of commodities.

Mr. Parkhurst's studies upon the money question seem to have led him to adopt views quite different from those entertained by the writer of these lines. I should like to ask him a question or two:

When did "government define the term" dollar, and make it mean gold only?

Is it not true that dollar properly means a silver coin, weighing about one ounce?

Has not the attempt to make the word dollar mean something else than a silver coin of a definite weight, been the cause and the occasion of infinite wrongs, robberies, crimes and suffering?

Is it true, as you say, that "all natural and artificial products are upon a basis of equality and freedom?"

Is gold now upon this basis of equality with other products?

Is it true, as you say, that the "selection of gold as the basis of transfer has been the choice of the people?"

On the contrary, is it not true that this selection was made by the plutocrats, and their tools the politicians, and not at all by the masses of the people?

Can there be any such thing as "free contract" while constable, sheriff and judge hold the club of "legal tender" over the

heads of these who have nothing but their labor, or its products, to exchange for what they need?

Admitting what you say about the "endeavor, in all civilized countries, to replace personal altercation and violence by governmental enforcement of debts," I would ask, has this endeavor been a success?

On the contrary, is it not true that governmental enforcement of payment has greatly promoted altercation and violence—that is, has enabled the rich and powerful to rob the poor through violent, or forceful collection of unjust demands—interest, rents and profits—and by the contraction and expansion of legal tender?

Was not Horace Greeley and other old-time reformers in the right when they advocated the abolition of forceful collection of debts? And if debts were no longer collected by government authority, what use would there be for legal tender?

In regard to Lesson XXXII in this issue, I have only to say that if government would mind its own business, and let the citizens manage their currency and their collections in their own way, there would be no meaning to all this talk of "Fiat Money," difference between gold and "Confederate currency," etc. Confederate currency and the Old Continental currency owed their worthlessness to the worthlessness of the governments that fathered them. Under free competition and survival of the fit, such wholesale depreciations of currency would never occur.

M. H.

## Sociologic Lesson. No XXXII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

GOOD FAITH. Fiat money, founded not upon redeemability at the pleasure of the holder but upon government authority, when the government assumes no responsibility for its redemption, at once takes the position of the Confederate currency. It may sound well to say that it is based upon the good faith of the nation and is redeemable in all articles which are exchangeable; but the good faith can only relate to the possessors of the property or of the ability to labor, and these make no agreement as to their prices. It takes two to make a bargain. No man and no government can dictate prices. Suppose wheat to be selling for a dollar a bushel in gold; the owner of wheat may prefer to keep it rather than to sell it for \$100 in paper notes which are worthless abroad and likely soon to be worthless here. The carpenter who would work for three dollars a day in gold may prefer to go fishing rather than to work for \$300 in useless notes. Fiat money has no value in itself, and can only be exchanged for articles or services which have value, upon such terms as others may choose to impose; and no one violates good faith in refusing to accept them at all.

## A Senator Who Resembles Comstock.

New York "Sun."

When the Loud bill relative to the exclusion of books and periodicals from the mails as second-class matter was pending in the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads the other day the room was deluged with samples of the class of books that are transported in great quantities at newspaper rates. A religious society in New York sent a box full of sample copies of obscene literature that will be excluded along with the rest if the bill passes. A Senator came into the room as these books were being placed in a box to be destroyed, and picking up the most salacious one of the lot looked it over and said:

"This is a very vile book; it should not be admitted to the mails in any class."

Then he turned over the leaves, looked at the pictures, and exclaimed:

"Horrible; there should be a law against the publication of books of this kind."

Thereupon he sat down and read the book all through.

Our enemies speak of us as they hear; we judge of ourselves as we feel.—Hannah Moore.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 3, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

B. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1204 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, March 2. Lillian Harman will read the opening paper—subject, "The New Martyrdom."

## The Dunlop Case.

On Sunday the 21st, at Battery D. in this city was witnessed a remarkable scene. This hall is one of the largest in the city with seating capacity for five thousand or more people, and standing room for at least as many more. The hall was densely packed with men and women to hear Editor Joseph Dunlop, of the "Chicago Dispatch," tell his own story as to why it is that he is to go to state prison for two years and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars.

Mr. Dunlop's defense was read by Fitzgerald Murphy, he himself making but a short speech, explaining that his physician had forbidden him to speak in a large hall. The "Chicago Record," Republican, said the auditorium held nearly three thousand. The friends of Mr. Dunlop, more correctly, as I think, put the crowd at ten thousand.

Mr. Dunlop's defense was similar to that republished in last week's Lucifer. He "was warmly applauded" quoting the "Record," "when he rose to speak and again when he sat down. Several baskets of roses were taken to him." Altogether it seems to have been an immense ovation, the first part of which I did not witness, but was lucky enough to get there in time to hear Walter Thomas Mills deliver the chief address of the afternoon. Having secured a seat on the platform near the speaker I heard every word—or would have heard, had it not been for the deafening applause that every now and then drowned the orator's voice.

Mr. Mills is a small man physically, but one of the best platform speakers it has been my good fortune to hear for many a day.

At the close of the speaking Mr. Enoch P. Morgan offered a resolution to the effect that William J. Bryan be requested to intercede with the next president of the United States in behalf of Mr. Dunlop. This resolution was vociferously and unanimously passed.

The following paragraphs from the address of Mr. M.

taken from the report as published in the "Dispatch" of Monday, give a good idea of the style of the oration and of the manner in which it was received. Speaking of the advertisements for the publication of which Mr. Dunlop was sentenced, Mr. Mills said:

"There is one other thing that I think worse than the advertisements, and that is this great and wicked city of Chicago gathering a part of its revenue from licenses granted to the business in question and then railroading a man to the penitentiary because he gives the post-office addresses of the places where public baths are had." (Great applause and cheering.)

"Listen, listen, listen to me!" (Applause still continuing.) "Joseph E. Dunlop, if he goes to the penitentiary and stays there, does not go there because he published those advertisements. He does not go there because he opened his columns to those offensive advertisements. He goes there under the law, and stays there—if he does stay there—not because within his columns there were offensive advertisements of late, because his paper has been free from advertisements of that nature since his arrest." (Applause.) "It is the 'Journal' and the 'Inter Ocean' that keep up the business." (Great applause.) "Listen! He doesn't go there for his wrongs; they may have been grievous. He does not go there for his faults; they may have been very great. But if he goes there and stays there he goes because, not of offensive advertisements in his paper, but because offense to the money power was there." (Great applause.)

"He did offend the money power, and the money power owns the law. It owns the legislature, it owns the cabinet, it owns the court and owns the offices of the law; it owns nearly all the property, it owns nearly everything we have. It owns everything in the United States worth having except 6,500,000 American citizens." (Wild applause and waving of hats and cries of "Three cheers for Mr. Mills!")

## Our Critics Again.

Our worthy cotemporary, "The Firebrand," (Portland, Ore.) in its issue of February 13th has this to say:

"Comrade Addis' article about the Putnam-Collins affair was the only noble and courageous utterance about the affair which has appeared in print so far as I know. The 'Truth Seeker' of course was simply disgusting in its cowardly creeping before the morality of the priests, even Lucifer was extremely careful to remain on 'neutral ground'."

After sharply, and at some length reprimanding the "Arme Teufel" for its inconsistent attitude on the same question the paragraph closes in these words:

"And they leave it to the far-off 'Firebrand' . . . to print the only words about the affair which are worthy of a Free-thinker."

As this caustic criticism appeared in the column of editorial "Notes and Comments" I think it proper to say: Lucifer's editor had little to say in regard to the sad affair that ended the earthly career of the President of Secular Union, and the exceptionally brilliant and accomplished young lecturer, May Collins. Mr. Walker went from New York to Boston and thoroughly investigated the matter, made his reports and his comments, and as these took up considerable of Lucifer's space and covered the whole ground, I saw no reason to add more than a few lines.

Lucifer has never been "neutral" on the question of the natural right of women and men to associate in any way that is agreeable to them, so long as they invade not the equal right of others. Lucifer's central thought and most vital contention has ever been the Freedom of Womanhood and Motherhood as the most important of reforms, and this freedom necessarily includes the right to associate, for self-improvement and satisfaction or for reproduction, with any and with all men.

Mr. Putnam was not known, at least not known to me, as a sex-reformer. I was not acquainted with his private life, nor with his opinions on this question, and hence could have little or nothing to say of him in that regard. The same is true in regard to Miss Collins; and there was nothing in the manner of their death that gave an opportunity to say much on this head. If they had been found in bed together, alive or dead, and had been censured therefor, then there would have occurred the opportunity, the "splendid chance for proud and noble utterance," that the "Firebrand" says the social radicals have missed. Then we could have said,

"Show us the woman, man or child that has been injured by this association of Miss Collins and Mr. Putnam, and if such

a person can be found, show us the extent of said injury. Then let the injured person or persons begin the work of stoning the culprits, or stoning their memory, if dead, and let every woman and man help to stone them who is now and always has been innocent of wrong-doing in thought, word or deed; and meantime let everybody who is not a Pharisee and hypocrite, join the "Mind Your Own Business Society," and always live a consistent member of that best of all organizations."

In the next number of the "Firebrand," the 21st of February, a column of criticism, signed Clinton Loveridge, is directed against Mr. Walker and Lucifer. Mr. Walker can take care of himself, but when Mr. Loveridge says, "I send this to the 'Firebrand,' feeling sure that Lucifer would not print an article showing 'an unbecoming spirit in a professed Liberal,'" I think it right that Mr. Loveridge should be asked what he means by such left-handed compliments.

If this were the first time that such insinuations against Lucifer's fairness had appeared in the "Firebrand" the complimentary reference might properly be allowed to pass for what it is worth, but under frequent provocation even patience ceases to be a virtue.

If there is a journal printed on Terra Firma, or anywhere else, that has done and suffered more than has Lucifer to vindicate the right of free criticism, I want to make the acquaintance of that journal. I have never refused to print any criticism sent to me by Clinton Loveridge nor by any of his school of thought, so far as I know, while I have not been so fortunate in getting a hearing when I considered myself misrepresented in what seems Mr. Loveridge's favorite journal. M. HARMAN.

### The Other Side.

BY LILLIE D. WHITE.

Mr. Harman has long sustained the attitude of a champion of womanhood and motherhood and is deservedly known by a good many people as a firm friend and defender of their cause. But I do not know of a worse slap in the face from the enemy than Mr. Harman gave to motherhood in Lucifer 640 in commenting on a letter from a Massachusetts correspondent who requested her paper stopped because her "misfortune was a fine growth of healthy, loving and fairly happy children without a growth of income."

I do not know of a meaner insult to woman nor a greater presumption on the part of man than the old idea that woman's duty is to bear all the children she possibly can, regardless of her own feelings in the matter, unless it is the equally presumptuous claim that she does wrong in bearing children she wants because her income is not sufficient to support them and in addition keep her subscription paid to her family paper.

It is not because of the number of her children that she and they must be denied the necessities and comforts of life, but because all the resources of life are gobbled up by a few men (with numerous progeny) who by various means have gained an advancement over the masses of people by which they rob men and women without as well as with children.

There is an unlimited source of every thing needed to sustain life and make it enjoyable enough that every child born may be fully and amply supplied with all it requires to be healthy and happy, if opportunities and resources were free to all who are born.

It is useless, however, to repeat the arguments that Mr. Harman has doubtless heard over and over again during his advocacy of the Malthus superstition. But just as the superstition that woman is in duty bound to God, church, society and the race must be met again and again so we must meet over and over the superstition that the children born will outnumber the "places at nature's table." In my opinion it is positively pernicious for reformers to teach the limiting of children from this standpoint.

To teach women that they owe no duty of maternity to gods or men, that they should have entire control of the

matter is well and good. But the claim that women should not have children because the robber class has not left enough in their hands to support them belongs with such economic rot as "the improvement of the working people can be accomplished by learning how to live on a dollar a week."

There are a good many economic wiseacres trying to teach the people how to fit their necks to the yokes put upon them, but it all helps only to make the yoke heavier and tighter.

I wonder just what number of children over-balances the cost of the "favorite family paper." I know a number of people with five or six or more children who find it easy to pay for all the papers they wish to read, also families of one or two or three children who find it impossible to pay for more than the barest necessities. I have but two children and I find it impossible to pay for papers I would like to read. I presume the expense that one of them has been would pay several yearly subscriptions, but I pity the person capable of showing such poor taste as to hint to me that I had made a bad bargain in bearing and caring for my children instead of keeping paid the subscription price to Lucifer.

Mr. Harman's correspondent speaks of her children as a "misfortune," but I don't believe she means it or would take it kindly to have any one else say it, for she says they are fine, loving and fairly happy. Such children are not a "misfortune" to any one nor to the world and if the mother does think they are and imbibed that idea from her ten years reading of Lucifer, she might as well have stuck to the Bible; she is misled by both.

I hope Mr. Harman will tell us how many children a woman may have and avoid the necessity of doing without Lucifer. It will not do to say only as many as they can comfortably support for there is nothing certain about that.

Many parents in good circumstances have had families of one, two or three children and become stranded and penniless, unable to support their children or to pay for Lucifer. Men and women are crushed and beaten in the struggle for existence who never had any children at all and never paid Lucifer a cent.

On the other hand large families of ten or fifteen children have been born in poverty and privation who have prospered and grown rich; occupy high places and can well afford to pay for Lucifer.

Let us know how we may acquire financial independence, and not be denied the reading of Lucifer, by restricting the number of children.

### REMARKS.

I have little liking for personal controversy, and more especially when that controversy takes the form of irony and sarcasm, or of lofty assumptions of superior knowledge, superior candor or superior intellectual honesty. Whether such assumption is an indication of maturity of mind and breadth of thought I leave others to judge.

But Lucifer's platform is the freest of the free, and we all know that the most important knowledge is self-knowledge, and that the best if not the only way to get self-knowledge is through seeing ourselves as others see us, and therefore Lucifer gladly welcomes all candid criticisms, whether from friend or foe.

Whether Mrs. White considers herself a friend or a foe to Lucifer and its editor is difficult to make out from the treatment she gives us in the foregoing letter. Giving her the benefit of the doubt, however, and judging from her helpful co-operation in the past I shall assume that she writes as a friend and not as an enemy. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the old adage, and therefore I now submit my intellectual shoulders to her castigations, with as much cheerfulness and docility as a somewhat rebellious juvenile temper will allow.

Ignoring the assumption of superior wisdom, or of superior intellectual honesty, so very apparent in the tone and manner of my critic I will ask our readers to re-read the offending article in Lucifer No. 640, and see for themselves how much ground there is for her animadversions. If the said issue is not to be found we still have copies that will be sent on application.



But for those not familiar with Lucifer's attitude on the economic question I will here recapitulate a little.

First, Lucifer does not give to questions of economic reconstruction the first place in its discussions, not because we consider these of little importance; far from it, but simply because economics are not first in the order of nature. "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment," is a very true saying, no matter who it was that first said it. There is little difference of opinion among reformers as to the evils of our present economic system. Thousands of papers, books and pamphlets, and hundreds of thousands of orators agree substantially as to the necessity of change in the system, and all demand equal freedom and equal right to nature's opportunities, but where and how to begin the work of practicalizing economic reform is something upon which all are not agreed. Some say we must have better economics before we can have better people; others say we must have better people before we can have better economics. Both are doubtless true, but not equally true.

As often said before in these columns, man—the people—is first, in the order of nature, then the institutions of man—his economic systems. Economics do not make men, although they react powerfully upon their makers, men, and upon all those who endure them—women and children as well.

Our economic and governmental systems, bad as they are, are no worse than the people who make, or who endure them. Evidently then the only natural way to get better economics is to get better people, and the only sure way of getting better people is through natural generation or birth. Second birth—regeneration—has always proved a failure and always must.

Lucifer does not deny the natural right of women to become mothers. On the contrary Lucifer's editor has always insisted on this right—in fact has more than once gone to prison in defense of woman's natural right to own her maternal functions and to practicalize that right without supervision by church or state authority. But Lucifer denies the moral right of woman to bring children into the world when there is no reasonable prospect that they can be born well, or that they can properly be provided for after they are born. On general principles I oppose killing anything that has sentient life, but it is often more criminal to give life than to take it.

Admitting all that has ever been claimed as to the necessity of economic reform, still I ask, how will you obtain it? Under present system of populating the earth economic evils are self-perpetuating! Born of improvident mothers, submissive mothers, enslaved mothers, the undesigned, the haphazard production of the unfit, furnishes the plutocrats with the necessary material for perpetuating their reign. Hence the persistence with which church and state oppose the freedom of woman as wife and mother. Hence the law-enforced ignorance in regard to the reproduction of the race.

Lucifer advocates no "Malthus superstition." Lucifer is no follower of any man or of any woman, but simply asks mothers, prospective mothers, to wake up to a rational sense of their own responsibility in the matter of populating the earth.

All that women need to do to obtain a reconstruction of our present plutocratic economic system, on an equitable basis, is to demand such reconstruction as a condition precedent to further reproduction. A strike of the producers of men would be the most promptly effective of all strikes.

When the queen bee discovers that no honey is being stored in the hive for future use she promptly stops propagating. Though there may be plenty of food in sight for immediate use, and for the near future, her provident instinct tells her it is not safe to go on propagating until production and storing of food is resumed.

Cannot the mothers of men be as wise and as provident as the mothers of bees?

Fifty years ago or more, in this country, it was not so necessary as now to imitate the provident mother bee. Then, although many mothers were injured by overproduction of

children, and though the product was doubtless inferior in quality to what it might or should have been, yet there was little danger that there would not be a place at Nature's table for all home-made applicants. Now our paternal government tries to stop immigration of undesirable applicants from foreign lands, but encourages home-production of the unfit by making sex-knowledge a crime; and by keeping mothers ignorant in regard to their own reproductive functions, and by enforcing obedience to the will of their lords.

The agitation of all reforms is useful and necessary, but, as some of us see it, the basic reform, the reform of reforms, is that which will restore to woman her natural right of self-ownership, and that will arouse her to see and to realize that the destiny of the race, for weal or woe, is in her hands.

In jealousy there is more self-love than love.—La Rochefoucauld.

## Motherhood and Fatherhood.

BY HELEN S. JOHNSON.

I received your "Motherhood in Freedom" with request to criticize, and only lack of time has kept me from doing so. But I have found time to read it to many different people as we have driven over the country to my meetings. It is a brave, generous article, not dictatorial, but thought provoking, and all I can do is to add a few words gleaned from my own consciousness.

I was reared in a home where broad liberal thought prevailed. At fourteen years of age I commenced teaching school and "boarding around," and after rearing a couple of sons to manhood I again commenced "boarding around," and because I loved humanity and was a searcher after truth I have had very many life experiences, and have tried to weigh them well.

I can endorse all you say in regard to the freedom of motherhood. As to the requisites necessary for the creation of the best children, or the way of obtaining them we differ slightly. When a woman loves a man sufficiently to wish a child by him—and I do not believe it possible for either man or woman to endow a child with the best of which each is capable unless both love, each the other, intensely; not love merely on the physical plane but with the threefold power of their natures,—she possesses within her nature the power to glorify that man, even though he be but a very common bit of clay. Whatever she loves—and she cannot go farther than that in endowing her child—she believes he possesses, and will seal ere the days come when love begins to lessen, and she begins to see the man as he is.

Yet I admit the need of the best associations to arouse higher ideals than she yet possesses; and of course spoken words have more power than written, yet I feel women can secure, under freedom, all they need without asking the second or third man's co-operation.

Let these ideas be promulgated and then woman can become a gleaner without arousing uncharitable remarks.

But instead of lessening the responsibilities of fatherhood I would increase them. As motherhood develops, it brings out the best there is in woman, so I believe fatherhood, under proper conditions would develop, up-build, men and "they twain" should devote the necessary time to bringing up that child.

I have seen lovely children from inferior parents, where deep love existed, and inferior children from fine parents, where it was weak or lacking.

My woman's nature says I only want to come in close contact with the one man I love best, and believe I could secure all necessary conditions for the best children I could conceive if we two understood what was needed.

But go on with your good work. More knowledge is needed by us all, on those vital questions.

The hand-shake is the last, the most intense salutation of friendship; it is often the first step in the conquests of love—Montezanza.



## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Edith Wallace!" echoed Imelda. "Are you a sister of Wilbur Wallace?"

For a moment a look of surprise rested on the face of Miss Wallace; then,

"Is it possible! can it be Imelda Ellwood?"

"I am Imelda Ellwood." In a moment the hands of both fair girls were joined in a firm clasp and, as if drawn together by a strange magnetism, their lips also met.

"Wilbur has told me all about you, but as he did not send me your address, my sister and I had to wait patiently for you to come to us. And this, I suppose," turning again to Alice, "is the lady with whom you make your home?" An introduction followed and instead of dismissing the two Miss Wallace now insisted that they should remain awhile longer. "That is," she added, "if you can pardon my seeming neglect as my attention will have to be a divided one. My sister Hilda is with the patient and the doctor at present and to them I must soon return."

"Take me with you," pleaded Imelda. "I have had a great deal of experience with the sick and maybe shall be able to be of some help to you. Besides, I feel curious to see this girl. I feel somewhat guilty as to the cause of her suffering, although we were the unconscious and unwilling cause. Yet I feel we owe her more than the worn-out phrase, 'I am sorry!'"

Protesting yet consenting, Edith after having again excused herself to Alice, who was by this time reclining in a large easy chair, and having supplied the little ones with a charming picture book, she led the way. Leading her guest up a softly carpeted flight of stairs she noiselessly opened the door into a large airy chamber furnished in light refreshing tints. Snow-white curtains draped the windows while the bright light was toned to a mellow glow by wine-colored blinds.

A sweet-faced young girl was sitting at the side of the snowy-draped bed, watching the pale face on the pillows. So intent was she that she never turned her head at the entrance of the new comers, thinking it was her sister alone that was returning. The light brown hair was a struggling mass of curls that, although brushed and combed, constantly escaped from their confinement. The face was almost colorless, the brow rather low, and the eyes a deep, dark gray. Tender, loving, with a full share of animal spirits, Hilda Wallace was loved wherever she went. Not quite so beautiful as the elder sister, Edith, she was just as attractive in her way.

In the one quick glance Imelda gave her she understood her fully. Before the watcher and obstructing the view, stood the doctor with the forefinger of his right hand resting upon the wrist of the girl's left and uninjured hand. With his left hand holding his watch he was counting the pulse beats. At the foot of the bed stood a woman of about forty years, apparently the housekeeper. Her eyes were bent as intently upon the quiet form as those of the others in the room. Edith stepped up to her and for a few moments whispered in her ear. Nodding assent and softly tiptoeing the housekeeper slipped from the room. Edith gently moved around to the other side of the bed and bending over the sufferer listened to the almost imperceptible breathing.

"How is she, doctor? Do you apprehend any danger?"

The man of science shook his head. "Not immediately," he said, "but she will require careful nursing. She has an ugly cut upon the head and we will have to prevent inflammation or brain fever may set in. It is important to keep her head cool. Do not forget to change the ice bandage every few minutes. The broken arm is nothing serious in itself and will soon be all right, but it may add to the fever the first two or three days. She ought to have been taken to a hospital instantly. I am afraid it may be some time now before she can be removed."

"That is not to be considered," said Edith. "We have

room enough and also willing hands that it will do good to get some practice in the art of relieving pain, and if it should prove necessary we can call in the help of a professional nurse. But I wish I knew who she is. I am sure her friends must be very anxious about her."

The doctor merely nodded his head in a grave manner, giving vent to some very expressive grunts. "Very well," he said, "very well; if you are so willing I am sure I am more than satisfied. I know I can trust the patient in your hands, Miss Wallace. You and your sister are a host in yourselves; so in your care I leave her. My part of the work being done for the present I will now go. Should there be an undesirable change, let me know;" and with a few more general instructions he bowed himself out. Edith would have followed but he prevented her from doing so.

"No; I can find the way myself while your place is here—and—good evening, ladies,"—and he was gone.

Until now Hilda had not spoken a word. Her whole attention was directed to the care of the sick girl, every few moments lifting the cloths from her head and replacing them with cold ones taken from a vessel of ice standing by the bedside. All this time the sufferer never spoke, never moved. Imelda could not see her face as it was turned partly away, and partly concealed in a deep shadow. Edith now spoke,

"Hilda, do you see this lady?" whereupon the girl's head quickly turned.

"O, I did not know that there was anyone here," she said in tones of liquid music. Hastily turning to Imelda "I beg your pardon"—then to Edith, "Whom did you say? I don't understand."

"Which is quite natural," answered Edith smiling, "as I have not said who; and as I know you will never guess I may as well tell you. It is Imelda Ellwood; the young lady Brother Wilbur has so often told us about."

"O! Imelda Ellwood!" exclaimed Hilda, with a glad little cry, her face brightening with a sudden joy. "I am so glad," and impulsively extending both hands she kissed her in greeting.

Just then a smothered sound was heard from the bed. With her well hand the wounded girl grasped the cloth from her head and dashed it across the room.

"Who said Imelda? Where is she? I know of but one Imelda, and she is far away. Ha! ha!" laughing wildly.

"I wonder what Imelda would say? my beautiful and good sister Imelda, if she could see me tonight. Would she soil her pure hands to wash mine? I thought I heard someone speak her name. Say, do you know her?"—and her glance traveled unsteadily from face to face. As her eyes rested upon the white face of Imelda they settled there in a stony, set manner. Her lips twitched convulsively as she slowly raised herself upon her well arm. With a quick movement Imelda now cast aside the hat that she still wore. The next instant she had caught the weakened but fever-flushed form in her arms.

"Cora!" She spoke the name calmly, and in a tone of voice tender and gentle, as if the meeting and finding of the wayward sister here was a matter of course. Laying her cool hand upon the heated brow and gently brushing the tangled hair therefrom,

"Cora, be calm and quiet or you will harm yourself. Come, lie down and go to sleep." From the manner in which these words were spoken one would scarce have thought that anything unusual had happened. The influence of both words and manner was instantly felt by the suffering girl. Obediently she permitted herself to be laid back upon the pillows. Her eyes closed. Her hand went up to her head; then to her injured arm, thus indicating where the pain was that tortured her. Hilda had by this time replaced the cold cloths. Low moans escaped the lips of the patient and soon two large tear drops stole from beneath the closed eyelids. Imelda gently brushed them away, now and then murmuring a caressing word so low that only the prostrate girl could hear. Her hand passed back and forth across the fevered brow. The magnetic touch seemed to do her good. Gradually the sufferer became more quiet, and when the

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parched lips asked for water it was Imelda's hand that passed the cooling drink. In a little while the breathing became more regular, and presently Cora was asleep.

In all this time there had not been spoken one word of explanation. Whatever of curiosity the sisters may have felt none was expressed. Quietly they waited until their guest should of her own accord explain what seemed so strange. When Imelda felt certain that her sister was fast asleep she gently withdrew her hands and raising her eyes to those of Edith she indicated that she wished to speak to her. Not wishing to make the least sound in the sick room the two went out together, leaving Hilda once more to watch with loving care at the bed-side.

As soon as the door was closed upon their retreating figures Imelda turned and looked Edith Wallace full in the face. It was an ordeal she felt called upon to pass through, and though a severe one she resolved to meet it bravely.

"Do you understand what that girl is to me?" pointing to the door of the room wherein the sick girl lay.

"I have an inkling," replied Edith, "but do not quite understand."

"She is my sister!" Like a wail the words came from Imelda's lips. She had managed to hide her real feelings while in the atmosphere of the sick room, but now she was in danger of losing control of herself.

To be continued.

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WHOLE No 649.

### The Price of Virtue.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CHANE.

What is thy virtue's princely price,  
Oh, gentle maid  
With modest mien and eyes of blue,  
Wherein thy soul's sweet innocence I view?  
Immaculate thou seemest, perfect, fair,  
Oh, modest maid!  
Too pure for earth which fate hath sent thee to,  
Pale, cloistered nuns in convent walls  
May fast and pray,  
And yet, removed from outer tempt,  
From riotous secret lust be not exempt.  
The laws of God and man oft forcelessly prove  
When passions sway  
Too pliant souls with their commands preempt.  
Thou minglest with the world, and yet  
Of it art not.  
Pure as the snow born in the night,  
Flawless as perfect gem exposed to light,  
Convention's irksome code ne'er galleth thee,  
And ne'er a spot  
Doth mar thy virtue's pure, celestial white,  
But what is, then, the princely price,  
My pretty maid,  
Paid by the world for virtue thine?  
Paid that the star of Chastity may shine  
With dazzling luster in a darksome world?  
Temptation stayed  
By thee, while others to its lures resign!  
Thy sisters, gentle as thou art,  
With hearts more warm,  
Who yield to lawless Love's sweet call,  
Must, under its grand impulse, forfeit all  
Of man's respect and woman's sympathy;  
And all the charm  
Of other virtues hinders not their fall.  
A thousand wretched, ruined homes,  
That thou mightest be  
Respected! Then, is love a vice?  
A thousand sisters' lives we sacrifice  
To appease the monster fetish, Chastity!  
And all for thee,  
But, 's thy virtue worth the awful price?

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

In one day's session of the New York senate four "straws" were laid out for the inspection of the people. More revenue was wanted—of course—and so these three propositions were made: First, to tax more heavily the estates of millionaires. Second, to levy a tax on the capital stock of trust companies. Third, to levy a tax on the franchises of companies which have obtained their corporate grants without expense. All of these suggestions proved to be unsatisfactory to the solons. So we have three of one kind of "straws." Then the Senate adopted a bill exempting \$9,000,000 of canal bonds from taxation. That was the other "straw."

The necessity of thoroughly examining a charge of sexual outrage has often been insisted upon in these columns. Here is

another case in point: In Hackensack, N. J., Peter Smarenbeck, seventy-two year old, stood in the dock charged with assault upon a child of nine years. She told her story glibly. Then Dr. St. John testified professionally that the story was entirely untrue. And then it came out that the old man, being without home or friends, had about a year ago decided to the parents of the girl property worth \$5,000 for a consideration of one dollar, the Webers agreeing that they would give Smarenbeck a home, care for him, and feed and clothe him while he lived. The scheme was to get him into prison under so long a sentence that he could not possibly outlive it, for the New Jersey law does not give the judge much discretion in imposing sentences for offenses of the kind alleged. Acting on the orders of Judge Van Valen, the jury at once acquitted Smarenbeck.

The legislature of Nevada has passed a law legalizing prize-fighting—"glove contests." This is a joke on the good men and women who have had so much to say about the "lawlessness" of the sporting fraternity, and who assume that illegality and wickedness are synonymous. But they do not take the joke good-humoredly. Here, to illustrate, is Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., who says that "healthy amusement and pure sport should receive all possible encouragement, but that which inclines to lower the moral tone of the nation should not be tolerated for an instant." The reverend robin-shooter has suddenly developed a case of very tender conscience. To some of the old Inquisitors the theater appeared most dangerous to "the moral tone of the nation," while burning men alive to cure them of heresy was made the occasion for furnishing the believing multitude with an abundance of "healthy amusement and pure sport." So much for the "clerical mind," then and now. The cowardly mangling of helpless birds for "sport" is a "healthy amusement," but when two men willingly meet for a contest of skill and endurance, the spectacle is declared to be one that must "lower the moral tone of the whole nation." Introversion of ideas seems to be a more common complaint now in the profession than "clergyman's sore-throat." By the way, how did "the nation" become the happy possessor of a "moral tone," and what is "the nation," anyway?

At the Barclay street ferry in New York a short time ago a German girl, Ida Albrecht, attacked Charles Reinhardt, of Hoboken, with a cat-o'-nine-tails. When they were both taken to the station house, the girl said that Reinhardt had been paying attention to her for two months under the pretense that he intended to marry her. By accident she discovered that he had a wife and child. She went to two police stations in the attempt to secure his arrest, but the officers told her she must have a warrant. Hence her effort in the line of personal correction. When Mrs. Reinhardt was seen by the reporter she said:

It serves him right. I am glad she thrashed him, and only regret that she didn't give him more. I have known all along about his goings on with that Albrecht girl.



Such disgraceful episodes do not characterize the love-making of social radicals. Free men and women do not try to obtain love by means of trickery. It is marriage that encourages and makes necessary the cultivation of the talents of the confidence operator. In this instance, it is ninety-nine to one that Mrs. Reinhardt is so bitter against her husband, not because he lied to Miss Albrecht, but because he loved Miss Albrecht. Lying is forgivable, even when the lie is used against ourselves, but unconventional love, like the sin against the Holy Ghost, is an unpardonable offense. "That Albrecht girl!" Note the malignity of contempt in that expression! How much "sweetness and light" there is in the monogamic ideal! Especially sweetness.

### A Proposed Atrocity of Legislation.

BY E. C. WALKER.

TOPEKA, KAN., Feb. 14.—The House Committee on Public Health will tomorrow make a favorable report on Botkin's bill, which does away with a penitentiary sentence for men convicted of assaulting women, and substitutes therefor the penalty of emasculation. For two weeks the Social Purity League of Topeka, composed of some of the most respected women in this city, have been urging the passage of this bill. Mrs. Lucie O. Case, the president, and Miss Eva Harding, a physician, have been especially active. They claim enough votes in both houses to pass the law, and have secured the promise of Gov. Leedy's signature. They say it is a measure in the interest of moral reform, and that, following the lead of Kansas, ten other states will have the same law at the next session of their legislatures.—*Press Dispatches*

If the Reverend Mr. Botkin's measure is intended to punish and prevent crime why was it referred to the Committee on Public Health? Would a bill intended to deter men from murdering or stealing have been sent to that committee? And why has it so persistently been urged by the Social Purity League? Assault upon women is a crime; a woman assaulted is not rendered impure, any more than a man whose watch has been stolen is morally degraded. The facts are that the Purity League people are engaged in a crusade to force their notions of purity on the people of the state; they secured a revision of the laws of Kansas raising the age-of-consent to eighteen years; it is not the idea of justice that mainly dominates them, but the idea of morality; they are not actuated chiefly by the desire to protect women against actual rape, but against constructive rape. That is, they would not hesitate to submit to the terrible penalty of emasculation any man who had associated with a girl under eighteen years of age, even though she lacked but a day of that age and was a woman in every respect, fully consenting to the act that doomed her lover to a hell upon earth. If these women and preacher-legislators are so anxious to protect women against outrage why do they not make their bill cover the cases of wives who are forced to submit to the advances of their husbands?

The measure is vicious in every way. There are scores of valid reasons why such a penalty should not be inflicted. These reasons will occur to every person who thinks. No irremediable punishment should be inflicted for any crime. Death and mutilation are barred by civilization. In all cases of circumstantial evidence there is room for a reversal of the verdict of the jury when all the facts are known. No man, no woman, should be put beyond the reach of the rescuing hand of justice. Either death or mutilation fix without possible remedy the fate of the victim, no matter how innocent the discovery of new evidence may prove him to be. Every day we read of men who have been found to be innocent of the offenses with which they were charged, but who were convicted and sent to prison when first tried. But imprisonment is not death nor mutilation; while life and virility remain there is hope. The charge of assault is one easily made and one as easily "proved" when indiscriminating sympathy for the woman sways the jury. But we know how often disappointed love, envy, jealousy, and other of the worst of human passions inspire the accusation, and how difficult often it is for the man to establish his innocence. For these and allied reasons no irremediable penalty should be inflicted by the law. Then, again, when the law is cruel the mob is encouraged to be cruel, and we well know that,

as a rule, the mob first executes and then tries. Once more, the crime of rape, while very serious, does not necessarily mean the permanent injury of the victim, and hence to punish the crime by the infliction of a penalty that is irremediable is manifestly unjust. Once men were hanged for stealing, but we have outgrown that barbarism. But as the advocates of emasculation argue that the punishment should be made to "fit the crime," by the removal of the offending members, why do they not plead for the amputation of the hand of the forger or the pickpocket?

The rich and powerful have generally been eager to savagely punish the unfortunate poor whose circumstances have led them into the commission of offenses against property. Not suffering themselves, it was difficult or impossible for them to understand the trials and temptations of the indigent. It is somewhat the same, I opine, with many of the women who are so ready to mutilate men whose passions make them invasive of women. They forget that we are all, men and women, what our heredity and environment force us to be, and that "punishment" is an utterly unscientific term and an unscientific sociological procedure. They do not realize that there is no more virtue in their coldness than there is in the ardor that reckons not of consequences to self or to others. They forget that the organization of society is such that women are starving for that which, given to other women without their consent (whether they are or are not the wives of their assailants), is repugnant to them to the utmost degree. They fail to see that the remedy for prevailing ills is not savage revenge, but that the preventives are the scientific education of the young, including the universal inculcation of the knowledge of contraceptives, and the extension of the domain of liberty so that social freedom shall be the heritage of every child born into the world. They do not comprehend that any punishment that coarsens and hardens the inflictors of it and those responsible for it defeats the very end they have in view, by making more criminals than it kills or mutilates.

In two other ways, this proposed Kansas law must operate against itself. In the first place, when death was the penalty for simple robbery, the footpad was under a greater temptation to kill the man he was robbing than he would have been had the punishment been more mild; if he was detected he was to die anyway, and so he was often led to kill in order to get rid of a fatal witness, when otherwise he would have stopped with robbery. So in regard to rape—when the penalty is death or mutilation or even a very long term of imprisonment, the ravisher will be far more likely to add murder to his crime than he would be if the punishment were less severe. In the second place, the legal convictions for rape will be far fewer proportionally to the accusations made than they were when the penalty was imprisonment. The consequences being irremediable, and so awful, the juryman will hesitate long and look very carefully for a flaw in the evidence before he will vote "guilty." As in the case of hanging for murder, many a real criminal will go scott free because the penalty is one that the humane juryman will not be a party to inflicting. Thus the law will become largely inoperative and then there will be the inevitable popular clamor culminating in all the horrors of mob conviction and execution, including the great increase in the numbers of the innocent sacrificed. "Epidemic delusions" in some form have always prevailed, and in this instance we are promised that ten states will follow the expected bad example of Kansas.

### A New Love Ideal.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

I hold that in the love-nature of man, as in the external universe, there are two forces always at work, a centrifugal and a centripetal, and that both must have full play in a really normal life. The centripetal force tends toward a center, toward one exclusive love-partner; the centrifugal force tends from the center toward variety and a general love for all persons of the opposite sex. The extreme of one is monogamic marriage, the extreme of the other is promiscuity, but the

mal state, the golden mean, is a state in which there is a central love and side loves and each force balances the other in normal action. Every day we see examples of people who have gone to the centripetal extreme. Every hope is fastened with feverish intensity upon one object. There is delirious love, tortured, quivering with fear of death, fickleness, coldness; madly altruistic, deaf to prudence, indifferent to self-right; insanely, often murderously, jealous of the regard of others; sensitive to the extent of disease. If the affections wander, what guilt, bitter recriminations, shame, self-reproach; yet no nature could maintain such morbid intensity of passion forever. If the loved object is lost, dies, what melancholy, madness, heart-breaking, wasting, suicides! Worst of all, how the whole glamour of passion, like an iris-hued bubble, disappears when "all goes well" and the two have spent a year or two in married unity. Viewed by any scientific, reasonable mind the whole phenomena of monogamic love is pathological.

But the other extreme is no better. All our finer instincts call out against those who wander from fancy to fancy, shallow, unstable, deceptive, gross, to whom love and sex are synonymous.

The trouble is that we have forcibly separated what should always be united. There is not the slightest reason why a man should not love one woman above all other women, and, at the same time, love several other women with various degrees of lesser love according to their several relation to the needs of his nature. I say there is no reason in nature against it; there are numberless reasons for it.

In every deep nature, unless there is some central love, some object of supreme regard, some "grand passion," some soul-mate and heart-comrade whose faith and loyalty are as certain as life and the procession of the seasons, there is always a vague unrest, a thirst unquenched, a universe without a center. Again if the liberty of the eyes to admire, of the lips to praise, of the hands to caress, of the heart to love everything lovable, is denied, there is a secret rebellion, an irksome restraint, a dearth of romance and fresh emotion, a lack of growth, and an irritating consciousness of unfulfilled needs and denied experience which will not down, and often leads to restlessness, pain, and even the death of the central love itself.

Centripetal force leads to a natural desire for a central love—a man or woman to be the hero of the heart, capable more than any other of complementing the deeper needs of the lover's nature.

But centrifugal force and the fact that no one person is perfect or can perfectly complement any other, satiety, "reversed magnetism," the ordinary pleasure of change, new experience, gratified curiosity, these lead to a natural desire for less complete love-relations, grading from passionate attachment down to friendship and mere admiration, with other persons of the opposite sex capable of partially complementing the needs of the lover and especially of supplying those qualities lacking in the central love.

A whole new world of joy, peace and higher character dawns upon the human soul when these side loves are recognized as just as innocent, pure and right as the central love itself.

But the possibility of such a state of things has been so long denied that the majority of refined people today (precisely the ones most capable of it) regard it as something that could not be. This is pure superstition and fear of words. I am happy to be able to say positively, from my own experience, from much observation, and from the confessions of many of humanity's best, that it is possible to love several at the same time, to love one person supremely and several others at the same time truly, and for mutual harmony to prevail throughout the entire group of lovers thus related. To the mean, narrow, selfish minds this last statement seems hardest of all. They cannot comprehend how there can be love without greed, suspicion, jealousy. But when the larger life comes in all this is easy. It is purely a matter of education and of moral ideals.

"Your ideal is right. I cannot think of it as anything else."

but my nature is too jealous, I could never endure it," a lady said to me some years ago. But a few weeks ago she wrote me how much she loved a woman who had been her husband's lover. "I love her because she loved him," she wrote. And a gentleman wrote to the woman he loved: "I love your husband because he loves you and is good to you; anybody who truly loves you must be my friend." This is the true spirit, which is perfectly possible to any high nature, and which will some day be as natural and commonplace among men as any other sympathy arising from common devotion and pursuit.

I do not hesitate to say that the time is coming when mutual love for the same man or woman will be regarded as a truer and closer bond than blood relationship itself.

And jealousy will be an unnatural and contemptible crime in the true society of the future.

And here we glimpse the new family of the future. Around each pair of central lovers, by the most natural laws of affinity and magnetism, will gather a group of side lovers, loving the central lovers and each other because of that love. What a beautiful family that would form, what sympathy, what friendship, what hearty comradeship, what a wall of warm hearts and tender arms around the children. And each one free in his own sphere to live and love as he pleases. Each one with a separate life and home.

And that is not all. Mary, who is the central love of John in family No. 1 is the side love of Robert who is the central love of Emma in family No. 2, who is a side love of Fred who is a central love of Isabel in family No. 3. Families in this system will become so mingled and inter-related that society will be like an interwoven garment, with every thread bound to every other by numberless ties, and the only way out of the difficulty will be for all families to join in one great family and the great Federation of Man become an accomplished fact. Just as jealousy, and the monogamic love which justifies it, splits society into fragments, the doctrine of "I love all those who love whom I love" will reunite all into a living and healthy organism, cured of its now infinite antagonism and disease.

Let this be understood clearly, that the above is not an institution, to be enforced by laws and petrified customs, but an ideal to be realized so far as circumstances and the gradual expansion of human character will permit by those who freely accept it.

Free love, as heretofore taught, has been mainly unsuccessful because it has usually taken either the monogamic or the promiscuous extreme. It has either taught that lovers should be "true" to each other—that is exclusive of side loves—or else that permanent love was a delusion and a succession of episodes all that a wise lover could expect.

In the one form it still left the heart cramped and narrowed, in the other it denied the deepest intuitions and cravings of our nature. But in this new ideal, which I present, the two are for the first time reconciled; the beautiful episodes still go on yet at the same time the heart may have a secure home and resting-place.

On another point practical free-love has failed. It has slighted and ignored courtship and in this has greatly erred. Courtship is the most delightful phase of love-life, and the wiser love-culture of the future will endeavor to emphasize and prolong rather than abbreviate it. In nature the female makes the male "woo" her, arouse her admiration and finally her sex-passion by the most brilliant possible display of his beauty, kindness, courage and grace before granting sex-favors. This is the natural order—the gradual stimulation of the sex-passion by the exercise of all other mental and physical delights, in their highest possible expression, first. This is the natural origin of courtship and holds the key to all normal love and sex-relation. No matter what superstitions have been taught, no man who has won a woman's loving and admiring consent by the gradual and full display of all his manly virtues and charms can feel that he has committed a wrong act—his conscience acquits him. And no woman thus won ever yet felt in her soul that she

shared her womanly instinct is no glory



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 10, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 267, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, March 16. William Francis Barnard will deliver the opening address.

## To Our Friends and Patrons

The Spring months are again with us, when, judging from all past experience, receipts of reform journals fall to a low ebb, and hence if no special effort is made on the part of friends and patrons the publishers of such journals fall behind, and either run in debt or fail to keep up the usual size and regularity of issue, of their publications.

Lucifer and "Our New Humanity" are backed by no publication fund, "guaranty fund," "indemnity fund," or anything of that kind. They depend for their continued existence upon the co-operative aid received through regular subscription rates, and through sales of literature in their line. During the winter months we have made no mention of this matter, and have sent out very few statements of account, and now we hope our good friends and helpers will not take it amiss if we remind them that the efficiency and even the continued existence of our and their publications depend upon the promptness of their remittances.

## Offers to Help Lucifer.

Lucifer does not ask for donations of money or of anything else, but when those who have money or goods of any kind are willing to contribute to Lucifer's publication fund we are always glad to accept such aid.

Readers of Lucifer and "Our New Humanity" know that the publication of journals devoted to unpopular reforms is a thankless task, and that but very few if any such journals are self-sustaining. Knowing this some of our readers have offered and in various ways. One, an inventor and manufacturer of labor-saving machinery, offers a number of hand mills, to be sold for Lucifer's benefit. This mill has been long in use—several of our friends have purchased of us, and so far as we have heard there is no dissatisfaction. The inventor thus describes it:

"This mill is a great desideratum for those who wish to

make their own Graham flour. It takes but a few moments to grind what is used at once, and then you know what your flour or meal is made from, which you do not if you buy ready ground flour, as many millers use the poorest grain for making Graham flour, as it cannot be detected so readily as when made into white or bolted flour. One great advantage with this mill is that it will grind soft, wet grain or nuts without clogging like the ordinarily constructed mill. It will be found of great advantage to country people who raise their own grain and live far from where they can get it ground, and for poor people who can often get a little grain and make their own flour and always have a first class article. At the same time making a large saving in the cost. To introduce this mill the price is placed at but little more than one-half the price at which one of equal capacity can be purchased elsewhere. Price of mill with crank, \$3.50; with balance wheel, \$4.50." Sent by freight, transportation paid, on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed. Friends who live in Chicago can be supplied at our office. Those living at a distance will receive the mill direct from the manufacturer.

Considerations of economy, so very necessary now in the terrible financial ordeal through which we are all passing, would seem to be sufficient to secure the general adoption of this mill, and yet considerations of health are still more important. All physicians and hygienists agree that one great cause of debility and disease now so prevalent is the impoverished and devitalized flour so generally consumed, by rich and poor alike.

Other friends have made donations of books. Among these donors of books a prominent and very honorable place should be given to the "Legitimation League" of England. The books sent us by this League are the following:

First, "Bar Sinister, and Licit Love," compiled by Oswald Dawson, secretary of the League. This is a remarkably handsome volume of 307 pages, showing in detail the work that has been done in England to emancipate the public mind from slavery to old-time superstitions in regard to what is moral and lawful in the sex-associations of women and men. While more directly concerned with the children commonly called "illegitimate," the work of the League embraces, more or less, the entire subject of stirpiculture and of "Liberty in Love." The book contains four fine full page likenesses—Edith Lanchester, J. Greez Fisher, J. C. Spence, and Lillian Harman, and is sent prepaid to all applicants for the nominal price of twenty-five cents—a price so ridiculously small that the book seems a gift rather than a purchase to the buyer.

Second, "Dawn of Civilization," by J. C. Spence, vice president of the Legitimation League. This book is presented as a view of our present civilization, or lack of civilization, as seen by a supposed reviewer who "looks backward" from an elevation that it is hoped the race will have reached a century or two hence. The book treats mainly of government, politics, war, religion, science, education, marriage, wealth and wages. Though not written as a "story," like Bellamy's "Looking Backward," it contains enough of the historic and narrative form to make it interesting to those who object to moralizing and metaphysical methods of some authors. The work is highly commended by many who have read it, and, like the "Bar Sinister," is a marvel of cheapness when the size and excellence of its mechanical get up is considered. The frontispiece is a fine likeness of the author. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents.

Third, "When Love is Liberty and Nature Law," a lecture by John Badcock, Jr. The name of this pamphlet sufficiently explains its character. It is a vigorous and logical arraignment of canon-law marriage as a solution of the sex problem.

"There needs no vow to bind  
Whom not each other seek, but find;  
They give and take no pledge or oath;  
Nature is the bond of both."

may take the place of motto for this well printed and every way



admirable contribution to sex-reform literature. Price ten cents.

Fourth. "Ought Women to Be Punished for Having too Many Children," by Marie C. Fisher. The last paragraph of this five cent pamphlet sufficiently shows its trend and scope:

"Women require more knowledge, more information, more instruction, both on the population question and on the means of dealing with it practically; they require greater freedom, especially in the married state; they have the best means of judging, each in her own case, what is her duty and power as to maintaining and rearing a sufficient instead of an excessive number of children; they have to bear natural punishments for imprudence in this matter; and under these circumstances society ought to leave to them their heavy responsibility, unimpaired by the enactment of brutalizing penalties."

Fifth. "Rights of Natural Children." Verbatim report of inaugural proceedings of the Legitimation League, with well-executed likenesses of Wordsworth Donisthorpe, Oswald Dawson and Gladys Dawson, president, secretary and treasurer of the League. Price twenty-five cents.

Sixth. "Liberty: Political, Religious, Social and Sexual," by A. F. Tyndall, A. T. C. L. An essay towards the formation of an Anti-Persecution Society to defend the rights of individuals against state interferences and Puritan persecutions. Price five cents. The closing paragraph of this small but valiant exponent of equal freedom reads thus:

"We must have liberty all round. A religious man is not supporting spiritualism or atheism, because he would give the spiritualist and atheist the liberty he himself enjoys. Nor is the man of strict moral principles supporting vice if he attacks the law which tries to put it down. All he means is this—I abhor vice, but I believe your interferences make these things worse; I will go hand in hand with you in trying to do away with these evils, if so they be, but I will depend on education and the persuasive and gentler methods by which all true progress has been effected hitherto. Let then, all lovers of liberty band together to form an Anti-persecution Society, and let this be started by a large and combined public meeting to ventilate the question. Electors! cease to struggle for political nostrums, and band together in the interests of individual freedom."

In addition to these contributions of most excellent sex-reform literature received from friends across the Atlantic, a number of copies of new publications have been dedicated to Lucifer's propaganda fund by authors and publishers near home. Among these, honorable mention should be made of

"The Old and the New Ideal. A Solution of that part of the Social Question which pertains to Love, Marriage and Sexual Intercourse," by Emil F. Ruedebusch. This book has been reviewed at some length in Lucifer and needs no praise from the writer of these lines. Suffice it to say that the "Ideal" of Emil Ruedebusch is quite as radical and revolutionary as that outlined by J. Wm. Lloyd in this issue of Lucifer, but amplified and elaborated to a far greater extent than is possible in the brief space occupied by Mr. Lloyd. For chapter topics of the "New Ideal" see advertisement on last page of Lucifer.

Several more books, some new and some old, have been contributed lately to keep Lucifer's light burning. Among them are: "Swept away," by Moses Hull, price 10 cents; "In Hell and The Way Out," by H. E. Allen, 10 cents; "Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab," by John P. Altgeld, 15 cents; Proceedings of the First Kansas Co-operative Congress, held in Representative Hall, Topeka, last April. Persons who are looking for practical ways of self help through co-operation can not do better than to send for this 114-page pamphlet; price 15 cents.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not," is the advice of an ancient missionary whose mental impress on the world of thought has survived the wear and tear of many centuries. Shall we emulate the good and reject the bad of those old-time propagandists?

It is only foolishness to say that obscenity laws are in the interest of morality; they tend to increase vice, and they discourage honest investigation.

## The Pageant at Washington.

The forms of Lucifer, No. 649, are made up Thursday, March 4th. In Chicago the day is dark, gloomy, chilly and cheerless, typical of the mental condition of many thousands, yea, millions, of the subjects of him who is today crowned King of the United States of America—crowned with more of pomp and ceremony, and with more of useless expenditure of money, than often attend the crowning of old world monarchs.

The writer of these lines has no heart to read the sickening details. With thousands starving, or on the brink of starvation—homeless, houseless, begging from door to door for a morsel of food, or for the poor privilege of earning a night's lodging,—how is it possible for sane and humane women and men to spend untold wealth in the attempt to ape the customs of feudalism—of barbaric display of tinsel and gold and precious stones,—is the despair of the philanthropist, the humanitarian philosopher, and the question, "What are we coming to?" remains unanswered if not unanswerable.

## Love Ideals.

In all fields of human endeavor, in all departments of human activity, the ideal must precede the effort. First of all must come discontent with what we have; then desire for something better; then the ideal, the image or mental concept of what is desired; last of all the effort to practicalize and realize that ideal.

All human progress depends upon correct or normal ideals, and upon the fidelity with which these ideals are followed and practicalized. In proportion as our lives are made to conform to high, true and normal ideals will success and happiness be ours; and in proportion as our lives are made to conform to low, false and abnormal ideals, will failure, disappointment and unhappiness be the warp and the woof of our life history.

These thoughts are suggested by the article of J. William Lloyd in this week's Lucifer. In no department of life is so important that ideals should be true and high, as in the department called love—if indeed it be correct to call love a department of life. In the largest sense, or in the last analysis, love and life seem to me to be one and the same. Love is manifested through and by life, and life is manifested by and through love. Love unfolds, magnifies, preserves and glorifies life; life unfolds, preserves, magnifies and glorifies love. Whatever weakens or destroys love weakens and destroys life, and whatever weakens and destroys life weakens and destroys love. The old saying that "love is stronger than death" voices much the same thought; also the well-known lines:

Love is life's end; an end yet never ending.  
Love's life's reward; rewarded is rewarding.  
If e'er thou liv'st but once love's worth to prove  
Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live to love.

If these views are based upon truth as it is in nature then no subject can be of greater importance than that treated of by Mr. Lloyd. If the current or popular ideals in regard to love are false, then we need to look no further for causes of the failure of many human lives; nor for the causes of the prevalence of crime, of vices, of poverty and of misery. False standards of love-morality,—false ideals in love, explain it all.

## A New Love Ideal.

(Continued from third page.)

For the love of the brain and heart being "pure" love, a love that has originated in these and descended in this natural order for its final consummating expression to the genitals is pure throughout, and so felt to be.

But where courtship is disregarded, and, impelled by sex desire only, strangers rush immediately into each other's embrace (thus inverting the natural order and doing first that which should be last) there is an instinctive and natural feeling in both (the stronger as the nature is finer) that they have violated a natural law, deprived themselves of their due delight, lost self-control and some way degraded themselves, and a tendency to part from each other in disgust and shame.

It is in the attempt to express this that all our terms of sexual reproach have originated—"vile," "dirty," "filthy," and the rest. The very act which in its proper place and order is the proudest and most delightful in human consciousness, when out of order is the most ashamed, disgusting and degrading. Women feel this law more deeply than men, and are more sensitive to its action. No matter what the woman's creed or refinement, if her love has been properly called out she gives her body freely; and again, the coarsest woman feels that sex-relations not preceded by finer endearments and emotions are revolting and stupid. And all through the love-life the lovers must maintain courtship and this natural order of relation, or they will at once begin to grow apart and their couch will be the "grave of love."

In brief, true love is that which always reckons with mutual desire, and satisfies the deeper yearnings of the heart and the higher forms of sex-pleasure before descending to the lower. Such love may reasonably be expected to endure, for love is usually brief in exact proportion as it is purely selfish and sexual.

Reserve—never to quite attain—is the secret of charm in courtship as in all pursuit. Free-love, where the lover is never quite possessed, aids this, and the above ideal more than any other. The method of sex-relation, too, practiced by the Oneida Communists was wise in this regard, as aiding to maintain enduring love, but of this I cannot say more here.

As no other force equals the passion of love in its power to call out all the worthy and admirable qualities in human nature—courage, honor, industry, genius, wit, grace, beauty, generosity, so nothing equals repressed or invasive love in its power to call out everything low, mean, cowardly, disgusting and cruel—in producing disease and a weakness which makes all disease possible.

Therefore it is manifest that to elevate and ennoble humanity and lift it to its highest pitch of mental, moral and physical health and development, we must have the highest possible ideal of love, make that love perfectly free, and encourage the greatest possible variety in its normal expression.

For this is true: All other sorrows are light as thistle down on the nature which loves and is truly beloved.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"Come with me," said Edith, and she led the way to a room at the other end of the hall.

"Here we will be undisturbed, and you can tell me all you wish to impart. But I wish you to understand that I expect you to say nothing that may cause you pain to recall. The fact that this girl is your sister makes her much less a stranger to me than she would otherwise have been. Come, sit here in this chair, here where you will be shaded from the rays of the setting sun. Now, if you are comfortable you may proceed."

What a cosy, home-like room it was. A bright glowing red was the predominating color, softened by the lace curtains and snowy draped bed. Here and there was a dash of gold. The warm hues seemed just suited to the glowing beauty of the girl who sank into a seat opposite the chair wherein she had placed Imelda, and here, in the cool half-dark room, was told the dark story of how this wayward sister had left the home of her childhood to go with her lover.

Of her own suspicion however, that Cora had never been a wife Imelda could not bring herself to speak. How could she know how these sisters would judge? She only told that from the hour that Cora had left her home until now they had never seen her; never heard from her, "and now I am afraid," added Imelda, "she will be a burden upon your hands, an imposition upon your kindness for an indefinite length of time."

"Hush! Not so, my friend," interrupted Edith. "I may call you friend, may I not? Would I not have done as much for

an utter stranger? Why then not do it for one whom my brother holds most dear, meaning yourself, of course; and I can not help accepting your sister in the same light. But," she added smiling, "do you not think we have treated your friend Mrs. Westcott, rather badly considering it is over an hour since we left her alone to pass the time away as best she could,—and now the shades of night are beginning to fall."

Imelda uttered a little frightened cry. "Oh, I had forgotten! Poor Alice. I must go to her at once. But first, if you will permit, I must see if Cora is still resting." So, stopping for a moment to inquire of Hilda as to the condition of the patient, and being assured that she was still asleep and perfectly quiet, the two found their way down the wide stairway to where the little woman had been left to entertain herself. Here they found that that tired little morsel of humanity had fallen fast asleep in the depths of the large arm chair wherein she had settled herself, while the little girls seeing "Mamma" asleep and having been taught at such a time to be very quiet, had climbed into a chair, which Meta had pushed up to a window, and were watching the stream of travel and traffic on the street.

As the door opened little Meta turned her head and seeing Imelda uttered a glad cry. It had been a tiresome task to entertain the baby mind of Norma, and the little heart beat joyfully at the prospect that the charge was over. The cry woke Alice who started up a little confused, but immediately she remembered where she was. Edith apologized for her seeming neglect, but added,

"I am sure you will excuse me when you fully understand. I will go now and see to arranging our simple evening meal, for of course you will take tea with us. In the meantime your friend will make the necessary explanation." With these words, having first lit several gas jets, and ere Alice could formulate a protest she withdrew and left the two friends alone.

But Imelda spoke not a word. Exhausted and broken-hearted she sank into the nearest chair and bowing her head upon her hands her over-charged feelings gave way. Breaking into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, sobs shook the slender figure while tears trickled fast through her fingers.

Alice was speechless. Surprise at this seemingly uncalculated outburst of feeling seemed for the moment to rob her of the power of utterance. The little ones stood with eyes wide open, wondering why "Auntie Meldy should cry!" as little Norma expressed it. By and by Alice collected her wits sufficiently to take the hands of the weeping girl and drawing them from her face asked her what it all meant. When Imelda had somewhat conquered her emotion she said:

"Alice, you have been a true friend to me always. You have made me your confidant in many things. You know much of my earlier life, but not all. You knew I had a sister and brother; you think they are dead, as I simply told you that I had lost them, but the inference is not true. Both have stepped out of my life and have been as dead to me, for several years. I have sometimes almost wished they were indeed dead. Wild and wayward they had cast aside the restraining influence of home and had gone—we knew not whither. Never a sign of life did they send, and my mother went to her grave calling vainly for her absent ones."

"Within the last few weeks, however, the knowledge has come to me that both are alive. Several weeks ago I encountered Frank in the grounds of Maplelawn. Laboring under the misapprehension of believing me to be the mistress of the handsome mansion he asked me for money. Finding that I occupied only a servant's position he had no farther use for me, and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared. I know not what has again become of him; and"—with a choking feeling in her throat,—upstairs, with a broken arm and a bleeding head lies my sister Cora! Do you now understand?"

Imelda turned and going to the window gazed blankly into the darkening night. She had spoken hastily and in broken accents, as if ridding herself of a very disagreeable duty. It was not pleasant to speak of these family affairs. For her they

meant shame and disgrace, even though her whole being recoiled from word or act impure. Her burning brow was pressed against the cool glass and her hand upon her aching heart. Many indeed were the trials she had been called upon to bear. Had it not been that such rare and true friends had been hers to smooth her rough pathway, and had it not been for the love of a true man's noble heart, she would often have found life not worth the living. As she stood there waiting she knew not for what, a hand stole softly into hers and a gentle voice said,

"Imelda! I am sorry, so sorry for you, but—I wish I had a sister! I have no one in all this wide world that has a claim upon me except my children. There was a time when Lawrence was my heaven, but now!—you know and understand,—that time belongs to the past. You have a sister. Let us hope that the finding of her will prove a blessing to you. The same blood flows in your veins. It were strange indeed if some of the same noble emotions should not also move her heart." Imelda was moved. She had never heard Alice speak with so much depth of feeling. She had not thought her friend possessed so much real character.

"Thank you," she said. "I hope so, indeed; but do you understand? I will now be compelled to remain here for some time to come. The doctor says it will not be advisable to have her removed; so I am in a manner compelled to remain, which means that you will for a time have to do without me."

By the sudden pallor of Alice's cheek it was very plain that she had not thought of that, but bravely she put down all feelings of self.

"Very well, we will get along without you until such time as your sister can with safety be removed; then we will have her brought to Maplelawn where you can nurse her until she shall have perfectly recovered." Imelda started.

"Oh, no! That would be kindness too great to accept. It would be too much; besides how would Mr. Westcott accept the situation? It would be an imposition; there is no gainsaying that. No! no! Alice. I cannot accept your kind offer. As soon as it is safe she will have to be removed to a hospital where I shall make arrangements, if at all possible, to have the care of her. If that cannot be done, why then—I shall have to do the best I can for her."

"Nonsense, Imelda, do not speak like that. Lawrence has never yet refused me an expressed wish, and I certainly do wish to have you near me as much as possible. But there will be time enough to discuss these matters later, for the present it is undoubtedly understood that you remain here. The rest we will trust to future developments. Just now," she said, in order to change the subject, "I wish you would help me to lay this sleeping child upon the tete-a-tete, as she is becoming quite heavy;" and while Imelda was arranging an easy position Edith returned.

Alice was more anxious to return home now, as she would have to do so without her trusted and faithful companion, but Edith insisted on refreshments first, and while they were being partaken of she sent a servant out to have Alice's carriage brought up to the house. But the carriage was already waiting for them, and had been for some time. Osmond Leland had been possessed of forethought enough to attend to that matter. Edith explained to her guests that when she and her sister were alone they dispensed with the culinary art to a great extent, as they were both very fond of fruits, and in the summer it was no difficult thing to always have a variety of fruits on hand.

"Maybe I am a little indolent," she explained smiling, "but I do not like to roast my brains above a great fire, and by the same token I do not like to see someone else do it either; so this is the result."

There was no occasion, however, for Edith to make excuses. The ladies found the simple meal very refreshing. After it was over Imelda told Alice what few articles she deemed it necessary that she should send her; for as a matter of course she would remain for the present, and take upon herself the chief care of the wayward but now suffering sister. With the two sleepy

little girls Alice was then snugly tucked away in the carriage and the driver being cautioned to be very careful, replied there was positively no cause to fear. It was not likely that a similar accident would again occur; had it not been for the throwing of that unlucky stone the trustworthiness of beasts would never have played such pranks. With a wave of the hand Imelda saw the carriage disappear, and with a heavy heart she again ascended the stairs to relieve the patient Hilda, and take upon herself this new duty of nursing back to life wayward, erring Cora. To life? and to what else? The sequel will show.

[To be continued.]

## VARIOUS VOICES.

L. A. Coolidge, Denver:—I think the new form of *Lucifer* much preferable to the old. It is more convenient to read and preserve. I am much interested in "Hilda's Home". What truths it contains, and how well put. Please send me a copy of "Motherhood in Freedom".

A. E. K. Parkhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y.:—Have read "The Old and The New Ideal" with great interest, and while I cannot agree with the author's application of freedom, I am for freedom all the time, and am willing to trust to its eventually leading to right conditions. Whatever conditions of sex life it establishes—and there will be many—will certainly be right. The utmost freedom consistent with the rights of the individual is what we must have.

Emil L., Kansas:—Do you know any good way to control conception? Or could you refer me to some one from whom I could get information in regard to this subject?

[Knowledge—or wisdom, which is knowledge applied to useful purposes—is man's best friend; but in this country it is dangerous to impart knowledge on a subject that more nearly concerns human happiness than almost any other, namely, the subject of limiting or controlling the size of families. This knowledge would enable women to choose when and under what circumstances they would become mothers, with the result that fewer and better children would be born. This, in the long-run would result in putting the parasites of human society out of a job. Hence their opposition to allowing mothers to know how to limit the number of their children. M. H.]

N. C. Mitter Pleade, Chupra Sarum, Bengal, India:—I send you ten shillings subscription to *Lucifer* and "Our New Humanity," and beg to inform you that the perusal of these periodicals has given me much pleasure. I quite agree with you in what you say in *Lucifer* that there is nothing obscene, and that sex-relations are quite in accord with nature.

[*Lucifer's* position is that "obscenity" is subjective and not objective. There is no obscenity except in the mind of him who perceives it as such. Everything is natural—normally or abnormally natural. That is to say, while everything is a legitimate product of natural causes—efficient or compelling causes, it does not follow that all is healthful and happy. What is needed to correct abnormal or perverted use of sex in word or deed, is not suppression or prohibition, but education and enlightenment. Then let the fittest survive.]

Our East Indian correspondent asks where "obscene books and pictures" can be had. Not having any standard whereby to judge I cannot answer this inquiry. "To the pure all things are pure;" that is, there is nothing without its use, and the pure mind, by investigation, can find that use. Lasciviousness and salacity are signs of abnormality or perversion, due primarily to ignorance, and the pure minded will make use of these symptoms as the physician does the symptoms of disease, and guided by these symptoms try to assist the sufferer to health or sanity. M. H.]

C. C. L., Mo.:—I have no fault to find with your "Motherhood in Freedom," but wish it were possible to adopt either



## 649.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

this or some other as good method, at once. I think those who find fault with what is therein suggested should tell us of something better, or be willing that this should be given a fair trial. Women everywhere are crying for more liberty. Some are even demanding the exclusive right to their own bodies. Necessity will soon compel something to be done, and it might be far worse than motherhood in freedom.

[The writer of this letter is a public nurse by profession, and hence does not want her name to appear. Like many others whose business brings them into close relations with wronged and suffering mothers she asks us for a sure preventive of conception. She says, "Most of my patients are women in confinement, and could I tell you all the pitiful stories I hear, of enforced motherhood, you would perhaps be startled more than you ever have been,—familiar as you are with the subject. My heart has ached for these helpless mothers and for the little unwelcome babes when I have taken them into my arms. So many of my patients have asked for knowledge in regard to prevention that I have decided, if I can obtain the desired information, that I will do what I can to prevent unwelcome babies and save worn-out women from this awful burden." At present the best I can say is to ask our correspondent to do what she can to encourage women to save themselves by practicing the suggestions contained in the little pamphlet "Motherhood in Freedom". All that women need to do to escape the horrors of unwilling motherhood is to unite in demanding self-ownership, and refuse further co-operation with masculine humanity until the demand is heeded. Do this and the "sex revolution" is a thing accomplished.

M. H.]

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 17, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 650

### Sestina of the Red Heart and White World.

My songs have breathed the music oft of love,  
And oft intoned a lyric for the free,  
And often chanted Nature and her charm;  
But now I sing the Red Heart's purpose great,  
And sing the White World that this shall become.  
When men count manhood more than things that serve,

When men count manhood more than things that serve,  
We shall not need, I trow, to speak of love;  
For, certes, to fit souls sweet love shall come.  
In nature's course, when first the way is free,  
But most of all to those whose thoughts are great,  
And least to jealous ones who prison charm.

Monopoly of land and love and charm,  
And lust of power unpaid to make men serve,—  
These are the things which are not truly great,  
And yet the Dark World yields them all its love,  
And mocks at those who prophesy the free,  
And says, "neath heaven, the White things cannot come."

Yet, when the Red Heart beats, shall surely come  
The White World with its peace and rest and charm.  
Its comrades working side by side, yet free,  
Each other serving, yet unfettered to serve;  
Its daily life a garden wherein love  
Blooms large, and each man's genius ripens great.

When each man's selfhood grows to ripeness great,  
Root-based in Nature, whence all ripe things come,  
Its bud and fruiting eye the genius-love  
Of perfect skill in dainty feats that charm  
And true success in sterner works that serve,—  
Art shall be all delightful, being free.

I see my song return to all things free,  
It finds no other theme so truly great:  
Nature, alone, in freedom, may I serve;  
It shall be so with all when White days come,  
Wherein no deed of mastery may charm,  
Nor falsehood check the Red Heart's crimson love.

Comrades, be free! and then the White shall come,  
Life's commonplace grow great and rich in charm,  
And all hearts Red to serve with human love.

—J. William Lloyd.

### Views of a Veteran.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Judge Foster, in sentencing Moses Harman, compared himself to a lion—and showed he was very like the animal which once might have been taken for a lion had he kept still. According to the Bible, as quoted by Judge Phillips, [another of Harman's judges,] Adam and Eve were perfectly content to dispense with clothes until "they passed from that condition of perfectibility." According to the same story, they passed etc. through listening to the devil. Therefore, the Bible teaches that it was the devil who put the idea of making clothes into their heads. This is a statement of Scripture in regard to which I am still willing to be counted orthodox.

James S. Denson remarks in a recent *Lucifer* *apropos* to Judge Phillips' absurdities, "If we are to have primeval intellects in high judicial places let us be perfectly frank about it; let us honestly say that we are going to savagedom for our judges."

I wonder if Mr. Denson ever thought to inquire whither but to savagedom we shall go for our judges? What is an ideal judge? A person versed in law and willing to administer it. What is law? A rule of action imposed by a superior power. What is the power which laid down rules of action for us? The past. What is the character of the past relatively to the present? Barbarism. Law is the sum of those barbarous customs we have inherited; and that "primeval intellects" should declare them is as natural and proper as it can be.

I have lately read "A History of the Warfare of Science With Theology," by ex-President White of Cornell University. Less interesting in style than Lecky's "History of Rationalism," less outspoken and rough shod than Draper's "Conflict of Science and Religion," this book is very exhaustive, up to date. It traces progress "from creation to evolution," "from Genesis to geology," etc. In each case the author shows how theology hindered the new truth, then denounced it, then tried to compromise, and finally sneaked off, claiming to have known it all along! I think, however, that several new chapters will soon have to be added, as for example, "From Criminal Law to Degeneration Philosophy." The brute's and barbarian's instinct, when anything offends him is to pitch in and maul the offender. If very mad, he mauls him much; if less angry, less. This is the foundation of criminal law. (Proof, in the evolution of Roman and other codes. See Maine, Austin, Sir John Lubbock.) Theology, the product of a barbarous age, attributed a like disposition and method to its gods. The wickedest were eternally tormented in hell, the less wicked temporarily in purgatory. Both might get pardoned—not by doing better so much as by soft-soaping God, and "giving him the glory." Theology taught it was actually wicked to spare the rod. It held up God's example as proof that "punishment" was needed for two great purposes—warning to others and discipline to the evil doer. When men were barbarous, the former was held much more important than the latter. Theology insisted on it more; and thus made law more cruel. (See Lea, "Superstition and Force; Lecky, "Rationalism;" and President White's own book.) In the last century, the infidel Rousseau started, his followers Beccaria and Howard promoted, a movement in favor of mercy so strong that the "warning" part of "punishment" has been almost discontinued. Penologists profess to aim only at "reformation," which, they understand, cannot be effected by harsh methods; and they have induced most governments to modify the law accordingly, notwithstanding vehement protests from theology, which eventually craved and claimed the credit of what it had opposed, as usual. But now come Lombroso and his school with a demonstration that the criminal is born, not made—that he is a reversion to the brutal, barbarian, law-making theological type of man—that only the "occasional" kind of criminal can possibly be either "reformed" or "warned." Thus, instead of graduating punishment, the future must divide the great majority of these unfortunates into

dangerous—to be taken care of—and, pretty harmless, to be let alone. Neither government nor theology, criminal law nor hell has any place in such an age. If these suggestions meet favor, I may try to add a programme for chapters, "From Marriage and Prostitution to Love," "From Property to Exchange in Freedom," "From Patriotism to Humanity," "From Education to Generation," "From Ethics to *Savoir Faire*," "From Authority to Anarchy."

### An Instance of Extraordinary Hereditary Prolificity.

BY C. L.

"Vanentia ('Wiener Medizinische Wochenschrift,' Jan. 16, 1897.) cites an apparently authenticated case of a linen weaver's wife, forty years old, and married twenty years, who bore, in eleven pregnancies thirty-two children, as follows: In the first labor, quadruplets; in the second labor, triplets; in the third labor, quadruplets; in the fourth labor, twins; in the fifth labor, triplets; in the sixth labor, twins (still born); in the seventh labor, triplets; in the eighth labor, triplets; in the ninth labor, twins; in the tenth labor, triplets; and in the eleventh labor, triplets (two still born). Twenty-six of the infants were males, and six females. The father was one of twins, and the mother one of quadruplets of a mother who had borne thirty-eight children. The woman had been epileptic from her fifteenth year, the attacks recurring unchanged during successive pregnancies. The woman was in the third month of her twelfth pregnancy when this report was made."—New York "Medical Record" Feb. 20, 1897.

In commenting on the above, I will venture to inquire if this example of watering the stock issuing from a monogamic corporation, does not diminish the muscle and brain power of each child in proportion as the excess of parental energy to generate is spread out into thin layers, or great numbers. Is it not fully as detrimental to raising children whose bodies should be strong and sound, as is the over-issuing of the stock of a state-formed, or financial corporation to the safety and well-being of society?

In this case, the mother has a transmissible disease, and both mother and father have a prolific heredity. It cannot be a source of happiness to these parents that they are raising such a large number of epileptic children. And, ten to one, that their spiritual advisers have instilled into them that it was a sin to thwart nature by contracepts. Their use would not be sinful, but a means of physical injury ranging all the way from a slight change of the mucous tissues to well marked congestion. But is frequent pregnancy free from physical injuries? Now, any woman who has given birth to a child is competent to answer this simple question.

The question naturally arises: Along what lines should society move to secure a permanent rise in the physical power of each individual member who comes into it? From the viewpoint of a student in sociology, the shortest and best way out of the trend to degeneracy by all ignorant couples would be by carefully reading and profiting by the printed works on parentage and child-rearing that appear from time to time in such papers as *Lucifer*.

Should this or some similar course be pursued by the great body of our people, it is but fair to assume that a very much greater proportion of healthy and vigorous children would be reared than under the present reckless legalized method of sex-mating, and what is of a still greater good, such children would present increasingly developed sense and brain capacities of which the race has not hitherto had even the faintest glimpse.

### The Population Question.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

At the risk of being called an advocate of the "Malthus superstition" I heartily endorse Mr. Harman's statement that we have no moral right "to bring children into the world when there is no reasonable prospect that they can be born well, or

that they can properly be provided for after they are born," it may possibly be that under different economic conditions it would be right for every woman to have as many children as she may wish to have, but so long as the present conditions remain, we cannot be justified in increasing the number of sufferers.

I do not advise any one to accept the existing conditions as a matter of course and to submit to the yoke of iniquity. I say to every man and woman: Let us be rebels, let us do all we can to secure justice and freedom; but whether we can or cannot kill the monster of injustice, let us at any rate not add to the sum of the suffering and misery of the world. I admit that to teach that "the improvement of the working people can be accomplished by learning how to live on a dollar a week" is to utter "economic rot," but if a workingman can get no more than a dollar a week, I shall certainly not advise him to spend the whole of it in one day.

It is, perhaps, cruel to say to any one: "If you can provide for two children only, you have no right to have six," but which is the least evil? The man who cannot have as many children as he wishes, has, perhaps, a right to be dissatisfied with life. Poor fellow! let us pity him, but if he brings into existence a large number of children who have to suffer through no fault of their own, he deserves condemnation. An ignorant man can be excused; a man who is destitute of imagination and who cannot realize the consequences of his acts is, perhaps, not to blame. Of such a man we can say: "Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does," but I cannot find an excuse for an enlightened man. If a blind man falls into a pit, it is not his fault, but a man with a good eye sight is himself to blame.

I know something of the suffering of poor children and I say distinctly that it is a crime to have children unless their lives can be made happy. I am a great lover of children; in fact I do not think there is a man in the world who loves babies more than I do, but I will not have a child unless I am able to properly provide for it. It is bad enough that I myself have to suffer, but I do not wish to make other people suffer. No matter what may be said against the "Malthus superstition," life, as it is, is full of wretchedness, and if we are to have children, let us be sure that the gift of life will not be a curse to them.

### The Saviors of Mankind.

BY J. R. BUCHANAN.

The saviors of mankind are they in whom the divine elements of good and wisdom struggle to rise out of the dark sphere of selfish ignorance and misery, in which the race has ever lived, and to carry on evolution to that state of prosperity, happiness and wisdom, of which the race is capable, but which it has not attained, for the human, like the vegetable kingdom, germinates humbly, and struggles in the cold mud, long before it reaches its grandeur and beauty.

In that stated ignorance, it is abundantly supplied with self-conceit and quarrels with every teacher who recognizes its folly and tries to lead it in the path of progress.

Of its ancient leaders, Zoroaster, Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Krishna, Rutzalcoatl and Socrates, we need not speak at present, for the world is altogether too fond of dwelling on the past, to the neglect of the present and the future.

But there is one misunderstood leader in the past, the wisest of them all, who is but little known today because the powers of evil that have ruled mankind by mythical legends and by force, not satisfied with his murder by crucifixion, have half-concealed and wholly blackened his fair countenance, by that singular compound of history, fiction, crazy absurdity and intense malignity, which is called the Bible, asserted to be the word of God, which has ruled the Caucasian race since it was first anonymously compiled and sent forth by the conquering power of the sword.

The church that held the sword, holds it but feebly today, and therefore there is a little freedom in the world struggling to enlarge its area. That church today knows not its origin



ignores its own history, and assumes the name of Jesus Christ, to which it has no claim, for it has trampled upon all his teachings, which embodied the loveliest religion, the purest democracy and the most philanthropic heroism ever presented by any teacher.

The anonymous record, prepared by the Roman church in its secret conspiracy of the first and second centuries to conquer the world, represents him as a crazy fanatic, dealing alternately in non-resisting love and fierce threats, inspired by an infinite malignity. But the fountain of history, which I have opened with the key of science, has enabled me in "Primitive Christianity" to refute these libels and present as he was the great reformer who defied ecclesiasticism, knowing that death would be his fate, but over whom ecclesiasticism has triumphed by concealing his true history and putting in power everywhere the principles that he denounced in plain and emphatic language.

Jesus was justly called the savior because he presented so fully the principles of all reform, that the saviors who have since appeared have labored to present each some portion of that which he presented in its fullness—the law of universal love and justice.

All reformers have been assailed and slandered. He was maligned after his death by being presented as the mysterious creator of the world, its vengeful God who would send mankind to hell, though he did what he could to repress all superstitious reverence for his person, and all thoughts of cruelty and vengeance.

The principles of his life were illustrated by his martyred apostles; by Hypatia, whom the fierce monks of Alexandria tore into fragments; by Joan of Arc who saved France from English domination and was burned alive; by Bruno, the philosopher, whom the Papal church burned alive; by Voltaire in France, and Paine and Jefferson in America, and more recently by Shelley, Robert Owen, Chas. Fourier, Henry George and Moses Harman.

Harman knows no more of the higher world than did Buddha. Like Buddha he aims at terrestrial benevolence solely, and he has wisely chosen his specialty, for there is nothing more important than redeeming the procreation of humanity from the bondage of the despicable conceptions which have so long enslaved woman and debased the human race by debasing parentage as effectively as law and superstition can degrade it—conceptions introduced in the Bible by forgery.

The ideas to which Harman is devoted have long been germinating among free spirits, but have found in him the integrity and courage needed at the birth of all great movements.

Old Robert Owen on the fiftieth anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence issued his second Declaration of Independence at New Harmony, Ind., against the trinity of oppression, private property, religion and marriage. The religion that he assailed was the orthodox, which the Papal church substituted for the religion of Jesus; the marriage he assailed was the false conceptions established by that church, and the private property he assailed was the selfish monopoly which is now assailed by socialism.

Owen was blind as to the spirit world of the higher immortal life, but he met its evidences and promptly recognized them, and so will Harman when he gives that subject due attention, and if he would lead his readers in that direction he would greatly increase the value of his labors.

Next to the emancipation of woman ranks the emancipation of the land, which the followers of Henry George consider worth all other reforms. As I was the first to present that reform fully in 1847, I must claim that there are five other great reforms each of which is entitled to rank with land reform as indispensable to human salvation, but in the narrowness of the human mind each special reform must have its exclusive champion, and the group of champions may well be recognized as the *saviors of humanity*, who though struggling in battle now, may all be honored in the twentieth century.

#### REMARKS.

[This article has been held sometime in abeyance, partly

because of the personal reference therein. A friend at my elbow suggests that such words of appreciation would be more timely and suitable after the earthly record of the writer of these lines has been fully completed. Such is my own view; but there is another side. The head that dictated the above article has seen near a score more years of life than has mine, and he wants to get in his work while it is yet day. It is part of Lucifer's religion not to play the censor and say what shall be eliminated from correspondence, and what shall stand. Liberty with responsibility for acts and words, is our motto, and so the article is printed as written.

If the venerable editor of the "Journal of Man," and author of many reformatory books, has shown, from historical data, in his latest work, "Primitive Christianity," that Jesus the Nazarene is a much maligned and misrepresented individual, and that he was really the wisest of all the ancient leaders and teachers, then the world of mankind will owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, such as it owes to but few men now living. The mythical "Galilean" has rested like a huge nightmare upon the thought-fores of the Caucasian race for some fifteen centuries,—barring all rational progress, filling Europe, and to a great extent the rest of the world, with hate, and causing rivers of blood and tears to flow. If Brother Buchanan has written the book that will exorcise this nightmare, this bloody demon, that has ridden the world so long, he will have done a work for which future generations will enroll his name high among the "Saviors of Mankind." His present address is San Jose, California. M. H.]

#### Legal Tender.—Reply to Questions.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

In Lucifer, No. 648, I am directly asked a series of ten questions, upon each of which, if the subject of finance were open for unlimited discussion in your columns, a long paragraph would not be out of place. But as my answers to most of the questions can be gathered either from the original article on legal tender or from the following Lessons dealing with the financial question, I will assume that those questions were asked, not of me, but of the reader, in order to present to his mind, at the same time with my argument, other conflicting views. It seems to me eminently proper to present such conflicting views without waiting until the original argument has diverged to other considerations; and my reply to such suggestions will be brief, avoiding repetition.

The Constitution of the United States authorized Congress "to coin money." The coinage laws defined the term "dollar;" and changing the coinage laws correspondingly changes the meaning of the term. If Congress should now enact that there shall be a silver coin weighing one ounce, to be called a thaler, the people would freely select as the basis of transfer, either the dollar or the thaler, neither of which would be legal tender for the payments of debts contracted to be paid in the other. There need be no objection to the free coinage of thalers. There would be no wrong, robbery, crime or suffering, and there would be no disturbance in financial transactions. The question of the forceful collection of debts in either would remain; and that question I shall briefly consider when it is reached in the Lessons.

[So long as 412 grains of silver—coined or stamped,—is called a dollar and does not have to be redeemed in gold or anything else, I maintain it is the real standard of value in the United States. It was first on the ground and has not yet been dislodged, notwithstanding the schemes of robbers to degrade it to the condition of "token money," in order that they may the more easily rob the people by making the scarcer metal the only standard of value. But this whole question of "legal tender"—including the "fiat" scheme of governmentists, is such a bewildering labyrinth that, in my opinion, the best way out is to say to government authority—"Hands off!" Then let the people issue and manage their own currency, as they do, or should do, all their personal affairs. M. H.]

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 17, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N.Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
ANS. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, March 16. William Francis Barnard will deliver the opening address. The subject for discussion will be "The Law of Love."

Illness of the editor saves our readers, this week, from the usual infliction of editorial matter, and gives better chance for correspondents, many of whom have waited long, and many of whom must still wait; especially those whose articles are long.

## Lucifer's Needs.

A few prompt responses to our request for co-operative work in Lucifer's behalf, printed in last issue, have been received, but not enough to supply the need. As spring advances the tendency is to forget the printer and publisher, and if he says nothing it will be inferred that he is getting on all right, and that it matters little whether renewals are promptly sent in or not.

Our readers know that it is not Lucifer's habit to be perpetually asking for money, but reform papers, especially those located in large cities, cannot be run without money, and knowing so well that the spring and early summer months are by far the hardest seasons of the year to make ends meet we think it right, proper and even necessary to remind our friends, everywhere, of this very stubborn fact. Sending out statements of account is expensive in time and money. Will the reader of this line kindly consider it as addressed to her or to him, and, if possible, send us a little co-operative aid, either on subscription to Lucifer, or for copies of the magazine, or for other useful reform, atory literature advertised by us?

## Is Stumbling Better than Good Walking?

BY E. C. WALKER.

In his article in No. 645 Mr. Chavannes starts out with the statement that he will not answer my preceding communication. He has kept his word. But in the attempt to answer my arguments he has again put himself hopelessly on the wrong side. To illustrate: In his second paragraph he says: "I was a firm believer that to be right—coherent—was the true way to

happiness." That "right" of Mr. Chavannes' is an ethical right, and I have disclaimed, distinctly, any intention to discuss ethics here. I have also said (641) that I do "not believe that logic is necessarily the equivalent of truth. In fact, they have no immediate necessary relation." I said: "What I maintain is that coherence of thought is helpful in all the relations of life, that it hastens the advance in intelligence of the man and of the race, and is therefore one of the greatest aids in [securing] happiness." Mr. Chavannes fails to distinguish between logic and coherence. The man who can readily perceive contradictions in thought or action, or between thoughts and actions, can more easily arrive at the truth than can the man whose mind is too incoherent in its processes to sense those contradictions. The perception of truth, that is, knowledge of the real properties and relations of things, is promotive of happiness. The man who knows what animals and plants are poisonous is safer when he travels through a tropical jungle than is the man who is lacking in this knowledge. Coherence enables us to perceive truth. Truth (knowledge) helps us to avoid mistakes in the pursuit of happiness. Therefore, coherence is conducive to happiness.

Mr. Chavannes quotes against me Mr. Denson, who said: "We must reason from facts to principles, and not from principles to facts." Mr. Denson is wholly right. From the facts of human experience—and their number is legion—we deduce the principle that when men act contrary to their convictions of right the aggregate of their suffering is greater than the aggregate of their happiness. To illustrate his contention that most advance is to be made by inducing people to act before they have learned to think, Mr. Chavannes points to the question of sex reform. He could not have chosen an example more unfortunate for his purpose. He says: "I believe I am within the limit when I say that nine-tenths of the women who at times take the control of their sexual conduct into their own hands, do so in opposition to their religious or social beliefs." And he should have added that nine-tenths of those who thus act freely, in defiance of their convictions, endure a hell upon earth. There is the great army of prostitutes to be set off in this class at once, with very few exceptions. We need not dwell upon their miseries and their ghastly fate at last. Then we have the multitude of women who yield to their desires one or more times but who escape the prying eyes of Mrs. Grundy and so do not lose their respectability. Against their temporary physical enjoyment of love is to be set their remorse when separated from their lovers, and often when with them, their fear of detection, their constant regrets in after life. From the ranks of these women come those who play their lovers false when their passion has cooled, who bring the men who have trusted them into court on charges of rape, seduction, and the like. These are the women who are betrayed, who are scorned by the men with whom they have associated, who are left with babies which they dare not own. These are the women who furnish so large a contingent of the mighty army that goes to the abortionist for relief. Professor Clifford said that "many a remorseful tyrant has atoned for the levities of his youth by the persecution of heretics in his old age." So, many a woman who in her youth acted without thinking atones for what she deems her grievous sin by her vindictively cruel treatment of girls and women who follow in her footsteps. Every day brings to our notice terrible tragedies that result from acting in sex matters without thinking, from acting in disregard of the sense of right of the participants. Disaster almost inevitably attends incoherence of this kind. Superstition bears a cutting, brine-soaked lash. Her votaries will break away temporarily, but afterward they are their own and their fellow-sufferers' merciless flagellants.

No; sex liberty in practice must be based on sex liberty in conviction or there will result immensely more misery than happiness. It is not I but the lessons of human history that formulate this principle. The necessity of coherence is insistently proclaimed by the facts. The reasoning is inductive. So far as it from being true that the cause of social freedom is assisted by

the inconsistent action of conservatives, that the fact is that social freedom has no greater obstacle in its path. Everywhere the radical meets the argument from experience. He is told—and with truth—that lax conduct leads to unhappiness. Everywhere he is shown the evils that have accompanied departure from the rules of conventional society. The incoherence of passion-led men and women compels him to consume time and energy in showing that social freedom is something vastly different from the remorse-inspiring and catastrophe-breeding acts of social conservatives.

So dangerous is it for radical men and women to consort with conservative women and men that prudent social reformers hold themselves aloof from conservatives in spite of the attractions that would otherwise draw them together. They realize that the menaces are too many, too imminent, and too serious to be lightly defied. The threatened terrors are legal, physical, pecuniary and social. The conservative lover can never be trusted. Scarcely a day passes that the newspapers do not furnish us evidence in support of this proposition. The betrayal of the swindler McLaughlin by Daisy Hampton is one of the most recent instances in point here in New York. No one can tell from one hour to another what a person with an uneasy conscience will do. And almost invariably an orthodox lover will have more influence for reaction than the radical lover will have for progress, for back of the orthodox man or woman are all the tremendously powerful forces of inertia, prejudice, fear and interest.

#### Relation of Economics to Sex Reform.

DEAR MR. HARMAN: I had no idea of being all those bad things you accuse me of, when I only wanted to make a protest against your rebuke to a mother who had, in my opinion, done a good thing.

My article in print does sound somewhat needlessly harsh I admit, and I am willing to apologize, but it seems necessary nowadays to say things sharply or they are not noticed at all. Everyone is so busy with the importance of what he has to say no one listens to what anyone else has to say. I very often say wise things in a quiet, polite manner and no one pays any attention, so I am driven to believe the only way to make an impression is to jump onto one's victim with both feet, hold him down and stick pins into him, or do something of that kind to be sure of a hearing.

Perhaps I made a mistake in assuming that you needed so vigorous a reminder, but force of habit is strong. If my apology is accepted I wish to add a few words more.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who know me of my friendship for Lucifer, and I heartily join you and always have been with you in preaching the doctrine of free and voluntary motherhood. Just as I believe it is wrong to force anyone to pay taxes or obey laws, I believe it is wrong to force women to become mother; but all honor to the person who freely donates labor and money to a work that benefits the community; all honor to the person who obeys the laws of equal liberty, and all honor to every mother who has brought into the world a "fine family of healthy, loving, happy children." The shame and disgrace and wrong lie in the robber system that shuts out so many children from their rightful "places at nature's table." (I know that is a favorite phrase with Malthusians and that is why I accused you of being one.)

It is a strange thing that after our fifty years of inventive development that has increased the power of production a thousand fold there are fewer and fewer "places at nature's table."

There are plenty of reasons why women should not bear more children than they can willingly and gladly welcome, but the weakest and most flimsy, in my opinion, is that there is any real scarcity of the "honey that is being stored" or a limit to the "production or storing of food."

I am not even sure that the over production of children always results in "inferior quality." I have no statistics, but I have no reason to believe that the children born fifty and sixty

years ago were inferior in physical, moral or intellectual endowments to the "fewer and better children" of today, or that the brightest and best of that day were from the small families.

The men and women who have achieved great things who have made epochs, moved the world and sent their names thundering down the ages have not invariably come from small families reared in comfort and plenty, not even generally so.

With all our studying and teaching, whether it has its influence or not, some power is working out a decrease in the members of families, and we have little need to worry about the advent of too many children, especially about a woman who has borne a family of "fine, loving, happy children."

You see, it makes me feel uncomfortable to see you hitting heads so recklessly wherever you see one. When your club comes down on the head of an intelligent reader of Lucifer who is on the right track to give her family the proper education and direction, I don't feel very safe myself and I wonder if any will escape.

LILLIE D. WHITE.

#### REMARKS:

I have room for but a few words. There is really little to be said, as I view the matter. I gladly accept the assurance that Mrs. White agrees with Lucifer in its central thought or contention. As to the differences in view as to what is most needful to be done first, it is not probable that continued discussion will bring our correspondent and myself much nearer together. To my thinking, reason and observation teach that, other things being equal, a few children can be better born and better cared for than can a dozen or a score from the same mother. See the article entitled "An Instance of Extraordinary Hereditary Prolificity," printed in this issue of Lucifer, written by a distinguished physician of this city. My reading and observations show that the "men and women who have achieved great things" were not, as a rule, members of large families, and when they were, the exception could be accounted for without violation of the rule already mentioned.

For instance, John and Charles Wesley were members of a large family of children—but they were among the first of the lot. Then, their mother was the wife of an English clergyman, sufficiently wealthy to give her sons a collegiate education. Is there any ground of comparison between the case of this mother and that of the mothers who add swarms of children to the census in the large cities or in the manufacturing towns, of this country and Europe?

It may be all right to speak with contempt, as Mrs. White does, of the argument drawn from the hive of bees, but I would simply ask, whether the storing of honey in the hive of the millionaires is providing for the wants of children in the homes of the poor. And whether adding to the number of plant tools of the plutocrats, by the continued fertility of tired-out and hopelessly enslaved mothers, is going to take the honey from the hives of the rich and put it into those of the poor.

Finally, I am not conscious of "hitting heads recklessly." On the contrary I avoid personalities as much as possible. In the case of the parent who said he, (not "she") had a "fine growth of children, loving and fairly happy without corresponding growth of income," I simply suggested that when woman's "sense of responsibility to the unborn is fully awakened" he will not bring children into the world until conditions are provided that will give to each a place at nature's table. If this be treason, let those who do not believe in prudence and forethought, make the most of it.

As Mr. Coolidge says, in another place, "let us all be rebels," but let us rebel wisely. Let us not help to perpetuate the present robber system by an unlimited and hap-hazard production of children. That such production will help the plutocratic robbers rather than their enslaved victims, will, as I think, be admitted by all reflecting minds when the matter is properly considered.

M. HARMAN.

Nature is always nude, innocence is always nude; at every violation of virtue, at every stain of innocence, man throws a new veil over the statue of love.—Montezuma.



## Fiat Money.

BY H. H. HUTCHESON.

To let Henry M. Parkhurst's "Sociologic Lessons" No. XXXI and XXXII go to the readers of *Lucifer* uncriticized, to farther mislead some of them in regard to the gold basis fallacy, would be, as I think, a sin of omission on my part.

Mr. Parkhurst says, "Fiat money, founded not upon redeemability at the pleasure of the holder but upon government authority, when the government assumes no responsibility for its redemption, at once takes the position of confederate currency."

Here let me repeat what I have said in the columns of *Lucifer* before, i. e. that nothing is money that is not fiat money. I challenge Mr. Parkhurst to name a dollar that is not a fiat dollar. He may assume that a certain amount of gold is a dollar. Not so. No amount of gold is a dollar unless it has the government fiat on it. If I owe Mr. Parkhurst five dollars and tender him a chunk of gold weighing a pound, he need not accept it as payment because it is not a legal tender; but if I tender him a few grains of gold or silver or a little piece of paper with the government fiat on it saying it is five dollars he is bound to accept it as payment. It may be claimed that no one would refuse a pound of gold for a five dollar debt. Granted; neither would any sane person refuse a corner lot in Wall street, New York, in payment of five dollars, but the lot is not five dollars on that account; no more is a pound of gold.

Mr. Parkhurst likens confederate currency to fiat money, whereas the confederacy never really existed, and never claimed its notes to be fiat money, or money at all, but simply promises to pay money sometime. Fiat money is *real money*, not a promise to pay; and is not redeemable in money.

In lesson No. XXXI I notice this: "All that is left for him to do is to use the notes in the purchase of other articles, or in payment for services." That is all the use he could make of its equivalent in gold. Money, be it coined on gold, silver, paper or copper, is useless for any other purpose. I have never yet heard of anybody being fool enough to want a real fiat dollar redeemed with another dollar. Would any man be silly enough to work all day for a dollar if he knew that all the use he could make of it would be to trade it for another dollar?

In lesson No. XXXII Mr. Parkhurst says about the same thing in these words: "Fiat money has no value in itself, and can only be exchanged for articles or services which have value." In this I agree with him. No money has any other value. True, the gold on which a dollar is coined has intrinsic value, for use in art or science, but to make such use of it destroys it as money, and to make it into money takes it out of use for any other purpose.

I hope Brother Parkhurst will apologize for those last two lessons, XXXI and XXXII.

[The right solution of the financial problem is closely connected with the right solution of other social questions, including race-emanicipation from sex-slavery, but the smallness of our space and the necessity of concentration on one or a few lines of work, compel us to ask our friends to condense their remarks on finance to as small limits as possible. An exhaustive discussion of this and of economic questions nearly related to it, would crowd out completely investigations into and discussions of problems the right understanding of which *Lucifer's* conductors consider of paramount importance. M. H.]

## Sociologic Lesson. No XXXIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

REDEMPTION RESERVE. While it is absolutely necessary that a currency consisting of notes shall be redeemable in gold, that is to say in what has universal value, it does not follow that the government which promises to redeem it shall keep on hand any specific amount with which to redeem it. The surplus of \$100,000,000, nominally as a basis for the government notes, but which could not be used for their redemption, really

furnished no basis whatever. This reserve, after lying idle for many years, subject to depredation, was at last nearly exhausted without affecting the currency supposed to be based upon it. The real and the only basis was the knowledge or the belief that the government would make provision in due time so as not to suffer default. So long as the government is able to borrow gold on a day's notice, it needs only to keep on hand a supply of gold sufficient to last a day. Under existing conditions the supply of gold necessary to float our national currency is excessively small; for gold is only wanted to pay for a surplus of purchases abroad beyond what our exports will pay for, and gold is one of the products and exports of this country.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

In the days and nights that followed Imelda had every opportunity for studying this sister pair, with whom the manner of her becoming acquainted was so different from that she had pictured. The first week was a trying time. Fever flushed the cheeks of the injured girl, tossed her head upon her pillow, and in her delirium she spoke of many things that caused Imelda's face alternately to pale and glow.

If any reliance could be placed upon those wild utterances, "storm tossed" would be the right appellation to be applied to the life she had been leading. In her troubled dreams she was living in an atmosphere that was strange to the much tried sister. At intervals she would recognize Imelda for a few moments; then there was a subdued light in the feverish eyes, a nervous twitching about the lips. Her hand would come creeping in a hesitating way, groping for that of her sister, Imelda thought she understood. Gently pressing the groping hand she would lay her cheek to that of the suffering girl and whisper,

"It is all right, Cora, never mind." Sometimes in lucid intervals, tears would force their way from under the closed eyelids and roll down the faded cheek. Imelda would gently wipe them away and kiss the parched lips. But invariably the next moment wild fancies would hold sway and she would talk of things the patient sister could not understand.

Edith and Hilda were of the greatest help to Imelda. They would insist upon relieving her that she might refresh her tired frame with hours of balmy sleep, and also insisted that she should occasionally take a walk in the evening or morning air. Hilda more particularly proved herself a valuable assistant. The soft magnetic touch of her hand seemed to give ease to Cora in her most restless moments.

For more than a week her life hung in the balance. But her strong youth conquered, and after the ninth day reason returned to its throne. The gash upon the white forehead would be a disfigurement for life. Happily the prevailing fashion of wearing bangs would almost completely hide the disfiguring mark. The cruel wound was yet far from being healed, but the danger was past. It now only required time for her to gather strength. Already she could sit daily for a few hours in a comfortable arm chair and enjoy the sweet pure air at the open window.

The Wallace sisters had positively refused to listen to any arrangement for removal of the patient. "She will remain," they had said, "until quite well." And here she still was, after two weeks had passed. A marked change had come over her. Imelda saw she was no longer the reckless, daring Cora of old. A spirit of refinement rested on the white brow, and shone in the no longer defiant eyes. There was a story in the pained lines of the decidedly pretty face. The loss of blood, the ravages of fever, and the pain of the broken arm had robbed her of every vestige of color. The ugly gash upon the white forehead had now healed enough to remove the bandage, and only a narrow strip of court plaster was needed to cover the still festering edges.

As she was somewhat of the same build and size as Hilda, that maiden had robbed her in a pretty pink tea gown with a

white silken front, trimmed at the neck and wrists with a soft fall of rich lace, a white silk cord encircled the waist. The heavy light brown hair had been combed school girl fashion, and hung in two plain braids over either shoulder. With the front hair Hilda had gone to some extra trouble to have it look nice. It was a mass of fluffy, curling ringlets, only at one end peeped the court plaster, merely indicating what was hidden. With that look of sadness, that was so new to the elder sister, and which softened every line of her face, Cora was far more than merely pretty.

As yet the time that intervened since the sisters had seen each other last had not been touched upon. Both seemed to avoid it as if by mutual consent. Today Cora lay back in her chair, her gaze fixed intently upon the outside of the window, but it was doubtful if she saw what was transpiring there. Imelda had been reading, now she also was resting. The book lay in her lap while she too permitted her gaze to wander. After a time, however, she recalled her wandering looks and directed them upon the face opposite her, and in doing so she saw that two pearly drops had stolen from beneath the half-closed eyelids and were slowly trickling down the white cheeks. Imelda noisily sank on her knees at her side, and taking the well hand of the girl in both of hers, she laid it against her cheek.

"What is it, Cora?" she asked gently. "Can you not trust your sister and tell her all?" But as if the words had loosened the flood gates of her soul the tears gushed forth in torrents from the hazel eyes; the white teeth sank deep into the quivering lips, as if to quell the sobs that broke from them. Drawing her hand away from Imelda she covered her face while she sobbed as if her heart would break. For a while Imelda did not speak, but permitted the storm to spend its strength, knowing full well she would feel all the better for it. When she had become more calm Imelda passed her arm about her waist and leaned her head against Cora's arm.

"Won't you tell me?" she again pleaded. Again the lips quivered and the tears flowed.

"Oh, Melda, Melda, how can I? You in your purity cannot understand. If I tell you all you will withdraw your clean immaculate hands from me and— Well, what matters it? I have chosen my path and no doubt can continue to walk in it. When a girl once steps aside from the straight way it is not supposed that she should ever wish to return. That circumstances rather than desire could send a woman on the downward course to ruin is not considered at all probable. I may have been wayward and willful in the past. I know I was not good and gentle and dutiful as you were. But I was not possessed of the same strong nature, and if I have done wrong, believe me, Imelda, I have also suffered."

There was bitter pain in the words that seemed to dry the hot tears. Her mood was changing. She was at this instant more like the Cora of old than she had been since the accident. Imelda did not like it; she feared it might lead her back to the old defiance, but she hoped not. It should not, if womanly ingenuity could prevent it. So she determined not to notice the underlying bitterness. She pressed the unhappy girl's hand and said:

"Don't be too sure of so easily ridding yourself of your sister. I do not intend to lose you again. Do you think it was for the mere pleasure of the thing that I have been watching with you night and day for the past two weeks? Oh, no! Since I have found you I intend to keep you with me. An only sister is not lightly lost sight of."

This last caused Cora quickly to turn her head.

"An only sister? What about—little Nellie?"

A sharp pang pierced Imelda's heart. The question showed her that Cora did not know of the changes that had taken place. But as she hesitated Cora seemed to understand.

"Is little Nellie dead?" she asked.

"Yes!" softly answered Imelda's voice, as her arm tightened about Cora's waist. "Little Nellie is sleeping in our mother's arms."

Imelda felt the tremor in the weakened frame, but no answer came from the pallid lips. But when she looked up she observed the tears again stealing from beneath the closed lids.

"Dead! dead!" she whispered, "and I was not there. Maybe it was better so. If she had known all that had taken place in my life it would only have added another bitter drop to her already overflowing cup. But you, Imelda! What are you doing here so many miles from our western home? How came you here?"

"Do you remember Alice Day, who used to work at the store where we were both employed?"

"Yes."

"Well, you also remember that it is long since she is no longer Alice Day but Mrs. Lawrence Westcott. Lawrence Westcott's home is in Harrisburg and I have the care of her children, two sweet little girls."

"Here in Harrisburg?"

"Yes, here. And just here, I may as well tell you of another circumstance. On the day which came so near being your last our old time friend with her two little girls and myself were out driving in her carriage when through the throwing of a stone our horses took fright, and like mad they dashed through the streets and— Well, do you understand the rest? I was in the vehicle that caused you a broken arm and an almost broken head." Cora smiled sadly.

"A pity it was not wholly broken,"—for which she was reproved by Imelda.

"Don't let me hear such words again. I will not listen; but first tell me why you should use them and then let me judge."

"Let you judge,"—fell in bitterest accents from Cora's lips. "Chaste, honest, truthful, will you be able to judge me?"

"I hope so, and as I hope that I am all that you say, you must not forget to add 'just.' That is another attribute to which I aspire. Now trust me, little sister, and ease that aching heart. You will feel better when it is all over, I am very sure." So at last Cora gathered up courage and began the confession that in the last few days so often had hovered upon her lips.

[To be continued.]

## VARIOUS VOICES.

H. T.:—Herewith find enclosed one dollar on subscription to Lucifer. Our young president handed it to me to be applied to that purpose. You need not change the name on the tab,—it will be read by all the inside circle, just the same.

Our Libertarian Association Limited has already reached the practical stage.

L. H. Piehn, Nora Springs, Iowa:—I am very glad you are awake on the medical delusion which causes the blood-poisoning of our dear children and holds power over our free schools. It is the worst kind of barbarism. Let us bring light to the world. I am in sympathy with your grand work. I have been a church slave all my life, but got awake when my children were murdered by vaccination. Now I am going for victory.

J. C. Barnes, Hindsboro, Ill.:—Inclosed please find one dollar for which credit your account against me for Lucifer. I am more pleased with Lucifer as I read more of it. The more anarchy you put in it the better I like it. I have lived a life of anarchy for forty years with hindering environment and know that it would work, even if immediately adopted. How much better when more are educated to mind their own business, as your paper is doing. Let every one do as he pleases, limited only by the equal freedom of every person.

Col. H. Winchester, Lower Lake, Cal.:—You have my most sincere thanks for your kindness to an old man in sending him Lucifer, with which I am fully in accord. I know of many instances of the damnable outrage and wrong done to the pure and virtuous, and if I could see—I have only about three inches of sight—and if my hand was not paralyzed I would write them

## 650.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

up. My 85 years have not been passed without taking notes. I send you \$1 which I take from the \$5 a month my daughter allows me for personal expenses. It is probably the last you will ever receive from me. Death may claim me soon. I am a lawyer by profession; was rich once but now am poor.

Elizabeth H. Russell, Cleveland, O.:—Inclosed find one dollar and name of new subscriber. I see by reading Lucifer No. 648, that you are getting some hard slaps in the face from one of your critics, Mrs. Lillie D. White. I have re-read the offending article in No. 640. If my memory serves me right Mrs. White worked on the same lines herself, while she was editing Lucifer, some years back, advocating woman's moral responsibility in the production of offspring. And that is all you contend for; that if woman were free she could then decide the number of children she would bring into the world, whereas in marriage she has no say in the matter, being subject unto her husband. I do not like the spirit of the criticism at all. She has given a wrong meaning to your words.

"Firebrand Group," Portland, Oregon:—In the Lucifer of Feb. 24, we notice a complimentary notice of the "Firebrand," but we wish to correct some mistaken statements therein.

Owing to the postal laws we were compelled to fix a price, so the old price of fifty cents per year was re-established. The paper is an exponent of Anarchist-Communism (but accepts articles on all subjects), advocating voluntary co-operation, but has not devoted itself to the advocacy of "co-operative banking," or other palliative, but has boldly demanded unqualified liberty.

We gladly grasp the outstretched hand of fellowship, hoping that the fraternal union of Lucifer and the "Firebrand" may last as long as the two papers exist.

[Always glad to have mistakes corrected—if such should be made in Lucifer's columns. The statement in regard to "Subscription Voluntary," was taken, in substance, from the editorial of the "Firebrand" itself. Am glad to know our contemporary demands "unqualified liberty." In a private letter Friend Addis asks, "when did you ever send us anything for publication that did not appear?" alluding to a certain reply to "Critics" that had appeared in Lucifer of March 3. In answer I would say that the reference in the last line of said reply was not aimed at the "Firebrand." It was an eastern, not a western, contemporary that had refused me the privilege of space for reply. Lucifer invites truthful, fair, honest criticism, even though somewhat "rough shod," to quote the language of Friend Addis, but misrepresentation whether in editorial or correspondence columns is not pleasant. In his summing up of the matter in the "Firebrand" of March 7, I think Mr. Walker states the case correctly, so far as himself and Lucifer are concerned, and as it seems so very hard to get our radical friends to understand Lucifer's position in regard to the much discussed "Boston tragedy," Mr. Walker's reply to the "Firebrand" and its correspondents will probably appear in our next issue.

M. H.]

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 12.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 31, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 652.

### The First Teacher.

Mystery of all the ages,  
Angel of power and flame!  
Not dimmed is thy wings' burnished splendor,  
Nor drooping thy spirit in shame,  
First of the princes celestial,  
Nearest the heart of the light!  
At last break the centuries' silence,  
At last speak thy story aright:  
Thy light through knowledge of evil  
Comes man to knowledge of right;  
Only in struggles of blindness  
Was evolved, through the aeons, his sight.  
Ever falling, yet still rising higher,  
Soul comes to her kingdom again;  
This is eternity's secret,  
This is my mission to men."

—Eliza Archard Conner.

### More Oracular Utterances of the "New Priesthood."

BY E. C. WALKER.

In No. 644 of *Lucifer* I spoke of "The Medical Priesthood and Woman's 'Duty,'" taking as my texts some remarkable assertions made by certain physicians writing for the "Medical World" upon the subject of the prevention of conception. In subsequent numbers of that publication the discussion has been continued, and it is my purpose to quote here and briefly comment on a few characteristic deliverances of the priests of the Church of Medicine and Surgery, now rapidly rising to supreme power in this country. The excerpts are from the latest issue of the periodical named.

Dr. A. W. Mitchell tells of six cases of miscarriage among his married patients. Five of the cases were self-induced, he thinks, and yet he is opposed to making general the knowledge of contraceptives. "All were young or in the prime of life; two were recently married and did not want a baby until they had been married a year or two at least. Three of them had two children each already and did not want any more. None was wealthy, but all were healthy." It seems to me that the reasons his patients did not desire children at that time were sufficient, and that a good contraceptive would have been a boon to all of them. Does Dr. Mitchell think miscarriage preferable to prevention? It brings more custom to his shop, of course. But a doctor should not be too mercenary. However, Dr. Mitchell's incoherence is ample to account for the position he takes, without imputing excessive avariciousness to him. In one part of a paragraph he says that the women he mentioned as having induced miscarriage would not bother with any contraceptive, "and so with the hordes of people like them," which is pure assumption, of course, and in another part of the paragraph, when he is urging doctors to "go slow" in advising the use of contraceptives, he says: "What a picnic the boys and girls would have if the girls only knew that by a very simple device they were just as safe from public disgrace as the boys!" What are the grounds for Dr. Mitchell's assumption that the girls would be so much more sensible, practically, than the

married women? Why does he think the unmarried would use contraceptives while the married would prefer abortion? Dr. Mitchell is absurd, and his absurdity has its birth in the fear of the fossil that the boys and girls would have a "picnic" and nobody be hurt! Like Mark Twain's Puritans, Dr. Mitchell has an instinctive hatred of pleasure, to balance his love of pain—when others are the sufferers. This will be still more apparent when I come to another part of this article, as I shall before I finish.

"H" speaks of "one of nature's grandest laws" and of "one of the Almighty's commands," evidently laboring under the delusion that there are two supreme authorities in the universe. It is needless to say that the writer knows nothing whatever about an "Almighty" person or his commands, while what we call "nature's laws" are purely subjective. Talking about "rending asunder established laws," is nonsense. To prevent the undesired meeting of the ova and the spermatozoon is no more violative of "law" than is the saving of a somnambulist who is about to fall from the roof of a building in "obedience to the law" of gravitation. "H" says: "Use what means you may, and the wife forfeits her conjugal rights." What "conjugal rights" does the wife forfeit, and how does she, more than her husband, forfeit these unknown "conjugal rights" by the use of contraceptives? This opponent of prevention continues:

The argument that many wives are urged to submit at too frequent intervals to the sexual embrace by over-exacting husbands is not our responsibility, and is no excuse for our advising any means which tend to thwart nature, promulgate vicious sexual relations, and thus abet an evil so fatal to healthy moral, mental and physiological life.

Evidently, the argument mentioned is not the doctors' responsibility—in fact I do not see how one man's argument could be another man's responsibility, but taking "H" as he meant and not as he said, and it is to be maintained that the doctors are responsible for the fact that many wives are compelled to submit to undesired associations and pregnancies, and this is especially true when the doctor has such a fear of encouraging "vicious sexual relations" that he refuses to advise his patient to use a contraceptive or leave her husband's bed, when he (the doctor) knows that another child will mean the serious impairment of her health and perhaps her death. Did it ever occur to "H" that he "thwarts nature" when he gives an antidote to a poison taken into the system, accidentally or otherwise? Once more:

The late Professor Goodell once said: "Show me a house without children, and ten to one, you show me an abode dreary in its loneliness, disturbed by jealousy or estrangement, distasteful from wayward caprice or from enervable eccentricity."

What has this to do with the question at issue? What friend of prevention has argued for childless homes? It has been contended only that the number of children should be kept within reasonable limits, that men and women for any reason unfitted for parenthood should not bring children into the world but need not because of this sacrifice be compelled to

sacrifice also all the other joys of love, and that the woman should have the casting vote in regard to her own possible motherhood.

Dr. D. D. Rose talks quite sensibly on the subject (I have copied one of his paragraphs for Lucifer), saying that "the whole matter ought to be under the control of the women," and he describes his favorite method of prevention, but he has all the priest's horror of the laity possessing any information for themselves. Listen to him: "One great difficulty in the matter is, that if a physician teaches a method to some one who ought to know, she cannot refrain from telling her neighbors what the doctor said, and it takes only about two weeks for a whole state to know." That the doctors should wish to guard trade secrets is natural, but it is to the interest of the people that they be made known. If "the whole matter ought to be under the control of the women," the doctors should be required to give up their monopoly of knowledge, for the women cannot control their own bodies while they remain in ignorance of the methods of prevention, each depending upon the caprice of some physician, who takes it upon himself to say under what circumstances, if under any, she may refuse to become a mother.

Another anonymous contributor, who says he believes that if "there is any harmless and effective preventive it should be made known to the medical profession, to be used by physicians in any and all cases where the woman from any cause cannot give birth to a living child," declares that "the profession alone should know the means by which it [prevention] is accomplished." This doctor must think that women are indeed fools if they do not know the means by which prevention is secured in their individual cases, when advised by their doctors. Certainly, the means "X" recommends must be known to the women affected thereby. But the most startling thought suggested by the assertions and claims of these doctors is that if they could have their way the New Priesthood would absolutely control the population of any and every country. No woman could refuse to become a mother except by permission of a physician, which means that the increase or decrease of the number of inhabitants of every state would depend upon the decree of the men of medicine. In their hands would repose the fate of the race; the *genus homo* would continue to exist or it would perish within two generations, just as they thought best. Verily, these gentlemen are too ambitious; the theological priest, in the days of his greatest power, never aspired to the universal, all-inclusive dominion to which the medical priest coolly assumes himself to be entitled.

Still another anonymous writer declaims against the lending of medical journals to the laity. His chief grievance seems to be that the layman reads in the medical paper of some improved treatment of a given disease and then finds fault with Dr. Antiquated for clinging to an old method. It is too bad that the growing intelligence of the raw material upon which they work should compel doctors to try to keep up with the procession. I wonder if the lawyers, electricians, steam engineers, pattern designers, and the other specialists are worrying about the reading of their periodicals by the non-professionals?

To return for a moment to Dr. Mitchell: He contemptuously derides the use of contraceptives, and says that only old age or castration will prevent the practice of abortion, presumably in the case of any particular couple, for, like all the other doctors whose arguments I have noticed in this article, he horribly mangles the English language. This is Dr. Mitchell's concluding recommendation:

Why not take an open stand for castration as a legal way of disposing of a class of cases that might be termed vicious, physically or mentally?

"A class of cases that might be termed vicious"! This is delightfully indefinite. This "class" might be made to include all who, because of a lack of knowledge of contraceptives, induce miscarriage, and I am of the opinion that Dr. Mitchell meant to be understood, as my earlier quotations from his article would seem to imply. The double proposition amounts to this: Do not let women know how to prevent undesired conception, and

then castrate their husbands or lovers if they induce abortion or if their children are not up to the standard set by the gentlemen and medicos. That is to say, the doctors will keep the women in ignorance and then mutilate the men, for, as you will readily see, it is to their interest to pursue this course of action. When women are intelligent and have in their own hands the means of prevention the revenues of the medical knowledge-suppressors will be reduced, but if the women are kept in a state of ignorant dependence on the physicians the state will pay the doctors for "disposing" "in a legal way" of the offending men. It is a lovely scheme, eminently characteristic and well worthy of the "ethics" of the New Priesthood. It remains to be seen whether the intelligent and humane physicians of the world can urge their profession of this soundly element of ignorance perpetuators and mangle of the unfortunate.

Have we not had enough and to spare of priesthood? Is it not time for the people to think and act for themselves? A few of us have come to the conclusion that the religious priest has no authority to command; that he may guide only. A still smaller number affirm that the functions of the medical priest are advisory only, never rightfully mandatory. The world woefully needs a Declaration of Independence of the New Priesthood.

### The Battle is On.

BY N. C. MATHERS.

We have a Freethought library here, Wichita, Kansas, and what purports to be a freethought society. But in my humble opinion the name is too broad for the society. "Infidel society" would have been much more appropriate.

That editorial, "A Dissenting Voice" in the January number of the "Freethought Magazine," relating to S. P. Putnam and May Collins, has caused our bravest and most liberal members to hoist the white flag and surrender to "Mrs. Grundy."

My wife and I had expected to do some missionary work here for Lucifer and the noble cause it advocates, in the emancipation of woman and the elevation of the race. But our prospect of success in that line is not encouraging, since the so-called "Freethought Magazine" has surrendered its guns and its ammunition to our orthodox enemy.

We have quite a large number of Infidels here, but only a few Freethinkers, if I understand the meaning of the terms. Or at least if they are Freethinkers they have a string tied to their thoughts, that will allow them to go only so far. They cower and cringe at the possibility of being mistaken for "free-lovers." Many "Freethinkers" are not free to investigate very far outside of theological questions. They draw the line and say, "Halt!" when it comes to analyzing some of the social questions that orthodoxy has established and declared to be divine. They denounce free-love in the same bitter terms, and with as little show of reason as the most zealous adherent of the church denounces infidelity. And those very "Freethinkers" who denounce it, do so from absolute ignorance of what it teaches, and of the proposed results of its final accomplishment. They know no more about the aims and objects of the free-love philosophy than a Salvation Army captain knows about evolution or materialism. They are treading on the same ground that all other persecutors have trod in the past ages.

Bruno was burned for stating advanced ideas that have since proved to be correct. Ignorance yet contests every step forward. The church has not got a monopoly on ostracism for opinion's sake. People may yet learn that it is just as important for the human race to breed good children, as to breed good chickens.

Free-lovers are today the "Brunos" and the "Galileos" in the social question, working for the elevation of the human species and the betterment of the human race. It is all right even with orthodox people to improve our horses and cattle by being very careful of their breeding. But, with "Freethinkers"

even, it is all wrong and highly demoralizing to use the same good sense in improving the standard of our children.

I am eagerly waiting to see a full and complete reply made to the above mentioned editorial, from the free-lovers standpoint. And I know of no person who can do that so well as Moses Harman.

### Scientific Motherhood.

[The following article I clip from the Chicago Sunday "Chronicle" of March 21 under the heading "Biren Arnold's Musings." I must say that my soul is filled with thankfulness to Lucifer and its co-workers for the great change in the sentiment that has been wrought in the darkened minds of manhood since Lucifer was first launched on the waves of public thought. An evolution that has become almost a revolution in these few short years, when a great Chicago daily will publish such thoughts as these. I have sometimes felt that the work of Lucifer was so thankless that the workers might get weary in well doing, so I send this as a word of cheer and with it my grati- tude, for only as the whole race is lifted to a higher plane of right thinking, doing and living, can we elevate ourselves to any great extent.]

MATTHE E. HUGHES.

#### NEEDS A REVELATION.

The world needs a revelation. It wants a most decided shaking up; and it is going to get it. It is coming fast too, for the hour has arrived when forbearance has ceased to be a virtue and temporizing with evil will no longer answer our demands. The revolution will come, must come, through the broadening of the moral sense. The cultivation of the private virtues will lead to the inculcation of social virtues and the uplift of man as well as women. All this is to come about through a science of motherhood.

#### EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

That is not revolution, do you say? But evolution! Did you ever see an evening primrose open? Over the yellow petals folds an opaque shield of green, heavy, inflexible, apparently, shutting from view all but the creamy tips of the blossom. Like a flash something stirs in its heart and instantly before your eyes the petals have unfolded, the feathery stamens are quivering in the evening air and the perfect blossom smiles up at you. This was evolution and yet revolution. By so much this movement in behalf of scientific motherhood will bring revolution about. That revolution has already come is evidenced by the thought growing everywhere that woman is the real guardian of the public health, the public morals. Gradually it is forcing its way into the schools and into the jails and reformatories. Woman's influence is widening and as it widens by so much the world grows better.

#### THE NATION'S HOPE AND GLORY.

The mothers of a nation are its hope and its glory, but the time has passed when the bare fact of motherhood alone will bear the stamp of approval. The day has passed when the Napoleons of the land only care for men to stand up and be shot at. There is a higher type, a wider destiny for men and women than the past has known, and the scientific rearing of the child is forcing its attention upon us. The world is filled with half-baked folks; folks who are fitted for nothing under heaven but to "chink in" like great Caesar's dust, and possibly "keep the wind away," although I have my doubts about their efficacy in this respect.

#### WHAT IT WILL MEAN.

Scientific motherhood will come to mean in time the entire abolition of deformity, disease, imbecility, stupidity, drunkenness, malignancy and all the terrible ills that afflict our common humanity. It will mean a race of men and women fitted to cope with the questions which are every day forcing themselves upon us and leaving us in blank dismay at our inability to answer them. It will mean that our eyes have suddenly opened to new and great truths, and that the saving of the criminal, the reformation of the drunkard, the uplift of the world shall come about through woman's knowledge of herself, the grandeur of her mission and the splendor of her duties. She will find that in her hand lies the solution of many of these questions which so long have made her heavy at heart. The formation of these mothers' clubs in every little hamlet and community is the first step and a long step in the right direc-

tion. When women meet together to discuss something besides their every-day trials with their servants, the scandals in their neighborhood, or the very latest styles, they are on the way to a higher and sweeter atmosphere, and when that discussion takes the form of scientific inquiry into the relationship of the mother and the public welfare as evidenced in her children they are in a fair way to discover and master all the possibilities of life. How much the world is dependent upon the ministrations of women, and how ably she can, if she will, fulfill her obligations! It rests with her to strike selfishness to the earth, send the dagger to the heart of oppression, and make love and sympathy the spiritual guides of man into the far off lands of brotherhood. It is her privilege, it might too be her pleasure, to help to make men brave and free, women loving and beautiful and children as innocent and happy as the prayer on the lips of an angel!

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

TAXATION AND CURRENCY. So much of our currency as is needed to support the government is based not upon gold but upon taxation. If the government were to issue an entirely independent series of notes, not redeemable in gold, but receivable in all payments to the government, a very large number of such notes could be readily circulated at par among those who have taxes or duties to pay, or in other similar transactions.

To illustrate this principle, suppose the government should issue notes irredeemable in coin but receivable in all payments to the government at twice their nominal value, issuing less of such notes than it collects by taxation. Such notes would at once be far above par in the market, from the demand for them by those having duties to pay which they would necessarily pay partly in gold or other notes from the scarcity of these special tax notes. No law could force them into circulation at par, for they would be hoarded. Yet such notes, from their continually changing value, would be a very poor circulating medium.

The suggestion of another basis for the currency, arising from extensive necessity for the use of the notes, as in the payment of taxes, may assist hereafter in the establishment of a currency entirely independent of an apparent material basis; for all that is needed is that the currency shall be in universal demand, and with such evident and definite invariability that no one will fear the possibility of a change in its value. Before any other basis than gold can be advantageously employed, something must be discovered less likely to be affected in its exchangeable value by the rise and fall of governments, or other conceivable circumstances.

The W. C. T. U. addresses President McKinley as "Honored Ruler." Any company of people who do not know enough to know that the president is merely the administrator of government, executing the sovereign will of a free people, who have no "rulers," is hardly competent to advise anybody on any subject.—Chicago "Dispatch."

The "W. C. T. U." are in the right as to fact; the "Dispatch" voices a theory which more than a hundred years of experience has proved to be false. The W. C. T. U. people are honest in their belief that there should be human rulers to represent a supposed divine ruler in the skies, and therefore they are all the more dangerous, as teachers of the people, because of their honesty and consistency. All they lack is the power to carry out their theory, else we would have the religious despotism of the dark ages enthroned here in these United States of America.

"The sovereign will of a free people who have no rulers," is a ghastly joke, in view of the facts as they exist today.

The gist of essence of Paternalism lies in the assumption of every man that he is better qualified to attend to his neighbor's business than is his neighbor himself. Basing his principle—or, rather, his arguments in support of it—upon this pretension, he invariably invades the liberty of the individual. Curtail some one else's freedom, and he is pleased—his own abridged he rebels.—Voltaire.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 31, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks: "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
ANS.—The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Brimoin  
No. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, March 30. William Trinkaus will read a paper on Industrial Re-organization.

Much space in this and last week's issue of Lucifer has been given to ideal life in a co-operative colony, as proposed by James Thierry who has had much experience in voluntary co-operation, and whose ideals seem to have the merit of originality. Whether they are practical at this stage of human development is a matter upon which all readers will probably not be agreed. It is hoped that all writers on co-operation, or on any other theme, will remember that Lucifer's pages are small and few in number, and that it is not fair to others to give much space to single articles, no matter how good they may be.

## The Key Note of Reform.

"There will never be a generation of great men till there has been a generation of free mothers."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

"True, O King!" And if the greatest of American orators had said, "There never will be a generation of free men until there has been a generation of free mothers," the saying would have been equally true and timely. By the inexorable fiat of Dame Nature the makers of men must be free before men themselves can be free. The child of a willing slave will be, like its mother, a willing slave, else it will be like unto him who enslaves that mother, that is, it will be a tyrant; and a tyrant is never a free man.

Only he who "commands not nor obeys," is truly a free man.

Freedom means equal liberty for all, else it is not freedom.

"But if the mother be an unwilling slave, will not the maternal aspiration for liberty be incarnated and practicalized in and by her child?"

This is a question frequently asked, and is very pertinent to the humanitarian or stirpicultural problem.

Reasoning from what we know of hereditary tendency and of prenatal impression I think we should expect, from such a mother, nothing better than inefficient, discordant, unhappy

and purposeless offspring. If the mother desires freedom but does not know enough, or has not courage enough, to strike for it—if she dares not to demand self-ownership of her person, and an equitable adjustment of economic arrangements as necessary conditions precedent to co-operation with man in the reproductive realm, then the prospective mother's mind is too ignorant or too weak, too timid or fearful, to create well-balanced, brave, resolute, reliable and self-reliant offspring.

The children of such mothers will, by natural causation, be inefficient, half-hearted, unreliable, and yet discontented, restless and longing for change, yet having no very definite idea of what they really need.

Such men naturally form the rank and file of the armies that follow and do the bidding of every ambitious and unscrupulous leader, whether such leader wants men to fight with ballots or bullets, and will be true to their leader so long as he can, by fair promises, convince them that he will divide with them the spoils of conquest. When deceived and betrayed by one demagogue they desert him and try another, but no matter how often betrayed and disappointed they never learn to be self-reliant and self-owning.

And thus it is that the children of slave mothers, whether contented or discontented slaves, can never be great nor free men.

## What is a Dollar?

BY C. DUTTON.

Am glad to find in your edition of March 3 that you have discovered "serious objections to waiting until the series of 'Sociologic Lessons' was finished before venturing to criticise any one of them," and enjoyed the way you handled his untenable positions and assumptions. As I view the subject of finance, or money, Mr. Parkhurst is a back number, and needs to take quite a number of lessons before he will be "up to date" concerning it, provided he gives us his honest convictions. According to those the farthest advanced in legal lore, money—a dollar and its multiples—is not a tangible object, but an ideal unit in the ascending or descending scale of debts and credits.

Hence there are no such things legally as gold, silver or paper dollars.

The dollar and its multiples are used to measure debts and credits—to keep accounts. And as our government is a huge corporation, with all the officers necessary to keep its accounts (not to name a legion that is of no use whatever, other than to draw their salaries,) and transact all legitimate affairs attending their governing duties—and a perpetual pauper at that,—it sounds farcical in a writer of the mental caliber of friend Parkhurst when he, parrot-like, warbles "fiat money," the favorite phrase of the bankers and nearly all of the privileged classes. And also when he says, "The government assumes the debt and itself pays the promised dollars." He forgets the fact that the government has nothing to pay with; its entire revenue being derived from taxing the wealth producers.

Primitive modes, or methods, put in operation by mankind, are right and proper when they first come into vogue; simply from the fact, that, at the time, it was the best that it was possible to introduce.

But in the progress of humanity, up to something more desirable, there comes a time when old ideas, methods and opinions must give place to the new, those which have been found to be more in accordance with the laws of nature. "Now we rise to assert the right of moral law. We seek to introduce the moral element into politics," said Benjamin Skinner.

I wonder if the idea that money, regardless of the material that bears the stamp or impress, is public credit—a floating perpetual public debt—has never occurred to Friend Parkhurst, and that we give it the term money to distinguish it from private, personal, or co-operative credit. Now when Congress coins, stamps, prints or transfers dollars of credit to gold, silver or any other substance and issues it free to any class of our citizens (as it has persisted in doing since 1792, under the finan-

cial policy inaugurated by the tory element led on by A. Hamilton) it not only creates a fraudulent floating perpetual public debt by so-called law or act of Congress, but it also creates a privileged class who can not be made to contribute to the support of the government. All of which is not only in direct opposition to the plain provisions of our fundamental law, but is immoral in the highest degree.

Now if money is public credit, (and this statement has never been refuted) the most obtuse, when they stop nursing their prejudices, can see that its issue by our officials is a direct tax upon the toiler, every dollar of which must be paid or redeemed over and over again, in labor and its products—which alone pay all debts and taxes that are ever paid.

Hence as all money that is made legal tender by law is "fiat money," and as history will show conclusively that all money coined or stamped on paper has always been par money, when made legal tender for all dues and demands, and that it quite often commands a premium over gold or silver, why not demand that our officials abolish or repeal all existing modes of taxation and substitute therefor the single tax—the greenback? It will cost but little to coin or print a sufficient volume of money annually to defray the entire annual expense of our officials, as we must pay the salaries of those who superintend the affairs of that department, and it would probably suit them better to have some employment.

Any Congressman would be a sorry judge of equity or political economy who cannot see the grossest injustice and despotism in stamping the nation's credit (it is the aggregate credit of the toilers—the wealth producers that constitutes money) and issuing it free to one class of our citizens and then right upon the heels of this procedure to levy a tax upon the people, thus withdrawing money from circulation to pay interest to the very class to whom the money had been just issued, free, gratis, for nothing.

If money stamped on paper, will perform all the functions of any other money, what kind of political economy does it show in our rulers to go to the expense of mining gold and silver for that purpose?

Regarding your query "If debts were no longer collected by government authority, what use would there be for legal tender?"—why, my dear sir, to enforce the payment of the salaries of our officials from president down to constable. Now as it is impossible to abolish our government at once, let us unite as brothers in a moral cause—and abolish its worst feature—compel Congress to issue legal tender that shall represent the expenses of the government, instead of a gift to the bankers.

#### REMARKS.

Brother Dutton is doubtless correct in his opinion, or inference, that the chief use of legal tender money is to "enforce the payment of the salaries of our officials," and hence that the abolition of legal tender would mean the abolition of government itself—that is, of government by authority or force. If the citizens of a country could get along in their business with each other without legal tender money they would soon be asking why they could not get along in their business with their servants, the officials, without legal tender money. No discussion would sooner open the eyes of the people to the fact (now so often denied) that the people are not the sovereigns, not the rulers, but really and truly the subjects of their so-called servants, than would the discussion looking to the abolition of legal tender money. Hence we may rest assured that the governing classes,—the plutocrats who want legal tender to enforce the payment of bonds and interest on bonds, and the officials who want legal tender to enforce the payment of their salaries, we may be very sure these classes will never allow the question of abolition of legal tender to be decided by a vote of the people. These classes are too cunning and too selfish to commit suicide, in any such way.

The governing classes know that monarchy was revived in the United States when "legal tender" was made part of the

Federal Constitution, hence, they will never allow a new constitutional convention to be called, lest it abolish the usurpation, the kingly despotism, enshrined in the clause which says, "Congress shall have power to coin money and fix the value thereof," the clause that takes out of the hands of the people the power of control over their circulating medium and debt-paying currency.

As between the present plutocratic financial system and the plan proposed by Friend Dutton, the "fiat money"—"green-back single tax"—shows to great advantage; and it is just possible that, with the false education we have all received in regard to the necessity of governments of force we shall all be obliged to pass through the phase of communism known as "fiat money;" yet some of us will still be asking, "Is there not a more excellent way?" What of the "labor check," now so successfully used in many places? So long as legal tender money means a government of coercion, a government of "force," will there not remain a thousand opportunities for robbery of the subject masses by the governing classes?—that is, by the officials and those who have the means to pay them well for jobbery and robbery in the name of "law and order?"

And this brings us to ask another question—why it is that the masses of people are so blind to their own interests and so easily made to consent to being robbed for the benefit of the privileged few? To some of us the only rational explanation is the inequalities of natural endowment and the inequalities of natural opportunity, before and after birth. Our social system—including the economic and financial, is eminently fitted to be self-perpetuating; eminently fitted to produce slaves and masters, sheep and wolves, subjects and rulers; and, as some of us see it, the true and only method to break up this system is by "Scientific Motherhood," as outlined by Birch Arnold in the Chicago "Chronicle," reprinted in this issue; and in order to get scientific motherhood the first and most necessary thing to do is to awaken mothers, and especially the young and prospective mothers, to see that upon them rests the chief responsibility of the perpetuation—or reconstruction—of our present robber systems—of government and of economics.

M. H.

#### Evolution of Immortal Terrestrial Gods and Goddesses and a Paradise on Earth

BY JAMES THURRY.

(Concluded.)

Our financial system would be a paragon of soundness and utility and entirely unfit for purposes of extortion and enslavement, and free from the deluding metallic mirage. Our medium of exchange would circulate on wheels and never cowardly hide itself. It would be issued by the colony treasurer in payment for public improvements and services and constitute a representative of real and active value. In form and appearance it would be like a bank note, but in reality a non-interest bearing labor check. Its functions would be double. As a representative of the value of the products of labor, it would serve as an instrument of exchange, while the value itself, such as Market Hall, mills, machinery, etc., would also be usefully employed. These labor checks should have no outside circulation and would not be redeemed by the colony, except when a member should leave the colony and receive a check on the nearest bank from the colony treasurer in exchange for his labor checks.

The treasurer would be self-appointed, provided he could pass examination and would be the lowest bidder for the position he might keep as long as he should give satisfaction and would be the lowest bidder. He would be as harmless as the other employees and give no bonds to secure his honesty. All checks to draw money from the bank must be signed by him and three assistants elected, through the Equitable Ballot, for that purpose. The co-operators would deposit their plutocratic money at the bank and control it, to suit themselves, individually.

Such an arrangement would be the reverse of the plutocratic system, whose interest-bearing money will not circulate unless

it can be profitably invested. The chief function of such money, is to hunt for money and it has done that so well that it ran itself out of game. Yes—the game has all been bagged and now there is no more to be had.

A currency that is monopolized and cannot circulate is a nuisance and it is a curse also, because it represents a value, gold, that lies dormant in the banker's vaults where the drowsy Mammon is as impotent as a myth.

The insurance fund would be maintained by regular contributions from every sane and adult member of the colony who in sickness, incapacity or old age would be entitled to a fixed daily allowance from said fund.

The schools would be conducted on the progressive kindergarten principle—not by favored stupefiers controlled with plutocratic money to befuddle and hypnotize the young and plastic mind with altruistic chimeras; but by self-appointed scientific professors, passing examination and being the lowest bidders for the positions they could hold as long as giving satisfaction and being the lowest bidders. Only scientific education would be tolerated at the public schools.

Each community would conduct its own private affairs to suit itself. The co-operators may pool their interests or work separately and independently to suit themselves, and expose their products in the Market Hall, for sale to the highest bidders. These products would be labelled with the lowest prices, so that buyers could suit themselves either in buying or leaving them if they considered the prices too high or the quality too low to tempt them. Such is free competition.

For outside business, either commercial or otherwise, the colony would employ a self-appointed agent who could pass examination and be the lowest bidder for the appointment, which he could retain as long as he gave satisfaction and was the lowest bidder. Instead of being the master he would be controlled by three assistants, elected through the Equitable Ballot. All outside transactions would be signed by the agent and assistants after being directed to do so by the co-operators in a decision obtained through the Equitable Ballot and published in the colony paper.

When our colony shall have evolved better surroundings and characters, such precautions will be useless; at present they would be needed to protect ourselves against infringements and demoralizing influences.

In Honduras the land is untaxed, a fact that cannot be too highly appreciated by the crowd of unfortunates who had their lands confiscated on account of delinquent taxes. We would not tax ourselves to defray the public expenses, nor borrow money for that purpose; we would avoid the unbearable burden by the issue of non-interest-bearing labor checks. The small amount of plutocratic money needed, for outside business, could be raised by the co-operators, delivering a stipulated amount of surplus products, at the Market Hall, to be sold to outsiders for cash. Many years ago I had a dream—the dream of a Communist. The rapturous happiness I experienced in that dream I shall never forget, and when long ago I described it on my tablets I wrote:

This is the dream I had to taste  
And that will never let me rest;  
By which I'm haunted day and night  
And forced for Truth and Love to fight  
Until darkest night  
Shall give way to Light!

A Communist I am no more—nor an Altruist. I am a fatalist and feel that I shall not lie down to rest in the wakeless sleep before the realization of the alluring mirage in that dream, for which I have lived and labored almost seventy years and missed becoming a millionaire. As a fatalist and reincarnationist I believe that the irresistible actions of both our dear brother Samuel Putnam and dear sister May Collins were so interwoven even before their birth, that they could not possibly avoid their fate and departing hand in hand and may reappear together on the scene of life.

It would not be strange if the Putnam-Collins catastrophe

should—nay I believe will—lead, if fatalism be true, to the birth of a New Humanity. Let the Free-thinkers and Liberals of the world unite for action in the erection of a monument to our worthy brother and sister; this would be so very natural and easy that I think it will be done. The next step would be to select the most favored spot on earth, away from the bitter frost and the burning sun and altruistic cannibals; where life is easy and a luxury among intelligent and non-invasive neighbors who mind their own business, and there lay the foundation for and build the Samay (Sam and May) Progressive Co-operative Colony; the play ground—not of the long eared and short-sighted Midas, but of the best and noblest of our race; the grandest monument ever raised to the memory of a terrestrial god and goddess. Let the sturdy pioneers in our ranks take the matter in hand and they will find it easy and pleasant work.

We would need no complicated and expensive organization. Our Brother Harman of Chicago, Illinois, could be our treasurer. He has been long and well tried and could, like Bruno, be trusted, as well as others yet amongst us, if they were known. Lucifer could be our mouth-piece to conduct our discussions, communicate information, publish the receipts of contributions and our decisions. The Equitable Ballot, after full discussion, would decide all questions equitably, without intrigue, favoritism or fraud. Thus we should, from the very beginning, accustom ourselves to do our own thinking, conduct our own affairs and dispense with those expensive frauds, called representative and extensively known as misrepresentatives.

Just think how pleasant it would be, for weary and aged humanitarians, to know that there is a refuge, somewhere, on the face of the earth where they may spend the rest of their days among friends they could trust and be true to themselves and their surroundings; where shams and hypocrisy would be unknown.

If a minimum of one thousand, bona fide, subscribers contributing each one cent per day, for at least one year, toward a progressive co-operative colony fund, can be secured, I will head the list with twenty-five dollars and perhaps more.

It is impossible to regenerate the corrupt and nothing is gained by mixing the good with the bad, while there would be a great advance in propagating only from the good. We carefully separate the good seeds from the bad ones and do not sow them amongst a multitude of weeds. And so it is with us, it is sheer folly to propagate wings in hell, where they are singed off as fast as they grow.

Colonization is the only alternative, if we are to save humanity from retrogression and a return to the savagery of the middle ages.

In my study of the problem of problems, the evolution of a new humanity free from stupefiers, parasites and misery, I discovered that harmonious progressive co-operative colonization would solve the problem, provided it were possible to leave the decaying hypocritical agglomeration, where they preach impossible altruism and devote themselves to the enjoyment of cannibalism, and colonize where the sex relations and institutions are yet free, the surroundings beautiful and comfortable and life a luxury instead of a burden. Honduras seems admirably adapted for our purpose and to contain but one drawback in the occasional presence of an insect ravaging the vegetation in its passage across the country. Such visitation, however, may hardly be called a drawback in a land whose ground is free from taxation and where they raise two and three crops a year easier than we can raise one here. We must also be able to dispense with stupid and knavish majority and minority rules, corrupt representatives and an expensive and demoralizing colony government.

I found that all this would be quite possible through self-appointed public employes without authority and controlled by the community by means of a colony paper and Equitable Ballot. When I had proceeded thus far, I became aware that I had not yet discovered the principle of harmonious progressive co-operation. It finally dawned upon me that such a principle



may be termed amphibious progression; consisting in a vibration between decentralization and centralization.

I am now firmly convinced that a co-operative colony cannot harmoniously progress, unless it freely and alternately passes from decentralization to centralization and gradually returns to decentralization and so on forever, unhindered by legislative invasion and consequent disorder and degradation.

These amphibious alternations cannot be classed as individualistic, nor do they correspond with collectivism, but are in accordance with Amphibious Progressism, a new sociological philosophy that may yet rank among the highest factors in the evolution of the most exalted gods and goddesses from the lowest demons and demonesses and in elevating the bottom of Hades to the summit of Olympus, in realizing the fabulous delights of that once famous residence of Jupiter and Company.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"With weak and trembling hands I once more arrayed myself for his coming. I wore a loose robe of creamy silk fastened only with a white silken cord at the waist. My last week's experience had robbed me of the roses that the few previous weeks had called to my cheeks. It was Sunday evening and I hardly dared hope that he would come that night. It was the sweet Maytime and a great bunch of lilacs filled the room with their fragrance. The evening was warm. Doors and windows were open, and I think I must have fallen asleep in my rocker for I heard no sound, yet was aroused suddenly by the feeling of a face close to mine. For a moment I was frightened and involuntarily uttered a cry, but the next moment seeing who it was, and forgetting everything but that he, my friend, my lover, had returned, I sprang to my feet and with the cry, 'Owen! Owen!' I cast myself upon his breast and twined my arms about his neck. In that moment I knew that he had not ceased to love me, as I had feared, for holding me close in his arms he pressed me to him and almost smothered me with his kisses, whispering again and again,

"My little girl, my own little woman, you love me now, my sweet? I have not waited in vain?" I answered him only with a happy laugh. My heart was too full for anything else, but he understood, for he again rained kisses upon my face calling me by every endearing name that love had ever invented. He never rightly explained why he had remained so long away, but I understood then that circumstances over which he had no control had caused it, and little did I care in my new-found happiness, for I was happy—happy as I had never thought I could be. I sat upon his knee with my arms clasped about his neck until away into the night. We had not struck a light; he would not let me be free long enough to do so. There was no need, he said, and I know that not one softly whispered word of love was lost, and with the most perfect ease his lips found mine. The hour had come and gone that he was wont to leave me, but as midnight approached he laid his lips to my ear and whispered words that for a moment caused my heart to stand still, and then to bound as if to break its confines. The past year had made a different woman of me and I now, as never before, wanted the respect of the man whom I loved. He felt my heart beating so madly and I know he guessed the cause. He laid his face to mine and pleadingly, tremblingly spoke.

"Darling, can you not trust me? my timid fluttering birdie? I would not harm one shining hair upon this precious head. And I did trust him, for O Imelda, I loved him, I loved him. You, looking down from your pure and lofty heights can not understand it, but it was all so different from that first experience that I had. I tried to realize the enormity of my wrong-doing but I could not feel impure when I was in his arms. My love for Owen was something different from what I had hitherto deemed love to be. I felt myself lifted above everything sordid, everything unclean. Every feeling, every thought

connected with him was as something holy, and now, as then, the thought will force itself upon my mind. How is it possible that true, pure love can ever be deemed impure? when its fires are so purifying that only holy emotions find room in the heart.

"But our love was without sanction of either church or state and therefore the world would place its seal, its stamp of 'outcast' upon the brow of such as I. But is it not somewhere written that much shall be forgiven to those who love much? And the short time that followed I was madly, intensely happy, while Owen seemed to be no less so. He would catch me in his arms and lift me up as if I were a baby while his blue eyes shone with a light as of heaven.

"My one darling! my precious one!" O, how often did he say these words while I pressed his fair head to my heart and thought heaven was in his arms. Cora broke off with a choking sob, while the tears once more rolled down the pale cheek. Imelda was still upon her knees at her side, was still fondling the white hand when Cora again turned to her.

"Why don't you turn from me? I who have been a mother, who have granted to man the greatest boon of love a woman can bestow,—without first being a wife! Why are you not angry with me? I am sure I deserve it!"

"Why, my poor, dear Cora! Why should I be angry with you? For loving a noble man? I hope I am not so narrow, and that I am able to judge you more fairly."

Cora's hazel eyes expanded to their utmost extent.

"Melda, what do you mean? I do not understand. Do you not curse him and despise me?"

Imelda shook her head.

"Neither," she answered. "Although I do not quite understand, yet according to your description of the man I get the impression that he was noble and good. Nothing at all to warrant a judgment so cruel from me. But now you must keep calm or I shall not permit you to speak farther. I insist that you lie down and rest, as this excitement may prove injurious to you."

"And if it should make an end of my miserable life it might be the best thing that could happen to me. I have been of but little good in the world,—only to bring pain and sorrow into the lives of others."

"Now, now, Cora! Is it right you should talk like this when you have but just finished telling of the love of your Owen and the happiness you have brought to him?" Cora put her hand to her head.

"You confuse me," she said. "To hear you speak like this causes me to doubt my senses. I do not understand." Imelda smiled.

"But you will understand, by and by, when you know all. Now I am waiting to hear the rest of your story."

"The rest of my story? Would that it ended there; then, maybe, I might still have some faith that my life is not all in vain. But to return and finish. My dream was too bright and beautiful to last. Such intense bliss is not for this world. I ought to have told you before how I lived. Owen had furnished a small house for me in princely style. It was far up town and stood in a grove of trees and isolated from the neighborhood. A most beautiful garden was attached to it with richly scented flower-beds and vines and ivy-covered arbors. Certainly a lovely spot and a perfect lovers' home. From the windows I could see the blue waters of the Hudson and often I watched the stately steamers proudly sail up and down its silver-hued bosom. As I stated once before, Owen had procured a nurse to attend me in my hour of trial, a faithful colored woman, and she had lived with me from that time on, keeping my nest a tower of beauty. She always thought I was Owen's wife and he said nothing to dispel that belief. She probably often thought it queer that during all that year he had spent only a few hours in the evening of each day with me, but she never said anything.

"One day when I was more happy, if that were possible, than usual, a carriage drove up to my little heaven. A footman opened the door and a richly attired lady stepped therefrom



# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 13.

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WHOLE NO. 653.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

The solons of the various states are engaged in a competitive match for the prize of idiocy. The aspirants are numerous and vociferous. Out in Nevada, one of them has donned the cap of the clown and is shaking the bells in the frantic effort to call attention to his bill for the suppression of the Sunday newspaper. But he has a more malignant rival in Kansas.

Down in Texas a member of the legislature has introduced a bill for the abolition of the Roman numerals. Well, it will not make much difference, as far as this man Vaughn is concerned, whether he succeeds or fails—we can call him Dunderhead I. or Dunderhead No. 1, and it will mean just the same. The Missouri Senate has passed a bill relieving persons of the necessity of carrying out their contracts with trusts, and its Committee on Labor has favorably reported a bill establishing a State Board of Horseshoe Examiners. Hurrah for the next immortal! But how is Nordan to keep up with his studies of contemporary degenerates?

The newspaper writers profess to be greatly amazed because the three widows left by Charles W. Brooke, the famous criminal lawyer, knew of each other's existence while Brooke lived and yet made "no fuss" about the condition of affairs, and now appear to cherish no ill feelings toward him nor toward each other. One of the reporters says that the view taken by one of the widows is "positively unique." He thus characterizes her opinions because she says she left Brooke when they could no longer agree, and does not care to sue what she regards as a bankrupt estate! By this the reader can easily judge of the capacity for surprise possessed by the newspaper man. He cannot understand common sense in love relations. So slight an acquaintance has he with the quality that he calls it uniqueness.

Felix Adler, in his lecture on "The Ethics of Marriage," says: "People seem to think there are only two parties to a marriage—the man and the woman. There are three parties to every marriage—the man, the woman, society." How tenacious of life is a lie! This particular one has been told so often that no doubt Professor Adler (in common with the great majority of the people) looks upon it as a sacred truth. But there is no such entity as the "society" posited by the lecturer. Society is not an organism, as the statement implies. Society is merely an aggregation of individuals, with the desires, needs, joys, and miseries of individuals. Each individual is subject to invasion, and can suffer therefrom. Other individuals may be affected by the love of a man and a woman, but how can they be invaded thereby? Only by having to care for the possible fruits of that love. But does the institution of monogamic marriage preserve them from this invasion? Not at all. On

the other hand, there are the best of reasons for thinking that the reduction to a minimum of dependent orphanage will be continuous with or follow the disappearance of compulsory monogamy.

In indissoluble marriage we can choose only once, but is Professor Adler a Catholic? Does he hold that there can never be a dissolution of the marriage contract? If he does, then he is beyond the reach of reason. But if he admits that some causes will justify divorce, then he demolishes his own affirmation—he admits that *sometimes* we can choose more than once, he admits that the bondage is not "in the nature of the relation itself," as certainly it is not. Unless there are children, the problem is no problem at all; if the man and woman are convinced they will be happier apart than together they will separate, under the coming conditions of freedom. Children will often complicate the problem, but there need then be no dissolution of pecuniary and industrial interests if the parents are rational, for if they are, neither will in the least interfere with the other's enjoyment of other friends and lovers. At the worst, it will be better for the children to go with one parent or to outsiders even than to remain in a household where dissension and hate have taken the place of harmony and love.

"The strange case of a woman willing to swear to her own disgrace in order to prevent her husband from whom she had separated from obtaining possession of her child," was revealed in a court in Jersey City the other day. In 1893 William Jaeger and his wife separated. The child was born a few weeks after the separation. A Mrs. Mangersheim had found it in an institution for the poor and had taken it home with her. Subsequently, Mrs. Jaeger consented to her keeping it and she then got legal possession, which Mrs. Jaeger is anxious she should retain. Jaeger sues for the custody of the boy. Now Mrs. Jaeger comes into court and, to prevent the child being given to Jaeger, swears that he is not its father. Supreme Court Commissioner Nugent seems to think the case an unprecedented one, but it has happened before: that the mother's love had been stronger than the woman's fear of the curses of Mrs. Grundy. Jaeger declares that his wife was "true"; that the only cause of trouble between them was her temper. I think it may be taken for granted that Mrs. Jaeger is setting a dangerous example to her sisters; "dangerous" from the point of view of the orthodox marriageist, for when it becomes possible for the love of the mother to often dominate and dwarf the fear of society's frown in the way Mrs. Jaeger's love has done, will it not be a short and easy step to the frank assumption of the responsibilities and joys of motherhood without leave asked of society or state? Mrs. Jaeger is an emancipator of her sex and of human love.

As no roads are as rough as those that have been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.—Colton.



# A Free Man's Creed.

BY MOSES HARMAN.

[The "Free Thought Magazine," (Chicago,) edited by H. L. Green, for April, contains the following article by the editor of Lucifer. This brief ethical exposition was called out by the frequent allusions to Lucifer, in the leading editorial of the "Free Thought Magazine" for January, in which editorial Lucifer was called the "organ of the free-lovers of this country,"—and in which such phrases as "this damnable doctrine of free love," "the curse of free love," etc., were of frequent occurrence. The impartial and unprejudiced reader is requested to read carefully both the article and the reply thereto by Mr. Green. It is only by a candid comparison of conflicting views that truth on any subject of human investigation can be arrived at. The heading placed upon my article by Mr. Green was "A Free Lover's Creed." With this exception no change from the original has been made in Lucifer's office. M. H.]

In the March number of this Magazine the editor promises that in the next issue "Moses Harman, editor of Lucifer, will give his Free Love creed, as it were—set forth fully what he believes and advocates on the marriage question."

As fully as possible in the space allowed, I will try to make good this promise.

My creed is short. Instead of "Thirty-nine" articles, it has but three:

I believe in Freedom—the negation of all slaveries.

I believe in Love—the negation of all hate.

I believe in Wisdom, Knowledge utilized—the negation of all ignorance.

I put Freedom first, because, until freedom prepares the way, neither Love nor Wisdom can have room to live and grow.

In these three—Freedom, Love, Wisdom—we have a creed much better adapted to working out the problems of life than is the trinity of our childhood—"Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

If belief in this trinity, and if a life regulated in accord therewith, constitute one a "Free Lover," then I do not object to the cognomen. Whether Free Lover is a title of honor or dishonor will depend upon what is in the mind of the speaker. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Names count for but little, and are apt to be misleading. For this reason I do not label or tag myself, and I object to being tagged by others. Freethinker, Rationalist, Libertarian, are good and expressive, but each has its limitations in the minds of most people. Free thought, to my mind, includes and necessitates free action—free, non-invasive action. The thought that has not the courage of its convictions—that fears to practicalize and live what it believes to be right—is not Free Thought. It is thought under bondage to fear.

Yes, I believe in Freedom—equal freedom. I want no freedom for myself that all others may not equally enjoy. Freedom that is not equal is not freedom. It is, or may easily become, invasion, and invasion is the denial or the death of freedom. The Spencerian formula: "Each has the right to do as he pleases, so long as he does not invade the equal right of others," tells what freedom means. It is equivalent to saying that liberty, wedded to responsibility for one's acts, is the true and only basis of good conduct, or of morality.

But to particularize:

I believe in Freedom to choose and to refuse in matters of food, of drink, of clothing, of books, of paintings, of amusements, of recreations, and—most important of all—I believe in freedom to choose and refuse in matters pertaining to companionships with the other sex. Freedom to choose our food and drink relates mainly to the life of the individual, but the choice of sex-companionship relates mainly to the life of the race, and is therefore incomparably the more important, inasmuch as the whole includes all the component units. The main effort of nature, in the plant and the animal, is to "keep the ball of life rolling"—to preserve the race or species from dying out, with less regard as to what becomes of individual units. Hence

amative desire, or sex-love, is more imperious—less under control of calculating prudence, than is any other inherited desire or passion—and rightly so.

Freedom of choice—to be freedom—must be unlimited as to time. To be able to choose the kind or quality of one's food or drink but once in a lifetime would not be freedom. It would be the negation, the suicide of freedom. And so also is sex-companionships.

The right to make mistakes and to profit by them is vitally necessary to human happiness and progress, and pre-eminently is this true in the most important of all human relationships—that which grows out of the differentiation called sex, since this relationship concerns not only the happiness, the unfoldment, of each individual, but—for weal or woe, for success or failure, for uplifting or for degeneracy, it is this relationship that reproduces the race—the larger selfhood.

I believe in Love; because love is the uniting, the combining, the organizing, the creative force of the universe. It is also the refining, the purifying, the uplifting, the glorifying, the happy-making force of the universe. Whoever or whatever debases or kills love, debases or kills life; for life is evolved and preserved through love. Without love life is a desert—not worth having.

I believe in Wisdom—knowledge utilized—because without wisdom to guide, both freedom and love may fail to bring lasting happiness. I believe in wisdom; it is the result of the exercise of love in freedom—love profiting by its mistakes; hence wisdom is the child of love in freedom.

It is because I believe in this trinity that I do not believe in marriage. These three are humanity's saviors and marriage crucifies them all. Marriage destroys freedom and compels slavery. Marriage kills love and incarnates hate. Marriage is the inveterate foe of wisdom and incarnates ignorance.

"Free Love" is tautological, since there can be no love where freedom is not. If love survive marriage it is not because of, but in spite of, marriage.

Bond love is a misnomer, an impossibility. The attempt to bind love kills it, or changes it to jealousy and hate.

Love, freedom, wisdom, constitute life's zenith, its sunshine; marriage, jealousy, hate, mean life's nadir, its darkness.

"Ignorance is the only darkness," says Shakespeare, and marriage promotes and compels ignorance, lest its victims learn how to gain their freedom.

I accept and heartily indorse Mr. Green's motto for the proposed new Free Thought organization, "Truth, Justice and Purity," and because I indorse that noble trinity I am an opponent of marriage and an advocate of love in freedom.

I oppose marriage because marriage opposes truth. Marriage is the hot-bed, the prolific breeding ground of deception, hypocrisy, falsehood. By its anti-natural requirements it compels men, and especially women, to dissemble and hide their real thoughts, their real characters, and after the fateful knot is tied the necessity for living a lie is often augmented manifold. Whether they love or not, the married pair must still profess that they are true to each other and to their marriage vows; and this perpetual profession helps, of itself, to bring the disillusioning. But the disillusioning does not release from the necessity of deception, but rather increases it. The retroactive effect of this habitual deception is fatal to health and to noble development of the wedded pair themselves, and by inexorable causation the children born of such unions are hereditary liars and hypocrites. What wonder that there is so little of candor, of truth and of honesty in business, in politics, in religion, in love, and in all the relations of life?

I oppose marriage because it opposes justice. Marriage is unjust to woman—depriving her of her right of ownership and control of her person, of her children, her name, her time and her labor. Marriage is unjust to children—depriving them of their right to be born well through natural selection; depriving them of the right to be born of love—of love on all three planes, the physical, the intellectual and the psychic; and compelling them to be born of indifference or of disgust, on one or more of these planes; depriving them of their right to be reared in an

atmosphere of concord and love, instead of an atmosphere of inharmony and hate. Unjust to woman and man alike, in that it deprives both of their natural right to correct their mistakes whenever they recognize them to be such; condemning them to a hell on earth until one or the other, in sheer desperation, shall commit what the marriage law calls a crime sufficiently heinous to release them—after passing through the added hell of the divorce court.

What wonder that the world is filled with hate, with greed, with strife, with wars—of households and of nations—when we remember how and where human beings are made and reared?

I oppose marriage because it opposes Purity. Purity in sex-companionship is inseparable from love. Marriage does not recognize love as essential to purity, else it would demand the annulment of the marriage bond whenever there is a failure of love. Marriage unites "for better or worse," and marriage secures the worse by killing love. Marriage is ownership, especially the ownership of woman by man; marriage is force, authority, law, and love instinctively rebels against all force, all law, except its own.

Hence marriage fosters and compels impurity, prostitution, within its own pale—the worst of all prostitutions, since it is in marriage, mainly, that children are born. Marriage promotes impurity—prostitution—outside its own pale. Marriage is the prolific source of unmarried prostitution. The brothel is the legitimate outgrowth and complement of modern marriage.

I oppose marriage for much the same reason that I opposed its twin relic of barbarism, African slavery—because I believe it to be the "sum of all villainies," and I say of the laws made to enforce it, as Garrison said of the Constitution of the United States—they are a "covenant with death and a league with hell," figuratively speaking.

Many other indictments, equally damning might be made against this time-dishonored institution, but I have room only to say that I oppose marriage because I regard it the heaviest load that humanity has now to carry in its toilsome march from the lowlands of barbarism to the highlands of civilization.

It will doubtless be objected that evolution has been at work, and marriage is now only a "contract," to those who wish to make it such. Never was a greater mistake. The law dictionaries and the encyclopedias tell quite a different story. They tell us that "its complete isolation from all other contracts is constantly recognized by the courts." "In marriage every right and duty is fixed by law." And the law of marriage is based on the old Roman and the Canon law, both of which put the wife in the power of the husband—sink her individuality in that of the husband.

That marriage is less brutal than it once was is because man has risen faster than his institutions, and in spite of his institutions. Hence most husbands are better than the marriage laws authorize or allow them to be. But the same may be said of the old slave owners.

As Burke said of government, so we may say of marriage: "Talk not of its abuse; the thing, the thing itself, is the abuse." To abolish the abuses of marriage, then, is to abolish marriage.

"But what will you give us instead of marriage?" it will doubtless be asked. This is like asking what will you give us when you take away disease or superstition. The answer is, when disease is gone, health will remain; when superstition is gone, nature and reason will remain; when marriage is gone, Truth Justice and Purity will remain. Honor, candor, honesty, fidelity will remain. Fewer children will be born, because none will be born except such as are wanted, and they will be welcomed and cared for by mutual affection. The true, rational family will take the place of the narrowly selfish despotism now called by that name. Each member of the voluntary groups will drop to his place like stones in an arch when artificial props are removed. Government by authority will cease, because no longer needed.

Love, friendship, liberty, equality, fraternity, peace and happiness will take the place of hate, despotism, war and misery.

As to monogamy—a very different thing from marriage—under the reign of love, freedom and wisdom, there will be an opportunity for intelligent comparison, and if monogamy proves itself the fittest it will survive; otherwise it will give way to something better. What that something would or could be cannot be told until a fair comparison is possible.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY:

The foregoing article on what Editor Green calls a "Free Lover's Creed," though somewhat long, is really a condensation, a boiling down of a much longer and more elaborate statement. Many points were materially weakened, and some left out entirely, to fit the space allowed in the "Free Thought Magazine," and now that the fight is forced upon us,—not only by conservative Freethinkers, such as those who endorse the "Free Thought Magazine," but also by some of the radical reformers in the social realm who have been saying that "Lucifer's attitude on this pivotal question is non-committal or 'neutral,'" because of all these I think it best to insert here the substance of what was originally written for the "Free Thought Magazine" and not published.

But before doing this I wish once more to remind all readers that I represent no one but myself, and that I represent myself for this day and hour only. Tomorrow my selfhood will probably be not the identical selfhood it is today. Or, perhaps more correctly, I can not honestly promise that the views I hold today will be held by me tomorrow. Like a planet or a sun, in its course through the skies, I expect to take a new departure every day, and perhaps every waking hour, of my life. With every new experience, and with every increase of light the sum total of my knowledge, of my thought, the sum total of all that makes up the ego—the me—is changed, and he who refuses to acknowledge the change, and who tries to hold himself to a creed or "confession of faith," stultifies his own reason, bars his future growth, denies and dishonors manhood, if he does not commit intellectual or moral suicide.

Elaborating some of my indictments against marriage, as it is defined in the Common Law, the Canon Law and the statutes of most of the states in this country, and perhaps adding a few new indictments, I would say:

I oppose marriage because marriage legalizes rape. The law does not recognize marital rape. "Once consent always consent," say the law and the gospel of marriage. If Webster is correct when he says rape is "sexual intercourse with a woman against her will," then "rape in wedlock" is almost universal at some time during married life, as nearly every wife could testify—if she dared. If the wife submits—surrenders her person—through fear, or because of a sense of duty, or for any reason except love, such surrender may be more properly called "prostitution" on her part, but on the part of the husband it is rape, pure and simple; and because I oppose both rape and prostitution I oppose marriage.

I oppose marriage because marriage is love's greatest enemy. "Marriage is love's miscarriage." The marriage bond is essentially *bondage*, and love will endure no bondage—except such as itself imposes.

Love's wing moults when caged or explored—  
Only free it soars enraptured.  
Can you keep the bee from ranging;  
(Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?)  
No, nor fettered love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying.

These lines do not voice simply the experience of the rover, the sensualist—him who knows nothing of love except in its physical manifestations, but they voice the honest verdict of all the ages and of all, or nearly all, who have surrendered freedom and self-ownership for married bondage; and the few exceptions which seem to disprove the rule can be shown to be not exceptions at all. When closely examined it will be found that the few married lovers live above marriage—that the ethics of their lives are the ethics of courtship rather than of marriage.

(Continued on page 109.)

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 7, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Babel in 4000. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER'S speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, April 13. Honore Jaxon will deliver the opening address.

## Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

THIS WEEK'S Lucifer is monopolized by the editor, to a very unusual extent, in order to fully present his views on the question of Freedom versus Marriage. The "Free Thought Magazine," the "Blue Grass Blade" and some other journals, have for years been speaking of Lucifer as "the organ of the free lovers of this country," the "free love sheet," etc. When receiving the weekly dues for the paper at the post office the gentlemanly clerk said, "Is your paper a free love organ?" Frequently the same question is heard from people who ask for information and not because of hostility. To answer these questions in few words is not possible, and so this edition of Lucifer is largely devoted to a candid, straight-forward and, as far as possible, complete statement of what the editor believes to be the main points in controversy between those who advocate institutional marriage and those who accept the logic of Free thought, or of freedom in all departments of life. Long as this statement seems it is still incomplete, and will probably be supplemented in succeeding issues of Lucifer.

## Joseph Anthony.

The following brief announcement will be read with regretful interest by many of Lucifer's readers:

"Passed to other realms, on the evening of February 27, in this city, Los Angeles, Calif. Joseph Anthony, aged sixty-seven years. He was a friend and champion of Lucifer, and occasional contributor to its columns. A good man; a just man."

For ten years or more Joseph Anthony has been one of the most faithful and most helpful of all those who have made the cause of Lucifer their own. He was one of those who never let

his "left hand know what his right hand did," figuratively speaking, and with reference to deeds that are commonly called generous or charitable. He was a "Friend" or Quaker by birth and education and though discarding theologies of all kinds he retained the phraseology and many of the mental characteristics of the followers of William Penn.

For several years his health had been failing and for that reason he made his home in Southern California. It is hoped that his daughter, or some one who knew him well, will send us a more detailed account of the life and labors of "Friend Joseph," as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best and who loved him for his many noble qualities of head and heart.

## The Gospel of Discontent.

Lucifer is not an "organ" of any sect, party, "ism" or organization, but it has a "mission,"—it has a work to do, and is trying to do that work to the best of its limited ability.

Its first and most important work, as seen by those most nearly responsible for its management, is to preach the gospel of discontent.

Until people become discontented with their environment it is utterly hopeless to expect them to make an effort to better themselves, or their condition.

For instance, so long as the average citizen is content to pay his servants in Washington salaries ranging from five thousand dollars a year to fifty thousand a year, with perquisites, or extras, amounting to quite as much more, while he himself receives less than one thousand a year, and so long as the citizen is content to see these servants go off on fishing excursions and other holiday vacations of their own making, with free passes in palace cars, or on government steamers, with all other expenses paid by those who can afford no holiday excursion or vacation from year end to year end; and so long as the citizen is content to allow a financial system to exist that enables a public servant to begin his term of office a poor man and to come out of it a multi-millionaire, while the citizen himself, with constant and unremitting toil and pinching economy can save absolutely nothing for a rainy day, for sickness or old age; and so long as he is content to uphold a financial system that allows foreign and domestic debt-holders to violate their contracts and to thereby double the value of their holdings while reducing by half the power of the debtor to pay the debts; and so long as the citizen upholds a land-and-money system that allows one woman, — Hetty Green, and her son, Ed. Green, (Chairman of the Republican State Central committee of Texas) to foreclose mortgages upon one hundred and fifty firms, or individual debtors—in Chicago alone to the amount of four millions of gold dollars, (as they are now doing) with a multitude more of debtors in the same toils whose turn may come in the near future—so long as no rebellion is inaugurated against a land and money system that enables a few persons to monopolize the earth and its opportunities, thereby making slaves or beggars of the great masses of mankind;—just so long as such contentment as this prevails there is and will be absolutely no rational ground of hope that poverty, crime and misery will ever be lessened, or that the sum total of human happiness will be increased.

Lucifer is by no means the only evangelist that is preaching the gospel of discontent along the lines just enumerated. There are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of journals, now published in this country and in many other countries, that are trying hard to wake people out of their stupid contentment under the economic and governmental systems that rob them, and that are gradually but surely becoming more powerful, year by year, while the power of resistance to these oppressions and oppressors seems growing yearly less and less.

But while Lucifer gladly recognizes these helpers in the work of governmental and economic reform there is one field of agitation, one department of reformatory endeavor in which Lucifer stands and works almost alone, and that is the reform



that demands the Freedom of Woman from SEX SLAVERY.

While Lucifer clasps hands with all reformers and reformers who work for human liberty, and who demand equal justice for all, it recognizes that there is a reform more important than all other reforms, viz.: the reform that would strike the shackles from the bodies and minds of the *mothers of men*. Lucifer recognizes that while men are enslaved, governmentally, economically and financially, women are enslaved not only in all of these regards but also in their sex-natures, in their reproductive powers and functions; that while man is a slave woman is the slave of a slave.

Lucifer recognizes that until woman is free to own her person; free to do her best as a race-builder; free at all times to choose and refuse in the matter of co-operators in her work of race-reproduction; free at all times to say whether or not she shall become a mother, and free to demand and receive right conditions of all sorts necessary to practicalize the right of children to be *born well*—if born at all—Lucifer recognizes that until woman's freedom on these lines is achieved all other freedoms will avail but little—or rather that all other human freedoms will fail of accomplishment.

*Slave mothers cannot give birth to a race of free men!*

And this is why Lucifer's work is mainly to preach the gospel of discontent to women, to the mothers and prospective mothers of the human race. As yet the great masses of women are not awake to the fact that they are slaves—not conscious of their own degradation as individual human beings—not conscious of the fearful responsibility that rests upon them as creators of man and of man's institutions. Woman does not see that man's institutions will be like unto himself,—neither better nor worse, and that man himself will be as his mother makes him, neither better nor worse.

Lucifer recognizes not only the importance but the difficulties, the almost insurmountable difficulties that bar the way to the realization of woman's emancipation from sex-slavery. This reform is by far the most unpopular of all reforms. Woman herself is the worst foe of her own freedom. Through ages of submission to her spiritual guides, whose power over mankind depends upon their control of woman and of her children, she regards sex-reform as wicked, impious, "disreputable" and *unclean*! With woman herself, and with her legal lords, and with her spiritual and legal advisers all banded against us, Lucifer's work is pre-eminently a thankless one, and so far as the life of the present generation is concerned, a well-nigh hopeless work.

But to him who can look forward to the centuries to come there is hope. Happily the life of the race is not confined to this present generation of women and men, and if only a few can now be awakened there is hope that the discontent will grow, as the years roll on, increasing in a geometric ratio, so that he who shall look backward from the heights of a thousand years from now may reasonably be expected to wonder at the contentment, the enslavement, the self-abnegation of the women of today, much as we now look back with wonder and with pity upon the history of the "cave-dwellers," as revealed by archeologic researches.

### A Free Man's Creed.

(Continued from Page 107.)

I oppose marriage because marriage is a yoke, and because the yoke is unequal, putting the heavier end upon the neck of the weaker yoke-fellow. Marriage is *conjugal*, and conjugal means being yoked together. *Juga* means a "yoke," and whenever the ancient Romans subdued an enemy they made the conquered to literally and really "pass under the yoke," to show to them that henceforth they were not free, but the slaves of the Roman people. When a woman marries she passes under the yoke, the yoke of marital bondage. The word "marital" comes from *mari*, the "husband," to indicate that marriage is *man's* institution—made for man's convenience and benefit, not for woman's.

The history of marriage shows this. The Jewish Decalogue extolled even by many Freethinkers, puts the wife among her husband's chattels. The Christian canon law, founded on the sayings of Jesus and of Paul does not put woman and man equally under the yoke. Shakespeare is noted for the fidelity with which he paints man and his institutions, and in "The Taming of the Shrew" he gives correctly the status of woman in his time, under Christian marriage, when he makes Petruchio to say:

I will be master of what is my own;  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;  
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare.

And Katharina endorses what her husband says when she thus lectures rebellious wives:

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
To painful labor, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou dost warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as a subject owes a prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
... When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

And much more of the same tenor. All this is in full accord with canon law, as we have it today, built upon the sayings of Paul and of Jesus, who never put woman on equality with man; and therefore I oppose marriage because—admitting bondage to be necessary it is not right that bondage should be unequal. It is not right that the individuality of woman should be merged in that of man. Admitting that husband and wife should be one it is not right that the husband alone should be that one.

Those who may wish to know what marriage has done, and is now doing, for woman and her children, should read "Woman, Church and State," by Matilda Joselyn Gage.

I oppose marriage because I believe, with Col. Ingersoll,—see his lecture, "Liberty for Man, Woman and Child," that the "unit of good government is the family," or that the family is the type and basis of government, of the "community," the state, or the nation. I recognize that the government of the United States is exclusive, jealous, partialistic, narrowly selfish, despotic, invasive, paternalistic, monopolistic, and cruel—logically and legitimately so because the unit and basis of that government is the family whose chief corner stone is institutional marriage.

I oppose marriage because I believe it to be the "Bastile," the last refuge and fortress, or stronghold, in, by and through which Ecclesiasticism hopes to perpetuate its power over mankind. All ecclesiastic organizations or nearly all, are now clamoring for more laws limiting divorce, thereby holding the oppressed and abused wives to their "duty" as breeders of the "unit," breeders of the poorly endowed,—those who, like their mothers, will not have spirit enough to rebel against tyranny, and will be content with the lot in life "to which it has pleased God to call them."

I oppose marriage because the despotic and invasive "state" joins hands with the church to uphold and perpetuate its "peculiar institution," canon law marriage. Hence the statutes against the dissemination of knowledge in regard to sex, and in regard to "prevention of conception," which would lead to limitation of families, thereby depriving both state and church of their needful supply of submissive slaves. Church and state are Siamese twins, so inseparably connected that whatever threatens the life of one threatens the life of the other, and they both recognize that free motherhood—the abolition of marriage—would mean, in time, the abolition of both church and state.

Several other points need elaboration, and may possibly receive attention next week.

## H. L. Green on Marriage.

In "Free Thought Magazine."

After we published our editorial on the Putnam-Collins tragedy in the January Magazine complaints came to us from a number of quarters that we had misrepresented the Free Love doctrine, and Moses Harman requested that he might have a hearing on the subject through the pages of this Magazine. Knowing Mr. Harman to be the editor and publisher of *Lucifer*, the organ of the Free Lovers in this country, and one of the ablest disciples of Free Loveism, and withal an honest, conscientious man, who has the courage to put his Free Love theories to practice in his own family, we decided it would be but justice to the Free Lovers, seeing that we had criticised their opinions, to allow Mr. Harman, as their representative, to give their version of what Free Love is in our pages. Besides, we hold, as a cardinal doctrine, that no class of believers should be condemned until they themselves have a fair opportunity to present their doctrines from their own standpoint, and by their ablest representative. This is the theory of true Liberalism in contradistinction to Orthodoxy. We care not how odious an opinion may seem to be at first sight, its advocates should be granted a fair, honorable hearing before they are condemned for advocating them.

Mr. Harman's article, under the title "A Free Lover's Creed," appears on another page of this number of the Magazine, and we request each of our readers to peruse it carefully, as it is probably the very best that can be said in behalf of the Free Love theory.

We promised Mr. Harman that we would reply to his article in the same number of the Magazine in which it appeared, but since reading it we hardly think any reply is necessary. As Brother Moore, of the "Blue Grass Blade," often says, it seems 'most impossible to get a Free Lover to set forth plainly what his views are on the marriage question. We notice that Brother Harman has that defect, but after all, we think the intelligent readers of the Magazine can pretty plainly see through his eloquently presented sophisms and get to Mr. Harman's real opinions, that seem to be about this: That there should be no marriage laws whatever, that men and women should be allowed to cohabit together, miscellaneously, as their judgment, feeling and inclinations may dictate. That men should be at liberty at any time to choose who shall be the mother of their children, and that women should freely choose the father of the children they desire to have. That there should be no restraint whatever as to parentage in the business of rearing children. After you go down through Brother Harman's panegyrics on Liberty and Fraternity and his denunciations of marriage Slavery, we are sure you will perceive his ideas as to marriage are about what we have above indicated. Of course Brother Harman, knowing that he was writing his article for a publication read by people who take no stock in his Free Love views, has dressed them up in as attractive a garb as possible. But when he writes for his own journal, *Lucifer*, he is not so careful. In his issue of February 24th on the 2d page, one "Carrie L— of Oregon" asks for a little information as to the meaning of something stated in "Motherhood in Freedom," a book recently written and published by Mr. Harman. To this inquiry Mr. Harman replies editorially:

"The idea elucidated in 'Motherhood in Freedom' is that a woman should be free to choose the best conditions available when she wishes to become a mother. This includes her right to choose a man other than her husband, if she considers that other man better fitted mentally and physically for fatherhood.

"Such choice is necessarily conditional on the willingness of the man she prefers. For instance, a woman may live with and love a man who is consumptive or scrofulous, and thereby unfitted for fatherhood. She may be physically able to bear, and both may intensely desire a child. Now, conventional morality would say that she must bear a child by her husband or remain childless as long as he shall live."

It will be noticed that Brother Harman is a little mor-

specific here than in his article. As the saying is, he "lets the cat out of the bag" in writing to Sister Carrie. Let us look at this theory for a moment. Brother Harman, of course, holds to equal rights for both men and women. Therefore, if a man's wife is physically broken down on account of bearing and raising children and possibly taking in washing or doing other labor in support of a lazy husband, and he decides that he needs another child, he shall be permitted to call on one of the neighboring women who is in good health, without consulting her husband or any one else, to mother his child. On the other hand a husband, by exposure to the inclemency of the weather, in his legitimate occupation, has caught a severe cold that settles on his lungs, which results in consumption, and thereafter his wife concludes that it is best to increase the number of her offspring, and in this matter, to guard against her husband's consumptive germs, she calls upon her neighbor Brown, requesting him to officiate. When the inhabitants of a whole neighborhood, or of a whole State, practice that kind of "moral philosophy," what kind of civilization will we have? We will admit it would do away with the kind of prostitution that now infests our large towns and cities; in the same manner it would destroy our rum shops to allow everybody to sell liquor without a license or permit.

As Mr. Harman has stated his views of marriage, we will close this article by presenting our views.

We hold that marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can enter into—that it is the most sacred, not because of the Adam and Eve myth story in the mythical garden of Eden, but because it is founded upon the everlasting laws of nature, and has been proved by experience to have produced the greatest amount of happiness of any institution of the world.

We so highly prize this institution that in place of destroying it, as Brother Harman and his Free Love friends are trying to do, we would have the government protect and guard it and improve it in every possible way by legislation and otherwise.

We believe that in all our schools there should be teachers well qualified to teach the students those things that would prepare them for good husbands and good wives, good fathers and good mothers. That, in fact, everything should be done that is possible to do to fit young people for this most important institution.

Young people should be taught to look upon marriage as a life-long institution and to bend all their energies after marriage to make their companion prosperous, joyful, happy and contented. In other words, as before stated, in place of trying to destroy the marriage institution we should do all in our power to improve it.

The above are our ideas of marriage, not clothed in such beautiful and persuasive language as are Brother Harman's views, but we are willing to submit them, side by side with those of our Free Love friend, and ask the reader to decide which, in his or her opinion, when put to practice, will produce the most complete civilization, and be productive of the greatest happiness?

## REMARKS.

Whether Mr. Green's reply to my article is couched in the language of fairness, and whether his interpretation of my "real opinions" as seen by himself in what he is pleased to call my "eloquently presented sophisms," is a truthful interpretation or not I leave the readers of *Lucifer* to judge.

As to the quotation from Lillian Harman's reply to Mrs. Larson, in *Lucifer* of Feb. 24,—which quotation Mr. Green says "lets the cat out of the bag," I would just say that if I had been writing the reply in question—which Mr. Green must have seen was not an "editorial," nor printed as such—I would have said something like this:

The idea constantly presented in the pamphlet, "Motherhood in Freedom," is that woman should be free, and therefore she would never have to choose between her husband and some other man for paternity of her prospective child. No woman

## VARIOUS VOICES.

who acknowledges "husband's rights" can claim to be a free woman. With this exception I endorse what my daughter said in the reply referred to.

"Brother Harman, of course, holds to equal rights for both men and women," says Brother Green. Yes, and because I hold to equal rights I object to marriage ownership. Man has the unquestioned right to self-ownership, and this is all that woman can rightfully ask; and she should be content with nothing else. Self-ownership is the only basis on which equality of rights of the sexes is possible. Reciprocal ownership—or equal ownership of each other's persons, is simply an impossibility, since nature has made woman and man with very unequal powers and functions, so far as reproduction is concerned.

"If a man's wife is physically broken down . . . in support of a lazy husband, and he decides that he should have another child," queries my critic. Under equal freedom there can be no trouble in a case like this. If man decides that he needs one or more children there should be no law to prevent him having all he wants—all his organism will produce, but to demand that some woman's organism shall be made to produce a child or children for him—whether that woman be called his wife or not, is quite a different matter. It is a maxim in economic equities that to the worker belongs the product of his or her labor. Then if a woman conceives, gestates, builds and gives birth to a child that child is *hers* "against the world." And so also of man. Whenever he conceives, gestates, builds and gives birth to a child that child is *his* against the world. In this way, and in this way only, can any man rightfully and truly become the owner of a child, except it be by gift or purchase from the real owner, the mother; and it is an open question whether a woman has the moral right to give away or sell her child. The old idea that paternity, or the fact of fertilization of the human ovum, confers rights of ownership upon man, is one of the superstitions of our ignorant and brutal ancestors, which superstition modern Freethinkers should be ashamed to acknowledge belief in—as it seems to me.

Yes, Brother Green, I plead guilty to the charge of demanding for woman the right to refuse to bear a child for a consumptive husband, a scrofulous or epileptic husband. I claim that a woman who does this, when a better fatherhood is possible, commits a crime against her child, an unpardonable crime.

If this be treason, let the editor of the "Free Thought Magazine," and his brother reactionists, make the most of it.

Lucifer stands for more liberty, as the cure for the evils of our social system. The "Free Thought Magazine" stands for more law, and would compel women to submit to, and be sexually "true" to, a diseased or otherwise unwelcome husband, in obedience to the demands of a priest-made and anti-natural institution.

The chief point in Brother Green's reply is that I am uncandid, that I deal in "sophisms," which Webster says mean wilful deception. To prove this he has been compelled to misrepresent me. The "moral" of this is that he who accuses another should be careful lest it be shown that his accusation is simply the reflex action, or the subjective picture of his own mental status. Hence the wisdom of the old injunction, "Judge not," etc.

To show that Mr. Green misrepresents me I will send free to any applicant a copy of Lucifer Feb. 24, containing the reference to "Motherhood in Freedom," and to all who want to know what I have said on the question of free motherhood, as against marriage slavery, I will send the pamphlet itself for three two cent stamps, and if this is too much to pay I will send it free, post paid, to any earnest truth-seeker.

In closing will just say that the "monogamy," spoken of in my article reprinted in this issue, is the voluntary sex-companionship of two persons, a woman and a man, and has nothing whatever to do with institutional marriage.

"Bruno, the flames that round thy body curled  
After thy taunt was at thy tyrants hurled,  
Gleam through the years and make thy name adored."

Ella Slater, Kan.:—I will enclose twenty-five cents for which please send your "Light Bearer" until the time paid for expires and then I hope to have one dollar ready to send you for one year's subscription. A friend who takes your paper kindly sent me the papers commencing with the first chapter of "Hilda's Home," and all the reading is so good and is just the right kind of education for old and young, that as I have a daughter just coming into womanhood I am very anxious for her to read Lucifer, and we both are anxious for the rest of the story. My daughter said to me since reading "Hilda's Home," "Mamma, I never will marry." I will not tell her not to marry but I will educate her so that she will not want to marry but will live happier, I hope, than most married women live.

Mrs. T.—J.—, La.:—Your paper duly received. Your publications appeal to me very strongly. My one regret is that in this section I stand practically alone. I have never had the courage to express my opinion to any one here except my husband and a very dear sister, both of whom are freethinkers; but neither of them agree with me.

I enjoyed the paper you sent me. Your comments on "Love Ideals" are especially happy. I shall preserve them. J. Wm. Lloyd's "New Love Ideal," I have read and re-read with intense interest.

I enclose fifty cents for list of books and papers. I wish I could help you in your noble work, but poverty, as well as the lack of my husband's support and sympathy, debar me now. Yet I live in hope.

I have seen so much of the evil effects of the present social system, that I am sure there is a better way. While man has every liberty so many thousand women, good and true, are denied those crowning joys of woman's life, love and motherhood. Also many more suffer equally in uncongenial marriage, while untold thousands are sacrificed every year to this Moloch of conventionalism—Monogamy, or Virtue, which shall we call it? I am beginning to fear they are in truth sacrificed to keep their sisters in slavery.

Please wrap the literature you send me so securely that no part of it may become exposed during transit here. I live in a very orthodox community, mostly Catholic, and I hope in time to get a position here in the schools; therefore I have to be very careful. Ah! how much it would enhance my happiness to be able like yourself to boldly proclaim these portentous truths to an awakening world.

Mattie E. Hursen, Battle Creek, Mich.:—I have re-read J. Wm. Lloyd's article, and observation and limited experience bear me out in saying I believe he has struck the key note of harmony, which means health and happiness for the human race. I have witnessed cases of what he calls the "centripetal extreme" and have seen the direful results of such intense love, and wondered why such results should follow in the wake of what the world called good; and have asked myself the question, was it good? Was it not a diseased condition of the nerves, etc., etc.? In my own case, never having felt the "grand passion," never having had the "soul mate"—"heart comrade" I have never been free from that "vague unrest, a thirst unquenched," in fact a longing for something I know not what, as though there was a something lacking in my life.

Then again I have known wives who were really happily mated, chafe under the restraints laid upon them by husband and society, because they could not have the freedom to admire what was admirable in other men, and later on get all out of harmony with home and husband and finally do what the world calls a disreputable act. They would be criticized thusly, "Why did she do such a thing?" "She had such a nice husband, and such a good home." "Yes, and she had all the nice clothes she wanted, and what more does a woman want?"

Then I call to mind a family where I lived for four months,



## 653.

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the most harmonious family I ever met, with two of the sweetest children who never disagreed, but loved each other dearly and played together like kittens. I called out the confidence of both husband and wife, neither knowing about the other, each told of the great love and confidence they placed in the other, each condemning self because having a lover outside, and feeling that each was doing the other a great wrong. The man said to me in one of his confidential talks, when his wife was away, "Why do I do this? Can you tell me? I can't help it; this attraction is stronger than I can resist, and the worst of it all is, I do not want to resist it."

In like manner the wife with tears in her eyes criminated herself, saying, "W— is one of the best men in the world, and the children are all I could desire, and I have everything heart can wish for, as far as lies in my husband's power, but this pulling at my heart-strings that takes me to this other man I cannot understand. Why must it be so?" Then she says, "Instead of being sorry after I get home I am happy in the thoughts of it, and am brighter and better to W—, and love my children better. What is the meaning of this? Can you tell me?" My answer to them both was, "No, I do not know, how I wish I did."

While I was there in that loving, harmonious atmosphere, instead of being happy in their happiness that "vague unrest" took such strong hold of me that I wanted to get away and do battle with the cruel, wicked world again. Then, Mr. Harman, if I could only tell you of the wives who have talked to me of the association with their husbands as "nasty," "dirty," "vulgar," "beastly," "vile," and say they felt like vomiting after it, etc., I tell you it would fill a volume.

Then while dressmaking in a city of Michigan I did lots of work for prostitutes, and called out the confidence of a great many of them, and they all, or nearly all, have this feeling of nastiness, and only one of all I ever talked with but said they had got into it through the lies of some man and their own trusting love nature; not through being born depraved. The one exception was a beautiful girl who told me her father was a fast man, a woman's man, using her own words, "and I am my father's own girl. I am here for no reason only the love of it, and unlike the rest of the girls in the house I can leave when ever I get ready. To my folks at home and my friends I am away on a visit to school girl friends in other cities; when I begin to get tired of this I shall go home and be respectable. Yes; when I get ready I shall marry a 'respectable' young man in 'our set' and he never will be the wiser; but never you fear about my cheating him any. While I am here in a fast house he is visiting fast houses at home, but you know I couldn't do that and maintain my respectability."

I could go on duplicating these experiences till they run into the dozens, but it is useless. I have pondered much over these things and wondered at the why of it, but never till reading Lloyd's article got any scientific explanation therefor. Now if this great Centripetal and Centrifugal force, or in other words, the law of attraction and repulsion, is the force that holds planets true to their center of attraction, and we are taught that it is, why then should it not be a law that holds good through the whole universe of matter? And if it be, then why should it not act its part in the life forces of the human family? Can you answer me these questions?

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 15.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 14, E. M. 297, [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 654.

### The New Calvary.

Ah! it was easy when the world was young  
To keep one's life free and inviolate.  
From our own lips another song is sung.  
By our own hands our heads are desecrated.  
Wanderers in drear exile, and dispossessed  
Of what should be our own, we can but feed on wild unrest.  
Somehow the grace, the bloom of things has flown,  
And of all men we are most wretched who  
Must live each other's lives and not our own  
For very pity's sake and then undo  
And that we live for—it was otherwise  
When soul and body seemed to blend in mystic symphonies.  
But we have left those gentle haunts to pass  
With weary feet to the new Calvary.  
Where we behold, as one who in a glass  
Sees his own face, self-plain humanity,  
And in the dumb reproach of that sad gaze  
Learn what an awful phantom the red hand of man can raise.

—Oscar Wilde.

### Glimmerings of the Dawn.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

The way our masters spend our money to no good purpose is shown in this editorial paragraph from the New York "Journal," and the paragraph shows also that now and then an editor gets a glimmering of light and lets the world have the benefit of it:

Secretary Morton has issued an exhaustive report on "The Tape-worm of Poultry." It is profusely illustrated and represents the work of several of Mr. Morton's high-priced experts. The value of this production may be measured by the announcement in the closing chapter that these special insects of the poultry yard are harmless. In one respect they are different from the Agricultural department. This line station squanders public money with a recklessness that shows it to be anything but harmless.

Bruce Price, president of the Municipal Art Society, of New York, comments very pungently on Revivalist Moody's late onslaught on art. Mr. Price says: "Mr. Moody's attack on art is what might be expected from a man who has been living in the valley all his life. In the valley he sees very little. He is down in a fog, while we admirers of art are climbing to the hill-tops where we can survey the surrounding country." That is neatly said. Moody has always been plodding along in the valleys of superstition. Hemmed in his own little vale of antiquated dogma he fancies that everything outside is "heathen." He is as provincial as any villager who has never been outside his native township.

Another rebuke for the anti-human Moody, who thinks his body without clothes would be rank poison to the morals of the beholder! F. Miranda, president of the American Sculpture Society, thus pays his respects to the ascetic:

"My son, who is now thirteen, is just as familiar with the human form in the nude as I am myself. I do not keep him out of my studio. He comes here at all times, and is being educated to see nothing immodest in a nude figure of man or woman."

There is enough common sense in the words and the work of President Miranda to make him worthy of a monument of the most enduring granite. He is a true educator.

In the debate in the House of Representatives on the Immigration bill, one section of which bars out all intending immigrants who cannot speak the language of the country of which they have been resident, a section which was admittedly aimed at the Russian Jew, Mr. Bartholdt said:

"If in this dawn of the twentieth century my constituents should ask me to join in further persecution of them, I would lay down my duties here, return to my sanctum and write editorials against such an inhuman proposition."

The office-holder who will give up his position rather than do an injustice is so rare that Mr. Bartholdt's brave words deserve more than a fleeting recognition. The proposed law would separate husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and parents and children.

A recent example of pig-headed stupidity in the administration of federal affairs is appropriately exposed by the "Journal" of New York, as follows:

"There were numerous applicants for the position of translator of modern languages in the Adjutant-General's office, which had become vacant from the promotion of its incumbent to a chair in the faculty of Columbian University. The requirements of the position exact thorough acquaintance with French, German, Italian and Spanish, typewriting in these languages, experience in proof reading and preparing manuscript for the press, knowledge of cataloging and indexing books as practised in the best libraries, and an adequate command of military history and the technique of the military profession. Among the duties exacted is the translation of foreign military works of importance—by no means an easy task of its kind. A woman carried off the palm magnificently, and, in spite of the urgent recommendation of the examining board, the great Mikado of the office says No. A woman is good to dance and flirt with young officers, good to breed food for gunpowder, but not good to fill any salaried office in the army, even of a pacific and purely intellectual sort, in spite of the triumphant fitness which has asserted itself over the sterner sex."

J. William Lloyd, in his new work, "The Red Heart in a White World," says in a foot-note:

"The governing spirit, operating along another line [other than the political] led to government in another form. Imagination, dreams, visions, clairvoyance, prophecy, magnetism, hypnotism, constitute a group of phenomena still not understood. In primitive life individuals strongly expressing such phenomena were flattered by the wonder and reverence of their fellows, and were tempted, and easily came to assume commission to control the mental life. From this germ grew the priesthood, which in its original form always tended to absorb art, science, and philosophy, and even when any branch separated it inclined to form a minor priesthood, as, for example, medicine, schools of art, thought, etc. The tendency and characteristic of a priesthood is to limit and petrify thought and ally with political tyranny. The antidote is a liberal, judicial, tolerant skepticism."

Two thoughts are to be emphasized here—Mr. Lloyd has expressed both—all differentiations of the original priesthood partake of the character of the parent, and all these minor priesthoods seek to ally themselves with the state. The most powerful and the most invasive of the new priesthoods is that

of medicine, as our statute books and the resolutions adopted by medical associations bear ample evidence.

The special commissioner of the New York "Journal" sent by that paper to gather the facts concerning the revolt in the Philippine Islands against Spanish rule, thus sums up the result of his discoveries:

It is the old, old story of Spanish conquest and cruelty, the rulers of the many islands of which Manila is the capital having changed little in their customs or characteristics since Magellan left them in possession, or Cortez won and lost Mexico to the flag of the Ferdinands. While in Europe and America civilization has progressed and developed, in the far East it has remained stationary, the church and the state governing in conjunction, and the Archbishop the Governor's superior, and the tortures of the Inquisition still well known from not infrequent application.

Not only did the persecuting church destroy the civilization of Spain by murdering or banishing its thinkers and its doctors, but it killed the hopes of the succeeding generations when it sent away or tortured to death those who should have been the transmitters to them of selected blood. Not only was Spain cursed, but all her colonies, and the entire world was grievously wounded. It is an augury of hope when a newspaper with an immense circulation among the poorly-instructed masses dares print these truths. The lesson for us is that variations should be encouraged, not destroyed.

### The Limitation of Population, and Woman's Freedom.

BY ELSIE COLE-WILCOX.

Permit me to express my hearty approbation of your reply to Mrs. Waishrooker in Lucifer No. 651. I consider you right in every particular regarding the best and surest means to break down plutocratic rule.

What can a woman do toward emancipating herself or the race, if she must be eternally tied to a cradle? She can do nothing but drudge, and rear another generation of slaves to break down plutocratic rule.

That conditions should exist which make contraception an economic necessity is an outrage, I freely admit. But so long as they do exist it is worse than folly to try to ignore them. And the spirit of mercy, nay, of justice should prompt us to be careful how we force human beings into the world under conditions that make their lives a burden to them.

If these children could be born with the instincts of freedom so firmly implanted in their natures that they would rebel against the degrading conditions into which they are born, and carve their own way to freedom it might be different. But we have no reason to believe they will do so. On the contrary, they will go on as their ancestors have done, and continue to propagate slaves for the millionaires.

By limiting the number of our offspring we give ourselves more time and opportunities to work for the enlightenment of those we do have, and of others, also, whose parents do not see the necessity of such enlightenment. And to me, it appears a manifest injustice to the unborn, to force them into a martyrdom for which they may be entirely unfitted. And I have long wanted to protest against the assumption on the part of so many of our writers on sex reforms that there would be no use for contraceptives if women were free from man's invasion. It seems to me that anyone who has an insight into the real nature of woman will readily see the fallacy of such an argument.

These writers seem to take it for granted that women are devoid of sexual passion, and would never desire sex union except when they desired offspring. No doubt it is true that many women are thus deformed, or deficient in the attributes of their sex. But I fancy the great majority are not. Ages of repression on the part of women, in obedience to religious and "grandiose" teaching has weakened woman sexually until she is no longer man's equal in that respect. But if free to consult her own needs and desires she would soon recover much of her lost vigor.

And even now, the great majority of women would not be

content to live without sex intercourse except on the very rare occasions when children were desired.

I would not go to quite the extreme, though, suggested by Lois, and "kill the man" if I could not get away from him. Still I would uphold a woman in repelling invasion, at all hazards. But it is a mistake to suppose that contraceptives are not often mutually desired by true and loving pairs who do not, at the time, desire offspring.

The world may outgrow such inventions some day, but the time is not yet. In the meantime our senseless laws which forbid all knowledge of such things should be repealed, or disregarded and the best possible methods should be studied and given to the public, as freely as knowledge of hygiene.

### Marriage—The "Freethinker's" God.

[The following is part of the reply of N. C. Mathers of Wichita, Kansas, to his critics who have censured him for his championship of Lucifer. A prominent member of the Free-thought organization of that city had asked him this question: "Excepting Lillian Harman, and a very few intellectual people, would you associate with a woman who ignored the rite of marriage and the customs of society, and was raising a family of children on the free love plan? I would; but would you?" Mr. Mathers replies as follows:]

I will answer that by first asking you if you would associate with such "vile," "base," "immoral," people as all infidels are said to be? People who ignore the very existence of "our creator" and deny the divinity of "our Savior"? No, I am sure you would not associate with any such people as that, except Ingersoll "and a very few intellectual" people of his stamp.

No, Mr. M., we would not associate with people who prostitute a noble cause to the gratification of their sensual passions; but we would associate with people who understand and appreciate the aims at reform that *that* cause advocates and hopes to bring about; but not if they preach reform and practice orthodox prostitution.

Orthodox people link prostitution and all kinds of immorality and crime with "infidelity," when in fact these crimes and vices are only the outgrowth of orthodoxy. They class ignorant scoffers with enlightened freethinkers, and liberals make the same mistake concerning the advocates of social reforms.

The ignorant or dishonest self-styled "freethinkers," who link "free love and whiskey" together are very little superior to the orthodox saloon-keeper, gambler or prostitute who are not "Christians" themselves, but want their children to be. And they'll all fight for Jesus at the drop of a hat.

You say, "When we have freed people from a much larger share of superstition we may with some hope of success attempt sexual reforms."

You mean to say, After we have pounded away at the snake's tail a few generations longer we may then with safety gradually work up toward its head, and give *that* a whack or two.

I think so long as people breed children in such large quantities and of such poor quality it will be a slow and thankless task trying to free them from their superstitions.

You can not free the camel of its hump so long as you continue to breed it with its kind. Those superstitions have stuck to mankind, and will continue to stick to them so long as they hold to the old superstitious ideas concerning the sacredness or divinity of the marriage rite, or rights. That superstitious idea is harder to break down than is the God idea, and it is just as fallacious and more detrimental to human progress.

The marriage rite is the "Freethinker's" God. The marriage rite is as much a product of the priesthood as baptism is. It is simply another form of selling indulgences by the priest.

People who denounce free love, as some of those writers did in the "Free Thought Magazine," have only had a passing glimpse of the freethought field through the cracks of the orthodox fence that their fathers have built around it.



The great question of the day is, "What shall we do to be saved?" and "verily verily I say unto you," read Lucifer.

### Population and Economics.

BY LILLIE D. WHITE.

Mr. Harman "avoids personalities as much as possible," but evidently the possibility did not exist in the editorial under discussion in 640. "When woman's sense of responsibility to the unborn is fully awakened she will not bring children into the world until conditions are provided that will give to each a place at nature's table" might have been intended for women in general, but the lines following, "such conditions as will not require the discontinuance of the favorite family paper in order that all may have bread" must have had reference to the parent who had requested Lucifer stopped because the choice of bread or Lucifer had to be made.

This looked to me like a reckless hit, because it was made on the head of an unoffending person for if the parents of a fine family of loving happy children, intelligent enough to read Lucifer, whose love was proved by their sacrifice, well enough off, I infer, to have brought their children pretty well along toward years of maturity—are not fit progenitors of the race where under the sun shall we find proper parentage?

That class of parents deserve great credit for having all the children they possibly can have. It is from that class that we may expect the energy and strength, the life that sometime will break the bonds that fetter us, burst through the shell of oppression and injustice that surrounds us.

Nothing but life, a great flow of abundant over-flowing life will do this. To destroy, to annihilate to check life destroys the means of our salvation.

I do not object to individual mothers limiting their families to suit the income—on the same principle that I would not advise them to spend their little money on beautiful pictures or books or pleasures that they long for, that they have a right to and ought to know—but that such restriction is a remedy for economic evils is just as absurd and impossible as that the denial of books and pictures could be a remedy.

I have always advocated woman's freedom in motherhood with reference to herself only, not as to its effect on society or the race. In fact if the perpetuation of the race is a good thing we owe untold gratitude to unwilling mothers for so far the world has mostly been populated by them. I call Mrs. Russell's attention to this. I fear she has given a wrong meaning to my words formerly.

If Mr. Harman's suggestion that "woman should not bring children into the world until conditions" etc., were acted upon it would simply wipe out of existence the wage earners of the world, for no parent depending upon wages—upon a place to toil granted by a master—has any assurance whatever that he or she can provide for the helpless years of the childhood of a family. And if his strike could be inaugurated and not another child be born for twenty-five years, I see no reason to believe that the world would be in any better condition to receive them than than it is now so far as the effects of their absence is concerned.

In my opinion the labor problem is helped toward solution by every accession to the ranks of toilers. Every year of "hard times" augments the army from the middle class who are squeezed out by the millionaire's mill. Improved machinery adds its thousands every year. All these are welcomed by the philosophical labor reformer. New life must come to replace the old.

If there were an actual scarcity of honey Mr. Harman's argument drawn from the bees might be a good one; but there is not, every working bee comes into the world with ability to produce all the honey he needs himself and more. The queen bee never restricts or starves her progeny for the sake of storing up honey for the drones. The restriction begins in quite another quarter and is carried out in a decisive and effective manner, and the greater the number of bees the neater and quicker the job is done.

To me the fear of over population is so groundless that I regret while I am amused to see the concern displayed by Mr. Harman and Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Harman refers to that remarkable freak of fecundity in a way that seems to say: "See what we are coming to if mothers go on unchecked in their head-long career toward multitudinous maternity."

Mr. Coolidge thinks if "every woman has as many children as she may wish to have" it is equivalent to "increasing the number of sufferers."

Willing mothers do not increase sufferers. The suffering is caused by the exploitation of the honey made by the working bees—these children—into the millionaire's hive.

As a matter of fact Mr. Harman and Mr. Coolidge have every reason to be thankful that the theory they advocate is working out so well.

Women are not, by any means, tumbling over each other in eagerness to imitate the example of prolificness in Lucifer 650.

Large families are comparatively rare nowadays. On every hand we find young men who refrain from marriage because they know that industry and skill do not give assurance of ability to provide "places at nature's table." Young women refuse to marry for various reasons. The wives of working men are moving heaven and earth, so to speak, in their frantic endeavors to limit the family to the possibilities of a scanty and constantly lowering income. They grasp eagerly at any knowledge of contraceptives, preventives, methods of abortion, anything, everything to lower the cost of living. Thus adapting themselves to the millionaires' regime that stores the honey of the working bees in the hives of the drones. All this has a tendency to eliminate from human nature the parental instinct and desire that lovers of the race think so important. I too "avoid personalities as much as possible," and hope I have not transgressed this rule.

#### REMARKS.

I may not be a "philosophical labor reformer," but I still insist that it is the quality of population rather than the quantity that will bring "salvation" from plutocratic rule. The more "life" we have of the lower types the more easy it will be for the slave-holding class to perpetuate its power by pitting the slaves against each other. It is only the strong, the intelligent, the self-reliant, the self-respecting men who can be relied on to bring salvation for themselves and their fellow toilers, and such men as these are not born of submissive, improvident mothers.

The mother bee does not store honey at all, nor does she portion it out to her offspring, but being herself free and strong, self-reliant and provident, she produces a race of workers who will not become slaves to drones. The human mother is not free nor strong, self-reliant nor self-respecting, and her offspring are—like unto herself! An important difference. When will the human mother go to the bee, "consider her ways and be wise."

Most of the points brought forward by Mrs. White are sufficiently answered by Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. Coolidge in this week's Lucifer, and the rest seem to me to be self-refuting. At all events we have no further space for answer in this week's issue.

M. H.

#### Fiat Money.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

As Mr. Hutcheson, in No. 650, does not use the term "fiat money" precisely as I do, it becomes necessary for me to explain what I mean by it. Money is "fiat money" just so far as its exchangeable value independent of legislation falls short of its exchangeable value in consequence of legislation. Our silver dollar would be about one half fiat, were it not redeemable in debts due to the government.

I cannot believe that brother Hutcheson has so little appreciation of free speech as to think that a free expression of opinions needs an apology in a free paper; especially as he has not apologized for what he has written.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 14, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1907?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon Each Individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1204 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, April 13. Honore Jaxon will deliver the opening address.

## Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

E. C. WALKER writes us that "Comstock is beaten in the 'Triumph of Death' matter." To anyone wanting to see what all the trouble was about, we will send the book, D'Annunzio's "The Triumph of Death," cloth binding, fine paper, at publisher's price, \$1.50.

## The Outlook—Suspension of the Magazine.

The April number of the quarterly magazine, "Our New Humanity" is nearing completion but will not be ready for distribution so soon as expected, because of our inability to hire the needed help. The "Prosperity" promised by the Republican managers has seriously crippled all kinds of business, except it be the office-holding business, the interest-taking and rent gathering business.

Especially hard is this prosperity upon the business of publishing reform journals. Even such journals as the old and well-established "Truth Seeker" of New York have felt themselves compelled to call upon their friends for special help to tide them over the crisis.

Lucifer and "Our New Humanity" have made no such appeal, and, as our friends know, they are not backed by a "sustaining fund," an "indemnity fund" or "guarantee fund," nor by political or other influence, such as are possessed by reform journals in other lines. An instance of this is the paper called "Light of Truth" of Columbus, Ohio, which paper in a late issue made the statement that in the past seven or eight years it had been aided by a liberal minded friend to the amount of some thirty thousand dollars. Many private fortunes have been sunk in the effort to establish and keep alive papers that

advocate political and economic reforms. Col. Norton of this city, editor and publisher of the Chicago "Sentinel" is reported to have said that he has sunk more than twenty thousand dollars, of his own money in the business of publishing reform literature in his line. From many other publishers come the same or similar statements.

A few words by way of retrospect may not be here amiss. When the publication of a quarterly magazine, in connection with Lucifer's work, was first decided upon the financial outlook was very different from what it is now. That was before the last of the great "financial conspiracies," the conspiracy of plutocracy against productive labor known as the single standard, or the gold standard conspiracy—before this crime of crimes had culminated in the election of William McKinley as king of the United States of America.

Within the past year Lucifer has made an expensive move from Topeka, Kansas, to Chicago, and has paid some hundreds of dollars of old debts—not legally collectible debts but debt of honor, debts owed to persons who had assisted us in time of special need.

The patrons of Lucifer and "Our New Humanity" are not of the wealthy classes. They are not of those who hold bank accounts, or who are in receipt of rents, interest, salaries or dividends, and consequently the financial pressure bears especially hard upon them. They are not of the privileged classes, else they would not patronize journals whose object is to destroy privilege. Hence instead of asking them for donations of aid we decided to economize by letting "Our New Humanity" sleep awhile, and meantime concentrate our energies upon Lucifer alone.

We have a good supply of the seven numbers of the magazine already published, including the forth-coming April number. These can still be used to assist and supplement the work of the weekly Lucifer, and when circumstances shall seem to justify we hope to resume the publication of "Our New Humanity."

If any who have paid ahead on the magazine are not satisfied with this statement we will return their money as soon as possible, or credit them on Lucifer, or send other literature published or sold by us.

## WHAT THE YOUNG SHOULD KNOW.

By far the longest article of the April magazine bears this title, and is now being put into pamphlet form. It will make a pamphlet of some forty or more pages, and will be sold at ten cents per copy.

For many years the Freethought public has been calling for a book of small dimensions suitable to be put into the hands of learners both young and old, and it is believed that Mr. Walker has succeeded in the difficult task of writing the much needed and much called for pamphlet. We are printing a large edition in the hope of receiving many orders. Those who buy to sell again will be given liberal discount from retail price.

## Freedom and Love, versus Marriage and Hate.

One of the chief reasons why I oppose marriage is that marriage sets up a false standard of Purity or of Virtue in the most important of all human relations,—that of sex, and especially because I regard this standard false and hurtful to woman and to her children.

Marriage, or marriage law, says, in effect, to woman: "Your purity, your virtue, consists in this, that until you are married you must associate sexually with no man; and after you are married you must associate sexually with no man but your husband. Your sex-nature is never your own, to do with it as your own judgment may see fit. Your sex power belongs first to the state, (or to the state and the church) and secondly to your husband, so long as he does not commit a crime that the state considers sufficient to absolve you from your sex-allegiance to him. No matter whether he become diseased, a hopeless consumptive, epileptic, syphilitic, impotent or paralytic, your body still belongs to him and to him only—'so long as ye both shall live!' Failure of 'love' between you

and your husband does not absolve you from your 'duty' to him. Indifference, aversion, disgust, hatred, cut no figure in the matter. If your husband demand his marital rights your marriage vow, recorded on earth and in heaven, compel you to surrender your body to his wishes, no matter how destructive such surrender—in your opinion—may be to your own health, or how unjust and cruel you may think the result of such association may be to possible offspring. The consequences of such association are not for you to consider or to guard against. In this regard the wife's duty is summed up in one word,—*'Obey!'*

The disastrous result of this false standard, this anti-natural standard of purity in sex-relations, are too numerous to be shown up as they deserve, in one short article. While the subjective effect upon woman herself, and also in a less degree upon man, is deplorable beyond expression, its most blighting effects fall upon the children, the helpless children born with such heritage.

As already intimated we have, in our marriage institution, all the explanation needed to account for the bad governmental and economic systems that now curse humanity, and retard the progress and happiness of the race. With woman's subjection to marriage morality we need look no further for explanations of the notorious fact that the masses of mankind are mere automatons, mere putty or clay, in the hands of their rulers and leaders,—in the hands of the parasitic classes, the narrowly selfish, the plutocratic classes, and I close this brief weekly installment of the "Free Man's Creed" by saying,

I oppose marriage—I oppose the arbitrary "single-standard" of morality in sex-relations, because I believe that no substantial progress can be made in bettering the condition of the enslaved masses of mankind so long as this anti-natural single standard is accepted as the only basis of "legal tender" in the "currency" of sex—the interchange between the sexes that creates new human beings.

The legitimate and necessary effect of the arbitrary "legal tender," gold standard, or gold basis of value in the matter of a medium of exchange in commercial affairs,—and for the payment of salaries and interest to the ruling classes, is to impoverish and enslave the masses, but this slavery is only the outgrowth and the logical sequence of the older and deeper laid conspiracy against freedom and justice known as the marriage institution, by the requirements of which the only way through which children are allowed to be produced is by a surrender of self-hood, a surrender of self-control, and submission to the arbitrary will of another, on the part of the producers of children—the mothers of mankind; and hence I repeat and would continue to repeat that the first step towards freeing mankind from the governmental ills and the societal ills of all kinds, is to free the mothers of men, and this can only be done by the abolition, or the ignoring, of institutional marriage.

### More About the Population Question.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

Is it really true that limiting of families as proposed by Mr. Harman "would only make the present property system more endurable?"

Admitting for argument's sake that it would, what does it prove? Have we a right to make our children suffer for the purpose of proving that the present economic conditions are unjust and unbearable? Is this the safest road to the attainment of justice? It is very well to talk of the pleasure of having many children, but what about the "pleasure" of providing for six children when the parents cannot provide even for two children?

I know a man who is so poor, that to a great extent he depends upon the help of his relatives. I know as well as I know that I am alive that he is not able to support one child, and yet he has a houseful of little ones. His children have not the slightest prospect of winning in the battle of life. They will

be brought up in poverty, wretchedness and ignorance. Their parents may love them, but love alone does not feed hungry mouths.

What role can such children play in the drama of life? Will they be able to help to advance the cause of industrial justice? Their lives will be an endless struggle for existence. They will consider themselves fortunate if they escape actual starvation. The chances are that they will be a burden to themselves and to others and absolutely of no use to the world at large. Tell me, then, whether it is cruel to say to the father and the mother of those children: "You had no right to bring them into existence?" If it is, what shall we say of the cruelty of the parents who recklessly furnish victims for the greedy mouth of the monster of iniquity?

I have said, and I say again, that we must do all we can to protest against the existing conditions, but I do not think that we have a right to do it at the expense of other people, or that we can accomplish anything by increasing the number of sufferers.

### Kansas Freethought Association.

To the Liberals and Spiritualists of Kansas and Sister States, and to the members of the Kansas Freethought Association, Greeting:

By the power in me vested I hereby call the 7th annual convention of the K. F. A. to meet in Clay Center Kansas, Aug. 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. For further information address Laura Knox, Secretary, Norton, Kans.

Etta Semple, President, Ottawa, Kans.

### Dianism.

BY ELMIRA D. SLEKKER.

"What do you give us in place of that complete indulgence which alone can satisfy the average man and woman? What do you mean by the little ways and tricks of Dianism?"

Thus queries a friend in commenting on my Dianistic views. What would you give the drunkard in place of his dram? The morphine fiend in place of his drug? The mythologist in place of his beloved myths?

We offer health, happiness, purity, and ten thousand other blessings, instead of the one evil of needless sexing.

By the "little ways and tricks of Dianism," I mean the little touches, pats and caressive tokens of love. The clasp of the hand, the glance of affection, the tone of the voice, and all that speaks of genuine kindness and friendliness; this we offer in place of the over much sexing, that is murdering millions of wives, and scattering syphilis all over the world.

Is it not worth while to be a Dianist? To exercise wisdom and be self-poised, when we can thereby secure the blessings above enumerated, and abolish the evils? And also stop all abortions, and infanticides, and have none but wished for children?

There is an old saying, "No cross, no crown," but Dianism will be no cross to the rightly hereditated and educated.

We do not expect all to be Dianists at once. The masses must grow slowly towards it. Every step gained makes the next one more easy to take. Conserve the life forces and not needlessly waste them in mere momentary paroxysms of pleasure.

To the garden the world new ascending  
Potent mates, daughters, sons, prefoliating,  
The love, the life of their bodies, meaning and being.

—Whitman.

### A Sensible and Just Physician.

"Lenox," in "Medical World."

The woman who marries, knowing herself physically unfit for maternity is guilty of a crime that deprives her of all claim to sympathy.—Dr. Waugh.

Women should not be punished for ignorance when the ethics of society almost entirely preclude knowledge. How is a young woman to know whether or not she is fit for mater-



nity when usage forbids her to even think of the science of sexology except as something dreadfully bad? Your schools and colleges will instruct her in the languages and Delsarte, but all taboo the subject of procreation, notwithstanding that the defect of knowledge on that one matter may mean to her a lifetime of misery. You say she should be taught by her mother. But suppose her mother is as ignorant of sex as she? My dear sir, give us mothers that are educated on sex lines, and the coming generations will be educated. But our system of moral ethics has purposely kept the mothers in ignorance of the use and misuse of the sex functions, and then you say that suffering womanhood, under certain conditions, has no claim for sympathy. If a family physician would even suggest any word of advice to the daughter about to marry, the family would be shocked. This is not so much the fault of the doctor as it is of the social code; but the medical profession acquiesces in the outrage of misfit marriages, and lies back and accepts the fruits of post-marital miseries.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

TEST OF VALUE. That the value of notes depends upon their redeemability may be easily shown by an experiment. Suppose the government should issue special notes legal tender for their face value, but redeemable in gold for twice their face value. Such notes would be accepted by merchants at a high premium; at nearly or quite their redeemable value. On the other hand, if the government should issue special notes legal tender for their face value, and redeemable for one half their face value, merchants would only receive such notes for what they could get for them, and this would fix their market value. Making the whole issue of notes of either of these classes would not affect their exchangeable value. The only difference would be that prices would be reduced when the notes became more valuable, and would be raised if notes only partially redeemable were used.

The legitimate controlling or preventing of conception should begin long before marriage; in fact before reaching a marriageable age, it should be a proper education—a knowledge of self. There is a deplorable amount of ignorance, even among the best educated and most refined as to the sexual and procreative functions of the race. The stock-breeder makes the subject a study, finds means to legitimately prevent conception with his stock until such time and under such circumstances as is of the most advantage to the improvement of his stock. He may attend a stock-breeders' association, discourse very learnedly on these important and vital topics, get half drunk with his friends, come home and abuse his wife, and while she is yet in tears impregnate her. In time she brings forth a child that is weak, perhaps half-witted and vicious. How can it be otherwise under such circumstances? More than nine-tenths of all the children born are conceived by accident.—*Dr. D. D. Rose, "Medical World."*

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Mrs. Hunter?" I said, bowing—but her stiff head never inclined. In a haughty, heartless manner she spoke.  
"If you are able to read you ought to find that correct. Mrs. Owen Hunter,"—with a decided stress upon the 'Owen.' I was beginning to feel dazed. 'Mrs. Owen Hunter'! My Owen's name. Who could she be?  
"Well?" I asked.  
"Well!" she repeated. 'Does not that speak for itself? If not I will endeavor to be still more plain. I am tired of having my husband spend his nights away from home. I warn you, girl! Owen Hunter is my husband, and the father of my children. If I still find, after this, that he continues coming here, I

shall find means to put an end to it, and to make it go hard with you!'

"I was as if stunned! My head swam, as I listened to this threat. My Owen the husband of this woman! Impossible! Surely, surely, there is some terrible mistake here. Not for one instant did I permit myself to believe the cruel accusation that had been hurled at me, but without deigning me another look she turned in haughty scorn to leave the room when her eye caught sight of a crayon picture—Owen's picture, my most especial pride, which had been placed upon an easel. A look like a thunder cloud passed over her face, and before I could think what her intention might be she had swooped upon it, knocked it down, and setting her foot upon it crushed the glass into a thousand pieces, cutting and hopelessly ruining the precious picture. With a cry of dismay I stepped forward, but it was too late, and with a mocking laugh she swept from the room, leaving me in a heart-broken condition.

"I had not known that Owen had a wife, and as yet I could scarcely believe it true. If such was the case I knew full well it was to her he belonged and not to me. How I managed to live through that day I do not know. My heart felt like stone in my breast; no tears came to ease or quench the aching, burning pain.

"In the evening Owen came whistling up the garden path, his handsome face all aglow with the sunshine of happiness. He came bounding into the room where I was sitting, and the next instant he had caught me in his arms and was madly straining me to his breast, smothering me with kisses. But suddenly he seemed to discover something amiss in my manner. Holding me away from him the better to look at me he said,

"What is it, birdie? not sick are you?"

"Yes," I said, struggling with the tears,—"heart sick."

"All the sunshine, all the laughter was gone from his face in an instant.

"Explain, sweetheart, what is it?" For answer I pointed to the ruined picture.

"Why—" he stammered. "What has happened?"

"To speak would have been impossible. I felt as if a cold, unseen hand was clutching at my throat. So I merely handed him the card with the name of 'Mrs. Owen Hunter' upon it. I shall never forget the look of dismay that passed over his face.

"Do you mean to say she has been here?" he articulated. I merely inclined my head. His arms fell slowly away from me and stepping to the open window, he stood looking out into nothing for a long time,—so long, indeed, that I thought he had forgotten that I was there. When he turned back to me his face looked in the gray twilight as if it had aged ten years.

"And will my sweet love send me away because of this woman?" He asked the question holding my hand in both of his, closely pressed to his cheek. His voice did not sound the same. All the laughter, all the life had left it. I saw he was suffering, and the knowledge did not tend to lessen the pain that was tugging at my own heart. I answered his question with another,

"She is your wife?"

"She is. But what of that?"—doggedly.

"Only that you belong to her, and not to me." Then he caught me in his arms and held me so fast he almost crushed me.

"No! no!" he huskily said, "it is false. I do not belong to her. It is you that holds me, body and soul. That woman never married me,—only my money!"

"But your children?"

"What children?"

"Why, yours—and hers."

"There are none!"

"My head swam; she had said, 'The father of my children,' and he said, 'There are none.' I looked into the clear blue eyes and believed him. But in spite of that I knew my dream of bliss was ended. In his madness he made the proposition that we should leave together,—go to some distant city, to Europe, anywhere where we could remain together. The world was

wide and in some small corner we would find room where we might be happy.

"But to this proposition I would not listen. My mind was already made up. I would leave—leave without saying a word about it. I could not bear the thought of being the cause, perhaps, of his ruin. If I told him I knew he would never consent; but this one last night he was mine, and with that shadow threatening to engulf us we loved with the intensity of despair. But before the night had waned, clasped closely in his arms he told me the story which had wrecked his life."

With a weary movement Cora leaned her head against the bolstered back of her chair. Imelda saw that her sister was exhausted. Reproaching herself for having permitted her patient to do so much talking she gave the order, "Not one more word!" and helping her to disrobe she gently assisted her back to her couch. With a new tenderness she arranged the pillows and then insisted upon perfect quiet.

"Tomorrow will be another day, and time enough to proceed."

Cora did not protest, and soon the weary eyes were closed in slumber. Long did Imelda watch the sleeping girl while she was conscious of a new feeling toward this erstwhile wayward sister. Her heart went out to her as it had never done before, and henceforward she knew she would not be quite alone in the world as she had been. She felt that she had now found her sister, in more senses than one.

Just here it might not be out of place to make mention of that other pair of sisters to whom these two were at the present time under such heavy obligations. It had seemed rather queer to Imelda that the two should be all alone in this large house, as she had understood from what Wilbur had told her that the sisters lived in the home of their father who with the second wife had quite a family of children, but of whom there was not a trace to be seen. Only a day or two ago, however, Edith had explained to Imelda how matters stood.

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

T. J. McFeron, Cheney, Wash.:—I see by tag on wrapper that my time expires with the next number, so I hasten to renew as I do not want to miss a single number. I admire Brother E. C. Walker very much for the manner in which he stands for justice in the Putnam-Collins misfortune. Am very much in love with "Hilda's Home;" would be pleased to have it in book form. Also send me the following reading matter.

C. C. Ladd, Hartline, Wash.:—I want a couple of copies of "Motherhood in Freedom" to loan to some of my friends.

If the prospect is favorable for the publication of "Hilda's Home" in book form I wish you would let me know, as I think I can sell a number of copies if the work is out before harvest.

[We much regret to say that the prospect of putting "Hilda's Home" into a book is not by any means as good as we should like it to be. Too much "prosperity," of the McKinley variety. We have all we can carry now without the added expense of stereotyping the matter from the weekly forms of Lucifer. Those who care for a file of Lucifer containing the story up to this date, can still be supplied. In our present form Lucifer is easily preserved in file, or cheap cover, for future reading.]

M. H.]

G. W. Hoyle, Purdy, Ark.:—Please send those copies of your paper that contain an account of the "Putnam-Collins tragedy." Also a catalogue of your books on "Free loveism," or tell where I can get the same. I read your article in the "Free Thought Magazine." It was splendid, I think. Come again with another, telling us what your theory is in regard to society without marriage. Wishing you every success in all worthy undertakings.

[To inquirers like the above I would say that the first thing

to do is to establish *freedom to think*, and freedom to *act out one's thought* so long and so far as the thought and its practicalization do not invade the equal right of others. This first step towards a reconstructed society would prepare the way for the next. What that next step might be could better be told after the first is taken. To all who wish to know what Lucifer teaches as the higher ideal,—or the "society without marriage," I would say, read Lucifer and "Our New Humanity," and the literature advertised by them. M. H.]

Flora W. Fox, Rochester, Minn.:—Another amazing innovation upon our present style of literature is just fresh from the publishers. Prof. Wm. Windsor, L. L. B., Ph. D., is author, as well as an eminent phrenologist and lecturer. A part of the inscription reads: "Loma,—the child of my brain, consecrated to the emancipation of woman from the enthrallment of Sex Slavery." I wish the whole race could read and have brain capacity to appreciate what Loma says. I will make a few excerpts:

Passing over Loma's very unceremonious advent from Venus into Lake Michigan and Chicago, I will note what he says of progress in Venus. "We do not favor wearing clothing, as it is unhealthy. Poisons are re-absorbed into the body. We regard marriage as a barbarous custom of savage nations. Neither sex is under a pledge to love one person to the exclusion of all others, because such a pledge is destructive of morals and is suicide of the love faculties. It is not only the right but the duty of every sane man and woman to cultivate and express love for as many individuals as possible. This does not mean promiscuous love nor promiscuous sex relations, but it does mean the largest possible freedom in social intercourse."

There is perfect equality of the sexes, and the social standing of a citizen is graded according to the fraternal and loving relations he has established. Parents are given one thousand credit marks for every perfect child gestated and born, but a less number where imperfect offspring result. Every mother is honored and surrounded with everything conducive to perfection, and has her home in the Maternity Palace. The state educates all children till twenty years of age, when they select some calling which they follow for ten years more, after which they are free. No citizen is expected to select a marital companion or consort, till thirty years old, and as procreation is under perfect control (there's no need for any "society for the suppression of vice," evidently), there are no unwelcome children.

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Henry Addis in "Firebrand" Portland, Ore.:—It is too bad that comrade Harman should be so extremely sensitive, and unable to see justice anywhere but in his own writings. (1.) The mention of "The Firebrand" was so intimately connected with mention of Loveridge—an adjoining paragraph in the same article—that I could come to no other conclusion than I did. There was no mention of any other paper, and as Loveridge's name was mentioned in connection with "The Firebrand," (2) and "his favorite journal" accused of unfairness how could I think differently from what I did? "The Firebrand" has ever and always shown Lucifer and its editor every possible favor, but its freedom has allowed just two uncomplimentary remarks concerning Lucifer, sent in by correspondents, to appear in its columns. (3) If that is just cause for a threat of boycott such as appears in the above, then "free press" is a meaningless expression. (4)

[I have made several fruitless attempts to make myself understood by the editor of the "Firebrand," and if I fail this time will have to give it up.

(1.) Because I protested against his method of criticising

## 654.

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me, without quoting what I really did say, he now thinks me extremely "sensitive," and that I cannot "see justice anywhere but in my own writings."

(2.) There was mention of another journal, by Mr. Love-ridge, in the "Firebrand," but I will admit that my language was liable to misconstruction. This correction was made more than once, and should have been acknowledged by Mr. Addis.

(3.) The criticism of which I complained chiefly was an editorial criticism—and the evasion of this fact, and the neglect or refusal to notice that point of my protest, is the most provoking part of the treatment accorded to us by the "Firebrand." Friend Addis cannot be so ignorant as not to know that when a paper adopts into its editorial "notes" an anonymous criticism that criticism becomes editorial—it becomes the voice of the paper itself. If I had, in effect, praised myself as having written and "printed the only words worthy of a Free-thinker," and if I had said, or adopted the statement, that the "Firebrand" had been "neutral" on a question of much interest to the defenders of Freedom, I should expect Friend Addis to protest, and if he should rap me sharply for so doing I should consider the rap well deserved. I have treated him as I should wish to be treated in turn.

(4.) I have made no threat of "boycott." I want to co-operate with everyone, even with the bigoted Christian, as far as he will let me, and the same with Free-thought journals who do not treat us fairly. It is not because "The Firebrand" prints "uncomplimentary" remarks about us,—of which it printed many more than the "two"—but because my own protests against misrepresentation by the editor himself were not fairly treated, and my reply criticised without giving me the benefit of my own words.

Again I say that personal controversy is not to my liking. Both the "Firebrand" and Lucifer have better work to do than throwing "brands" at each other. "The Firebrand" has its peculiarities. It prints its columns with a ragged edge, and has its own way of spelling English,—as in the paragraph quoted. It has undoubted right to its peculiarities, and I accept the assurance that its editor wishes to "show us every possible favor," and therefore I again extend the hand of friendship and good will across the continent towards our radical young cotemporary, and its band of earnest workers.

Supposing that Friend Addis has no time to read his Free-thought exchanges, and hence has not read what we have said concerning the death of Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins we will send copies of Lucifer to him or to anyone, showing our position in regard to that very sad affair.

M. H.]

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 16.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 21, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE

### The Ghost of John Gear.

In his coffin bed John Gear lay dead,  
But John Gear's ghost stood near;  
And the clergyman talked at the funeral  
And the ghost bent low to hear:  
The waiting ghost of the man who was dead,  
He lingered to hear what the clergyman said;  
So the clergyman spoke and the people wept,  
And the ghost looked on and the dead man slept—  
And the dead man slept.

"The man who is dead," the clergyman said,  
"Was the true salt of the earth;  
Who shall gauge the good of his well-spent life  
And the measure of his worth?  
For he was a man of the olden type,  
Of the honest, noble, sterling stripe."  
Shame fell on the ghost as he stood nigh,  
For he alone knew these words were a lie—  
These words were a lie.

And the ghost was afraid and was sore dismayed  
As he heard the words of praise;  
And he thought of the wreck and the wrong he had done  
Through the stretch of the long-gone days;  
And a woman's face that was blanched with tears  
Loomed up from the vast of the dimming years;  
But the ghost, while he heard all the praise of the priest,  
Felt burn on his forehead the mark of the Beast—  
The mark of the Beast.

And the priest preached on, but the ghost of John  
Heard naught but the woman's tears;  
For the silent tears of her silent life  
Were thunder in his ears.  
And the priest still preached with his words of praise,  
And the face loomed up from the long-gone days;  
The priest still praised and the people wept,  
And the ghost passed on and the dead man slept—  
—And the dead man slept.

—Sam Walter Foss.

### Love—Its Attractions and Expression.

BY E. C. WALKER.

It was a dream of old that somewhere there was a fountain of Perpetual Youth. If one drank of its waters, the sun of Life would never go down in the ocean of Death. But neither man nor woman has yet seen its crystalline drops flashing in the light of day. The dream has passed with the advent of science. There is an Elixir, however, which warms the blood of age with the glowing aspirations and the tender joys of youth, which sets the flush of the rose in the pallid cheek stained with the tears of loss, lights the torch of hope in the eyes below the crown where the silver threads struggle for the victory which is sure over the strands of gold or the bands of midnight, and makes us forget even at the gates of the tomb that the sands of Life are running low.

This Elixir is Love, love free from the trammels of church and of state and of foolish and cruel custom. To him or to her who has trampled under foot the slimy poison-fanged snakes of superstition which coil and writhe and hiss and sting, even unto a death, in the bowers of conventional love, the world takes on a new beauty and a new glory. The skies that arch down to the

horizon's rim are a clearer, darker blue, and out of their depths at night the stars shine with a warmer brilliance. The waters of old ocean rolling wave after wave over the sands of the beach or thundering against the rocky headland, keep time, as they never kept time before, with the throbbing pulses of the blood, speaking now of power and conquest and the wild riot of transfiguring passion, and anon of rest and peace and the gentle calm that infolds hearts that are free and that for the moment know no want. A keener delight is found when the aisles of the forest are followed, or footsteps are traced by the river's marge, or when we lie on the sloping hillside, with interlocked fingers between head and sward, while our drowsy eyes lazily note the leap of the squirrel from bough to bough of the oak or chestnut or hickory that towers above us and through whose scarcely-moving leaves we catch glimpses of the cirrus clouds drifting slowly across the azure, and to our entranced ears is borne the love-lilt of finch or bluebird or starling. The rose is more resplendent, the lily is fairer, and sweeter the odor of violet and pink. Music touches us with a new pathos or a more vibrant thrill, as the stroke on key or string initiates or our mood receives. Through the glass of untrammelled love the mountains stand off in statelier grandeur, and where the long grasses bow to the zephyrs the billows of the prairie roll from foot-hill to sky-line in more glorious beauty. Love in freedom inspires to most strenuous endeavor; it electrifies the pen of the poet, the brush of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, and it transforms into gladly-proffered service toil that is lowly and grimy and wearying.

On the free woman and the free man Cupid and Venus attend from dewy youth to the hour when the golden bowl is broken and the silver cord is loosed. Romance holds ever the hand of life, and courtship smiles alike through lips where the first down rests lightly, where the dark insignia of manhood sweeps, and where are piled the snowy drifts of age. Love, always the same, yet always different in changing robe and wreath, at once fires and subdues, exalts and sustains. The new attraction is the antidote of the deadly poison of monotony, and the exertion necessary to win countervails the tendency to enslave. Our poet, J. William Lloyd, has well expressed this pregnant truth in these lines:

Love came to me with a new-appearing head—  
"I see you do not know me," Love said,  
"But I have many forms, and in no one am I altogether wed."  
"You are truly very strange, Love," said I,  
"You are never twice alike, and I cannot tell the why."  
"Tell me, sweet Love, are you thus always unlike and appeared differently?"  
"Always," said Love, "lest men weary of me."  
"Lost with limits of 'I know,' they should hold me less than free,"

This brings me, very late, to the consideration of Mr. Lloyd's excellent article in No. 649 of *Lucifer*. The essay has attracted wide attention among our radical friends, and has drawn from them many expressions of hearty admiration and sympathy. Its two most salient points are these: 1. There will usually be a central love with a number of side loves of less

intensity, and perhaps of less permanence. 2. A long courtship should precede and prepare for the complete expression of love.

It is not my intention to enter the lists in opposition to either of the propositions, but I wish to call Mr. Lloyd's attention and the attention of the readers of *Lucifer* to a few partly or wholly indefensible expressions, while attempting to throw some side-lights on the two main issues. I think Mr. Lloyd has tried here, as he did in the "Red Heart in a White World," to map out a good deal of territory that neither he nor any other one person has explored or ever can explore. It is unquestionably true that many natures have the craving for a central love which he depicts, but it is equally true that other natures do not have that craving. This he had admitted, but with an odious implication of shallowness, as regards the second class, which might justly call out the retort that it may be as much narrowness as depth that leads to the admitted craving of the first class. Sometimes it is true and sometimes it is not true that the man or woman to whom one turns most often and in greatest trust for sympathy and help is also the woman or man to whom one is most passionately attached. So it might easily be that there would be two central loves, one a comradeship-love and the other a passion-love, to make use of some rather awkward combinations.

When Mr. Lloyd writes of "some soul-mate and heart-comrade whose faith and loyalty are as certain as life and the procession of the seasons," he speaks the language of the poet. Men and women are fallible and we can never be certain that change and even treachery will not at some time carry from us the best of friends and the dearest of lovers.

We are diverse in our attractions and our needs, and we contradict ourselves at different periods in our lives. There are monogamists and varietists; there are varietists who love one more than any other and there are varietists who find it difficult to tell which one, if any, they love most, while some are monogamists at one time and varietists at another, sometimes having a central love, and sometimes two or more loves of approximately equal intensity. And so on in the practically unending chapter of variations. No "ideal" that can be dreamed out or thought out will do for a majority of the human family.

I very seriously question if we can "love all those who love whom we love." Love is a matter of attraction, and friendship implies congeniality. We can mind our own business, respect the equal liberty of all, and so dwell in concord, but love or even friendship, demands something more positive than toleration, more intimate than peaceful neighborhood.

I do not think that free love "has usually taken either the monogamic or the promiscuous extreme." What I except to in this is the word "promiscuous." Even if it had always been taught that "permanent love was a delusion, and a succession of episodes all that a wise lover could expect," that would not imply adhesion to the doctrine or practice of promiscuity, but rather the opposite. Promiscuity signifies without selection, and therefore there could be nothing more inappropriate and illogical than the classification of variety as promiscuity. A man or a woman associating with one of the other sex and with that one only, after mutual love has ceased to draw them together, is promiscuous in his or her sexual relations, because he or she has ceased to be selective, while, on the other hand, the person who changes lovers once in three months because in each instance no longer attracted to the old love is anything but promiscuous in his or her intimacies—in fact, he or she is selective in a very high degree. Let us not lose sight of the plain meaning of words.

It is much to be doubted if Mr. Lloyd can substantiate his assertion that free love has hitherto "sought and ignored courtship." Under freedom, the length of courtship will vary with the temperaments of the participants, and it is not necessary to formulate any general "ideal." Each case will be settled as it comes into court, so to speak, regardless of any other person's preconceptions. And I wish to say with all possible emphasis that the courtship will be co-terminous with

the period of spontaneous love relations, no matter what the degree of intimacy at any time and no matter when full intimacy begins. The divorce of courtship and sex association should be utterly alien to the thought of the social radical. That is to say, the idea that courtship must cease when intimate association commences is a relic of the barbarism of marriage, and the sooner we get rid of it the better for us and for the race.

Today the battle rages around the standard of Liberty. What may come after liberty is secured we do not know; reasoning by analogy, we hold that liberty in love is good; we have tasted a little of its fruits, and we have found them sweet and wholesome. But we of this age, in the front of the fight, realize that the sword of the emancipator is better fitted to the hand than the trowel of the temple-builder. I think the chief benefit of the plans drawn today in Philistia is the manual and mental exercise the draughtsmen obtain as they work. Real society grows; it is not made. It is easily conceivable that our Utopias would be the hells of our descendants, the children of a larger heredity and subject to environments to which we are strangers.

## Love and Freedom. II.

BY FORD.

Many people acknowledge love as a force in human affairs. All people, with few exceptions perhaps, experience love in some degree during their lives, but some say nothing about it afterward. Some even say it is all a delusion and a snare—that open-eyed common sense does not admit of any such nonsense as that sentimental thing called love. Why is this thus? Perhaps the answer is not so hard as we imagine. At least a deal of new light may be shed upon the subject by a little thinking.

It is impossible here to go into those fine distinctions of attraction, from that shown by the savage to that of the kind and gentle intelligent person in our highly "civilized" country. What I mean by love just now is the attraction, the guiding force between those who are supposed to understand something of life between the sexes when these are drawn to each other. To me it has come more and more to mean a working of a better, more perfect life. The elements of this better life being more fully aroused by contact of the sexes, it is by the love expressions of such contact that both its reward and its means of growth are found. But people who have little knowledge of what love really is and little leisure for finding out, or little inclination to study the question except to follow their unreasoning or at least perverted instincts, will "fall in love" and then—why, very properly "fall out" again in most cases.

A proper understanding of love involves an overturning of much old foggyism. It will put a stop to the idea of loving only one person; more properly, to the idea of marriage. If we can rightly love whom we please or must; can express that love by moral right, then "marriage" is useless. Love has a greater binding force than any man-made law. Love, like knowledge, grows from within, and like it, gives off with no diminution of power, but rather grows from the exercise. The elements necessary to love created or generated by the sex organs are capable of great things as they become understood, in developing human character. But such understanding can only come with that broadening of life due to general enlightenment and leisure of all the people.

We love that which gives us pleasure. Sex life being the highest, the elements set in motion by contact in mutual attraction of the sexes is the highest expression of love. To be such it must be free, voluntary,—no marriage, no bond but love. In that case the persons might be attracted and meet once or many times, to only talk, to clasp hands, to kiss, or to go to the extreme expression, all depending on their state of development toward a true, normal life.

Investigation of what love is shows it is but life, I think,—a higher life that brings new elements to our use, and only a glance will show it is foolish, blind, to place all our hopes of life

upon one person when many others are just as capable of giving and receiving love as that one—of expressing it with us.

Sex hunger may, when people know enough, be satisfied wherever suitable food be found, just as we satisfy our stomachs.

Whether we remain "faithful" to one person (though doing so seems impossible under a broader education) may depend upon the force of attraction between the pair, for no statute law can make them love unless by keeping them in ignorance of more congenial companions they have a right, morally, to find.

In our hurry-scurry world where chasing the phantom of the almighty dollar is the fashionable pastime, love, worthy the name, comes to the surface rarely except to be aroused for a moment by contact of the senses, then working its own destruction from want of knowing how to grow, it dies out and we hear that love is "all nonsense," "sentiment," that it has no place in this work-a-day world. But it will have a place in the world in the not very misty future.

Time will be when people will satisfy love hunger—sex hunger, where they find the right food, not thinking they must have one "grand passion" any more than that they must always eat at one table—for that is exactly what "marriage" amounts to.

When all have a chance to make something of themselves and become much more lovable comparatively than now, people will be less concentrated, narrow, "selfish." So our ideas of life are narrow now. We think liberty, that is, new liberty, means immorality, because we have seen that a *desire* for liberty *suppressed* resulted in some sort of ruin. But most of us have yet to learn that liberty alone can mean a better life, while ignorance and old ideas of liberty mean stagnation. Then, free love means not to be tied to the "dead body of our idol," but to know the laws of life and drink in its sweets all along life's journey—not to be tied to one table, cook or kitchen, but to know the laws of food and digestion and to use that food which is necessary wherever we may be.

Love belongs to the person, just as any one's sense does. It is just as narrow and foolish to love only one person, as our customs and traditions require, as it is to stay in one town all a lifetime.

Free love, then, is a better life, a liberty that means growth. It means knowledge and happiness now unknown. It does not mean that I have any right to expect any woman to love me because I am attracted to her and ask her to do so. It means, when you fully comprehend it, that no person can truly love, in the highest sense that some have learned to know the word, a person who does not freely return that love, for the causes of incompatibility will be plain. This state of things cannot come at once, but it also cannot come except with greater freedom. Women must not be compelled to "marry," to sell themselves sexually for the necessities or even luxuries of life. There must be growth of intellect among the masses caused by agitation, sufficient to demand, rather to command progress. "The masses" must become the best people. The worker, not the idler or person with title, "pedigree" or property, will be of the best of the land. All progress means growth, experience, not mere book education, though the latter may cause new ideas and experiences.

So I would say many people do not believe in love—to say nothing of free love—because of not knowing what it is. Our lives are not deep enough, or broad enough.

### A New Monthly Magazine.

TO THE READERS OF LUCIFER. Dear Friends: I avail myself of Friend Harman's kindness, to let you know through his paper that I intend shortly to commence the publication of a new magazine to be called "The Philosopher," the subscription price to be 50 cents a year.

My intention in its publication is not to advocate any special reform, but to encourage the philosophical spirit, and to help us to view all questions in a broad and liberal manner.

seeking for whatever is good in all lines of progress, and trying to make it available for individual and collective happiness.

During the first year, I shall in each number reprint one chapter of a book I am now writing, entitled "The Nature of the Mind, or Can Individuality Persist After Death?" In this book I give the many reasons I have to believe that Mind is a substance closely connected with Magnetism, and the book is really an argument to show that the statements I have made in my book upon Vital Force have a foundation in scientific facts. I believe that the many persons who have been pleased with my book upon Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetization, will be interested in this new work, and that it will be of great use to them in understanding all phenomena of a psychologic nature.

Any of Lucifer's readers who would like to see a copy of "The Philosopher" will have one sent to them by mailing me a postal card with their name and address. I shall be specially pleased to receive such a request from any of my old subscribers to the "Sociologist."

As I would like to have some subscribers to start with, I make the following offer. To anyone sending me twenty-five cents in postage stamps, I will send "The Philosopher" six months, and send at once, "In Brighter Climes, or Life in Socioland," a novel of mine just published, where I show what life would be in a country where taxation has been abolished, the ownership of land limited, gold and silver demonetized, public utilities placed in the hands of the people, and individual freedom greatly extended. In this book I also casually discuss Marriage, Divorce, and the right standard of sexual morality. The book contains over 250 pages, and from comments from those who have already read it, will, I believe, prove interesting to those persons who seek for social progress in the lines discussed.

I will also take pleasure in sending the book free to any editor who will agree to read it, review it, and send me a marked copy of its review in their paper. Your friend,

ALBERT CHAVANNES, Knoxville, Tenn.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE LABOR NOTE. The basis of the currency, in the foregoing, has been assumed to be gold. More exactly it may be stated to be value, and value is the result of past labor. Gold is practically the basis, because gold, more exactly than anything else, represents past labor which has produced something universally desired or valued. The labor note, when issued for past labor of value, and when redeemable in definite amounts of products of other past labor of value, stands upon the same footing with government notes redeemable in gold, with this exception, that the redeemability, instead of being assured by the whole people who compose the government, rests upon the good faith and ability of a small number of men, unknown except in a small locality. If the amount is indefinite, or if those who promise to redeem the note are liable to failure from death or other causes, the notes will be of uncertain value; and the producing classes will be first to feel the loss.

When the attempt is made to base a note, not upon past but upon future labor, not only is the element of uncertainty vastly increased, and the value of the note correspondingly diminished, but slave labor is substituted for free labor as its basis. A free man has the right to change his work or to cease to work, paying due regard to the necessity for completing partly finished work. The man who agrees indefinitely to perform certain work whenever required by others, loses his liberty.

While many plans for labor notes are defective for these reasons, and perhaps the defects are without remedy in society as it is, yet it may be possible in a re-organized society to introduce a currency consisting of labor notes which will avoid these defects, as I shall hereafter try to explain.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 21, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 397, and C. E. 1907?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin of Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, April 27. Subject of discussion "Co-operative Stores." Chas. Levy will read a paper.

## Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

HAVING had more than his equitable share of space in recent issues, the "scribe" of Lucifer takes a back seat this week, and gives place to correspondents. Those friends whose articles still fail to appear will please remember that of all trying positions in life, that of an editor is perhaps the most perplexing. How to equitably apportion the space at his command, and yet give offense to none, requires skill and judgment almost if not quite superhuman.

## Woman's Responsibility.

There is really so little difference between the position occupied by Mrs. Waisbrooker and that contended for by myself, that there seems little or no need of rejoinder. While denying woman's "responsibility to the unborn" Mrs. Waisbrooker practically admits such responsibility when she says, "When woman wakes to her power, withdraws her thought-force from man's system . . . our present system of wrong and outrage will disappear."

The very worst feature of "man's system,"—the feature that must be eliminated before the system as a whole can be destroyed or reformed, is the enslavement of woman in her maternal functions—her sex-life, and to deny woman's responsibility to offspring, while submitting to this enslavement is to deny her responsibility as reformer of man's economic system, or "system of force," of which Mrs. Waisbrooker speaks.

So far as I now remember, the subject of "contraception" was not present in my thought when replying to Mrs. Waisbrooker's previous article. I certainly do not recommend contraception as the best or the only means by which woman can secure

immunity from unwelcome parenthood. I simply contend for woman's right to choose the means of securing such immunity. I have my own objections to all such expedients, but maintain that wisdom—knowledge utilized, is absolutely necessary to woman and to man alike. Woman should claim and exercise the right to use such "scientific appliances" whenever her enlightened judgment tells her it is the best thing for her to do—all conditions and results considered. There is nothing that woman (or man) can do but may be right and proper for her to do under conceivable conditions. There is no absolute standard of right or duty, in this or any other relation of life.

As to whether man can waken woman to a sense of her power is yet to be tried. If man were not himself part woman, that is, possessed of feminine elements in his make-up, it might be true that he is powerless to awaken woman to a sense of her responsibility to the unborn. I still adhere to the statement that the population question is not primarily nor solely a question of sex. While it is true that upon woman rests, and should rest, the chief responsibility of parenthood—since she performs all the real work of child-building, it is also true that man, as member of the human solidarity, is vitally interested in the result of the work of child building. Hence if woman will not rouse herself it would seem to be right and proper that man should try to rouse his "veiled and sleeping" sister.

A friend at my right suggests and formulates, as an addition to the foregoing, the following:

"Mrs. Waisbrooker's recommendation to Messrs. Harman, Ruedebusch and Elliott to practice continence, is somewhat interesting in view of the fact that she will scarcely claim that such men as they make women sex slaves. If they are not 'continent,' then, it must follow that the women with whom they associate desire such association. With all due respect for Mrs. Waisbrooker's judgment I must advance it as my opinion that the women who love, and are loved by, these men should be the ones to choose what form their association with them shall take, and these free women would doubtless consider all such advice as that of Mrs. Waisbrooker's a work of supererogation."

## Marriage and Freethought

BY C. L. JAMES.

It was among the profound remarks of that really great "Freethinker," Francis Bacon, that mere infidelity, being nothing, amounts to nothing. The true Material-Atheist is born, not made. He is simply a man who was built that way, nor can I see a particle of evidence that the percentage of persons thus defective in spiritual insight is either less or greater now than at any previous time. Accordingly a publication devoted to the propagation of Material-Atheism alone, can do no good except the incidental one of helping to secure freedom for expression of all honest thought. But a publication devoted to discouraging freedom for the expression of honest thought in the name of infidelity, may do a great deal of harm. On this account I have long regarded the "Free Thought Magazine" as an avowed enemy to progress—its mission being to engage as many born atheists as possible in resistance to all innovations except those their atheism makes it certain they will favor in any case. Since, however, Mr. Green has admitted into his pages a defense of Free Love, and assumed to answer the same, his reply becomes worth considering on its own merits.

Mr. Green professes to favor marriage "not because of the Adam and Eve myth story," but "because it is proved by experience to have produced the greatest amount of happiness of any institution in the world." That would not be saying much for it. No institution is, or can, in the nature of things, be anything but a method of perpetuating barbarous customs, from which, in its absence, men, as they became more enlightened, would get away the faster.

But where is the experience he refers to? Why does he not give us some details? It requires very little "experience" to

teach us that marriage cannot exist without the aid of prostitution, and very little to teach that it is but a modification of prostitution. Louis IX, of France, (Saint Louis), and, at a much later period, the Empress Maria Theresa, entirely suppressed prostitution for some time. These eminent and virtuous Catholic sovereigns reluctantly repealed their edicts because "experience" showed them that in suppressing prostitution they were suppressing marriage too.

If Mr. Green does not know this he ignores the "experience" of history. If he does know it, how can he say that "experience" proves marriage beneficial, unless, indeed, he is prepared to say the same of prostitution? In another place he says that he would have "government protect and guard and improve" marriage. Unless he condescends to tell us how, we may safely retort his and Moore's most unfair charge of suppressing our real sentiments.

It is not, indeed, difficult to see how government might "protect and guard" marriage. It might give parents an absolute right to sell their daughters in marriage at any age. It might make marriage indissoluble for any cause. It might punish adultery with death. But all these things have been very extensively done; and they have been discontinued (when at all) because "experience showed" that they did not promote happiness.

As to "improving" marriage, what the big, big D does Mr. Green mean by that? Let him try to have divorce granted for marital rape; and he will soon find others know, if he does not, that "experience shows" this would be abolishing marriage!

The long and short of it is that what Green takes for experience is simply prejudice. There is no experience showing that the institution of marriage is conducive to happiness. But Green, and other people who do not think, are used to a particular form of that institution; and because they don't think they assume that what they are used to is O. K.

The first characteristic of a real freethinker, not a mere atheist, is to think; and the first result of thinking is to teach him that the institutions of his own time differ only in degree of badness, not at all in kind of badness, from the older institutions they have supplanted.

### The Gospel of Self-Respect.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

In No. 654 there was a question raised which I think involves a very important principle. If I do not misunderstand Mr. Mathers, he said that he would not care to associate with people who "gratify their sensual passions" regardless of principle. These people, I infer, are the women who unthinkingly and weakly yield themselves to the "seducer"—the man who seeks only his momentary gratification regardless of the consequences to the woman,—and those women who sell themselves in prostitution outside of marriage.

This position seems to me untenable, and for this reason: I can think of no more important possession than self-respect, which should include a self worthy of respect. If a woman does something of which she is ashamed she thereby injures herself. It matters not how innocent the act may be, how free from injury to others. If she feels that it is wrong, it is wrong for her, for it lessens her sense of self-respect. For this reason, I would say to any woman who seemed to desire my opinion, "Do you think you are doing right? Do you feel that your course of action is for the highest and ultimate good of yourself, your children and humanity? If so, you are on the 'Open Road' even though from my view-point you are going backward. I believe that when you discover your mistake you will retrace your steps, will repair your error as well as may be."

But this is aside from the question, do you say? I think not; for I want to impress on the mind of the reader the great importance which I attach to the sense of self-respect. To the weak woman, or to the woman who has lost her self-respect, I would say: "Such loss is not irreparable. You may yet be an

'honest' woman, a 'virtuous' woman, a self-respecting woman.

"Only resolve that you will do what you feel to be right, that you will attain that self-respect, and you cannot fail to win the respect of others, as well."

If a man is blind, do we knock him down, then kick him for falling, and when he strives to rise, mockingly laugh at his stumbling steps? Nay, if he stumble, and fall, and lie discouraged and feeling himself forsaken, do we not go to him and give him a helping hand, and set him on the right way, even taking our own time, if necessary, to accompany him as far as needful? So, when we see a girl, reared in the darkness of ignorance of her own being, the vitiating atmosphere of dependence on the will and guidance of others, thrown in her helplessness upon the world, and "falling," in her blindness into the slough of disgrace, what should we do? Shall we refuse to aid her to reach the solid ground of self-respect, fearing that, in touching her, some of the slime of her disgrace may cling to us? If we are so easily contaminated we are surely losing our foothold on the only sure foundation of self-respect and are already disgraced by such cowardice.

There is no one so low or degraded that he or she has no redeeming qualities. Let us respect that which seems respectable; let us show our hope for the growth of, and our kindly interest in, all those with whom we come in contact, whether we think they are guided by the clear light of our principles, or not.

I do not think there is "an orthodox saloon-keeper, gambler or prostitute" in Chicago or in the world whose proffered hand I would refuse. My own line of conduct is, to myself, very clearly defined, and I have not the slightest fear that, even in the company of the members of those professions I would either drink, play for gain, or sell my body for a night or a lifetime. I am thoroughly convinced that such action would not be for my good, so why should I blindly follow the example of others whom I think are injuring themselves?

For the improvement of ourselves, as well as for the betterment of conditions for those who come after us, we need an increase in friendly feeling for those who do not see principles as we do; we need a higher sense of justice, which will restrain us from invading the personal domain of others, even when we feel that it is for their good; and more than all, or first of all, do we need a greater development of self-knowledge, self-poise, self-respect.

### Woman's Power.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

I see by Lucifer of March 24, that its editor has not only found place for my article, but for comments as long as the article itself, and further, he kindly invites me to reply to comments.

"It is because I believe with Charlotte Perkins Stetson that woman 'walketh veiled and sleeping,'" etc.

Well, really, I should like to look into Mrs. Stetson's face while someone took the ground that the "sleeping power" to which she refers should be applied in using contraceptives to the limiting of the family.

"To a waken my sister woman from her lethargy—her criminal lethargy,—to a sense of her responsibility to the unborn."

I deny that responsibility. A slave is not a responsible party. Does not Mr. Harman know that no woman will bear a child unless man has first begotten it? It lies with him to limit the family, not with her, and when Mr. Harman, Ruess, Elliot, and others who advocate contraceptives, will practice continence and rouse their brothers "to a sense of their responsibility," there will be no need of scientific, and so-called harmless appliances to prevent conception. I cannot speak for other women, but were I thirty instead of seventy, and life's strong tide demanded expression I would seek self-relief before I would enter into a sex relation with a man and scientific appliances between, for then I alone would know of the degradation.

and woman's arm is not "too short to reach our economic system in any other way."

It is the "sleeping power" of which but few women are yet conscious, and which man cannot waken her to, for he does not understand, it being peculiarly her own—it is this power that will do the work when roused and rightly applied. Yes, it is true that woman "can do but little without man's co-operation," nothing in the way of construction. Men and women in their work are like the warp and woof of a piece of cloth; take either out the other naturally goes to pieces. When woman wakes to her power, withdraws her thought-force from man's system and gestates the warp for a new order of things, she will then become the positive power, and not only the economic, but all other parts of our present system of wrong and outrage will disappear. Woman in doing this need not, will not, "antagonize" man, but the system; she will simply change the polarity of his action, of his methods, and this she cannot do if she consent to unnatural sex-relations to please him. The sex-fountain is the source of power and consenting to tamper with it to please man diverts that power to man's use; and as a sex, he will continue to use such power to perpetuate this system of force, till obliged to relinquish his hold by just such withdrawal of thought support as I am trying to show.

And now, as I have just read "The New Ideal," I will pay my respects to its author. Mr. Rudefbusch says of my pamphlet, "Anything More, My Lord," "that all the arguments made therein refer only to enslaved, superstitious women and hence do not apply to our case."

I hardly know how to characterize this assertion. If a belief in—a knowledge of a future life, and that sex, its right use gives us the best condition for the enjoyment of that life, is superstition, then my words are for the superstitious, the enslaved woman, but I deny that such knowledge based on intelligent investigation is superstition. If so, then I am superstitious, and yet I believe myself even a better Freethinker than Mr. Rudefbusch himself, for instead of rejecting my own experiences and those of millions of others, I am free to search for the cause of so much harm to the human family from this source, and I find it rooted in the personal-god-idea and that of the belief in the right of that life, or of those there, to rule the affairs of this. I reject everything of the kind. I claim the right to think and act for myself independently of the arbitrary control of any personality or set of personalities in the universe.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

From this explanation it was evident that neither of the two elder daughters had any too much love for the stepmother, who was domineering in character. Of late years the freedom-loving Edith had refused to submit to her many dictations. She absolutely refused in any manner to be a subordinate. When Hilda found her sister making such a brave effort to free herself from the domination of the stepmother she was not long in following her example. The stepmother appealed to the father, who in turn ordered his daughters to explain.

Edith did explain. She said that Hilda and herself were now old enough to judge for themselves in all personal matters. They demanded freedom in all their actions. If it were refused them at home they would seek a home elsewhere. With youth and health they were confident they would not starve.

But Edmund Wallace was a proud man. After the disastrous ending of his first marriage, with the second wife, brilliant and fashionable, at his side,—a woman who seemed better to understand how to manage her husband than did the timid Erna before her, Mr. Wallace had been more successful financially. Dabbling in politics he had secured to himself political and social position and hence the idea that his daughters should leave his house to find a home elsewhere was not at all to his liking. Such a thing would draw attention, and cause

unpleasant notoriety. So, for once, he sided with his daughters and gave his wife to understand that they were at liberty in all personal matters to do as they pleased.

The haughty woman was almost strangled in her anger, but found herself forced to submit. But if she could no longer domineer there were a thousand other ways in which she could make the lives of the girls a daily torture. The result was that Edith again turned to her father, telling him that under existing circumstances they could not and would not longer remain. So another and more decided change was made. A room was assigned to Edith and Hilda as their "sanctum." Through the political influence of the father positions were secured for both girls, which furnished them with pocket money to spend as they saw fit. The salary of each was sixty dollars per month, twenty of which each contributed toward keeping up the establishment. This arrangement made them independent, and from the day it was made both refused to take part in the household duties. Mrs. Wallace had to procure hired help. Then it was she came to realize the full value of these despised step-daughters. But as she considered it beneath her dignity to unbend towards the girls there was a constant frigidity between them.

There were four children from this second marriage, two girls and two boys; the girls being the eldest. All four were away at school. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were away spending the hot summer months at some mountain resort. The girls having vacation, nothing availing, took charge of the house, expecting later in the season to spend a week or two on some quiet country farm. To the circumstance of the absence of the rest of the family was it due that Cora had found such a haven of rest under this roof prepared by the kind and loving hearts and hands of this sister pair. That she herself was the sister of one who had such a warm friend in that absent brother who to them personated the whole of all manly graces and perfections, made it to seem more like a privilege than otherwise that they should have been permitted to lavish their tenderest care upon her; besides the sufferer had won for herself a place in these sisterly hearts that was all her own, a place that no one would ever be able to deprive her of.

Alice had often called during the past two weeks but as yet had not seen the injured girl. Somehow Cora had always been asleep and it was deemed unwise to awaken her. Norman also had found his way several times to the Wallace abode, as indeed it would have been strange if he had not. When making his first visit he said:

"It seems we are destined to love under difficulties—always someone claiming the love and attention of the woman that I vainly would monopolize." When he heard that in this case the claim came from the lost and erring sister a cloud had for a moment rested upon his manly face. Then gravely and tenderly he had said, kissing the pure forehead of the girl he loved,

"Do what you think is your duty, and what you think is best, my sweetheart. I would not have you do otherwise,"—and then Imelda had gone back to her sister's bedside with a much lighter heart and with a new sense of happiness. Today, as she stood watching the face of the sleeping sister, thoughts and feelings came crowding upon her that she herself might have found difficult to analyze. Poor Cora, thought Imelda, how manifold and oft how painful had been her experiences. If she had dealt many a cruel blow to others, in the thoughtlessness of youth, it was very evident that she had suffered much and keenly, and yet—looking at her experiences without prejudice, was she not, in some respects, more to be envied than to be pitied or condemned? This very reckless daring that was Cora's chief characteristic, had secured to her a term of such intense, such exquisite happiness that Imelda, with her high-strung morals, could never hope to attain, and as she bent to kiss the sleeping girl she whispered:

"You possess more courage than the sister you think so pure. You are more true to nature and to yourself than I."

When Cora awoke, refreshed from a long sleep, she would



have resumed the thread of her story but Imelda positively refused to listen. Instead the invalid was again arrayed in the pretty wrapper and, with the assistance of Hilda, was led down the broad stairway to the handsome parlor. Here the trio of girls read, played and sang for her amusement, and several times during the evening Cora's clear, sweet laugh rang out, making music in Imelda's heart. An unbroken night's rest followed, and the next morning found the sisters once more seated by the window and Cora ready to take up the thread of her narrative where she had left off the day before.

"Owen Hunter was the only child of very wealthy parents. They were the possessors of millions. All the advantages that wealth can procure had been his. At college he had graduated with the first honors. He was gifted with talents of high order—a poet born; a musical genius, and his gift of song alone would have made him famous, had he so desired. But, as is so often the case with natures of this kind, he was very impulsive. The blood in his veins was extra hot, and at the early age of eighteen he had got himself entangled with a dark-eyed southern beauty, whom he deemed the perfection of all woman-kind. His mother had died when he was sixteen, else she might perhaps have been able to guide him with loving gentleness where reason and parental commands failed. The girl with whom he had fallen so madly in love was also wealthy, and had had the benefit of a thorough education—that is, a fashionable one. She knew how to dance, how to bow gracefully. She possessed an exhaustless supply of small talk, quick of repartee, brilliant and witty. She knew how to haughtily snub a social inferior—and so on through the long list of fashionable accomplishments.

"Owen saw only the fascinating smile and the wild, witching beauty that had set fire to his brain. For some reason his father was opposed to an alliance with Leonie Street. Perhaps he better read beneath the attractive surface. But Owen was determined, and when he was scarcely twenty he married the girl who had so completely bewildered his senses. Young as he was he was at the head of a large business firm. His father of late had been in poor health, and upon the young man's shoulders was laid the burden that had become too heavy for those of the older man. And when his father died, stepping into his inheritance he found himself worth some twenty millions of dollars.

"Long ere this, however, Owen Hunter had discovered that he had made a grand matrimonial mistake. The woman he had married was only a fashion plate, with this difference. A fashion plate is called inanimate, whereas Mrs. Hunter was possessed of a temper so fiery that she became quite dangerous when something occurred to arouse her ire. In her passionate moods she was so vulgar as to be disgusting. One babe had come, but as if her passion was a poison that killed, the little thing only lived a few days, and none other ever came.

"Of short duration had been their honeymoon. She managed soon to thoroughly disenchant her boy husband—to cure him of the infatuation that had led him to brave even his father's displeasure; displeasure which might have meant a great deal to him, as his father was noted for a certain bull-dog tenacity or stubbornness. When once he took a stand, either for or against, he would hold to it, to the bitter end, no matter if later he found that only he was in the wrong and all others in the right.

"Since there was no sweet baby smile to woo and win the hearts of these two, Owen and Leonie Hunter daily drifted farther and farther apart, neither caring, or little caring, what the other was doing. His millions were at her command where with to satisfy her every whim, and this wealth enabled her to worship at the shrine of fashion, to her heart's content. Their "home" was a mansion; one of the most beautiful of homes, but Owen Hunter only went to it to sleep, and not always then. Sometimes home did not see him for weeks at a time. The clubs suited him better than the princely mansion which contained his dark-browed wife. His wedded experience had made

him reckless, and he made the most of what his wealth would buy him. He was not by nature bad; not by any means. He was only what circumstances had made him. Deep down hidden in the innermost recesses of his being were the germs of a noble manhood, but those germs were fast going to decay for want of the magic touch which would waken them to life and growth. Sometimes he felt heartsick and soul-weary when he realized that with all the countless wealth at his command there was none so poor as he; that his bosom bore a starving heart. In all the vast multitudes of the great city there was not one face to brighten at his coming, to smile a welcome at his return to the place he called home.

"In a mood like this, one evening as he was passing a deserted thoroughfare he was attracted by a woman's cry. A woman was struggling in the grasp of a man. A well directed blow felled the ruffian to the earth while the rescuer caught an almost fainting girl in his arms.

"That was the way in which I became acquainted with Owen Hunter. He offered to see me to my home. I told him I had none. He seemed to understand it all in a moment, and afterwards he told me that he did so understand. A young woman whose condition was so apparent, and no home, could have only one story to tell,—a very common story, and at that moment he felt, as he afterwards explained, just as forlorn and alone, just as hopeless and homeless. It was as though I had touched a hidden wellspring. He drew my arm through his and said:

"Come."

"I was trembling in every nerve. The terror I had undergone almost paralyzed me. He saw I was almost unable to stand."

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Elizabeth H. Russell, Cleveland, O.:—It seems I forgot to say that the hand mill works all right, and gives perfect satisfaction.

[In answer to frequent inquiries we say that no word of dissatisfaction has yet reached us from those who have bought hand mills of us. M. H.]

Victor Laine, Santa Cruz, Cal.:—I hasten to inclose one dollar for a year's subscription to Lucifer. I read the "Snap Shots at Frauds and Fossils," by Walker, and it is just, right and very good. I have also read your article in the "Free Thought Magazine." Will say it is grand, very fine. I hope to get more like that in Lucifer. Please send me a copy of Lucifer of Jan. 13, 1897, if you can.

F. A. M. Cook, M. D., Columbus, Kan.:—Have had mail in three weeks installments this winter. Am behind with all my papers but will send you a dollar. The hand mill has been my one support, and does good work.

[Lucifer has gone regularly to Dr. Cook, so far as we know. Many complaints of failure of the mails reach us. All we can say is, be sure to let us know when papers fail to come and we will try again. M. H.]

C. E. Baird, Philadelphia, Penn.:—I have just received from some source February 10th number of Lucifer, and read it. I see in it ideas I have long entertained but have not met many people in my life who agree with me. I am glad to see your paper and inclose my check for same for three months and the above publications. I will very probably order all your books soon. I subscribe for all publications of merit that have for their object the freeing of our people from social, political and religious bondage.

Sylvina L. Woodard, Golden Eagle, Ill.:—Inclosed find one dollar subscription to Lucifer for another year. Times are very hard here, as I suppose they are everywhere among those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," but I must

## 655.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your *Lucifer*? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

stand by our old friend *Lucifer* as long as I can. It seems to me that the political tangle of our government grows more complicated every year. Oh, for a few more honest men who will not be bribed, but will work for the best good of the down-trodden, toiling masses.

F. C. Keinath, Lacon, Ill.:—I am a reader of "Truth Seeker" and "Free Thought Magazine." S. P. Putnam has been my ideal Free thinker and when I saw H. L. Green's editorial in January magazine, I was grieved to think that a Liberal would write such an article about the deceased President of the Free-thought Federation. In his editorial he mentioned Moses and Lillian Harman, also *Lucifer*. I sent for some copies of *Lucifer*, liked them and subscribed for three months. I am very much pleased with *Lucifer* and intend to stay with it. I have never seen "Our New Humanity." Inclosed find twenty-five cents for which you may send me the January number.

Dora Boss, Amherst, Wis.:—Yours received. Sorry you needed to notify me, but it was all because I was in receipt of so much "McKinley prosperity." The voters are all Republicans up in this neck o' woods and the confidence game worked finely. Home industries are developing. An epidemic of small burglaries—all "prentice jobs" and evidently by home talent. Plenty of arrests, foreclosures of mortgages, etc., etc.

Likewise the time-honored vocation of tramping seems to have received a new impetus here. Co-operative industry also flourishes by means of which an unusual number of babies bar-nistered and otherwise are cared for by the town collectively. And yours truly is poor as a church mouse, but nevertheless incloses you one dollar on subscription.

## RADICAL LITERATURE:

Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen.	1.00
The Progressive Hand-Book of the Labor Exchange. The dawn of Equity. By E. Z. Ernst, General Organizer.	25
Labor Exchange Solutions. By F. W. Cotton.	10
Thomas Jefferson. The Father of American Democracy. His political, social, and religious philosophy. By Gen. M. M. Trumbull.	65
The Economics of Anarchy. A Study of the Industrial Type. By D. D. Lum	25
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Fountain of Life, paper cover.	50
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Helen Harlow's Vow.	25
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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 17.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 28, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 656.

### In the Fair Future.

"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live,  
Through the battle, through the lance, peace to gain or peace to give."  
Ah, it may be! On mezzemeth, in the days that yet shall be,  
When an slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,  
Oh, when men and maidens merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,  
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,  
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,  
Ere the lot of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;  
Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;  
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.

—William Morris.

### Another Defeat for the Ambitious Mr. Comstock.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The agent of vice has been very active of late; he has arrested several book dealers, and seized many books, including classical works of genius and enduring fame. As is usual, he has displayed the most dense ignorance of literature and the most callous disregard of the commonest rights of the man and of the citizen. He confiscates property without warrant of law, dominates courts and juries, browbeats witnesses, terrorizes publishers, and intimidates or bamboozles a large section of the press. Even the papers that do protest do so in such a faint-hearted manner, accompanying their censures with so many *ifs*, *ands*, *buts*, and, and praiseworthy reservations that their mild condemnation loses nearly all its force before it reaches its abject object. Comstock will go on in his career of spoliation while the "molders of public opinion" bow to the morality fetish; he will continue to rob and imprison until our people get intelligence enough to perceive that sex is not in itself impure, that social diseases are not to be cured by putting over them a plaster of virtuous pretense, and that continued suppression of knowledge aggravates the evils caused by inherited ignorance and economic injustice.

After a long series of successes, however, Comstock has suffered one defeat. Gabriele D'Annunzio is a young Italian poet and novelist of great but pessimistic genius. He has written many books and in the highest style of art. Among these is "The Triumph of Death." Translated from the Italian into the French and from the French into English (the last translation by Prof. Arthur Hornblow), the work was brought out in the United States by George H. Richmond & Co., for many years established in the publishing business in New York. "The Triumph of Death" had been twice mutilated by the self-constituted emasculators of literature, but still it shocked the sensitive morals of Mr. Anthony Comstock, of Green street notoriety. George H. Richmond and his son were arrested, and several hundred copies of the book were seized and carted away by the Vice Society's freebooters. The Richmonds fought determinedly for their property, reputation, and liberty. The cause was heard in the Court of Special Sessions, Justices Hinsdale, Jacob and Jerome on the bench. The defense sought to

introduce witnesses to show how the incriminated book was regarded by men familiar with letters. The prosecution objected and the court sustained the objection. The judges affirmed that it was a question of fact, with which they were wholly competent to deal. In passing it should be said that it is a tradition, now almost lost sight of in this country, that the jury is judge both of the fact and of the law, while, as an apparent compromise, American jurisprudence maintains that the jury can consider the facts only, the court being the sole interpreter of the law. In this instance, the court declares itself judge of both law and fact. How swiftly we are reeling on toward the abyss of absolute judicial despotism, this comparison of the past and present reveals.

The judges of the Court of Special Sessions may be experts in law but are they experts in literature and morals? What special training have they had that would qualify them for such work? How comes it that they are superior, as they assume themselves to be, to the authors and publishers whose views on the subject they refuse to take into consideration? It is a fact, they said, that "The Triumph of Death" is obscene, or it is a fact that it is not obscene, and they engaged to tell us which possible fact is the real fact. But there is the prior question—What is obscenity? In examining "The Triumph of Death" what standards of measurement were applied in order to determine the obscenity of non-obscenity of the book? If it was, as they said, a question of fact, then a jury should have sat upon the issue, but even a jury must either make its own opinions the standard or must use the opinions of the law-makers as a standard. It is a matter of opinion from first to last, that is, it is a matter of education, or of the lack of education. Each person's opinion is good for him or herself and for no one else.

Well, it has so happened that the Court of Special Sessions has acquitted Richmond & Co. and ordered the censor to give back to the publishers the books he took from them before the status of the work was determined by the judiciary. Comstock says he has been wronged—"The Triumph of Death" is obscene, and he can prove it by the definitions of obscenity formulated by "the highest courts of England and this country." He adds: "Furthermore, I have not seen a single lawyer that has examined the book who has not pronounced it a nasty work." That expression reveals the nastiest of minds. "The Triumph of Death" is artistic; it is a marvel of word-painting; it is not vulgar in any sense. Its analysis of human emotions is minute and merciless, and it is morbid, very morbid but it is delicate in phraseology and will not offend well-balanced minds by its frank treatment of love, passion, hate, jealousy, envy and avarice. Quite possibly without intending to do so, the author has graphically painted the hideousness of jealousy; the agonized shrieks of its victims ring out from his pages and echo for days after in the ears of the reader. The perusal of D'Annunzio's work must warn every thoughtful man



and woman away from the wreck-strewn coasts of the desert land of Exclusive Possession.

George H. Richmond writes to the "Journal" that "ever since the famous decree of the Star Chamber publishers have got their rights by fighting for them." That is a truth that most American publishers and booksellers have forgotten. I hope the Messrs. Richmond will profit materially by this attack upon them; they made a stout fight and Comstock should have the comfort of seeing the "Triumph of Death" sell by the tens of thousands. Such a result might stiffen the backbones of other publishers.

### The Legitimation League.

Many of *Lucifer's* readers are familiar with the name and endeavors of this society. For five years it has carried on an aggressive fight for freedom. With the beginning of the fifth year of its existence it takes on a still more radical tone than heretofore, as evinced in stating as its first object, "To educate public opinion in the direction of freedom in sexual relationships."

The Leeds "Evening Express" of April 2, devotes two and a quarter of its very long columns to a report of the annual meeting of the League. The speeches on the proposed amendment are very interesting, and it is to be regretted that *Lucifer's* limited space will not admit extended quotations from them.

The following are the newly-elected officers of the League: President, Lillian Harman, Chicago, United States, America; Hon. Secretary, George Bedborough, 127 East Street Building, Manchester Square, London, W.; Treasurer, Lonie Bedborough; Editor of Proceedings, Oswald Dawson, Harman Villa, Seacroft, near Leeds; Bankers, London and Midland Bank, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.; Solicitor, Benjamin C. Pulleyne, Albion Walk Chambers, Leeds.

Objects: 1. To educate public opinion in the direction of freedom in sexual relationships.

2. To create a machinery for acknowledging offspring born out of wedlock, and to secure for them equal rights with legitimate children.

Membership of the League is open to anyone who subscribes in writing to its objects, and contributes not less than two shillings sixpence per annum to its funds.

The retiring Treasurer, Gladys Dawson, made the gratifying report of receipts amounting to \$1,560 with a balance of fifty dollars. Our co-laborers are to be congratulated on the effective work they are doing. Of the books which we advertise, "The Rights of Natural Children," "The Bar Sinister and Lieit Love," "The Dawn of Civilization," and "When Love is Liberty and Nature Law," are among their publications.

The following are letters from the retiring Secretary, Mr. Dawson, and from the newly-elected Secretary, Mr. Bedborough:

"HARMAN VILLA, SEACROFT, NR. LEEDS, April 5, '97.

"DEAR LILLIAN HARMAN: You were unanimously and enthusiastically elected President of the Legitimation League at the first meeting of the fifth year of its existence held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Saturday the 3rd inst.

"You must bow to male supremacy for once and clearly understand you will not be allowed your own way—if that way be to decline to honor the League, unless you have come to disbelieve in it. . . .

"Our kindest regards to your respected father. Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"OSWALD DAWSON."

"HOLBORN RESTAURANT, LONDON, April 7, '97.

"MY DEAR LILLIAN HARMAN: Mr. Dawson has already told you of the change of Secretaryship and that the League has now obtained a footing in the greatest city in the world. For, tunately, as you will see from the inclosed, Mr. Dawson has not retired from the active work of the League, and he will

doubtless assist us in very many ways, besides those which appear on the surface. . . .

"My object in writing is to assure you of the perfect and unmistakable unanimity with which your election as President was carried. I sincerely hope you will accept the position, which is the only honor we are capable of offering you beyond the equally happy one of carrying out in the old country the principles you have done so much for in the States. The next meeting of the League will be on April 22, and we hold a public meeting at Holborn Restaurant (one of the best known places of public resort in London) on or about May 8. I trust that by the latter date I may be in a position to announce that you have decided to let us have our own way about the presidency. We are being steadily boycotted by the press, but from time to time I hope to send you records of our work.

"Please tell your father how much we all revere him and accept from me a hearty handshake, hearty as though miles of ocean did not separate us.

"Always yours in the cause,

"GEORGE BEDBOROUGH,

"Secretary of the Legitimation League."

Our English cousins of the League have been most earnest and enthusiastic supporters of our work in the interest of freedom of speech and press. Mr. Dawson has just published an important addition to the literature on the subject, entitled "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs." The book contains an interesting account of difference between Mr. Dawson and J. H. Levy, the President of the Personal Rights Association. Mr. Dawson was a member of the Personal Rights Association, and offered to the "Journal" of the society advertisements of the League, which the President declined because he did not consider it best for the Personal Rights Association to be contaminated by even the paid advertisements of a movement which Mr. Levy characterized as in the interest of "so-called Free Love." Of one of Mr. Levy's speeches at a Personal Rights Association meeting, Mr. Dawson says:

"I regret Mr. Levy did not publish his speech *in extenso*. His report fails to mention the *real gravamen* of his antagonism. In indignant tones he pointed out to the members of the P. R. A. that they had been appealed to by me in the names of Ezra Heywood and Moses Harman, and these men, said Mr. Levy, had been sent to jail for using the United States mails for the transmission of indecent literature. The thrill of horror which *should* have run through the assembly at this revelation was absent. The peroration was a terrific anticlimax, and the Editor's sense of the value of freedom was most amusingly illustrated in the fact that the very copy of "Personal Rights," which reported this meeting, took as its text, at the head of the paper, a quotation from its own inaugural report, deprecating the confusion of the national conscience by the multiplication of technical offences, improperly ranked as crimes."

From the proceedings of another meeting, when the subject was up for discussion, we quote:

"Mr. Levy said, 'It is not simply because Mr. Oswald Dawson tendered me those advertisements, and moved a vote of censure, that he has been expelled from this Association. He has issued a circular, and in this circular, which is issued to members of this Association, he commends us to Ezra Heywood and Moses Harman, and he addresses us in the name of those people, who have been sent to jail in the United States of America for sending obscene literature through the mails.' Hereupon Mr. J. C. Spence ejaculated: 'So have a good many men.' Mr. Ashdown Jones: 'Bradlaugh was.' Mr. Levy resumed: 'That, to a very large extent, has been our reason for the action we have taken.' At this juncture, to the complete astonishment of everybody, the Chairman ryled Mr. Levy out of order, whereupon that gentleman sat down."

Aside from the personal aspect of the case, I very much regret Mr. Levy's limitation of personal rights to the standard of sexual conduct which he thinks best. For years I have

admired his work. As "D." in Bradlaugh's "National Reformer," and as editor of the "Personal Rights Journal," he has rendered valiant service to liberty.

The remainder of the book is occupied by sketches of the lives and work of E. H. Heywood, Moses Harman, Lois Waisbrooker, and Lillian Harman. There are also fine full-page portraits of each of the four above named.

While there are, necessarily, a few inaccuracies of statement which may be referred to later, the work is very well done, as must be apparent when one considers the mass of conflicting newspaper reports, comments, etc., from which the brief histories were condensed.

The book is well printed on good paper, as are all of Mr. Dawson's works. It is bound in boards, and we will send it post-paid for 20 cents. Orders may be sent in now, and will be filled as soon as we receive a supply from England. L. H.

### Some Counter-Thoughts.

BY J. MADISON HOOK.

Minds differ no doubt as much as forms and features of individuals. No two persons, perhaps, have the faculties and powers of mind developed to the same degree. Will power, for instance, is very weak in many persons and strong in a few. Given strong innate tendencies or impulses and a weak will and that person is very apt to become a victim of his organization. Many persons will say, in defense of that old exploded doctrine of the "free moral agency of man," "I have the will to do as I want to." Yes; but how many have the will to do what they don't want to? Most every one, for instance, has the power of spontaneous attention but how few have the power of voluntary attention. How many persons have the will to follow out any line of conduct which they may choose as the true and right one?

We are the creatures of heredity, education and environment. This is just as true as any other law of nature. The child who is brought onto the stage of action may become a victim of adverse circumstances and a weak hereditary will. I believe every child has a right to be well born, properly nourished, and educated so as to enable it to successfully cope with its environment. I stand for the rights of man and woman. I also demand the rights of the child. It is as much a crime to wrong a child as it is to wrong an adult. The consent of a child to an invasion of its rights is no just defense of the invader. I place the power of consent to such invasions with the parents of the child. I do this because I hold that the parents are equally responsible for the child's birth, sustenance and education. I consider sacred, beyond any mere contract, my obligations to my boy and girl. I do not claim that they are under any obligations to me for what I have done for them.

There comes a time, no doubt, when the child ought to be allowed its liberty. The line must be drawn somewhere. I am not in favor of the idea that puberty is the right time to turn a child out upon the world. For five or six years after puberty is the time when the desires and impulses are apt to rule the child to the exclusion of reason. I am inclined to the view that the parent ought to still foster and care for the child until it is fully developed mentally and physically. I can not place this age below eighteen to twenty years.

All the above is but preliminary to what I am going to say. While I am not in favor of law-enforced marriage as commonly understood, I am in favor of mating, or marriage. This is the only way, I see, in which the rights of the child can be secured. I believe in the home. It is to me the dearest spot on earth. I want love to rule the home and, in order to have love homes, I am in favor of marriage being a voluntary and mutual association. Woman ought to have full control of her own person and will have if love rules. When people pay more attention to the writings of such men as Fowler and Foote, love will remain longer to bless our homes instead of being turned to hate.

Now here, I want to lay down a proposition; so long as a man or woman has the love of his mate, that mate will be true as steel. I defy any one to disprove its truth.

Now I claim that so long as this marriage is mutual, neither the man or woman has surrendered any rights. I have the right to form such a co-operation. It ought to be just as easy to get out of marriage as into it. Any property that has been earned under such co-operation ought to be shared equally by man and woman. Should the man die his property ought to go to the children and should the woman die her property ought to go to the children and not to the man as now too often happens. More justice in our sexual relations would greatly enhance domestic felicity.

This is my idea. I may be wrong. One thing is certain, I do not believe in any disease-breeding promiscuity. My whole nature revolts against the idea of promiscuous sexual intercourse without love and without parental responsibility. While man may be attracted by several I deny that any man can love more than one woman at a time. One can always tell which one he prefers. In our present state of society I would not be a party to parentage outside of the marriage I propose. Woman has a hard struggle under the best conditions. I would not place her up as a target for a hypocritical society.

I do not combat the rights of others but ideas that would deprive children of their natural rights and parental rights growing out of them. I am in favor of the eighteen year age of consent law. I shall defend my parental right to that age with my life. I am not a Prohibitionist, but I do not want any one to sell my child intoxicating liquors, for if he does I shall be on the warpath. On the other hand should I desert my child, and leave the woman to bear the burden alone I ought to be severely and unconditionally condemned.

Now Brother Harman turn on the light. I stand for human rights yet, and if there is any inconsistency I don't see it. What fault will you find with my ideas. Bear down hard. I'll not flinch. I am after you.

### To the Liberal Public.

I wish to say to the Spiritualists, and to the Freethinkers generally, of Kansas and sister states, that I will have charge of the Dining Hall at Forest Park, Ottawa, during the six days' camp meeting of the Leavenworth Spiritualist Association, which is to be held here, beginning July 8, 1897. I am doing all I can to make this meeting a grand success, and wishing to save trouble and inconvenience to visitors and campers I offer to board those in attendance the entire six days for the small sum of two dollars. This will save the trouble of bringing provisions and cooking utensils. Those wishing tents or other accommodations can write me—with self-addressed stamped envelopes for reply, and I will cheerfully make all needed arrangements. Write soon about board, so that I may be prepared for all. Bring bedding. A large attendance is expected.

ETTA SEMPLE, OTTAWA, KANSAS.

[Forest Park is known far and near as one of the finest of encampment grounds in all the West. It is constantly occupied, during the camping season, by associations of state and national reputation. Etta Semple is President of the Kansas Freethought Association, and has had large experience in entertaining visitors to the annual encampments of that organization. Ottawa is near Kansas City, and is easy of access from Leavenworth, Topeka, St. Joseph and other chief cities of Kansas and Missouri. M. H.]

Rufus Wilson, a magazine writer, had four living wives when he was prosecuted for bigamy a short time since. Of course he had lied to all of them, and equally of course they must all be disappointed if they have depended upon him for support in the future. While the law continues to make it necessary for a man to appear to love no woman but his wife men will continue to lie to women and women will continue to be entrapped by the liars, and vice versa. Free varietists, men and women, are the only practical teachers of honesty in love relations. E. C. W.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 28, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1907?"

Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon Each Individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, April 27. Subject of discussion "Co-operative Stores." Chas. Levy will read a paper.

## Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

## Government and its Functions.

In this issue of Lucifer three or more of its correspondents have something to say about "government"—its rights, duties or functions. As these writers sign their own names the editor is in no tremor of anxiety lest the reader should infer that he concurs in the opinions or arguments set forth in the respective articles. Lucifer is individualistic in its methods of work; each writer being held responsible for his own views, and for the views of no other person. And this statement includes the editor and his immediate assistants. Each reader is supposed to be able to form correct conclusions without having the good or bad points of an article pointed out or commented upon.

While the space of Lucifer is too small for elaborate treatises on any question it is thought right and proper to devote some attention to governmentalism, or to questions of the rights and duties of "government," in its relation to such practical matters as the "currency" of commerce, the debt-paying medium, and in its relation to the reproductive instinct of human beings, including the duties of parents to each other and to their offspring.

"Define your terms," was the wise advice of Voltaire to all who essayed to compare ideas. Webster's definition of government is, "The exercise of authority; the administration of laws; the ruling power; control; direction; restraint; regulation; the administration; a body politic governed by one authority; a state," etc. etc. These definitions sufficiently voice the popular conception of what government is. It means "authority;" it means "ruling power;" it means *force*. It means the compulsory obedience of the governed, and it means

the more or less irresponsible exercise of power by the persons who exercise the functions of government.

In the nature of things government means the negation, the denial of equality. There can be no equality between him who governs or rules another and him who is governed or ruled. The statement or assumption that a man is "free," or self-governing, because he assists, by the ballot or otherwise, to elect his rulers can easily be shown to be an illusion, a delusion, a superstition, "the baseless fabric of a dream!"

The domination of minorities by majorities under democratic or republican forms of government, if honestly practicalized, or practicized, would be a denial of liberty and equality to the governed,—no less so in principle than would be the domination of majorities by minorities. But it is quite safe to say that honest and truthful government by majorities has never been practicalized, nor practicable, on the planet earth, and never can be practicalized while nature and artificial laws and customs make human beings so unequal in prenatal endowment, so unequal in education, social position, wealth and other post-natal environment. In every so-called "free" government the few govern the many. All laws are made by the few and for the few. All laws are class laws, more or less pronounced—either in their inception or in their administration,—necessarily so since the administrators are human beings, with the passions and weaknesses of human beings. Laws and government are absolutely *nothing* aside from their human administrators.

Lucifer's position—if it be right and proper for one writer to say what that position is—Lucifer holds that the only rightful function of "government" is to help the individual citizen—woman and man alike—to defend her or his rights of person and of property. That is to say the only duty of government is "defendment,"—as some one has put it. This is tantamount to saying that the first duty of government is to cease to exist—as "government," for defense is not government at all, in the sense in which the word is commonly used.

Lucifer takes the ground that government has no rights,—no rights at all as government,—whether alienable or inalienable. Laws are but the opinions of men, and are less, not greater, than their makers. Only human beings have rights, as against human beings.

Laws, governments, may be destroyed without doing injustice to any one or anything. The old-time superstition that governments have rights, and that it is the duty of the citizen to surrender everything, even life itself in defense of his government, is one of the most debasing, most baneful of all superstitions, and yet so deeply rooted is this superstition that it will probably require many generations of educational influences, of hard iconoclastic work, to bring the average man and woman to see it in that light.

Hence the space from time to time given in Lucifer to the radical discussion of the governmental problem and to the issues that naturally arise out of that discussion.

## Human Rights.

In so far as Friend Hook advocates Liberty and Responsibility as the only basis of conduct—or of morality, I heartily agree with him. When he says "I stand for human rights yet," he probably refers to a pamphlet he wrote and published some years ago, compared with which this last utterance of his seems something of a retraction. It now appears that he would call upon statute law to protect children under eighteen years of age, from the consequences of their own indiscretions—or what he would call such. If I understand it the Libertarian creed has no use for statute law, as a guide in morals, or as a protection against one's own follies. The Libertarian would have voluntary co-operative defense against aggression and invasion, but he would insist that children should early learn that their bodies are their own and that they are themselves the responsible guardians of their own persons. He would maintain that children should be taught all that is known in



regard to sexology and reproduction, then let them know that while few mistakes are irreparable they should avoid all avoidable mistakes, as they value their future happiness.

The code of liberty coupled with responsibility—"every one has the right to do as he wills so long as he does not invade the equal right of others," cannot be taught too early in life. This applies to the sale and use of intoxicants, as well as to the gratification of all appetites and desires—whether normal or abnormal.

To oppose "law-enforced marriage," is to oppose marriage. It is a confusion of language to speak of "voluntary and mutual association" as marriage. All the rights and duties of marriage are defined and enforced by law,—as the law dictionaries will show, and law means force, and force is the negation of voluntarism. To make it "as easy to get out of marriage as to get into it" is to destroy marriage. The essential element of marriage is that it is an exclusive union of two persons for life, and that only by death or for crime that the state considers sufficiently heinous, can the marriage be abrogated.

No writer in *Lucifer's* columns, so far as I know, has advocated "promiscuous sexual intercourse, without love and without parental responsibility," but while Mr. Hook is doubtless honest when he asserts, from his own experience, that no "man can love more than one woman at a time" he should not assume to speak for all other men, any more than he should assume to speak for all other men in matters of food or drink, or of religious belief. There may be bigotry and intolerance in sexual ethics as well as in any other department of human life.

"More justice in our sexual relationships," etc. This has been the head and front of *Lucifer's* offending all these years of conflict. We have contended for equal justice to woman and man and child. Justice to woman would give her absolute ownership and control over her person, not once in her life but at all times. It would give her the right to choose her helpers, her co-operators, whether one or more than one, and it would give her the sole ownership of her child, since all the real labor, pain and peril of child-production is hers. It would give to the child the right to be born well, and the right to be reared in an atmosphere of love and concord. It would give to man the absolute ownership of his own body, not once only in life, but at all times,—the right to do with his body whatever his conscience and best judgment may dictate. Justice in sexual relationships, means self-law, as in the management of all natural appetites and desires.

"I believe in the home." Yes, and so do we all. And in order that home should be heaven on earth it must be presided over by Freedom, Love and Wisdom. Where this trinity bears sway there will be happiness, whether the home be monogamic or not.

The cure for the evils of human society is more liberty, not more law, as many of *Lucifer's* old helpers seem to think.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

PRIMITIVE COMMERCE. The pioneer seeking his fortune in a new country, takes with him little property. He finds himself surrounded by others in like circumstances. Even barter is difficult, from the want of currency to pay the balances. These balances can be temporarily paid by any sort of promises to pay, which are certainly redeemable in due time in property of known value. No currency composed of such promises can possibly become inflated; for the promissory notes will be used in exchanges until no longer needed, and will then be presented for redemption and be cancelled. The whole difficulty lies in the redeemability; for whoever issues such a note must be able to make that so absolutely certain that it will not be doubted. Individuals may fail; banks may fail; but an honest government cannot fail. (1) The government can print any quantity of notes and insure them; but it cannot honestly issue them except for value received; and those who need them the most have no value to give. The demand for more currency comes from those

who have not the means to secure payment of what they borrow; for there is an abundance of capital waiting for those who will secure its repayment with only such risk as they will assume and pay for. (2) It is sufficient here to emphasize the essential feature of redeemability, which is generally overlooked, and to say that in successful reorganization of commerce, founded upon adequate means, there can be no scarcity of currency.

It is a wide-spread fallacy that prices depend upon the volume of the currency. (3) This is only true locally and exceptionally; for as soon as there is time for adaptation the volume of the currency will conform to the demand for it, and prices will wholly depend upon the market value of the gold which is the basis of the currency. (4)

#### PER CONTRA.

Using the same privilege that is freely granted to Friend Parkhurst I will try briefly to present what seems to me a more rational view, of this question of finance and government.

(1.) An "honest government"—as such—is a bird of such rarity that it has probably never yet been seen. In the nature of things it is safe to assume that it never will be seen. Government of others means power to rule and to rob. Government is the men who administer it. If a man is honest before becoming a ruler the possession of power over his fellowmen speedily makes him dishonest. Nothing is so corrupting as the possession of power over others, and it is commonly the ambitious and covetous who seek power over their fellowmen.

(2.) "Only such risk!" The risks assumed by the borrower class when the capitalist has "government" to back him, have been well illustrated in the fate of those who borrowed when wheat was two dollars per bushel, and cotton fifteen to twenty cents per pound. Besides the annual interest,—which in the course of a few years amounts to more than the nominal principal, and for which no equivalent is rendered by the lender—the debt must be paid in an appreciated currency which means depreciated labor products. So that when, through misfortune of any kind, payment has been delayed a dozen or more years the risk of the borrower means compulsory payment of his debt two or three times over in real value; else it means bankruptcy and ruin. The management of the national debt, which debt the producing classes did not make but which they have been compelled to pay more than once—in labor products without diminishing the load,—is also a good illustration of the risk of the debtor class when government stands at the back of the creditor and compels payment in a currency whose change in "redeemability" from cheap to dear, was made by the creditor class without consulting the debtor.

(3.) It is a self-evident proposition that prices do depend mainly upon the volume of currency in circulation.

(4.) When government (our rulers) takes its robber hands out of the pockets of the people; when currency, like other commodities, is left to the legitimate operation of supply and demand, then "the volume of currency will really conform to the demand for it." Until then "the market value of gold" can and will be pushed up and down the scale to suit the greed of the parasitic classes, and the currency based on gold—or other law-enforced "basis," will also be cornered and restricted to suit the greed of the same privileged parasites.

Privileged commodities make privileged classes among men. A monopoly of the issue of money by government authority means the enslavement of the producing classes to the non-producing or money-manipulating classes.

Government control of money and of land,—the two being inseparable as the Siamese twins,—are all that are needed to give a so-called democratic or republican government the worst features of a paternalistic despotism, of the monarchical or oligarchic types.

Friend Parkhurst has given a concise and honest presentation of the gold-standard, restricted-currency, argument. I have tried, in as few words as possible, to give the other side of the question. Our readers can take their choice, or adopt neither, as seemeth good to them.

M. H.

## Rights and Functions of Governments.

BY LEROY BURRIER.

I hope the editor and readers of *Lucifer* know I do not cherish the spirit of intolerance. I desire to see every human being enjoy equally every natural right. Governments and their laws are made for this purpose; that is, they should be.

To enjoy a special privilege is the universal desire—so strong that it has perverted in many instances the true function of governments. This fact, however, does not constitute a valid reason for the abolition of governments, and our aim should be to hold the government to its natural function, the restriction of special privileges in any form. Individual desires when they ask for special privileges, must not be gratified.

There is a tendency with us all to exaggerate ourselves and get into a condition wherein we are not capable of drawing the lines between natural rights and special privileges. There are also many who do not care whether they innovate(?) the rights of others or not.

I believe this is especially so in the matters of sex relations and reproduction. Governments interfere with these relations simply because they are the source of the race which if polluted or abused, innovates(?) equal rights.

I cannot see why a man or woman should be allowed to bring children into the world just because they so desire or can not avoid it and still be able to gratify their desire of sexual pleasure. Suppose they are irresponsible, and do not provide or care for their children, and I, who have my own to care for, but as a member of society, am forced to help care for theirs, is it not granting them a special privilege?

Friend Harman, I fear you do not give due weight to individual selfishness in this matter. Again, with no government or social co-operation, might is right.

[The evils of irresponsible parenthood are confessedly very great, but their cure is not to be found in governmental control of parenthood. Under freedom these evils would be self-correcting, but under government, as now, they are self-perpetuating. "Might is right," now under government, and might has far greater control over right than it would have under voluntary "social co-operation." Government itself is "privilege" personified, "invasion" incarnated and made perpetual. See article on "Government and its Functions," and replies to correspondents in this issue.

M. H.]

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Will you trust me?"

"One look into the clear eyes told me that it would be safe, and I only nodded my head. I could not trust myself to speak. I hardly knew how it happened, but in a few moments more I found myself seated at his side in a closed carriage, and that night I slept safely housed, with a little confidence in mankind restored.

"You know the rest. I told you the story yesterday; of how he came to love me and I him, until our love glorified our lives. Never until the darkly passionate woman stood before me did I know that another had a stronger claim upon him than I. He did not know through what chance she had become possessed of his secret. He felt sure she cared little, only it gave her a chance to empty the poison vials of her temper and spleen in a manner that she was conscious would strike me in a vital spot.

"She thinks to part us, loved one," he said, "but she shall not succeed. I will not sacrifice the only bright spot that makes my life worth living. You, my darling, have redeemed me. You have taught me the bliss of the love of a true woman. You have made a new being of me, and to you I belong; while you are mine by the might and power of that holy love that you bear me."

"O, Imelda, forbear to judge me from the high pinnacle of

morality and purity upon which I know you stand. Although I had made up my mind to disappear out of his life—that he should not know what had become of me,—but this one last night I wanted to be happy, happy in the present hour and in the feeling that he was mine and I his. I would not think of the morrow and what it would bring. I only gave myself up to the hour and to my love, and when the bright sun of another day had risen he still held me so closely in his arms that it seemed he meant never to release me.

"Have patience, my own one," he said, "if you should not see me for some time. I will have much to arrange, but when all shall have been attended to I will fly to you, never again to leave you; for I cannot, I will not give you up."

"I thought my heart would break, as he held me in his arms, whispering to me his plans of hope and happiness. But I forced back the scalding tears and with smiling lips kissed him goodby. I stood at the doorway and watched him out of sight.

"Out of sight!" Could it have been out of mind as well, it would then not have been so hard to bear. I re-entered my room, threw myself upon my bed and wept myself to sleep.

"Long hours I lay thus. When at last I awoke the sun was high in the heavens; my limbs were weary and my heart heavy, but I knew I had work to do, the hardest part of which was to write Owen a letter wherein I should bid him farewell, as I thought it better to part than that I should be the cause of his ruin. I had some money, money he had given me, and many valuable jewels and trinkets. To me they were possessed of a double value as they were the gifts of his love. I packed a trunk with such things as it seemed necessary that I should take with me; selecting the plainest of my dresses. Then having sent old Aunt Betty on an errand, I managed to procure a wagon to take my few belongings to the ferry and thence to the depot and— I have never seen him since.

"It is only two short months ago, but to me it seems ages. Not caring whither I was going, as all the world was alike to me, I procured a ticket with scarce an idea where it would take me. My trunk checked, I patiently waited for my train. For two hours I never stirred, gazing fixedly at my tightly clasped hands. Had not the strangeness of my demeanor attracted the attention of an old gentleman who kindly asked me where I was going, I might have missed my train. He doubtless saw something in my face that was not quite satisfactory for he asked to see my ticket and found that my train would be due in a few minutes. Taking me under his immediate care he saw that I was made comfortable, as, fortunately, he was to take the same train, and was bound for the same destination.

"How I reached Harrisburg I suppose I shall never know, for one day I awoke to find myself in a hospital bed, my face wan and thin and too weak to lift my head. I was told that I had been brought there four weeks before, delirious with fever, and that I constantly required the care of several nurses. But youth was in my favor and I soon regained health and strength, and in two weeks more I was discharged. It was the old gentleman who had befriended me on the train who had also caused me to be taken where I would be cared for during my illness, and through his kindness it was that I found my belongings when able again to care for myself.

"It had been just two weeks since my release from the hospital when the accident occurred that brought me here. If my thoughts had been with me I don't think it could have happened. But Owen's image still lives in my heart. It is not so easy to obliterate it therefrom, right or wrong. I still love him."

Here Cora's overwrought feelings again gave way, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. Imelda gently placed her arm about the weeping girl's neck and pressed her against her own bosom. Tenderly she brushed her hair and kissed the tear-wet eyelashes. With a quick unexpected motion Cora caught the hand that was caressing her cheek and pressed it to her heaving breast.

"Can you still find room for me in your pure and stainless

## VARIOUS VOICES.

heart? Can you still love me? But oh, you can't understand how hard it was to give him up. Indeed! indeed! I have tried so hard to overcome this love, but it is stronger than I. It overcomes me."

Imelda bent and kissed the quivering lips. "Poor little sister! Have I been so cold and merciless in the past as to cause you to believe that I am so small and narrow as to heap censure upon this bowed head? to still farther lacerate your bleeding, aching heart? No, no! you poor child. If in the past you have been childishly wayward I may not always have rightly understood you. If you have dared to fly in the face of society, of man-made laws, it is you who have been the sufferer, and when the sweetest boon that comes to woman's life was held out to you and you were brave enough to grasp it and to bask in its glorious sunshine, I certainly cannot condemn you. I had not dreamed that the material of so grand a woman lay hidden beneath the surface of that saucy, independent child. A grand and glorious woman indeed is my sister Cora, and I am proud of her!"

Cora's great hazel eyes were opened wide with astonishment. As if by magic the tears ceased to flow; her face grew deathly white; huskily she whispered,

"What is it you mean, Imelda? I do not understand. I have heard your words but have not caught their import. The Imelda that I know regarded a life such as I have been leading a deadly, hideous sin, and your words almost imply that—I have done right."

"They do imply it, darling! I think you have been brave and true and strong. It might be, though, that it was because you were not so strongly bound, as I, by the fetters of prejudice, but I also am getting rid of these fetters and hope soon to be a free woman, and in the measure that I am gaining liberty I understand better what it means to others to be deprived of that precious boon. Sister mine, my eyes have been opened to many evils existing in this world, and the starvation of woman's sex-nature until marriage, when the starvation generally changes to surfeit and sex-slavery is one of the greatest evils that this world knows. A few men are intelligent and noble enough to understand this; men who suffer almost as much from this accursed system as do most women, and, little girl, your Owen was one of these noble men. After all you have told me about yourself and him I am rather surprised you did not dare the world and claim your own."

"Imelda! This from—you! I wanted to save him from himself. I know he would never have given me cause to rue it had I entrusted myself, my life, to his care. He was too noble, too true for that. But you know the law gives him to that other woman, and how it would have hurt him in the society wherein he moves and in which he ranks so high."

"I understand. Love blinded you to your own interests while you sought to guard only his, forgetful of the fact that every pang that was torturing your own heart would find an echo in his. Oh, what a horrible structure is society; built as it is upon the quivering hearts of poor bleeding humanity!"

Cora listened in open-eyed wonder to the words that fell from the lips of her sister. To her unsophisticated ears they sounded like rank treason, only that she knew that Imelda's mind and heart were not capable of treason. Long and earnestly therefore did the elder sister talk to the younger one, trying to make clear her views and theories; and as Cora caught their import a new hope, like sweet balm, crept into the weary heart. Was she then not the loathsome and vile thing the world would have her believe herself to be? Could it really be true that love, soul-elevating, ennobling and purifying love, does not need the sanction of state and church to give it those redeeming qualities? O, how like another being she would feel if the sweet consciousness could be hers that she was not unclean and defiled; but that her love was just as pure and holy as in its highest, noblest sense it ever could be.

To be continued.

E. F. Ruedebusch, Mayville, Wis.—I was very sorry to hear that you were obliged to suspend publication of "Our New Humanity," but that is better, of course, than to endanger the existence of Lucifer.

I enclose three dollars for the publication fund of Lucifer. "And still we hope for better times coming!"

James Beeson, Hytop, Ala.—I would like the marked books in list No. 654 of Lucifer, but am hardly able to take two copies.

[If you, an old subscriber, received a copy of Lucifer with a mark over the offer of premiums to new subscribers it was probably meant as a hint that if you want some of the premium books you could order a copy of Lucifer sent on trial to some friend and secure the premium book for your own reading. A small extra investment—only twenty-five cents, would do this.

M. H.]

A. C. Schindler, San Francisco, Calif.—Inclosed find a two-dollar post office money order, for which please send a thirteen weeks trial subscription to each of the following seven addresses. Also send to my address the following publications: "The Story of an African Farm," "Hlack Beauty, The Famous Autobiography of a Horse," "The Duchess of Powysland," "The Great Taboo," "Tales of the French Revolution," "John's Way," "Motherhood in Freedom." If there is anything left of the two dollars you can send a marked copy of Lucifer of April 7 with "A Free Man's Creed" in it (I think it is excellent) to the following addresses inclosed herewith. All may not fall in stony places.

Ed. Secrest, Randolph, Kan.—I owe you an apology for my neglect to renew subscription to Lucifer. I hereby enclose one dollar for the continuation of same for another year. I hope your change of base from Kansas to the great western metropolis has been of benefit to you individually as well as to the cause you so ably and courageously represent. Your headquarters are certainly more centrally located, and your surroundings and environments more helpful and congenial. While I take comparatively little interest in so-called Free Loveism and Sexology generally, I like your liberal, up-to-date views in theology as well as politics, and therefore want to encourage your facile pen in the noble championship of Free Thought and Free Speech, a Free Press, a common humanity, and for the elevation and betterment of men and woman. Long life and success to you and Lucifer.

Arthur Baker, Thornton Heath, Croydon, Eng.—Herewith two dollars for which please send me all the numbers of "Our New Humanity" hitherto issued, and if there is any surplus put it down as a subscription to Lucifer. Mariette's story, "Isabel's Intention," in No. 4 of "Our New Humanity" struck me immensely, and I am going to try and get it reprinted in England. Can you tell me who Mariette is, for she seems to me a very powerful and sympathetic writer and one whose light should not be hid under a bushel (if you will excuse my comparing "Our New Humanity" to a bushel); and besides I know some people who have acted more or less on the lines that Isabel indicates. I hope you will continue to struggle on bravely in spite of all persecution. Some of us over here have our persecutions too.

[Yes, "Isabel's Intention" is a story of great merit, drawn from actual life, no doubt. The identity of the author is the editor's secret, but doubtless the writer will not long remain unknown to fame, and her real name will then appear. This story is but one of the attractions of the number of the Magazine named by our British correspondent.

M. H.]

Mrs. T. Hughes, Pittsburg, Pa.—Lucifer No. 653 arrived today, and I have read a "Free Man's Creed," and "H. L. Green on Marriage." Really I don't know how to express myself. Mr. Green must have been very much afraid of th



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effects of your article on his readers (cut and weakened as it was) to find it necessary to so twist and misrepresent your meaning as he has done. Verily the path of the reformer is not strewn with roses; terribly up-hill work it is always, but why the parties most interested in any reform,—those who would be most benefited by such reform—should always be its most bitter enemies, is what puzzles me.

I cannot think that Mr. Green is so thick-headed as he would make us believe. He understands you well enough, and in his inmost heart he must admit that you are right, but expediency doubtless points the other way. Hence the stand he takes. But the woman whose heart hungers for that which her husband's home no longer can give—love and happiness—that she should be the one who cries out loudest against a reform that would give her freedom, love and happiness, this is hardest of all to understand. And yet it is easy enough to understand when we look for the causes. The church and the customs of the ages have so enthralled and enslaved her that she has no power to break her chains. She has so long been accustomed to these chains that she thinks she cannot live without them.

Chas. C. Millard, Wichita, Kan.:—Until quite recently, I certainly had no intention of writing anything for publication in *Lucifer*; but circumstances alter cases. In my letter quoted by Mr. Mathers I asked if he would be willing to associate with a woman who "ignored the rite of marriage and the customs of society, and was raising children on the free love plan." I did not intimate that the woman would be "immoral" on account of so doing; and I certainly did not intend to convey the idea that I would associate with a woman whom I considered immoral. I meant that I would admire the courage of such a woman—whatever I might think of her judgment, and would recognize her socially as an equal, if she were in other ways worthy, not off in some other state or city, but right here in Wichita; and then I asked what Mr. and Mrs. Mathers would do in such a case. By looking up Mr. Mathers' article in a late number of *Lucifer* the reader can see that I am still waiting for an answer. The one given is evasive, and leaves me in the dark.

I deny that I am tinctured with orthodox—or any other kind of—superstition, much to speak of; but what I deem advisable to advocate as President of a Free Thought Society is another matter, for all things which are lawful to me are not expedient. Like the Irishman in the storm at sea who prayed that if the Lord would save him that time he would never ask another favor; if you will give this a place in your somewhat radical paper I will not trouble you again unless another storm should move me thereto.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 18.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 5, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 657

### The Reason.

BY C. L. JAMES.

(Suggested by Mattie Hurn's letter in *Lucifer*, No. 653.)

HE.  
Love, what makes our love complete?

SHE.  
That other love is also sweet.

HE.  
Nay, for now we both may know  
That this with each was always so:  
It ever made our kiss more rare  
With sweetest kisses to compare:  
Kisses such as love, when free,  
Breathed in balm for thee and me.

SHE.  
Kisses such as first love slips  
In nectar from the virgin lips,  
This ever made our love delight,  
That love flowed free as flows the light—  
Kisses like—explain them thou—  
Like what I may scarce avow.

HE.  
Kisses such as burst like levin  
Kending bare the blaze of heaven.

SHE.  
Ah! I faint for joy and wonder  
When their power explodes in thunder!

HE.  
Gentle drops from those sweet eyes  
Were like those in clearing skies.

SHE.  
But calm may make a sailor die,  
HE.

And love wax faint in fairest eye.

SHE.  
There needs no magic wand to move  
Such storms as are not those of love.

HE.  
What magic then restored that bliss  
So easy lost, since here it is?

SHE.  
Freedom gave it back to thee;  
Freedom gave it back to me.  
In others' arms we found again,  
Through bliss, our own love, lost in pain.

HE.  
When loosened from thine arms, how sweet  
His love, released from his, to meet!

SHE.  
When folded in his arms, what bliss,  
To claim her gladly unclaimed kiss!

HE.  
With what renewed desire, again,  
I clasped thee to my breast again!

SHE.  
'Twas candor taught there's naught so sweet,  
As glowing from thine arms to meet.

### Anarchistic Doings in Chicago.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

It is amusing to see one set of governmentalists—the voters of Chicago—denouncing another set of governmentalists—the state legislature—as anarchists.

Corporation Counsel Thornton finds it an easy task to turn the Chicago's swivel service law in any direction to suit the whim of his master, Mayor Harrison.

Think of the great Chicago daily newspapers preaching anarchy! Yet every one of them is denouncing government, as represented by the present state legislature.

Literally speaking, an anarchist is a person who is opposed to government. The present Illinois legislature seems to have turned nearly the entire population of Chicago into temporary anarchists.

Do the "good" citizens of Chicago who are opposing governmental invasion in the form of the passage of the Humphrey bills by the legislature at Springfield, realize that their conduct is anarchistic?

Why doesn't Governor Tanner call out the militia to suppress the mass-meetings now being held in Chicago at which the government is openly denounced by such erstwhile "patriots" as John W. Ela, John M. Hamline and Aldermen Harlan and Kent?

Julius S. Grinnell represented the government in the prosecution of the so-called anarchists after the Haymarket riot. As general counsel for a Chicago street railway company Mr. Grinnell is still representing the government in trying to induce a willing legislature to extend the franchises of the Chicago street railways fifty years.

All the time John P. Altgeld was governor of the state of Illinois he was denounced by the republican press as an "anarchist." At a mass meeting last week when he denounced the government, as represented by the present Illinois legislature, he was cheered to the echo by some of the very men who had denounced him when he was governor.

If the Humphrey bills, extending the franchises of Chicago street railways, should become laws and Alderman Harlan should address an indignation meeting and use the expression "Throttle the law!" (for he used words of similar import at a mass meeting in Chicago Tuesday, April 20,) would he be subjected to the same punishment as was imposed on Samuel Fielden? If so, and if Governor Tanner should pardon him, would Tanner be denounced as an anarchist, as Governor Altgeld was for pardoning Fielden?

Just as the friends of freedom, who are consequently enemies of governmental invasion, have begun to make the name "anarchist" a title of honor rather than of infamy, the governmentalists seek to appropriate the name for themselves. Alderman John H. Harlan, late independent candidate for mayor of Chicago, said in a mass meeting one night last week: "Anarchists are those men who defame the law by making the very law itself the instrument of violating the liberties of the people, of stealing the property of the people." In what other manner were the liberties of the people in this country ever violated? Stick to your own name, John. Such men are governmentalists, not anarchists.

## From Prostitution and Marriage to Love.

(Programme for a new chapter in White's "Warfare of Science with Theology.")

BY C. L. JAMES.

Prostitution is the most ancient of primitive institutions. Among the lowest savages, with whom no other has taken form, the women are slaves, belonging, like other chattels, to the horde in common; and no woman is allowed to refuse any man satisfaction. This of course is a kind of prostitution; but the growing science of historical criticism shows it to be that primitive stock, whereof prostitution as practiced among more civilized nations is merely an attenuated branch. It is, of course, older than marriage; which arose as follows:

When a warrior of one horde captured a woman from another, he claimed her as his peculiar acquisition. Since this was contrary to the primitive communism, it was resisted. The captors, being usually great chiefs, in a measure got their way, but only by yielding many points to the demands of the multitude. The woman was first ravished by all the warriors, (this was done among the Indians quite lately); then, on paying a fee, the captor was held to have extinguished the tribe's right in her. Kissing the bride, and treating on marriage, are relics of these customs.

It was a fixed rule that a wife could only be obtained from a foreign tribe and by capture. But when neighboring tribes became practically one nation through intermarriages, capture was so much less convenient than purchase as to be evaded. A form denoting it remained, to save the woman's kinsfolk's reputation; and such forms have continued in all countries to the present day. (See Lubbock "Origin of Civilization," and McLennan "Primitive Marriage.")

But practically girls were now sold, not taken. The rule that marriage must be out of one's own tribe (clan) gradually became obsolete, because clanship itself, though universal among primitive people, is an institution which declines in the process of social evolution. Those women whom individuals did not buy for wives continued to be prostituted. Throughout antiquity, daughters of free parents were always "given in marriage" at a reasonable age. The prostitutes were mostly common slaves; in some countries, as India, they were the women of a particular clan; but everywhere a girl who formed a connection for herself was held to have fallen into their ranks, and required to live as they did.

It is evident both institutions were forms of female slavery, but prostitution in some visible respects is the more open and shocking of the two. Accordingly it became rather unpopular where decline of polygamy had caused women to be somewhat more highly regarded than formerly. This was chiefly in Europe; for polygamy is inconsistent with the European policy of concentrating landed estates. But the Jews, for a similar reason, also discontinued polygamy somewhat early; so among them too, after the captivity, women were in a measure exalted and prostitution was unpopular.

Among other nations, however, especially the Hindoos, the Phoenicians, and the Syro-Egyptian races generally except the Jews, the older institution was highly honored, and formed an important part of religion. Now the ideal of contemplative souls in any country is always the reverse of the actual practice. In these very countries, therefore, in India and in Syria, arose the great ascetic religions, Buddhism and Christianity, which taught that sexual indulgence is at best a necessary evil—that all forms, easily recognized as gross, like prostitution, are totally to be abhorred.

It would be unfair not to say that primitive Christianity, endowed as yet with something of its founder's spirit, did a little to weaken both marriage and prostitution. Exalting celibacy above both, it provided a refuge for a few wives, as Rhadegonda, innumerable maidens, and some prostitutes—Magdalen, Afra, Pelagia, etc. It wholly discredited the barbarous laws, "once a prostitute always a prostitute," which had been universal in antiquity. But it wholly missed the true

remedy of setting women entirely free. Ascetic, aiming to restrain sexual indulgence; dogmatic, pursuing its aims by positive precepts and punishments; and wholly destitute of the scientific spirit; it destroyed the liberal divorce laws which had grown up under the Roman Empire, and which continued in Provence until the thirteenth century. Having thus riveted the chains of marriage, it was soon compelled to make those of prostitution heavier. For prostitution can exist—it did, in the earliest period, without marriage; but marriage cannot possibly exist without prostitution.

Those Christian sovereigns, like Louis IX. of France (St. Louis), and, long after him, Maria Theresa, who actually put down prostitution for a time, soon found they were breaking up marriage by the same process, and reluctantly repealed their ordinance.

Thus even to the prostitutes, Christianity proved worse than paganism. Some pagan systems had very consistently honored them, as holy women devoted to making others happy. Christians, from St. Paul to Leap-frog Parkhurst, have usually had no remedy for their misery to suggest but treating them more cruelly than before.

The better era began with the Reformation, which broke the power of the Church. The martyr archbishop, Cranmer, was the first Englishman to propose a liberal divorce law, such as his country has adopted in our time. Two centuries later, Emanuel Swedenborg announced, without opposition, the sublime truth that love alone sanctifies sexual intercourse. He made the enormous mistake of supposing that love, to be genuine, must needs be dual; but it was a timely mistake, for a gospel of variety would not then have been listened to; and those whom he set to hunting "affinities" soon discovered that there are none.

Then the French Revolution introduced rational methods of legislation. Robert Owen, and others who imbibed its spirit, procured, in different countries, laws about divorce which realized the hopes of Cranmer, Milton, Swedenborg, and other premature reformers. The Spiritualists popularized and liberalized Swedenborg's ideas.

I feel a delicacy in pursuing the subject further, because of the *quodam pars fin.* But the later reformers treated the matter scientifically. They showed that nothing but harm could come of trying to make people love wisely by law. They exposed the origin of marriage and its inseparable alliance with prostitution. They organized to secure the rights of illegitimate children.

The Church's opposition was fierce and bitter. She declaimed against divorce. She stultified herself by condemning Swedenborg's conception of love. She persecuted the exponents of her shame under the pretence that their works were "obscene." I have no doubt the future historian will relate that when marriage and prostitution were destroyed, she claimed the credit of destroying them, and quote Jesus to prove "that they who shall be counted worthy to receive that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage."

## A Pitiful Experience.

BY REV. JESSE H. JONES.

Some time ago I received a brief note by a round-about way, saying that the writer had seen a letter of mine printed years ago in Dr. Foote's "Health Monthly," in which I spoke of the seat of spiritual love as in the chest (or heart region), and asking me to write. It was also requested that I should send the letter enclosed to a certain other party. I did as requested, and received a long letter of personal experience of such a nature that I have concluded to make some extracts and follow, with comments.

"Allow me to give you a little sketch of my life. I was born in a pure home. My mother was converted at the age of eleven, and was a very pure and modest woman. My father was one of the purest of men; 'pure as a woman,' some have



said of him. I married at eighteen; and here is where the wonder began. I could not be sensual. I was converted at the age of fifteen, and am of a sensitive and poetical and spiritual nature; and early began to question.—Why, why were some things so; when I did not want them that way? It took me so long to learn that God did not want it so either.

"I heard from my husband that I never should have married, when I had such feelings. I wanted my husband's love; and did not want always to be receiving for my caresses sensual gratification. I was told that was what I was for. Believe me, I never was rebellious in my heart; only longing and questioning. I was told I would be a divorced wife in a hurry, did I refuse to do my duty; and that that was what God intended me for. I was willing, if that was God's way; but O! how could it be? For my soul was so hungry, and I loathed the thought of gratifying passion. I could see how inconsistent it was to expect young men and women to be pure, when married people were not."

Then follows a brief account of a deep, extraordinary and precious, religious experience, which I much desire to print, if only I could find a place where it would be acceptable, the outcome of which she gives in these words:

"God showed me, under an awful test, that I did not have to yield my poor body to my husband any more. He could or would not see as I did; and I was willing to do or suffer any thing to be kept for God. I have four children, and one grandchild; and for five years have been His temple, not to be defiled. It is eight years since I had the experience I write of.

"Of course, as it is, I am useless to a husband who cares for flesh; and I cannot tell you how alone I live. I have not one Christian friend that lives a life of continence. I have talked to a hundred; and oh! the sad women I know, longing, as I did; and none dare to trust Him; and still suffer on."

Much more she writes; but all her experience comes under religious forms, so that it is not such as to be acceptable to many readers of this periodical. And my heart says, Will the time ever come when liberals will be so really liberal that they can receive the expression of the experience of such a poor, suffering woman in the way natural to her, without offense? I only add that she says, "I belong to the Methodist church."

This is the kind of a case that makes a true man's blood boil. A Godly, Christian woman, pure in heart and gentle in life, is used by her husband, as no male wild beast uses its mate. This base, shameful, outrageous, cruel violence cannot be over denounced. To think that lions, tigers, wolves, bears, deer, moose, elk, cattle, sheep, swine, every kind of living thing, wild or tame, that suckles its young,—there is not one kind of them all but the male treats his female so much better than this man treats his female, that to call him a beast is to insult every real beast that lives. Human speech does not possess a word that can fitly characterize such a man, unless it be to call him a monster.

And the woman is so bested, that, although on account of her bodily ailments, this man does not now wreak himself upon her, yet she dare not have a letter to herself come through the post office directly; but she has to have it come to the house of a compassionate woman neighbor, and be brought by hand to her.

And this is not by any means the worst of it. The worst is that there is no public opinion against such conduct. Except the outbursts of some occasional individual, all society is silent; or if any speak, the only word spoken is to tell the unfortunate to keep her sufferings to herself, and not spread abroad her shame before the world. And lest it should be thought that this is some solitary case, I will add that facts which have come to my knowledge seem to make it probable that there is one such sufferer to every five hundred persons in this land.

Some time there must and will come a movement, in which men and women will share together, to establish an order of genuine humans on the earth, every member of which will have to be right and clean in sex, and in which it will be impossible

for a man to be a member who is baser, viler, crueller than any beast is capable of being; but in which every man will be a true human, "giving honor to the wife as to the weaker vessel."

A true human is one who walks according to the spirit and not according to the flesh, who puts the wife in control of sex according to the universal law of nature, who counts parentage as the supreme essential outcome of sex, and makes all else subsidiary thereto, and who has love, reverence and honor for woman. When will this company of true humans gather, to teach with all their might the true life of sex, to live it, and to make a safe retreat in the world for all who wish to live in that upright and holy way?

The church tells of a Glad Tidings which it has to proclaim to the human race; and that message is real and true. But the gladdest glad tidings which can be proclaimed in the ears of mankind on the face of the earth today is, that the time has come to break the yoke of man from off the neck of woman, and let oppressed womanhood go free. The time is fulfilled; and now, now, the supreme word is, to make woman free in her womanhood; and the work of all others in the earth is to bring this word, as the word of the Most High, to every man, until it shall pierce as a sword to the core of his heart,—until no man can bear the baseness and degradation of saying to his woman, what the husband told of above said to his,—until the true humanhood in sex shall develop into the universal way of life of mankind in all our land, and finally throughout the globe.

Readers, every soul of you, according to your gifts and powers, spread, spread the good word.

## Continence and Contracepts.

BY AMY LINNETT.

The friend at Mr. Harman's elbow voices my sentiments as to Mrs. Waisbrooker's theories. I want to express my opinions, because I am not sure that that friend was a woman, and I can take one woman's standpoint.

Let me say that I have known men perfectly willing to practice continence if the woman so wished, but does Mrs. Waisbrooker claim that a normal woman will so wish? I know that there are numbers of women at the present time who contemplate sex relations with abhorrence and disgust, and we cannot be surprised at this when we come to learn their conditions of life. On the other hand, many of our younger radical women are among those who are not ashamed to avow the deliciousness of their sex, as Walt Whitman puts it.

To argue against contracepts as "unnatural" is a mere begging of the question. I do not admit they are, except in the same sense that anesthetics or balloons are. To say anything is "unnatural" is usually the method of a person who has no real argument to advance. I should myself deplore the taste of a woman who preferred self-relief to the use of a suitable contraceptive, because I should think it a form of self-sacrifice wholly without justification. That is a matter for individual judgment, but I have great faith as to the ultimate outcome.

I have been appealed to within the last week by a believer in Diana methods for the name of some firm dealing in contracepts. She wished the information "for a friend."

Contracepts are the only means whereby some women can avoid having children, and should be recognized as such by our "continence" advocates. It is not every woman who can, like Nora, leave husband and children and face the world alone. The alternatives are unwelcome children or limitation of the family.

Perhaps the fact that I am not yet thirty instead of seventy has something to do with my feeling in this matter. I want it distinctly understood that the free woman does not "consent to unnatural sex relations" (Mrs. Waisbrooker's expression for the use of contracepts) "in order to please" her lover, but in order to please herself. One-sided relations cannot be satisfactory. It is only what is mutually desired that will satisfy the self-respecting woman.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 5, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"

Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 11. Charles Turner Brown will read a paper.

## Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

## "The True Life of Sex."

For most of Lucifer's readers no help is needed in the way of editorial comment upon anything that appears in our columns. The subject of sex—the most important factor in human life, human happiness or human misery, is one that is not new to the majority of those to whom our Light-Bearer makes its weekly visits. But to those who have paid little or no attention to sexologic questions it may be well, occasionally, to insert a few running comments from the standpoint of the editorial staff.

Among the noteworthy articles in this week's Lucifer is one entitled "A Pitiful Experience," consisting of extracts from a letter written to Rev. Jesse H. Jones, with some comments thereon by that gentleman himself. Mr. Jones is known to many of our readers as an able writer upon sex ethics and upon race-culture, from a Christian point of view; and it may not be amiss to add just here, that though a Christian minister he is not a "dead-head." He does not ask for privileges because of his clerical profession or ministerial title, but pays his subscription, and therefore has the same kind of right to space in Lucifer that our "liberal" contributors possess.

The first and most noticeable feature in the comments appended to the "Pitiful Experience" is the substantial agreement between Mr. Jones and Lucifer's central thought, or main contention, which agreement he states in his closing paragraph, "The gladdest of glad tidings which can be proclaimed in the ears of mankind on the face of the earth today is, that the time has come to break the yoke of man from off the neck of woman and let oppressed womanhood go free."

No better statement can be made of the demand that Lucifer has been making for many years than is this noble utterance from a man who still calls himself a minister of the faith whose leading apostles, and whose so-called "divine revelation," have done more, perhaps, than all other agencies to forge and rivet the chains of slavery upon the body and soul of woman, and place both body and soul under the irresponsible domination of man.

Yes, Brother Jones, "the time is fulfilled, and now, now, now, the supreme word is to make woman free in her womanhood; and the work of all others in the earth is to bring this word as the word of"—whom or of what? If Mr. Jones had said, "as the word of enlightened human reason," or "as the word of evolved humanity," some of us could have understood him better and could have endorsed without reserve his "banner cry," in its entirety, but the word "Most High," puts us on our guard, and compels us to ask, "Whose 'Most High'?" or "What do you mean by the 'word of the 'Most High'?"

If Brother Jones has a "Most High" of his own making—if it be true that every man makes his own god, then the being idealized, or idolized, by our ministerial friend would probably not be very objectionable to the most pronounced Rationalist, but if he means the Christian and Hebrew "Jehovah"—the "Lord God" of Abraham, of Moses, of Joshua, of David and of "John the Revelator," then the advocate of civil liberty and equality would far more consistently and hopefully appeal to the "word" of Emperor William of Prussia, or of the Czar of Russia, and the advocate of religious liberty to the "word" of the most bigoted pope that ever filled the pontifical chair, than can any one appeal to the Christian's "Most High" for help in the work of breaking the yoke of man from off the neck of womanhood.

To show what the "God-idea" has done and is now doing to fasten the yoke of man upon the neck of woman, I would respectfully recommend Mrs. Cady Stanton's "Woman's Bible," and Mrs. Joslyn Gage's "Woman Church and State."

Then, as to what freedom from man's yoke really means for woman,—what "true humanhood in sex" means—I fear there is not such accord between the position of Rev. Mr. Jones and that of Lucifer as could be wished. The freedom attained by the woman whose body is now "His temple, not to be defiled," seems to some of us to be simply the freedom of the Catholic nun in the cloister, that is, the freedom of sex-starvation. Is this Brother Jones' idea of the freedom of womanhood? Is this his standard of purity and of virtue in sex-relationships? I do not think it is his idea, and if he will tell us, in few words, just what he means by the "true life of sex," and what he means by the "movement to establish an order of genuine humans on earth," he will confer a favor on sex-reformers, whether from the Christian or Rationalist standpoint. We cannot promise much space to any one contributor but discussions of the subjects treated upon by our Christian brother in this week's Lucifer are the most vitally important of all discussions relating to human welfare and human progress.

## "What Shall I Say to My Child?"

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

This is one of the questions I am frequently called on to answer, and am asked what books are best to place in the hands of the young.

There are many mothers who fancy they have themselves left the Valleys of Superstition, who yet feel, in memory, the gray mist which enshrouded their own childhood, and who can not realize there is no necessity that their own children should pass their young lives in ignorance and shame.

To the first question I answer: "Tell the truth!" If you desire to preserve your child's confidence in you, let it understand that you are always perfectly frank with it. Children are as different in character from each other as are men and women, and that fact renders it difficult to recommend or write

any book which would interest and instruct all children. But a mother can and should make a study of her own child, should understand its desires, tastes, and trend of thought. If she is herself ignorant on any point, she should say, frankly, "I do not know; but we will study together." The pleasure of feeling the mother to be a companion in the search for knowledge instead of merely a teacher, who knows it all in advance, has advantages which are obvious.

"It is not so much what you say as how you say it," is a trite statement. If a woman has been so unfortunate as to conceive a child "in shame," she should have outgrown that feeling by the time the child has arrived at the questioning age, and be able to tell of the processes of nature in the development of the embryo with as little sense of shame, and with as great an uplifting feeling of beauty as she might feel when explaining to the child that when the tiny pansy seed is dropped into the warm, moist earth the warmth and moisture cause the seed to swell and burst and put forth a slender stem from which the leaves unfold and grow, while the earth and water nourish and the sun warms, until one day the great purple pansy, which so strikingly resembles the round, innocent face of a child, bursts into full bloom. Never give the child the impression that there is anything in natural, healthy life of which to be ashamed. Nothing is "nasty" in itself. Teach the child by word and example that every part of its body is pure if kept clean; that there is use for every organ and function. If you warn it against certain practices, give a reason for it. Children can understand reasons if you try to make the reasons clear to them. If your child puts its finger in its eye, do you exclaim, "Don't! Shame on you! That's nasty!" On the contrary, do you not explain that the eye is a delicate organ of sight, which may be seriously injured by such treatment?

A friend of mine, one of the most rational women I know, told me that her little boy aged eleven had one day asked her, "Mamma, what makes the babies grow? Can women make them come when they want to,—or how?" She had previously explained to him the mother principle, but not the father principle, and when this question came she could not answer, but evaded it as best she could. She is a superior woman, yet she could not shake off the old sense of shame and tell her son simply and candidly just how conception took place. By her evident dodging of the question she risked lowering herself in the estimation of that child, for it is probable that he had heard something of it from other boys, and her evasion would naturally lead him to think that she felt ashamed of the act which called him into existence, and she missed an opportunity of impressing on his mind the sacredness of love. She could have told him, as I know she feels, that only in love can such a relation be enjoyed at its highest, and have given him helpful thoughts that would have aided him in maintaining respect for his mother, for himself, and for the girls and women of his acquaintance.

Do you like to do certain things, or abstain from doing other things, merely because of an arbitrary "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not"? Of course you want to know the reason. Then why should you desire your child to act blindly without reason? Would you send your child on a journey through the wilderness at night, telling him only of imaginary hobgoblins which might snatch him if he did not close his eyes and pray to Great Jove and Great Grundy at every step? Would you not rather tell him of the real rocks and ditches, brambles and hills in his pathway, and give him a light whereby he could see and avoid them?

#### Book Notes.

"Value and an Invariable Unit of Value," is the title of a book of 132 pages written by William A. Whittick, who is well known as a writer on economics and also as a writer of poems of freedom. Mr. Whittick claims to have made the important economic discovery of an invariable unit of value, which economists have long believed to be an impossible thing. He criticizes the definitions of value given by many economists,

and points out what he considers their errors. In his preface he says:

"The savants tell us that our problem is unsolvable—that an invariable standard of value is unattainable—yes, inconceivable—that it is the 'squaring of the circle' for economists; but we brush the savants aside and we give political economy a determination of its 'fundamental idea' value, and a standard measure and unit of value, invariable for all time, perfect in its functions and attributes. A science of political economy is now possible."

The book is written in a spirit of apparent fairness and good temper, and the arguments it presents will doubtless interest many friends of the present gold-standard currency as well as the champions of bimetalism. For sale at Lucifer office. Price, paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan's latest publication is a handsome little book of 133 pages whose import is pretty fully set forth in the title, a part of which is ("A Scientific Secret Revealed.") Periodicity, the absolute law of the entire universe long known to control all matter, now revealed as the law of all Life." Prof. Buchanan is well known as a writer on scientific and metaphysical subjects. The theory he advances in this little book is elaborated in his usual emphatic and oracular manner. Price, 50 cents.

#### Memorial Tribute to Prof. E. D. Cope.

We, the undersigned societies, fairly representing, we believe the freethinkers of Philadelphia, recognizing in the death of Prof. Edward Cope a profound and irreparable loss to our movement, inasmuch as he was undoubtedly one of the foremost and ablest opponents of those religious superstitions which it is our aim to eradicate, do hereby render tribute to his memory.

A most indefatigable worker in the fields of those experimental sciences upon which the burden of the proofs of evolution rests, a prolific and lucid writer upon such subjects, having contributed many valuable books to contemporaneous scientific literature, a patient and conscientious educator, having as such an incalculable influence upon our youth in laying the foundations of a superstructure of ethical life without the props of superstition, a most courteous and kindly gentleman, with no empty pride of knowledge, but ready to give freely of his learning whenever time permitted as evinced by the many lectures delivered before our societies with no other compensation than the consciousness of pleasing and instructing,—lectures beneficial both by their intrinsic worth and by the additional influence of his personality, we are compelled to declare that,

"He was a man,—take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again."

The Academy and the University have mourned him as investigator and educator; we, in addition, mourn him as liberator.

This declaration of our rights shall be forwarded to the various liberal journals.

The above was endorsed by the Friendship Liberal League, Sunday, April 18, 1897.

The above was unanimously adopted by the Ladies Liberal League, April, 21, 1897.

#### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Long ere this the assurance had been Imelda's that Edith and Hilda were both true sisters of their brother Wilbur, and that they espoused sex reform in its highest sense, and when an hour later these two bright girls joined the Ellwood sisters Cora was again surprised to hear the same sentiments voiced in equally strong language. Hilda knelt beside the dumbfounded Cora, and while playfully fondling her hand told her of plans that had been maturing in that youthful head.



"Sometime," she said, "when we shall have more money at our command than now, we will build ourselves a home. O, such a glorious, beautiful home, in some retired or isolated spot, and our lovers shall come and share it. But only just so long as they are our lovers, for we want no masters. We shall be strong enough, and capable of standing at the head of our home ourselves, and directing its management. Don't you think so? Our home shall be our kingdom, and we shall reign queens therein, and our lovers will be our dear friends and comrades, instead of husbands. Will not that be glorious?"

With an experience such as hers had been it was not much to be wondered at that Cora became an apt pupil of this, to her, new doctrine, and of which this trio of girls were such enthusiastic advocates. Edith and Imelda smiled as they listened to the glowing description of Hilda's home while a new and wonderful light began to glow in the hazel eyes of the bewildered Cora, and then she began to question, and all the time one utterance of Hilda's kept ringing in her ears: "When we shall have more money." When? But first she wanted to know and understand, and for a while she kept the trio busy answering her questions. She had become deeply interested and now wanted fully to understand.

"How many are there in this scheme? How many such daring members are there?"

"Well," answered Hilda, "there are four of us here; for of course you are in it. Then that wonderful brother of ours is the lover of a sweet girl in that western home of yours. Margaret Leland is her name."

"Margaret Leland?" interrupted Cora, and looked inquiringly at Imelda. "Was there not—"

"The same," said Imelda. "She was employed at the same store where we used to work, and for years has been my best friend. It is to her largely that I am indebted for my present views. But now please let Hilda proceed."

"Well," continued Hilda, "Margaret's mother comes next. From all accounts we could not well get along without her and—well, I don't know. Is there anyone else?"—looking inquiringly at the girls.

"I think," answered Imelda, "it will be perfectly safe to count Mrs. Westcott in—'Alice Day,' Cora, I was speaking of her before. That makes seven, I believe, and who knows, by the time 'our home' is built there may be as many more."

"And how many lovers are there?" asked Cora. This caused a little laugh.

"One I know, and two I believe," was Imelda's answer to Cora's question. "Wilbur Wallace, the brother of these dear girls, we can be sure of, and Norman Carlton I hope may soon be able to see clear enough to be willing that woman should in all things be able to decide for herself."

"Who is Norman Carlton?"

A beautiful rosy color swept over Imelda's sweet face, and Cora was answered. "O," she said with a slight gasping sound, "now I know how you understood so well." Then Hilda spoke:

"I have been waiting for Edith to make some kind of announcement, but she sings 'mum.'"

"Hilda?"

"Edith! I am not afraid, sister mine. You know you met a very interesting gentleman last year in our rambles on the mountains."

"Yes! but child, you also know that we have not seen him since, and as we had just received a call to come home immediately we left without a word of farewell;—then again we did not get a deep enough insight into the views of Paul Arthur to enable us to ascertain whether or not he is a Free Lover."

"O, but I have heard him express himself very clearly at one time on the subject of marriage. 'It is the grave of love,' he said, 'the altar upon which the holiest emotions are sacrificed.'"

"It may all be true," Edith replied, "but, as I remarked before, we may never see or hear from him again."

"But," Hilda said, kissing Cora's pale cheek, "have you no

contribution to make in the shape of a lover?" Slowly the rich color swept over the pale face; involuntarily her eye sought Imelda's. Was there a meaning in the glance? She smiled.

"Can you see the rising sun?" Imelda asked, but for answer the pearly drops filled the sad eyes. "O, if I dared hope." To the inquiring looks of the sisters Imelda replied:

"When Cora is stronger I am sure she will tell you her story in all its details, as you have proved yourself so trustworthy. A cloud at present overcasts the heaven of her love; but don't clouds always in the course of nature move on, and are not the heavens always so much clearer and more beautiful after their removal? So hope, little sister. I expect ere long to look into the sunny laughing eyes of your Owen. The world is large but not so large but that the divine magnet of love will attract and direct each one to his or her affinity."

Thus bringing hope and cheer to the weary aching heart of the girl the days, one by one, passed by.

Several weeks more had now passed away. Cora had gained rapidly in strength, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were now daily expected to return home and the girls wishing to avoid an explanation it was thought best to remove the patient to the abode of the Westcotts. Alice was also anxious to have Imelda return as she was fast losing all control of her little daughters. Tender, loving mother that she was she was totally unfit to train her little ones. Besides she was not yet as strong as she might be.

With an unwilling heart Cora had bade good bye to the sisters who had shown her so much kindness and love. Imelda's eyes, too, had filled with tears as she kissed both gentle girls, but she carried with her the promise that she should soon see both at "Maple Lawn." Cora's cheeks were tinged with a faint peach-bloom color denoting the return of health, and her eyes sparkled as she and Imelda were swiftly driven along towards the outskirts of the city where the Westcott mansion was situated amid its beautiful gardens. Just as the setting sun was casting the last golden rays across their path the carriage drove up the beautiful maple-drive to where little Alice, in daintiest of white gowns, was awaiting them, her eyes sparkling with joy at the prospect of having Imelda once more with her. The little girls also, arrayed in their pretty white dresses, were watching for their "Miss Meldy." They clapped their little hands and fairly danced with delight when the figure of their young teacher alighted. They grew somewhat quieter when a second lady, so pale and languid, stepped from the carriage and slowly followed the more quick moving Imelda. She caught the little ones in her arms and they clung to her as if they would never again let go of their beloved friend. Alice, finding herself overlooked in this meeting, turned to Cora. Holding out both hands in welcome she soon made the sad-eyed girl feel that her words were no formal phrase, but that they came from a warm impulsive heart.

"I hope not to be a burden long," said Cora. "I am beginning to feel quite strong now, and in a short time hope to be able to look about for some work to do."

Alice laid her hand upon her lips.

"Not one word more. A burden indeed! On the contrary I feel as though I had a great deal to make good. This, (touching with her dainty finger the red mark which was just peeping from beneath the mass of ringlets that covered the young girl's forehead) this will be a constant reminder of what might have proved a fatal accident, and as yet I have had no opportunity to right the wrong that has been done." Cora protested but Alice had her way, as that little woman invariably did have. She herself conducted her up the wide staircase to the room which had been set apart for her and which adjoined Imelda's.

"I thought you two might want to be near each other," she explained. "But now let me help you dress for dinner. I will be your dressing maid. How long do you expect still to nurse your arm? It must be tiresome to have it so tightly bandaged."

Cora smiled.

"O yes," she said. "It will be quite pleasant when I shall be able to move about with more freedom again. I will not then feel so much as if I were a constant task on some one's hands, so almost perfectly useless."

"Please don't!" In a pleading manner the little woman spoke the words. "Can I not make you understand that you are not a task and burden? Had it not been for that almost fatal drive those long weary weeks of pain would have been spared you?"

"And in all probability I should have missed meeting the best of friends,—would have failed to find my one, my only sister. No! no! the little pain that I have endured does not so much matter, and if you can all have patience with me until my strength returns and I am once more myself I am sure I have every reason not to complain, for the good the last few weeks have brought me far out weighs everything they may have contained of unpleasantness."

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

A. H. Frank, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Last *Lucifer* [No. 653] is worth the price of a year's subscription.

E. B. Foote, Jr., New York:—Here's an Easter offering of ten dollars, less the cost of half a dozen April "Our New Humanity" which I will hope to have when out.

Henry C. Roberts, Bennington, Kan.:—We were much incensed—and deeply regret the treatment you received at the hands of H. L. Green, editor of the so-called "Free Thought Magazine." We feel that in his assaults upon the cause which you so ably represent, he strikes a blow at the very foundations upon which Liberty rests. Enclosed find one dollar to apply on *Lucifer* and twenty cents for two copies of "What the Young Should Know."

J. Wright, Guelph, Ont.:—Please send a dollar's worth of back numbers, and I will send another dollar for the current year. I don't care whether the back numbers are consecutive or not, so long as they are not duplicates. Every number is valuable, no matter how old. Will be glad to see the numbers that tell about the imprisonment. I had lost track of *Lucifer*.

[We send files of back numbers at fifty cents a year—or one cent per copy, to all regular subscribers to *Lucifer*, as long as the supply of back numbers lasts. Hope our Canadian friend will not lose track of us again.]

Mrs. M. L. Porter, Lincoln, Neb.:—What I will term a fortunate circumstance threw two copies of "Our New Humanity" in my way—one containing "The Prodigal Daughter." I have read many things but never anything that fills the bill so entirely as they do. Enclosed find twenty-five cents for a later copy of "Our New Humanity." I would be glad to place the number that treats of "The Prodigal Daughter" in the hands of all mothers who could be persuaded to read it, but all women are not interested as they should be in this most important of all subjects, and many who are held by the church would repudiate the whole thing.

L. W., San Francisco, Calif.:—Brother Moses: The following is copied from a letter just received; the money was enclosed. This is the second time he has thus done missionary work. An excellent example for other smokers to follow: "I have never considered myself a heavy smoker; late years I have evolved out of it. Every Sunday I put twenty cents in a tin box under the stove. That is what the weed cost me, and when I get three dollars I send it to you for books. Please send the books named to Mrs. —."

[The writer of the above note to me is Lois Waisbrooker, whose present address is 1425 Howard street, San Francisco.

As indicated Mrs. Waisbrooker is handling her own books. Her friends who wish to order from her can do so at the address named.

M. H.]

Jonathan Mayo Crane, Chicago:—"The Functions of Government," in No. 656, furnished the provocation for the following lines:

My pen to take I hesitate  
To write the thoughts that agitate  
My mind when I do contemplate  
L. Berrier's use of "innovate."  
Just what he meant I cannot state.  
Unless it was to adumbrate  
The point he sought to illustrate;  
To cause us all to cogitate  
And meditate and incubate,  
And do our best to explicate  
The vague suggestion inchoate.  
Now if he will elucidate  
That word it will accumulate  
His readers in the aggregate,  
And help them to appreciate  
His way to ratiocinate.  
I wait to see. I hate debate;  
So let him tell me fair and straight  
Just what he meant. Say 't, Berrier, say 't!

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## LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 19.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 12, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 658.

### Superfluous Devices.

Who but a man bereft of sense would think  
To prop the sky, and thus prevent its fall?  
Or stop Niagara at its very brink  
By the creation of a mud-built wall?  
Or stretch a chain across the boundless sea,  
To force it into alimberous repose?  
Or regulate the law of gravity,  
Lest chaos came all order to foreclose?  
And who but one demented will contend  
That truth, unaided by external force,  
Successfully her cause cannot defend,  
But must to carnal weapons have recourse?  
That in religion, reason is no guide?  
That Liberty to License is allied?

—W. L. Garrison.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

A few weeks ago the moralists in a section of the oil fields of West Virginia did some very effective proselyting. They set fire to a "disorderly" house and burned two girls to death, and to a "speak-easy" and cremated two men. It is almost as fearful a thing to fall into the hands of really good people as into the clutches of Yahveh. By the way, why do Christians never "return good for evil," and why do they generally give more evil than they have received? Persistently disobeying every precept of their "master," how can they have the effrontery to call themselves "Christians"?

How fragile is the partition between morality and immorality! A number of the Methodist ministers of Camden appeared before the New Jersey legislature and lobbied against the proposed law requiring the taking out of licenses by those intending to marry. The ministers said that many poor people would prefer to live together without being married to going to the county seat and paying for a license. It seems to me that the marriage moralists of the past have not made a very deep impression in the brain and conscience of mankind if many Christians are willing to let fifty cents or one dollar stand between each of them and an "honest marriage" and the "heaven" which is promised to the "good" as their future home.

"The penalty of sin—brother and seducer kill each other and the girl goes mad." This is the heading of the newspaper report of a Florida occurrence. There is nothing to show that the girl was an unwilling participant in the "seduction." So the "sin" is in the ill-regulated imagination of the reporter, not in the love relation itself. There is one feature of this tragedy that somewhat relieves its horror—the murderous brother was killed; he does not survive to be pointed at by admiring fools as a hero of assassination. If it could only be certain that the invader would always fall with his victim invasion would soon be reduced to a minimum. It is not future punishment, in this world or some dreamed-of one, that acts as a deterrent to crime, but the certainty that the act of invasion is suicidal.

Rev. E. J. Oldknow Millington, of Newark, N. J., has been very active in that town in the attempt to suppress liquor selling, regulate art, and supervise the newspaper press. A few weeks ago he left his family and eloped to Montreal with a Mrs. Dickerson. After they had been in the Canadian city for some time it became known that they were together and they returned to Newark. They separately met committees of the Fairmount Baptist Church, of which he was the pastor and she a prominent member, went through the repentance act, bewailed their "sin," and were dropped from the rolls of the church. It is perhaps not strange that a chronic meddler, who could not keep his nose out of the business of other people, should meekly put himself into position to receive the contemptuous kicks of his intrusive parishioners. Utter lack of dignity is the most salient characteristic of the hypocritical moralist.

### A Glimpse of the Old Order.

BY ELLIAN HARMAN.

At last the time has come when we who have protested against enforced motherhood must give up the fight and cheerfully admit that there can be none but willing mothers. The impossibility of the existence of any other kind has been demonstrated by a Chicago reporter. This voracious youth has discovered a woman, the mother of fourteen children, whose highest ambition is to bear seven more children that she may equal the record of her husband's first wife, and make him the "happy" father of forty-two children.

This interesting family was brought to the notice of the reporter and the public by the advent, on April 27, of the father's thirty-fifth child. The parents are Russian Jews. The man and his first wife were married when each was twenty years of age. The first child was born in 1852, and a child each succeeding year, with one exception, until 1873. Then his wife, having performed her "duty to society," died, and it is to be hoped, found rest in the place where there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

"Isaac mourned for her four years," we are informed by the reporter, "and then he married Sarah Gluck." They came to Chicago six years ago. One of the children was born on ship-board—there was no time to be lost in their task of populating the earth. Isaac is a tinsmith; "the workshop occupies the front part of the basement, which also serves for a dining room and kitchen. Two, small, dingy, untidy rooms in the rear furnish the rapidly growing family with sleeping apartments." The work the father of this family does "furnishes a meager support, for he earns only an average of thirty cents a day."

The mother of this family is very anxious to bear seven more children, as I have previously stated. She said so to her husband, her husband told the interpreter, the interpreter informed the reporter, the reporter gave the statement to the world through the daily paper, which I read and now pass on to the reader of these lines. Therefore the desire of her heart

cannot be more clear to the eye of omniscience itself than to this reader.

As a student of social problems I felt great interest in this story, and a desire to see the quality of offspring which such conditions produce. And farther than that, I have a warm place in my heart for all little babies. My desire to see that *rara avis*, a woman anxious to endure cold, hunger, the sufferings of gestation and parturition, and willing that innocent little lives should share such hardships, that she might bring as great a number of children as possible into the world, made me resolve to visit her. And my instinctive feeling for the poor little one, thus unpropitiously ushered into existence, caused me to think of little garments made before the birth of my own child, worn by her, and now lying unused, yellowing with years. I have given away some of them, but there are certain unreasoning sentiments which are difficult to outgrow. But I knew that, no matter how much a woman may desire to increase the number of her husband's children, clothing for them cannot be provided in superabundance on an income of thirty cents a day.

Fancy a smoky, murky, dirty street, with electric cars flashing between struggling teams, and with many people on the sidewalks even on a stormy Sunday afternoon. Go with me down a narrow stairway, past two small windows the tops of which are on a level with the sidewalk. The door is opened by a little boy, disclosing to view a small, dark room. An old man sits at a table reading a Hebrew Bible. The reporter described him as "a small man with a grizzled, unkempt beard and straggling locks of hair that fall from a small, greasy skull cap. Whether sleeping or waking he never takes off the cap." A little fellow rolls marbles on the floor, but my interest is centered on the tiny bundle held by a little girl over in the corner by the stove. I tell the girl the object of my visit,—that I want to see the baby, and having had experience know that such new arrivals need plenty of clothes and take the opportunity of placing some of mine where they will do some good. Then the mother enters. She is low in stature. Her face is deathly white, with downward lines from corners of eyes and mouth, but it lights up with a pleasant smile. She looks as though she might be intelligent if she had any opportunity for development. The conversation is necessarily limited to the children and myself, except such remarks as the little girl interprets.

But the baby! Such a tiny morsel of humanity I never before held in my arms. It seemed of no weight at all, and the skin lay in innumerable wrinkles on the bones of its fragile fingers. It seemed that it would be utterly lost in a dress which was rather small for my child when new-born. But I could not keep my eyes from the face—so thin, that it gave the eyes an unusually large, preternaturally solemn appearance. It stared unseeing on me, and the cold, which partly obstructed eyes and nose, gave it an expression of pain which made my heart ache.

"The baby will have pretty eyes," I remarked to the girl.

"But it cries so—it don't sleep at night, much, and not in the day unless some one holds it. We haven't any buggy or cradle for it. I hold it on Sundays."

"And on other days—?"

"O, then it must cry."

"Do you go to school?" I asked.

"No; I have not time."

She is fourteen; but in size she does not appear eleven.

"Your mamma looks well, considering her illness, and is up soon."

There is the flash of an indescribable smile as with a slight shrug she responds:

"O, yes,—but she's got to!"

The mother, it seems, does not transmit her reputed intense desire for babies to all her children. A little boy of three years awoke and cried. I tried to make friends with him, telling him of my little girl.

"She loves babies so dearly," I said. "She would be glad to see these."

"He don't like them," replied little Hannah. "He strains at the baby, and comes around and pokes his fingers in its eyes."

The father of this interesting family is very proud of the number and hopes to increase it to at least forty. The fact that twenty-two are already dead does not in the least discourage him. He smokes his pipe, reads his Bible, and undoubtedly thinks that "The Lord hath taken away."

It must not be forgotten that this child-torture, this child-murder, is both legal and respectable. If any one, however, had told the mother how to prevent the conception of this frail specimen of humanity such information would have been held to be illegal and the one who imparted it would have risked imprisonment. Yet I wonder how many of our law-makers and law-worshippers there are who would be willing to enter life under similar circumstances.

When I came away it was with a heart-sick feeling of helplessness and hopelessness. The room, the people, are photographed in my memory, but more indelibly than any is the face of that tiny baby with its great eyes in which I fancied I could read the question,—Why? The face followed me, and would not be banished. It fixed itself between me and the speakers at the meeting to which I next went. And that evening, at the home of friends, that little face was with me, and the music and pleasant conversation could not banish it from my mind.

The story of "The Prisoner of Chillon" has caused many tears to flow. But, as a matter of fact, he had only six years of imprisonment to endure, and he was not bringing others into the world to live again his misery.

But, in fancy, just transpose Bonnivard from the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. Bring him from the Castle of Chillon overlooking one of the most beautiful lakes of the world, to a three-celled dungeon under the ground near the Chicago river. Then have him condemned by a special dispensation of Providence to bring a little Bonnivard into existence every year, at the peril of his own life, and add to that the maternal instinct which feels intensified every pain which the child may suffer.

There would then be no tears shed over the fate of Bonnivard. Reporters, in the fullness of their sympathetic hearts, would sketch his "happy family," and press and pulpit would unite in lauding the institutions established and maintained for his protection.

### As Some Others See Us.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The opponents of social radicalism are just now helping me to view life on its humorous side. As part of my propagandistic work, I am writing a good many letters to persons who have in some way become imbued with the delusion that they are Freethinkers. As one of the consequences, I am receiving communications that alternately warm the cockles of my heart and send cold shivers chasing one another down my spine. I laugh at the ridiculous spectacles these men are making of themselves, and I am chilled when I remember that they suppose themselves to represent the "advanced thought" of the age, and that their ballots possess the power wielded by those of the same number of clear thinkers and all-around humanitarians. Here is the first sample:

If every person who marries would act as kind to each other all the rest of their existence as they did previous to their marriage. The pernicious doctrine of Free Love would never have been thought of.

That construction is simply awful, but I have managed to rescue from the tangle of words the thought that if men and women never married they would be kind to each other, for it is perfectly plain that persons tied together will irritate and annoy each other, that it is absolutely impossible for them to be as considerate and gentle when bound as when free. Let my correspondent try the experiment with two children that have

always been the most friendly of playmates; let him tie them together and see how long it will be before they are quarreling and pulling hair. Let him try the experiment with the household cat and dog or with two hitherto peaceable cats. Liberty conduces to harmony; restraint stirs up strife and banishes order. Legal, monogamic, indissoluble marriage is, inherently and always, the enemy of respect, tenderness and self-hood.

Says another gentleman:

There is much need of education on matters you mention, but of a kind that don't take men from their wives and children and send them tripping over the world hunting after damned affinities and winding up with St. Botolph Street tragedies.

The conclusion is a *non sequitur*. If the death together of an unmarried man and an unmarried woman by the accidental inhaling of illuminating gas is to be charged to the account of social freedom, must we not charge to the account of legal marriage the overcoming of two married couples by gas in the same week that witnessed the death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Colpus? The gentleman's logic is enough to make Whately turn in his grave. Should he say that had our friends not been together they would not have died together, I retort that had the husbands and wives mentioned not been together they would not have died together. My assertion is as good as his; both are truisms, and neither has any bearing on the questions at issue between the social radical and the champion of compulsory marriage.

Last but not least comes a far Western scholar with this:

I don't wish to be come a member of any Free Love outfit. I have had two papers of *Lucifer* sent to me and I do not want any more and I do not want any Free Love Books in my way of thinking. A man or woman to believe in Free Love they must have a head on their shoulders like a road lizard.

Only that and nothing more! My friend is not sufficiently clear in his statements. While he says with perfect distinctness that he does not want any free love books of his own way of thinking, he does not specify whether free love books of my way of thinking would be or would not be acceptable. Possibly he can be suited yet in this line of literature, for if his library of free love books is composed of tomes in his own way of thinking and if his way of thinking is as confused as his way of expressing his thoughts, he will be agreeably surprised when he examines free love books of the free lovers' way of thinking—and writing. In all seriousness, no man who is so poorly equipped for investigation can expect to understand the doctrines of social radicalism. Our friend's reference to "a man or a woman with a head on their shoulders like a road lizard," reminds me of a pleasant story of one of the erstwhile prominent Liberal lecturers. The gentleman has long been famous for his gallant championship of the cause so ably espoused by my jester with the president's English. A good many years ago he engaged in a debate with a Christian minister in a small Iowa village. Of course a great many Christians came out to hear their side defended against the assaults of the Infidel. It should be said here, as a statement of fact, that our representative is the possessor of a neck that would be no discredit to a middle-aged and generously nourished Catholic priest. A Christian woman who heard the discussion was asked her opinion of the disputants. Of course she had only words of praise for the minister, but when it came to the Infidel she was not slow to say that, looking upon that neck with the eye of the alert student of character, she believed that its owner would display remarkable earnestness and agility in passing from the ground to a point of observation in the top of a tall tree, provided that a comely woman had preceded him in that direction. Now, I am free to admit, it is not impossible that the Christian lady's remark was inspired by religious prejudice; nevertheless, it is a coincidence worth noting that the Infidel itinerant thus summarily judged is at present camping with virtuous vindictiveness on the trail of the dead and therefore non-resisting Samuel P. Putnam.

Protection against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough; there needs to be protection also against the tyranny of prevailing opinion and feeling.—John Stuart Mill.

## Currency and Freedom.

BY W. F. BORLAND.

The antiquarian who is contributing a series of alleged "sociologic lessons" to the very interesting columns of *Lucifer* came nearer to the truth than he has generally been able to get during his very protracted, but entirely harmless, excursions into the realm of sociology, when he declared that prices do not depend on the volume of currency; and I fear the editor of *Lucifer* is a trifle hasty in asserting that it is "a self-evident proposition that prices do depend mainly upon the volume of currency in circulation."

I would like to have this "self-evident" proposition applied to the case of kerosene oil, for instance; to sugar, or to anthracite coal. State if doubling the present volume of money would double the prices of these commodities,—and why? Suppose the present volume of money were reduced one-half, would it inevitably follow that the price of oil would be cut squarely in two? And what is to prevent the Standard Oil Company from charging 50 cents a gallon for oil now instead of the price it does charge? Is it the volume of money in circulation, or is it something else?

There are a great many of these "self-evident" propositions in economics and sociology which have assumed the character of truth merely through force of continued iteration. The believers in true freedom ought not to be deceived concerning the true nature of the propositions; neither ought they to have much difficulty in estimating at its true worth the insipid rehash of ancient economic superstitions which is being presented to them in the columns of *Lucifer* under the name of "sociologic lessons."

However, the author of these curious "lessons" is right when he declares the prevalent volume theory of money, as taught by Ricardo, Mill, and their long line of illustrious imitators in economic science, a fallacy; but he kicks his fat all in the fire again when he returns to the market value of gold as the regulator of prices. That is merely a restatement of the fallacious volume theory in another form,—the wise author of these alleged "sociologic lessons" ought to be able to see that.

I am a believer in unlimited freedom. I utterly repudiate all government, all artificial, man-made laws. I say, with Burke, "In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, and that I fall out only with the abuse. The thing; the thing itself is the abuse!" When I reason on social and economic problems, I try to do so from this standpoint, and in the light of true freedom, as far as I am able. I believe the editor of *Lucifer*, so far as government and the necessity for full freedom is concerned, holds views similar to my own, if not identical.

Then let him divest his mind of preconceived opinions; let him forget all about the so-called "laws of trade" and all other of the fundamental propositions of the bastard science, misnamed "Political Economy,"—because they all imply both government and private property—and let him take a short mental excursion into the realm of true freedom. When he has done this, I am convinced that he will be able to recognize and classify some facts concerning price which will knock many of his present "self-evident" propositions into a cocked hat.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXIX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY. The law that demand and supply are connected underlies all commercial transactions. No legislation can affect it permanently. If people desire an article which is scarce, the demand being greater than the supply, the price necessarily advances. Any law to the contrary will be evaded. The holders can not be compelled to sell if they do not wish to, and they will not wish to sell unless they can get the increased amount which the scarcity of the article warrants. On the other hand no one can be compelled by law to buy an article he does not want, and the only way articles of which the supply is superabundant can be sold is by a reduction of the price.

This law effectually supplants the principle that has been proposed, "Cost the limit of price;" for if an article has cost more than the market price it can not be sold for its cost; and if it has cost less than the market price the owner will not be willing to lose the difference.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 12, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 367, and C. E. 1867?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 11. Charles Turner Brown will read a paper on "Untrodden Paths in Anthropology."

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

IF OUR subscribers would take note of the special offer as given on last page of recent Lucifers, and send us the names of a few of their friends as trial subscribers, thereby securing to themselves some good premium literature, they would confer a favor upon Lucifer and also upon their friends and themselves.

## Volume of Currency—Trusts, etc.

Thanking W. P. Borland for his frank and sharp but not unkindly criticism, so far as it refers to myself, and looking over the article criticised I see evidence that it was "hastily" written. The word "currency" should have been defined, since it is used so frequently in more senses than one. Webster's definition, in part, is,

"That which is in circulation, or is given or taken as having value, or as representing property."

Used in this sense currency may include the "Labor Check," issued by the organizations called "Labor Exchange," which certainly does not take the gold dollar as its "basis."

Yes, it is doubtless true that monopolies and trusts, such as Standard Oil, Sugar Trust and Coal Combines, do control prices to an extent unheard-of in *Ante-bellum* days. I should perhaps have said, "leaving out of the problem the baleful influence of modern trusts and combines the volume of currency is the chief factor in determining prices of commodities, or products of labor."

It will doubtless be objected that this is yielding the whole field, since it is easily shown that we have always had with us the great parent trust, the combine of combines, the giant octopus or devil-fish trust, from whose slimy tentacles there is no escaping, viz., the "government" itself!

While this objection voices a tremendous truth it is also true that, in the memory of many of Lucifer's readers, there was a time when this most iniquitous and most powerful of all the trusts that now rob the people—the government itself—was a very different thing from what it is today. During the years from 1830, we may say, to 1860, the power for evil exercised by governments, state and national, was as a mole hill to a mountain compared to what it now is.

During the great war waged for the inauguration of the reign of plutocracy,—commonly but falsely called the war for the abolition of "slavery"—the powers of government in this country were enormously increased, and with this increase of power came, naturally enough, the abuses of that power. Prominent among these abuses is the formation, the birth and the rapid growth of a vast brood of corporation trusts and combines, children that exercise power for evil second only to that of the parent trust from which they derive their existence. During the decades referred to there was comparatively speaking no monopoly of coal—of oil, of sugar,—and almost no monopoly of machinery or of transportation. And it is of this period I was probably thinking when the paragraph about the currency was written, in my brief reply to the "Sociologic Lesson."

Referring to the reply of H. M. Parkhurst entitled "Restricted Currency," I have room only to say that the principle enunciated in the last line of his brief reply seems to cover the ground. "All the restriction is to protect, first from fraud, and second from robbery."

If this is all the restriction needed then we can have, or should have, free issue and free trade in currency—as in all commodities. Free trade in currency would mean no privileged class of currency. This would abolish "legal tender" as a government monopoly or privilege.

Protecting from "fraud and robbery" would protect against such gigantic frauds and robberies as was perpetrated upon the debt-paying people when their debt was changed from one of "Greenbacks" to one of gold. If it were possible to right any wrong by punishment, what would be the measure of punishment that would fit the perpetrators of this crime of the ages?

## The Case of Joseph R. Dunlop.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

Joseph R. Dunlop, editor and publisher of the Chicago "Dispatch," was taken to the Joliet penitentiary Tuesday of last week to serve a term of two years imprisonment. This penalty, together with a fine of \$2,000, was imposed upon him for the crime of using the United States mail for the purpose of circulating literature which a jury in the federal court held to be obscene. The literature said to be obscene consisted of different advertisements which were repeatedly published in his newspaper.

As a personal acquaintance and former employe of Mr. Dunlop, I will, at the request of the editor of Lucifer, give a brief and as nearly as possible unbiased account of his record during my acquaintance with him, and my view of his prosecution, conviction and imprisonment.

I first met Mr. Dunlop about nine years ago when he was appointed city editor of the Chicago "Times." This was at the time of the reorganization of that paper, a few years after the death of its owner, Wilbur F. Storey. Subsequently, about six years ago, I became an employe of the Chicago "Times" of which Mr. Dunlop was then managing editor. During two years association with Mr. Dunlop I found him to be very considerate of his subordinates and very devoted to his own duties as the director of the newspaper. While the "Times" was under his control he was so careful of the "tone" of the paper that the use in its columns of such words as "rape," "seduction," "abortion" and even "criminal assault" were absolutely forbidden. News items, the interest of which was

due to illicit sexual association, were rejected, except in very rare instances where the nature of the facts or the prominence of the persons involved seemed absolutely to demand publication.

After the purchase of the "Times" by the late Carter H. Harrison, father of Chicago's present mayor, Mr. Dunlop became publisher of the Chicago "Mail." He made the paper lively and sensational but did not permit the use of any words in its columns which, to use a conventional phrase, would offend the most fastidious.

About four years ago he started the Chicago "Dispatch" and his policy of puritan exclusiveness in the use of words suddenly changed. From the very start the paper was startling in its sensationalism. Its columns teemed with items of the kind usually found in such papers as the "Police Gazette." Stories of seduction, rape, adultery and so-called crimes against nature were printed with bold and striking headlines. It is true the paper, while publishing these stories, never failed to stigmatize and condemn the actors in these infractions of the code of conventional morality.

The sensational nature of the paper soon gained for it a large sale in the streets. It is also true that the "Dispatch" did a good work by its fearless exposure of frauds and swindlers and was the means of forcing the restitution of considerable money to the defrauded victims. The sensational nature of the paper naturally attracted a class of advertisements which were excluded by the other Chicago dailies. This does not refer to the advertisements of "baths," "massage," or medicines for sexual disorders, for many of the other newspapers published such advertisements. The advertisements which were peculiar to the "Dispatch" were generally of a personal nature and were under the classified headings of "Personals," "Furnished Rooms" and "Situations Wanted." I have not a file of the paper at hand to give copies of actual advertisements, but from memory I submit a few written in the same style as many of those which were published in the "Dispatch."

**PERSONAL.**—A young lady (18) typewriter, employed during the day, would receive a few gentlemen callers in the evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. — State street.

**FURNISHED ROOMS.**—A widow living alone has a few handsomely furnished rooms to rent for occasional use. Ladies introduced.

**PERSONAL.**—The little French lady has opened magnificent bath parlors at — W. Madison street. Special attention paid to idiosyncrasies.

Many of the actual advertisements were even more suggestive than the samples given above. It was impossible for a man or woman of ordinary intelligence to mistake their thinly veiled meaning. And these advertisements were the basis of the indictment of Mr. Dunlop.

Now as to the defense set up by Mr. Dunlop's friends. The contention that he did not know these advertisements were in the paper is obviously untrue and if it were true it is irrelevant. It was his business to know it. It is also obviously untrue that he did not know the meaning of these advertisements. While no obscene word was used it is clear that the whole tone of many of these advertisements clearly brought them in the scope of the term "obscenity" as generally understood and as almost invariably construed by the courts. In my opinion then Mr. Dunlop was technically "guilty as charged in the indictment," and his conviction was in accordance with the evidence.

In extenuation Mr. Dunlop pleads that the publication of these advertisements did good by calling attention to the evils which the community permitted to exist without even attempting to suppress. This plea, if advanced as justification for his conduct, refutes the claims that he did not know the advertisements were in the paper and did not know their meaning. And even admitting it to be true, it would only be another proof of the fact that it is sometimes a penitentiary offense to do good. For instance the great majority of men and women in this country believe the knowledge of harmless methods of prevention of conception is a good thing and yet it is a penitentiary offense to even inform, or offer to inform, any person how conception can be prevented. So Mr. Dunlop's plea, even if true, does not disprove his technical guilt, but merely proves the injustice of the law.

Since his conviction an effort has been made to create the impression that it was due in a great measure to the fact that he published the only daily newspaper in Chicago which championed the cause of free silver. Such an impression is incorrect. He was indicted and convicted before his paper had gained any notoriety as an advocate of free coinage. If the claim were made that the enforcement of his penitentiary sentence was due in part to the political attitude of his paper it would not be incredible. It is possible, and not improbable, that the imprisonment part of his sentence would have been remitted if his attitude toward the other Chicago newspapers had been less defiant.

Now I admit it is my belief that Mr. Dunlop was technically guilty and was legally convicted, but I do not think his punishment is justifiable. I do not mean that there should be made in his favor any discrimination between him, the wealthy publisher of a great newspaper, and the poorest and meanest man convicted on a similar charge. I will not waste space in denouncing the unjust law which has sent to the prison cell so many real public benefactors. Its monstrosity ought to be apparent to every reader of a newspaper. But, even admitting the justice of the law (merely for the sake of argument, for I believe it not only unjust but unconstitutional) the penalty imposed is unjust and against public policy. Even a governmental, if he be humane, must admit that punishment is not a just function of government. Penalties for crimes should be for the purpose of either restitution, reform or restraint. Punishment in retaliation is an act of vengeance which should have no place outside of barbarism.

If Mr. Dunlop's alleged crime injured anybody the only restitution he could make was by paying for it. The jurors seemed to take this as part of their view and they assessed against him a fine of \$2,000. But in addition to this the penitentiary sentence was imposed. What for? Not for restitution, for the government must pay for his maintenance while he is in prison. Not to reform him, for he discontinued the publication of that class of advertisements as soon as he was indicted. Not to restrain him from again printing such advertisements; for the imposition of the fine convinced him that such publications were unprofitable. The penitentiary sentence then was an act of vengeance and such an act never yet had a good effect on a law-breaker.

The sentence is against public policy because it is an act of vengeance. It is against public policy because it smacks of persecution which is abhorrent to the lovers of personal liberty. Hence it creates disrespect for the law, the courts and the government. It tends to make a martyr of a man upon whom it seeks to heap ignominy, and thereby it defeats its own aim. In fact the imprisonment of Mr. Dunlop will not make him a better citizen; it will not make vice more abhorred and virtue more respected; it will be an expense to the tax-payers for his maintenance while in prison and I can not see that it will benefit anybody, unless it be to gratify the spite of his personal enemies and increase the vindictive joy of the self-constituted regulators of other people's business.

In this connection I would say that Mr. Dunlop declares he submitted copies of his paper to governmental authorities and asked them to pass upon the legality of just such advertisements as those on which his indictment was based. They refused to give an opinion and for more than two years his paper was regularly received at the Chicago post office and transmitted through the mails and no objection was made, although the same kind of advertisements were printed in nearly every issue. This being the case, he was in some degree justifiable in believing he was not violating the postal laws. Further than this he showed his regard for those laws by omitting lottery advertisements from the mail editions of his paper although such advertisements were printed in the editions sold in the streets.

It seems only fair that the publisher of a newspaper should be officially notified that it contains unmailable matter before any steps are taken to indict him or exclude his paper from the

mails. In such a case I believe few editors would be indicted for such offenses. They would, as a rule, eliminate such matter from the paper rather than incur the penalty. So long as the definition of obscenity is left to a jury easily influenced by conventional prejudice and the eloquent indignation of hired attorneys the liberty of the press is a delusion and it becomes a crime to teach even the most important facts of physiology.

### "Restricted Currency."

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

I had supposed, until I read friend Harman's remarks in *Lucifer*, No. 656, that I was arguing for unrestricted currency; but I must admit that I do favor a little restriction, and I will define how much.

1. Any currency, no matter by whom issued, must state on its face, at least by implication, exactly what it represents. A counterfeit coin or bill should not be permitted. And for individuals to issue coins or bills and call them "dollars" would be a lie.

2. No currency should be a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted to be paid in something else.

That is all the restriction that I now think of as necessary. Any one should be allowed to coin money of any kind he pleases, and print bills of any kind he pleases, provided they do not so resemble other coins or bills as to be liable to be mistaken for them, in which case they would be counterfeits. Any one should be allowed to receive such coins or bills in the payment of debts, or for property or services; but to compel him to receive them would be robbery. All the restriction is to protect, first from fraud, and second from robbery.

### A Last Word.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Just a little explanation and it shall be my last word, for a long time at least, on this subject of contracepts. In my article in which I speak of Ruedebusch, Harman, et. al. practicing continence, I should have said teach men to practice continence. I really meant the sex and not those particular men, and yet I do not believe in continence as a rule any more than I do contracepts. I believe sex-association the natural right of the race, but I have heard men say that with a little care there was no need of a man impregnating a woman. I do not know if this is so, but men have told me so, and what I wished to say was, Throw the responsibility on your own sex, not upon ours. If there must be care upon either side let the men assume it.

By the way, I have a case for Comstock. A lady who bore children oftener than she wished had a husband who was a trance medium—was controlled by a spirit doctor. This lady questioned this spirit doctor as to whether there was no way to avoid becoming pregnant when she did not desire it, and while her husband was thus entranced she received through his lips full instructions which she has carried out successfully. Now what will Comstock do about it? arrest the spirit, the man for what he said when not conscious, the woman for carrying out the instructions received, or all three? I can show him the man and the woman if he will come here, and perhaps he is smart enough to catch the spirit with the help of a few policemen.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Thus chatting in a friendly way Alice was endeavoring to array Cora in a pretty gown of soft, clinging, warm-hued material, but the fussy little woman was far too excited to be of any real use, and not until Imelda appeared, already dressed, was her toilet completed. With deft and ready fingers Imelda lent the needed assistance, then selecting some of the bright hued flowers from a vase filled with the various blooms of mid-

summer, and which was standing upon a small table near one of the open windows, she twined them in the dark chestnut coils, then fastening a bunch at the snowy throat and standing at a distance she measured her sister with a critical and admiring look.

"Now look at yourself. Do you think you would please a fastidious eye?" The vision that met her gaze as she turned to the mirror was a mixture of girlish sweetness and of serious womanly dignity. Returning health and strength were filling the fair form with a roundness and tingeing the serious, half-sad face with exquisite color. Cora passed more than a passing glance at the reflected full-length image, and while she looked the eyes of both fair women in attendance were watching her face, and presently they saw the lips quiver, the eyelids droop and the crystal drops force their way from under them and cling like liquid pearls to the dark lashes. Imelda's face bent over her sister's till it rested on the dark-crowned head. Instinctively she felt what the thoughts were that caused the tears to gather, but she had not one word to say. Cora's well hand went up to Imelda's face and her lips whispered,

"He whom my appearance would please is not here; so what does it so much matter?"

Imelda shook her head and forced a smile to her lips.

"Ah, but, little sister, it does matter. Don't you know that you are to meet someone else tonight that I wish so much to be pleased!" Playfully smiling she lifted the drooping face and looked into the tear-wet eyes. The questioning look in them suddenly gave way to one of understanding.

"I had forgotten that I was of some importance tonight. Yes, you are right. It does matter, and I do want to please."

Dinner was now announced and the trio descended to the dining room. Here Lawrence Westcot was awaiting them. Imelda had not seen him since the unpleasant meeting with Frank in the garden, and unexpectedly finding herself opposite the dark-eyed passionate man threatened momentarily to disconcert her. A flush mounted to her brow, then receded, leaving it marble white. But quickly regaining her self-possession she saw that no one had noticed anything amiss. Mr. Westcot came forward and in a few well chosen words expressed his pleasure at her return; next he acknowledged the introduction to Cora, for a moment closely studying her face. The dinner came off rather quietly to say nothing of the feeling of restraint felt by all. Alice seemed to have lost the fear that for so long had been a drawback to her full recovery, at least it was not now so apparent, but there was no confidence as yet established between herself and Mr. Westcot. They were more like strangers who found the task of getting acquainted a tedious and irksome one. Imelda, with the consciousness that the memories of the past brought her, felt great constraint, and it is not to be wondered at that Cora felt the influence thus brought to bear upon her, and felt quite uncomfortable. The ladies spoke in monosyllables, and although the efforts of Lawrence Westcot to produce something like a flow of conversation, to bring a feeling of harmony to the little company, were almost incessant they fell decidedly flat. So when the meal was brought to a close the feelings that were retained were anything but pleasant. Lawrence made his excuses almost instantly and withdrew, thus clearing the field and leaving the ladies to themselves. They were not slow in taking advantage of the fact that they were alone, and as the husband paced the veranda the voices of the chatting and laughing women came very clearly to his hearing. A bitter smile curved his lips. He felt that he was no longer welcome in his own home. Yet was any one to blame but himself? But what had he done, he asked himself, other than men were wont to do? Nothing! he felt sure. But an inward voice whispered,

"These women are not like other women. You have not understood them, but have taken it for granted that they were the same. When too late you recognized the fact, and all your efforts to set yourself right in your own home have been vain. Yet have these efforts been all they should have been? Have you in reality done all that could be done?"



He leaned against a pillar and gazed into the darkening shadows of the coming night while thought chased thought. Yes! he would make one more effort, for was not the life he was living in his palatial home fast becoming unbearable? While he was dreaming with open eyes a queenly head appeared before him, crowned with a glorious wealth of dark hair. Passionately dark eyes emitted flashes of fire, scornful in their scintillations.

Passing his hand over his eyes with an impatient movement he heaved a weary sigh and in a tone that was almost a moan the words broke from his lips, "Why, O why is this all!"

Just then a step aroused him, and glancing up the friend of other days stood before him. Very seldom indeed had Norman Carlton favored Mapledawn with his presence in these later days. The harmony that had once existed there was broken, though he did not understand why, and in consequence remained away. Westcott had long ago recognized the injustice of the unmanly words he had in a fit of passion hurled at his wife, and if he had needed proof that he was wrong, Carlton's remaining away during the enforced absence of Imelda Ellwood and his sudden reappearance at the very moment of her return, ought to give him that proof. But to do him justice, he no longer needed it, and if he believed he had read correctly a secret page in her life he knew only too well who it was that had digressed farthest from the prescribed line. Norman would have passed him but he laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I understand the attraction," said Westcott, "but no harm will be done if you will give me a half hour first. We have been drifting apart, and I would not have it so. Something has gone out of my life, leaving it empty; and sometimes life itself seems a burden. Will you assist me to make a reparation?"

A look of surprise overspread the face of the young man. Then he hastened to say:

"Certainly I will. Have we not always been fast friends in the past? I have no desire to let a friendship of almost life-long standing die a death so sudden."

"Then come," said Westcott, and together they wended their way down through the grounds, and were soon lost in the shadows. When they returned an hour had passed. Both faces were perhaps a shade paler, a shade more serious, but the old confidence has been restored. What overtures had been made, what words spoken will never perhaps be revealed, but firmly clasping hands Norman spoke:

"You have my advice!"

"And I will follow it!"

"Thank you! You have spoken like a man. Under the circumstances I think it is the only way that is open and I am a poor judge of human nature in general, and of women in particular, if such a proceeding as you now contemplate will not restore peace and confidence to the little circle under your roof."

With a last glance into the eyes of the other he dropped his hand and entered the room where the trio of women were trying to while away the hours that were to bring at least one fair girl's friend and lover. Just as he stepped across the low French window Imelda was running her fingers across the key board of the piano. Cora was standing by her side. Ere he had advanced more than a step a voice of singular sweetness arose and filled the room. In an instant more a second manly face appeared in the frame of the open window. All unconscious of her audience the girl gave full vent in song to the feelings that swelled her breast. The notes rose and fell and vibrated, until the very air seemed to be full of life and feeling. With bated breath the men stood and listened, forgetful of aught else but the rare sweet music of the young pathetic voice; a voice that possessed the power of carrying them away beyond themselves. The song was a translation from the German by Heine—the famous "Lorelei," a selection well calculated to try the strength and compass of the voice that attempts it. Its weird and melancholy pathos moved the inmost hearts of the listeners. As the last vibrant notes died away the sound of applauding hands fell upon the ear, and hastily turning the trio espied

the two men, standing just where they had entered. A blush overspread the face of the fair singer. It was the first time that other ears than those of Owen Hunter had listened to the magic sound of that voice when raised in song.

With a quick movement Imelda stepped forward and with outstretched hand greeted the new comer. By the heightened color of her face and the happy light that shone in the lustrous dark eyes Cora quickly judged who it was that so suddenly had stepped into their midst, and in a moment more was bowing in acknowledgment of the introduction which had followed. As she felt the searching glance the clear eyes bent upon her Cora again felt the tell-tale blood mount to her face, but with an effort overcoming the embarrassed feeling she openly returned the look. That which Norman Carlton saw within the depth of the hazel eyes must have been satisfactory for, extending his hand with a firm quick motion he said:

"I am"—pleased, he was going to say but changed it to—"glad to meet Imelda's sister"—emphasizing the "sister."

"I hope we may be friends."

"Thank you." Scarcely above a whisper, and with a fluttering breath, the words dropped from the slightly trembling lips, and one felt, rather than heard, the depths of feeling contained in the two little words. In that moment Cora knew that she had found another friend. His words were no idle phrase. Imelda also understood, and her heart gave a great bound. Did it not mean much? She took a step backward,—she wanted the two to become better acquainted. Would they have anything to say to each other? A little while she would leave them together. Turning to the side of Alice who was carelessly standing just a little beyond, plucking the scarlet blossoms of a geranium to pieces, while her glance traveled a little nervously to the man who was still standing by the open window. What did it all mean?

For weeks now Mr. Westcott had studiously avoided meeting his wife. His meals were either taken late or away from home, and the drawing room had not once known his presence in all that time. Was the old life about to be taken up again? The white teeth sank into the red lips and a tremor seized and shook her form. She raised her hand in search of a support. Imelda saw her reel, and with a quick movement caught her in her arms. But another also had watched this little by-play, and a few strides brought Lawrence Westcott to the side of the woman he called his wife. Pouring a little ice water from the pitcher that was standing near by he held it to her lips.

"Drink," he said. Quietly obeying she drank a few swallows. Pushing a large easy chair forward in such position as would shield her face from the glaring light of the chandelier, he would have led her to it, but she evaded his hand and managed to reach it unaided. Bending over her he inquired the cause of her sudden indisposition. Nervously she answered:

"Nothing. It is nothing. I will be better in a moment. The coming home of the girls must have excited me. I thought I was stronger than I am." Was it an anxious look he bent upon her? He did not speak, however, and quietly withdrew.

To be continued.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 20.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 19, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 659.

### The Truth.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still,  
Thoughts were not made for strife nor tongues for swords.  
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,  
And that's not truth that hath the heart to still.

—Archibald Lampman.

### The Tragedy at Boston—Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins.

Some one has said that the ending of every life is a tragedy. That no matter how calm and peaceful; no matter how painless, how joyous or triumphant, even; no matter how well-rounded, how successful, how fully crowned with years and with honors the life of any human being may be, its termination is a tragedy, a calamity, a disaster. If life has been a success, a blessing, an honor, a glory to its possessor its loss is to be deplored, not only for the sake of the loser himself but because of the good he could have done for others if life had been prolonged. If life has been a failure, a mistake, a sorrow, a despair, so much the greater need that it should be prolonged, so that mistakes could be corrected and that success, joy and honor might yet take the place of failure, of sorrow and of dishonor.

However this may be it seems very true that the sudden ending of the mortal careers of Samuel P. Putnam and of May L. Collins, at Boston on the night of the 13th of December last—the one in what is commonly considered the prime of mature manhood, and the other in the first years of strong, self-centered womanhood, had in it much of the tragic, the disastrous, the mournful, the sorrowful,—not to say the pitiful. To many of the surviving friends of these two distinguished representatives of modern progressive thought this untimely ending has seemed to involve a loss that is nearly if not quite irreparable. Some have said that this tragedy has given the Freethought cause a set-back from which it will take at least twenty-five years to recover.

But are these views philosophical? are they truly rational? Is there ever any real loss, ever any real disaster or tragedy, in any of nature's realms? In the domain of physics—so-called—it is now universally conceded that there can be no real loss, whether of matter or of energy. No atom of matter, no measure or quantum of force, is ever annihilated, or made less, but only changes its form, its phenomena or mode of motion, disappearing at one place to reappear in some other place or at some other time.

Reasoning analogically, is it not probable, if not demonstrable, that the same principle, the same mode of action (or of being) holds true and good in all of Nature's realms? While endless in diversity, is there not also unity as to general principles or methods in Nature's great workshop? If we held the keys to all her arcana I think we should find Dame Nature wonderful in simplicity as well as in variety and in multiplicity.

If this view be the correct one, is it philosophical to speak

of the "Boston tragedy" of December 1896, or of the "Chicago tragedy" of November 1887?

If nothing is ever lost; if conservation of matter and force has its counterpart in conservation of mind, of thought, of feeling, of life itself—whatever that mysterious force or entity called life may mean,—where then is the loss in the case of the rope-strangled Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer, or in the case of the gas-poisoned Putnam and Collins?

Whether the principle called "conservation of matter and force" extends to the realm of personal consciousness, or whether personal consciousness survives the disorganization and disappearance of the physical body, it may not be profitable here to discuss, but that the principle or rule of action sometimes called the law of *Use* is everywhere operative, and always commendable, requires little or no argument. In accord with this law or principle we may say that the lives, the recorded deeds, the expressed thoughts, the examples, the mental and moral characteristics of Samuel Putnam and May Collins are now the property of the women and the men who survive them, and who can be made better, wiser and happier by the object lessons given by these individual human entities. As each generation of animal or vegetable organisms utilizes the component elements that entered into the organisms of their predecessors so the actors on the stage of human life may and should utilize, as a heritage, the thoughts, deeds, characteristics, etc., of those who have played their part and passed off the stage.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says a poet philosopher. "We live in deeds, not years," said another. It matters not whether those who give us useful object lessons made their entrance upon the stage of life earlier or later than we ourselves; the important question for us, in this instance, is, how can we make our own lives richer, nobler, truer, better, by utilizing the legacy left by our brother man and sister woman so lately here with us but now gone from sight and sound—gone, so far as we certainly know, for all time.

By some readers it may be considered late in the day to write a leading article for *Lucifer* upon an event that occurred six months ago. If such objection find lodgment in the mind of anyone I would briefly reply thus:

Instead of too late it is yet much too early to write an impartial, an unbiased, estimate of the life and character of the now historic individual known in life as Samuel Porter Putnam, because of the animosities, the personal antagonisms that he was so unfortunate (or so fortunate) as to arouse among his contemporaries. It has been well said that no really great man's history can be written during his life or during the life of the generation immediately following his death.

Whether Mr. Putnam was a really great man or not I do not pretend to say, but I know that he held important offices in two or three national Freethought organizations; that he had been for many years a prominent and popular lecturer; had



been an organizer and conductor of national as well as local conventions of Freethinkers; was author of quite a number of books; a prominent contributor to many Freethought journals, and for some years was co-editor of a weekly paper called "Freethought," published at San Francisco, California.

Under these circumstances it was impossible that he should escape enmities, misunderstandings, antagonisms, misrepresentations, and during the life-time of those who assail, as well as those who defend him, it will be difficult if not impossible to write and publish an unbiased estimate of his character and of the work he did. He who attempts this task will place himself between two fires, and will find it impossible to avoid the imputation of bias for or against the subject of his writing.

This is one cause of delay in writing and publishing my own personal opinion or estimate of the character and the life-work of the late President of the American Secular Union. Another reason for delay is the fact that Mr. E. C. Walker, and others who were in better position to know the persons, and the facts pertaining to the tragedy, so-called, had written up the matter at some length, and had given their estimate of the significance of the sad occurrence in its relation to the cause with which the deceased were so intimately connected. The publication of the facts as seen by these writers seemed to leave little for me to say, and so I said very little, and should probably have continued silent had it not been that my own position, and the attitude of Lucifer in relation to the matter have been assailed and misrepresented in more than one Freethought publication.

In the January number of the "Free Thought Magazine," edited and published by H. L. Green of this city, appeared a long editorial giving Mr. Green's estimate of the causes that led to the tragedy, and connecting the name of Lucifer and its conductors with that of Mr. Putnam, in a way that seemed to call upon me for explanation and refutation. I therefore asked, as a matter of simple justice, that I be allowed to set the editor and his readers right as to the work we are attempting to do, and also to give my own estimate of the significance of the Boston disaster upon the work of "sex reform," or of the marriage question. Space in the April number of the "Free Thought Magazine" was granted for part of my statement, but the part relating to the Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins as alleged exponents of the "Freedom of Sex" movement was crowded out. At the close of my article, to which Mr. Green gave the name "A Free Lover's Creed," I stated that a copy of Lucifer giving my opinion of the "relation of the Boston tragedy to the marriage question," would be sent free to all applicants—intending to publish in Lucifer the matter for which there was no room in the "Free Thought Magazine." Many applications have been received asking for such statement, but from various causes it has been delayed until now.

This statement I now propose to make, and knowing so well the difficulties involved in such undertaking I ask in advance the forbearance of my readers, if in anything it appear to them that I am influenced by prejudice, or by personal likes or dislikes, or by resentment against the man or the men who, as it seems to me, have grossly misrepresented and still continue to misrepresent Lucifer and its conductors. While not claiming to be above or beyond personal resentments I try always to remember that all men, like all inanimate objects, "move along the lines of least resistance," and that when it comes to the last analysis of actions we all do as we must, and that therefore there is no place for praise or blame, in a scientific or philosophic sense. In other words, that when all conditions are considered—of heredity and environment—all men and all women are good or bad alike.

After this long prelude, which to me seemed necessary to a full understanding of the causes that induce me to monopolize Lucifer's space this week, I proceed to quote a few of the paragraphs from the "Free Thought Magazine" that in my thinking give a false coloring to the attitude of Lucifer in its relation to the cause of "Sex Freedom," and of Human Freedom in

general. In the January "Free Thought Magazine" appear the following paragraphs:

We hardly think it necessary for us to present more evidence to show that Mr. Putnam was a firm believer in the free-love theory of marriage. We notice that Lucifer, the organ of the free lovers of this country, has had more praise for Mr. Putnam since his death than all the Free Thought journals. Even the "Truth Seeker" has not published such high encomiums. And we have noticed that at Mr. Putnam's conventions in Chicago, the free lovers were very largely represented.—p. 55.

And we noticed the other day that when Mr. Foote intimated in an interview that free love was not a doctrine of Freethinkers, Lucifer took him to task for this heretical opinion. That a man can hardly be called a genuine Freethinker who believes in marriage is evidently Lucifer's opinion.—p. 56.

From these other paragraphs that might be adduced it is evident that the purpose of the editor of the "Free Thought Magazine" was to show that Mr. Putnam was a disciple or adherent of Sex-Freedom, or "free-love theory of marriage," as he terms it, and that Lucifer as the "organ of the free lovers of this country" was or is the special friend and champion of Mr. Putnam. To these statements and inferences I would briefly as possible reply.

First, that Lucifer is not the "organ," or official mouth-piece, of any organization, sect or class of people. Lucifer is now, and has been for more than sixteen years, the medium of communication for liberty-loving people, of whatever name or of no name. Each writer is alone responsible for the sentiments or opinions set forth in her or his article.

Second. Of Mr. Putnam personally I knew but little; of his habits and opinions in sex matters I knew nothing. My first acquaintance with him was at Valley Falls, Kansas, some eleven or twelve years ago, when he was traveling as Secretary of the National Secular Union. Mr. Walker and I arranged a course of lectures for him at that place, which engagement was filled to mutual satisfaction. After that I met him at three national conventions of the same organization, managed mainly by him, and on none of those occasions did I ever hear him express himself on the marriage question, and do not remember ever reading anything from his pen that would indicate that he was not in accord with the average "orthodox" marriage code. I never thought to inquire whether he was a married man or not—never considered that it was any part of my business to do so. For many years I have taken the ground that every man's, and every woman's, private life is his or her own affair, and that so long as they do not offensively intrude their opinions and practices upon the notice of others the world at large has no right to criticize and comment adversely.

Mr. Green publishes as evidence that Mr. Putnam was a "free lover," the fact that his wife obtained a divorce from him on the ground of "adultery," and also mentions, as further evidence, that he himself knew that Mr. Putnam, in company with a woman not his wife, registered at a hotel under an assumed name.

This line of argument, as Mr. Green should know, is very inconclusive; in fact no argument at all. Thousands of men and women, loyal to the marriage code, deliberately commit what the law calls adultery in order that their conjugal mates may have legal ground for divorce. This is often done by consent of all parties, or as it is called "by collusion." Whether such was the arrangement between Mr. Putnam and wife I have no means of knowing; have been told, however, by one of his personal friends that Mr. Putnam intended to fight the divorce suit against him, but was deceived by the lawyers who brought the case to trial without giving him proper notice.

Whether Mr. Putnam did right or wrong in the adjustment of his conjugal relations is not for me or for Mr. Green to decide. I freely take the ground that these are matters with which the general public has nothing whatever to do, and men and women sometimes, under the operation of invasive marriage laws and customs, resort to the expedient of assuming names other than their own, the fault probably lies with the laws and customs that tempt to or compel such deception, rather than with the persons themselves. Under the reign of

"Liberty and Responsibility" there would be no occasion for such warlike measures.

I say "warlike" advisedly. In war it is considered right to deceive an enemy in all possible ways. Even Washington, he of "little hatchet" fame, deliberately lied to General Clinton when by intercepted letters he made that officer believe that he was about to attack New York when his real object was to steal a march on Lord Cornwallis. And the lie brought him success. Under antinatural marriage laws human society is in a state of war, and if "strategy" is resorted to it is the fault mainly of the laws themselves. I have seen or heard no evidence that Mr. Putnam ever deceived, assaulted or otherwise maltreated, any woman; or that he failed in his duty to any woman's child or children.

Elsewhere in his "Obituary Notice," in order to convict Mr. Putnam, and Lucifer as his alleged defender, Mr. Green makes the claim that Putnam's "drinking habit and free love doctrine finally were the primary cause that brought him and his young associate, Miss Collins, to their untimely death, and disgrace on the Liberal movement." The evidence he brings to establish this claim would certainly astonish a "Philadelphia lawyer," familiar as that legendary individual is supposed to be with intellectual gymnastics.

As to Mr. Putnam's drinking habit I know absolutely nothing, but from cotemporary evidence I am satisfied that he was not a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. In all my interviews with him, however, I never noticed that he had been drinking, have sat at table with him often and never saw him drink anything stronger than coffee. But that he was intoxicated on the night of his death there seems not one particle of proof. That there was alcoholic liquor in the room in which his dead body was found is no proof of intoxication; liquors are often carried as medicine; neither was the fact that he had drunk wine at supper a few hours before, any proof of such physical condition. Thousands and millions of people drink wine at meals every day in the year who never were known to be intoxicated, as that word is commonly understood. The fact that Mr. Putnam could make a rapid run to catch a train, as was stated, after leaving the supper table is pretty strong proof to the contrary.

While the attempt to prove that drunkenness had anything to do with the death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins shows Mr. Green to have peculiar notions in regard to logical sequences his effort to bring in his alleged "free love doctrine" as a factor in producing the "untimely death" of these two persons is still more amazing. It is simply the despair of logic, the negation of logic, if I know what logic means. As has been pointed out often before, the statement that the bodies were "fully clothed" when found, and the "bed clothes undisturbed" may have some logical connection with the query as to "when and how the bodies fell from the bed to the floor," but few logicians would probably be able to see the sequence, the natural connection, the one with the other.

Once more: Suppose the facts had been favorable to Mr. Green's hypothesis. Suppose, for the argument, that, S. P. Putnam and May L. Collins had died in each other's arms, undressed and in bed together. What then? Would it logically follow that their death was due to the fact that no priest or magistrate had given them permission to occupy the same room and same bed? Is a marriage certificate an infallible protector against asphyxiation by gas, or against violent death of all kinds?

Not wishing to fill the entire current issue of Lucifer with this one article I must condense, and will just add in reference to Mr. Putnam that this is not written from the standpoint of a partisan. As most of my friends know there was little of a sympathy or cordiality between the President of the Secular Union and myself. His line of work and mine were by no means identical. That he did good work in defeating the machinations of the reactionists who are trying to secure a "revival of

Puritanism" in this country I think everyone cognizant of the facts will admit, and if he honestly believed that the cause of secularism "should not be hampered with such questions as free love, socialism, etc.," to quote the language of Mr. Watts in the London "Freethinker" when speaking of the American Secular movement, it is not for me to criticize him harshly for his opinion, or for his concentration on the line of work that to him seemed most important. What I say here is mainly to show that the charge is untrue that I have been biased in favor of Mr. Putnam or that "Lucifer has prostituted itself most abominably in this matter," as expressed by one whose good opinion I have highly prized, and still highly prize.

It is true that what has been published in our columns in regard to him has been commendatory rather than otherwise. I have allowed others to give their opinions—have published the funeral discourse by Mr. Washburn, and the brief statement by Mr. Reichwald, Secretary of the organization of which Mr. Putnam was president. These men were in position to know whereof they spoke, and if they have given the deceased higher eulogiums than the facts would warrant, the moral responsibility of such publication rests with them and not with Lucifer's editor.

While Mr. Putnam could defend himself, some sharp criticisms of his language and methods were inserted in Lucifer, and if he had lived, more would doubtless have appeared in our columns, but *Lucifer does not fight the dead!* Whatever his faults, his mistakes, his vices, if we choose to call them such, and he doubtless had his share, the record is made, the account closed, and he no longer here to defend or explain, and to some of us it seems a ghoully business to drag his faults and failings before the public eye. If Mr. Putnam wronged anyone in regard to money or other property this matter is one for private adjustment with his executors, rather than for public discussion and reprobation.

To my thinking, Mr. Putnam was a genius, poetic, and somewhat emotional if not erratic, and such men do not often succeed as men of affairs, men of practical business, as we term it. He was open-hearted and open-handed, to a fault, but that he was dishonest in his dealings with his fellow-men is hard for me to believe.

As a last word let me say that whatever his faults I think there are few of us so good that we can afford to cast stones. Take the charge of "adultery," one of the sins of which Mr. Putnam is accused by the editor of the "Free Thought Magazine." How many men, not eunuchs, could stand the test: "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart?" If Mr. Green rejects this Biblical test he is ruled out of court, for technical adultery is an ecclesiastic offense. In the court of rationalism it has no meaning, as used in canon and statute law.

MAY L. COLLINS.

Of Miss Collins I need say but little. No defense of her memory is called for. She had been before the public but a very few years and during this brief period had made a record of which any woman might be proud. No need of any defense or any eulogy from us who knew her only during her short visit to Chicago, during the Secular Congress held here in November last. While in this city she made frequent calls at Lucifer's office, always expressing much interest in the work to which it and "Our New Humanity" are devoted. We had the pleasure of hearing her deliver three or four addresses, two of which, as we believe, have been published in pamphlet form. That she fully sympathized with the movement for Free Womanhood and Motherhood we have good reason to believe. Her music teacher, Prof. De Roode, in a letter to the Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune" says this of her:

"So long," said she, "as various States in this Union deny to married women the right to own their own children or property I will not marry. The crowning disgrace of our country is that if a mother would own her children she must bear them illegitimately. If ever I meet a man whom I can love I may live with him, but with the present laws I will never marry him." I

(Continued on page 156.)

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 19, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1807?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 25. Mr. Sawyer will speak on the Populist Question.

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

IF OUR subscribers would take note of the special offer as given on last page of recent Lucifers, and send us the names of a few of their friends as trial subscribers, thereby securing to themselves some good premium literature, they would confer a favor upon Lucifer and also upon their friends and themselves.

WHILE to some readers this issue of Lucifer will seem mainly devoted to personal controversy it is not so intended. The "Free Thought Magazine" and its editor are recognized as exponents of conservative thought on the social or marriage question, and this number of Lucifer is our reply, long delayed, to the attacks of the conservative or reactionary wing of the Freethought army. It is hoped there will not be occasion soon again for so much of what seems of a personal nature. In the extracts from letters, under the head "Various Voices," taken somewhat at random, I have avoided those that would be most apt to give offense.

## Hero Worship and "Trusts."

That the American people are not different from those of other countries was demonstrated in a very striking manner a few weeks ago at the time of the "dedication"—I think it was, of the monument erected to the memory of Ulysses Simpson Grant. The daily papers, at the time, were largely filled with the details of what was called the greatest demonstration of its kind ever seen in the United States, and scarcely ever equalled anywhere in the world.

This enormous display, this phenomenal pageant, was cited by such papers as the New York "World" as evidence that we as a people are not dissatisfied with the working of our "insti-

tutions,"—our political, governmental, financial and social institutions in general, of which institutions the man Grant was a conspicuous product and exponent.

Especially it is noted that the people, as a whole, cannot be suffering physically from or because of the inequalities that result from our industrial and financial systems,—as charged so constantly by the industrial and finance reform leaders and papers. In other words, that the general appearance and deportment of the vast crowds of people that turned out on that day to do honor to the memory of "America's greatest general,"—as some are pleased to call him, was the best possible proof that there is not with us today the wide-spread suffering and discontent that is said to exist, by "Populists," "Bryanists," and other political agitators.

While this interpretation of the significance of the memorial pageant may be superficial, and may be tinged with partisan bias, there is certainly much of truth in it. It is doubtless true that intelligent discontent has not yet reached the masses of people, as it must, before any real change for the better can be hoped for. The great masses of people that throng the cities of America today are much like those that swarmed the seven hills of imperial Rome in the time of the Caesars. Give them a hero to worship, to fight and die for, and give them bread and spectacular shows, and they were content. Any real conception of what liberty means, of what equity or justice means, of what real manhood and womanhood means, had not dawned upon their minds.

And just so it is today in the Western Empire, known as the United States of America. The crowding of the poorer classes, the agriculturists and artisans as well as the commercial classes, into the great centers of population, is rapidly developing the state of things that existed in ancient Rome, that existed in France, before the "Revolution," and that now exist in most of the European monarchies, where the divine right of the king, of the noble and of the priest to rule and rob the masses of people are scarcely questioned.

Here we have not yet the titled nobility to claim their right to privileges denied to the common herd, but we have that which is equally destructive to liberty and justice, quite as debasing to true manhood and womanhood, we have hero-worship and mammon-worship—worship of the gold-standard dollar, and worship of the man who can command the most of these dollars, no matter how he succeeds in getting them. We have our nobility, also our king—our kingly president, our lordly senate, our irresponsible supreme court, our hierarchies,—priestly rulers, etc., but we have not yet the honesty to call things by their right names.

Trusts and combines, by which the profits of trade or distribution, as well as of production, are controlled and monopolized by the few, are rapidly taking the place of the old system of competitive industry and of competitive distribution of the products of labor. Some reformers are calling loudly for legislation to prevent this rapid tendency to monopolistic concentration, but it requires little reflection, as some of us think, and little knowledge of history to show that all such attempts will prove futile. What we really need is not more law—not a weeding out of some of the branches of the tree of evil, but *less law*—less interference with, or invasion of, the natural right to a share of the earth and its opportunities, and especially less legislative interference with or invasion of the natural right to self-ownership of and by the *producers of men*!

Here is the invasion of invasions, the monopoly of monopolies, the trust of trusts, viz.: The Marriage Trust—the invasion of, the control of, the reproductive resources and functions of the mothers of the race by priest-craft, or by the so-called statute law.

Until this fundamental wrong, this parent invasion, this most baneful and most nearly universal of all the wrongs, invasions and "trusts" can be abolished, there will be little headway made in the real work of reforming or abolishing the evils of our present ill-adjusted social and governmental systems.



## The Tragedy at Boston.

(Continued from page 155.)

I believe Mr. Putnam is the first man who ever attracted Miss Collins, and that she believed her course of action right and pure I am certain. Her actions tended in an opposite direction from the immoral or gross in life.

Whether in Mr. Putnam she had found "a man she could love," and whether she practically her natural right to "live with him," is a question no one seems able to answer; but if it can be shown that she did so; that she had the courage of her convictions and was willing to take the consequences, whatever they might be, then we can confidently predict that future generations will honor her for so doing, and that her name will be enrolled high among those who have helped to prepare the way for a truer, nobler, better humanity than earth has yet known.

But whether she practicalized, in its fullest sense, her right to self-ownership, or not, her brave and noble utterances can never be forgotten by those who knew her, nor by those who will hereafter learn of her life and her work. A monument is now on foot to erect a marble monument to her memory, but a better and more enduring monument is the contribution that she has made to the literature of progress; a monument which, as the poet Horace says, will be "more enduring than brass," or than the "pyramids" that were erected to perpetuate the name and the fame of kings and conquerors of the prehistoric world.

Briefly summed up, my answer to those who ask for my opinion as to the significance of the "Boston tragedy," in its relation to the marriage question? I would say that to my thinking Mr. Green has totally and disastrously failed to show that the "untimely deaths" of these two persons has any significance such as he has tried to give it, by calling Mr. Putnam a "free lover," and saying that the tragedy was, in any degree or manner, owing to the alleged fact that Mr. Putnam had "embraced the free love theory." So far as any real evidence was given in the "Free Thought Magazine" there is nothing whatever to show that Mr. Putnam accepted the "Creed" of "Love in Freedom." Anonymous testimony such as Mr. Green cites, is no evidence at all.

Whether Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins were lovers in any sense, or not, seems to be simply matter of vague conjecture, and if it could be shown that they were lovers in the fullest possible sense, that fact would have not the slightest logical connection with the other fact that their bodies were found dead in an apartment house in Boston on the morning of the thirteenth of last December. It is simply a case of what logicians call *non sequitur*—"it does not follow."

### A "Correction" that Does Not Correct.

The "Freethought Magazine" for May contains this editorial paragraph at the head of its column of "All Sorts:"

Miss Harman calls our attention to the fact, which we had not noticed, that the editorial extract that we quoted from Lucifer, on page 153 of the April Magazine, was written by his daughter, Lillian Harman, and not by himself, and asks us to make the correction, which we here do. But we cannot understand the condition of a man's mental and moral apparatus, who, after publishing such abominable sentiments in his editorial pages, when they are quoted against him, endeavors to avoid the odium by charging them to his daughter. And still Mr. Harman claims to be par excellence the special friend of women. But, after all, this may be a hereditary fault with Brother Harman, running back to the Garden of Eden, where old Grandfather Adam, hiding in the garden shrubbery, doubled up with the green apple colic, declared it was all the fault of "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me." Most surely these free lovers are strange people.

Yes, it may be quite true that Lucifer's editor is a bad chip from a bad, bad old block; that he inherits all the little and big meannesses attributed to grandfather Adam. But while looking for hereditary causes of crookedness I suggest that it might be well for Mr. Green to study the character of one Joab, as shown by his treatment of Amasa. "Art thou in health, my brother?"—then while kissing him he stabs Amasa to death, "smiting him under the fifth rib."

In word, tone and manner Neighbor Green is the mildest mannered of men, profuse in his use of "Brother." How does deed correspond with profession? Here are the facts:

Finding nothing in my "Creed" as published in his issue of April upon which to hang an indictment against me he seems to have searched through back numbers of Lucifer for something more suitable to his purpose. Failing to find anything in the editorial columns he fixed upon a reply written by my daughter under her own name and in the correspondence columns. By telling his readers that I wrote this article, and by twisting it to suit his purpose he succeeded in making what he considered a point against me.

The worst feature of the matter, however, is the attempt to show that I want to shirk the responsibility of the "odium" of the alleged "abominable sentiments" by "charging them to my daughter." In my published reply to his first criticism I showed that there was really no important difference between myself and daughter, that it was the use he made of the article rather than its authorship I objected to. I wrote him twice calling his attention to his inexcusable blunders, calling them by no harsher name. He replied by asking for another copy of our issue of Feb. 24 containing the original article written by my daughter. And now he returns to the attack in a way that makes me doubt the man's sanity, either of intellect or of moral rectitude. Twice in this short paragraph he repeats the falsehood that the criticized article was published as editorial, and again he reiterates the amazing insinuation that I blame my daughter, or wish to put her in the "fault."

To show just what the "abominable sentiments" are, we reproduce the entire article—"Freedom of Choice, A Foundation Principle," as first printed in issue of Feb. 24.

In his issue of January Mr. Green says the "Free love doctrine" is the "direct road to hell." Like the average churchman, it is always "hell for the other fellow." But how about the text that says "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone?"

In all seriousness, however, I would ask, does a good cause need the help of such tactics as these?

### Freedom of Choice, the Foundation Principle.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

DEAR LILLIAN HARMAN:—I am receiving Lucifer regularly and read it with pride and pleasure. When I have finished reading I hand them around to neighbors. I am a tyro in this line of work and thought, and there are several points that I do not fully understand as yet, and would like to get some information that is more explicit relative to sexual knowledge.

Now in regard to "Motherhood in Freedom." Does this mean that any woman who is living with a man can choose any other man for the purpose of procreation as she sees fit?

What is to be understood by complex paternity and how is this accomplished? . . .

CARRIE L. —, Ore. Co.

The idea elucidated in "Motherhood in Freedom" is that a woman should be free to choose the best conditions available when she wishes to become a mother. This includes her right to choose a man other than her husband if she considers that other man better fitted mentally and physically for fatherhood.

Such choice is necessarily conditional on the willingness of the man she prefers. For instance, a woman may live with and love a man who is consumptive or scrofulous, and thereby unfitted for fatherhood. She may be physically able to bear, and both may intensely desire a child. Now conventional morality would say that she must bear a child by her husband or remain childless as long as he lives. We hold, on the contrary, that to bring a child into life with such a heritage of impaired vitality would be an act of injustice to it, while to deny her right to become the mother of a happy, healthy child is a cruel deprivation to her.

Now suppose that she loves another man, one who is physically sound, yet her love for her husband renders it impossible for her to leave him. If those immediately concerned desire the child to inherit the health and strength of the man in normal health, by what right can "society" object?

This is but one of millions of possible cases. The idea is that the persons most nearly affected can take all the factors into consideration more fully than can any mere theorizer, and therefore the decision should rest with them. Also, that as the woman has the most at stake, she should cast the deciding vote.

In short, the author does not mean to dictate what a woman *must* do when she assumes "motherhood in freedom." On the contrary, he advocates the removal of artificial restrictions and advises her to think for herself, to decide on that course of action which she feels will tend toward the highest development of herself and therefore of her child.

"Complex paternity" means, as I understand it, that a prospective mother may properly associate as unrestrainedly and innocently with those of the opposite sex as with her sisters, and with just as much freedom from fear of a possible approach to a conventional "danger line." It has been said in criticism of "Motherhood in Freedom" that "complex" maternity is just as possible as complex paternity; that a woman can obtain from other women and from good books, paintings and statuary, as much help as she can from the society of men. Whether she can or can not is not a question for the author, or for the critic, or for myself to decide. The woman concerned is the one to settle that question for herself, and for no one else. Our self-imposed task is to help, even though ever so little, to mould public opinion so that a woman may as freely choose her associates among the male as among the female sex; so that she may as innocently consult a man as a book; and we hope that soon the day will dawn when the prudency now existing in the public mind will have vanished, and that people will no longer even "wonder" what degree of friendship exists between any man and woman.

#### Book Reviews.

BY J. M. C.

Shortly after the hanging of the so-called anarchists in Chicago in 1887 General M. M. Trumbull published a pamphlet entitled "A Trial of The Judgment" in which he clearly showed that the defendants were denied a legal trial by the action of the court in requiring all of them to be tried together, that the bailiff discriminated against them in summoning a certain class of men for jurors, that the jury was packed, that improper evidence was admitted against them, that the jury was improperly instructed, that the verdict was not in accord with the evidence and that the decision of the supreme court sustaining the criminal court was unfair, biased and not in accord with established precedents. The document created a great stir at the time and was pronounced by many able lawyers a masterful and convincing presentation of facts. General Trumbull was a man of remarkably clear intellect and was a republican in politics, holding little in common with the views of the condemned men as to methods of promoting social reform. He wrote his plea as a governmentalist and an upholder of the commonly accepted view of "law and order," claiming that it was a disgrace to a civilized government to condemn and hang innocent men merely to appease popular clamor. The pamphlet is one which should be read by every lover of liberty. No clearer or more truthful account of this crowning infamy of the government of Illinois was ever written. A limited number of copies of this pamphlet, bound together with Governor Altgeld's masterly statement of his reasons for pardoning Schwab, Fielden and Neebe, have been secured by the publisher of Lucifer and will be sold, while they last, for the nominal price of 25 cents. These two valuable papers are well worth preserving and, as it is doubtful if they will be reprinted, the price is likely to advance in a short time when the number of copies available becomes more scarce.

Persons who desire a clear exposition of the views of those students of political economy who style themselves "libertarians," "individualists" or "philosophical anarchists,"

should read "Voluntary Socialism," a well written book from the pen and brain of Francis D. Tandy. Mr. Tandy starts his book, like the bible, way back at the "beginning." Starting with the cosmic dust, he briefly and succinctly reviews the evolutionary theory of the formation of the universe. Following this line he takes up the evolution of society and shows that the natural tendency of evolution is toward freedom. He reviews the functions of the state and shows their transitory character and their lack of accord with the principles of justice. He clearly demonstrates the truth of Proudhon's epigrammatic saying that "Liberty is the mother, not the daughter, of order." The money question, police regulation and other functions now monopolized by the government are discussed and the evil effect of the monopoly clearly set forth. With the possible exception of Benjamin R. Tucker's "Instead of a Book," it is this writer's opinion that no single book can give the reader a better and clearer idea of the principles of individualism than Mr. Tandy's "Voluntary Socialism." Price, bound in paper, 50 cents. For sale at Lucifer office.

#### The Higher Law.

BY GEORGE H. VAN HISE.

There are laws above and beyond the laws of man. In every instance where the laws of man have been enforced in a way to pervert the laws of nature they have proved detrimental to the human race. The marriage law, as well as nine-tenths of all other man-made laws, pervert the laws of nature.

Brother Green says, "it seems 'most impossible to get a free lover to set forth plainly what his views are on the marriage question,' and that 'Brother Harman has that defect.' In almost the next breath he says that Mr. Harman's opinion seems to be about this: 'That there should be no marriage laws whatever.' So it seems, after all, that he made out to understand what Brother Harman meant. I think no plainer language could be used to tell the belief of a free lover. This belief seems something terrible to one whose mind is still in the old and narrow groove.

But what will be the result? Simply that men and women would meet, would love and experience the joys and blessings of love the same as they do in marriage, but would not make vows which they have no power to keep. Holy horror may overspread the face of many people on hearing the words "free love," but all the laws that have been made by man, since the mythical Adam wandered under the boughs of the tree of knowledge, cannot bind love. Love always has been and always will be free. Love is something beyond our control. When one makes a vow to place love in the possession of a certain individual for life he is making a vow which he has no power to keep. One does not have to study married people very long to discover that this is true. Our uncounted thousands of divorce cases are witnesses of this; while countless thousands more live their lives together without love, rearing children under conditions that make them mill-stones about the neck of progress.

To minds still enslaved by superstition frequency of divorce seems a deplorable state of affairs, but facts are stubborn things, and we must deal with conditions as we find them, not as we would have them. When we study the matter we see it is not such a terrible thing, after all, that one should live a natural life. But it is a terrible thing for human beings to be bound together for life when nature decrees that they cannot love for life.

It is a well known fact that the majority of people are so constituted by nature that love for a particular person will not last for life, and when human law keeps people bound together who do not love, then, through the never failing operation of cause and effect, health is destroyed, happiness lost, and their posterity weakened and depraved, both physically and mentally.

Brother Green says that he would protect and improve the marriage law; but while he makes the complaint that it is hard

to find out what a free lover believes he fails to tell us in what way he would improve marriage. He also says that marriage is the most sacred contract that human beings can enter into; but fails to tell why it is sacred. I wonder if it is because it has been the means of enslaving woman through all the ages. Or is it sacred for the same reason that two sticks placed cross-ways of each other, are sacred,—because the priests have said so!

When two persons enter into a contract on which depends the health and happiness of themselves and also the health and happiness of the coming generation it is certainly a contract of great importance, but where the sacredness comes in I fail to see. Nor do I see why it is that if this couple discover that they have made a mistake they should not be allowed to correct their mistake, instead of continuing to live a life of misery to themselves, and bringing into the world children with weakened constitutions and morbid dispositions because of lack of love between the parents.

Brother Green would improve marriage, and by these words admits that it needs improvement. Why did he not go on and tell us how he would improve marriage so that love would last for a life time? Why not tell us how to improve it so that people who are bound together by such ties would live happy, healthy lives? Why not tell us how to improve it so that children born of such unions would have joyous, healthy and happy dispositions?

He says he would teach them in school; why not tell us how to teach a child (that, through the curse of marriage laws has inherited a fickle disposition) to love for a life-time? Why not tell us how to train this child so that the bonds would not be galling after love had departed? Why leave us in the dark in regard to all these questions when he knows that we free lovers are hungry for such knowledge?

Brother Green's greatest objection to free love, summed up in a few words, seems to be, as I have heard others express it, that "we would then live like cattle". This objection is untrue as to fact, but for argument's sake, let us admit that it is true. Living like cattle would be a grand improvement upon what we have today, for cattle live more healthful and natural lives sexually than does the average human. The average life of a prostitute is five years; thousands of these go to premature graves every year, and thousands who have entered married life go to premature graves because of sex-association when love and natural inclination have departed. Did you ever hear of cattle dying from this cause?

Man regards himself as wiser than cattle, but he works harder for a living than does any animal on earth, except the domestic brutes he presses into his service to do his work. He does more to destroy his health and weaken his race than do all other animals combined. He does more foolish things and wastes more energy than do other animals. He does more to destroy his own happiness, and tramples under foot more of nature's laws than do all other animals combined. Other animals will not repeat acts that they discover are injurious to their happiness and comfort, but man clings to the rule of priest-craft though it sweeps millions of wrecked lives to untimely graves.

But free lovers would not be like cattle. Cattle have little or no choice in regard to sex-associations, and under present conditions, through man-made laws, people are prevented from having such relations with those of their choice. Then when their passions overmaster their reason they take the first that comes in their way, and so under present conditions live like cattle to a certain extent. They accept the degrading characteristics but reject the virtues of cattle.

Under free love the only bonds would be those of love, which are nature's only bonds to draw people together sexually. When love disappears, they would no longer be bound. Under present conditions they are bound by artificial law. Is artificial law more capable of deciding when a couple are unfit to live together than are the parties themselves?—more capable of deciding when love and happiness have disappeared? more capable of deciding when the bonds become unbearable? more

capable of deciding when association is destructive to health and to life? more capable of deciding when the couple should separate—than are the parties most nearly concerned?

Brother Green objects to men and women being free. Men and women are born free,—or would be if it were not for the enslaving tendencies of bad heredity—and no man or set of men have any right to take away that freedom. Freedom, personal liberty, only ceases where injury to others begins. No one man has the right to control another so long as that other does not invade the rights of his fellow man or fellow beasts; for beasts have natural rights as well as men.

If a man wishes to destroy his health by eating, by drinking or in any other way, he has a perfect right to do so, but after destroying his health he has no right to transmit his diseased and weakened constitution to posterity. To do this is to invade the rights of others; for it is the natural right of all children to be born healthy and strong, both physically and mentally, and this inheritance cannot be assured under our present marriage laws, simply because they pervert nature, and when nature is perverted injury to the race is the inevitable result.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

JAS. A. Kimble, Vestal, N. Y.:—I think Green made a great mistake in his remarks on the Putnam Collins accident.

Harry Hoover, Allegheny City, Pa.:—Green means well and is doing a good work, but on some questions, "Sexual Ethics" for instance, he is far "behind the light-house." He does not understand you, or your philosophy, and it looks as though he did not want to.

Ernest Winne, New York:—I have carefully read both your article and Mr. Green's. I can find nothing whatever in your article or comments to criticize and think them very true, clear and pure, while Mr. Green's article, from a professed free thought teacher, is astounding in its stupidity, if there be no more unworthy cause for its publication.

N. C. Mathers, Wichita, Kan.:—We were well pleased with your "A Free Man's Creed," and were no more surprised at Green's refusal or failure to reply than we are at Talmage's failure in attempting to refute Ingersoll's logic. I must say that I consider Green's logic on the marriage question very much on the Talmagian or Sala Jones order. It was very strongly tainted with very weak misrepresentation.

Etta Semple, Ottawa, Kan.:—H. L. Green has made an — of himself in more ways than one. First, he said in an editorial referring to the death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins, "when they [the bodies] fell from the bed or how no one knows," then in the same editorial: "both bodies were fully clothed when found," and "the clothes on the bed had not been disturbed." Now this is as self-contradictory as the Bible. . . . I hold that all reformers should go on in their own way. H. L. Green, Moore of the "Blue Grass Blade," Shaw of Waco, and Moses Harman all agree that there is room and great need of radical reform work, on all lines; then let each go on in his own way, and all should let the others alone. I dislike to see a fight in our own ranks. As far as I have been able to learn, Green has not "boosted" himself up one inch by his attack on a dead man and a dead girl. I think the article "A Free Man's Creed" the best you have ever written.

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BY M. HARMAN

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 21.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 26, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 660.

### Life's Reward.

For me—to have made one soul  
The better for my birth;  
To have added but one flower  
To the garden of the earth;  
To have struck one blow for truth  
In the daily fight with lies;  
To have done one deed of right  
In the face of calumnies;  
To have sown in the souls of men  
One thought that will not die—  
To have been a link in the chain of life;  
Shall be immortality.

—Edwin Hatch.

### What Causes Crime?

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

A New York paper has been discussing the problem of increasing crime among women. It has obtained the opinions of several amateur criminologists and of some studious investigators of social conditions. As a rule, the amateur rides his or her hobby. For instance, Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis thinks that the passage of her bill for the punishment of adultery in New York will in some mysterious way check the increase in the numbers of criminal women. She argues that if the wife can get her husband sent to prison instead of securing a divorce from him not so many women will commit crimes. The logic is luminous as soft-coal smoke. But suppose the wife is the offender and her husband has her sent to prison instead of getting a divorce from her, as he might do under the present laws—will not there then be an increase of one in the number of criminal women? In other words, will not crime increase in the same ratio that the law multiplies criminal offenses? To illustrate: The paper mentioned gives a list of women accused within the last few weeks of crime. Twenty women are named, and the "crime" of two of these was suicide and of two others, attempted suicide! One consideration seems to be forgotten by most who write upon this question, and that is this: As woman's "sphere" enlarges, as her opportunities to do good work increase, as she more and more touches the world of activities, she is at the same time and in a relatively progressive degree made the actual equal of man, destructively as well as constructively. We must all understand that responsibility does not necessarily imply strength to bear the burdens imposed, in woman any more than in man. Nor is this an argument in favor of irresponsibility, inactivity and submission. Strength comes by use, and it is better for the race that woman be self-dependent, even if more criminal, than that she be dependent on man and less criminal. If this is not so, then all the pleas for the liberty and responsibility of men are fallacious.

To return to the newspaper symposium: Dr. Robert Sanford Newton, formerly chief medical examiner for the district attorney's office, has this to say on the subject:

Criminology teaches that the habitual criminal is like irresponsible and

incurable; that he transmits the criminal sense to his progeny, and that the only method of treatment in his case calculated to insure the welfare of society is to treat him as incurably insane. Where such a man or woman has children they should be cared for in the scientific way best calculated to control and in time eradicate the criminal tendency.

If our legislators and jurists will only deal with the habitual criminal so as to set him apart permanently from society in an insane asylum, where he properly belongs, then we can hope for a steady decrease in crime.

Against this view of the criminal and of crime is to be set that of Prof. Arthur McDonald, as stated in a late report on criminological investigations, which he made to the State Department at Washington:

There can be no rational treatment of crime until causes are investigated. I am strongly opposed to the theory that crime is a disease, in a medical sense. Fully 82 per cent of criminals are in good health. Nine-tenths of crime is due to bad social conditions, particularly among women, which, once removed, would permit the mind to turn to more wholesome channels.

It seems to me that Prof. McDonald is nearer right than is Dr. Newton. No doubt there is a small percentage of hereditary criminals, men and women who are instinctively anti-social, so to speak, but their numbers would gradually decrease under conditions of sexual and industrial liberty. It is also to be remembered that the way in which we now treat the criminal is one calculated to keep him a criminal to the day of his death.

### Some Notes on the Policy of Exclusion.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

The Oregon Secular Union, at its last convention, adopted an amendment to its by-laws providing that "no lecturer or teacher shall be granted a certificate who is an habitual user of intoxicating liquors or tobacco, or who advocates free love, libertinage, a future life, or any other principles, superstitions, or doctrines which are detrimental to our members, our homes, or our state, and contrary to the teachings of Secularism."

Of this exclusion policy George Macdonald, in the "Truth Seeker" of March 13 says:

"I note that Mr. J. E. Hosmer, who is the editor of the 'Torch of Reason,' and who appears to speak for the Oregon State Secular Union, finds it necessary at the present time to inaugurate a policy of exclusion on behalf of that society. Mr. Hosmer thinks that the time has come when the free lover must be drummed out of the Secular camp. Thereby hangs a doubt. Admitting the free lover to be an offensive person, he is of this world, and Secularism, from its derivation, includes him. I am myself behind the age in the matter of social progress, but I have known several professed free lovers, and from my observation of the male of that species, I find him practically indistinguishable from the common married man, except that he may be a trifle politer to his female and rather more conceited about his young. He is inclined to think that his reform is the overshadowing problem of the day, but he dissipates some of his energy in other directions. He is pretty sure to be a woman suffragist; a hygienist, warring on alcohol and narcotics; a

labor and financial reformer, and so forth. Naturally he indorses the eighth Demand of Liberalism. So the question arises whether his sentiments regarding marriage should render him ineligible for membership in an organization of Freethinkers. It is a matter of policy, of course. When a number of persons like the group in Oregon found a Secular society and devote their time and talents to maintaining and enlarging it, I am in favor of allowing them uncensored to make their own rules as long as they keep the main issue to the front. Mr. Hosmer is on the ground; although a lying publication has deceived him with regard to the situation elsewhere, he doubtless knows the character of the material he has to work with there, and what stone he may reject without fear that later on he will find the same has "become the head of the corner." Still my ideal of a Liberal society would be one with an ethical code somewhat like Whitman's:

Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

And again, in the "Truth Seeker" of May 15, Mr. MacDonald observes that "The first objector to the Oregon Ethical Basis excluding the advocates of tobacco, free love, a future life and allied errors of doctrine is a Spiritualist. In the 'Torch of Reason' Mr. C. S. Harnish protests against this 'juvenile attempt to narrow Liberalism down to a certain groove of pet ideas.' The reply of Editor Hosmer is of course complete. He says: 'A Spiritualist may be an Infidel, but he cannot be a Secularist; for 'secular' means pertaining to things of this life, and Spiritualism teaches about things pertaining to another life.' . . . Now that the Spiritualists are permanently cut off as joint-heirs, with other Infidels, of the promise of Secularism, I expect to see Mr. Hosmer tackle the free lovers and turn them down by demonstrating that the things they teach have no part in the doctrine of one world at a time."

I gather from the "Torch of Reason," that as yet no lecturers have qualified, but "applications for diplomas are coming in" and they "will soon have workers of the right sort in the field."

The question of construction now arises: What is a "habitual" drinker or smoker? Where is the line drawn between occasional and habitual use of stimulants and narcotics? And to "advocate free love" must one proclaim it from the lecture platform? Or is the quiet attention to his own affairs while refraining from meddling with the affairs of others, which we recommend, proof of belief in social freedom?

"The adoption of our ethical basis gives our lecturers a recommendation that is worth having for now they . . . must be of good moral character and free from bad habits," the "Torch" proceeds to say. Perhaps. But the ground which they have taken may prove to be an excellent breeding place for hypocrites, instead. I know little of the *personnel* of the Oregon Secular movement. I am personally acquainted with but one of its officers,—the President—but if he indorses this ruling, he has either changed his personal habits since last November, or is a hypocrite. I hope the latter conclusion is not true, for he is a brilliant young man, an excellent worker, and it would be sad indeed if in the effort to pose as a moral example he must lose his real moral integrity, his self-respecting manhood. There are few people who have a more intense personal dislike for liquor and tobacco than that which I feel; but I would rather see a friend of mine form the habit of using either, than to become the slave of hypocrisy.

Of a well known Freethought lecturer who contemplates a western trip, the "Torch" says: "We feel sure that he will do a vast amount of good to the cause and it is with pleasure that we announce his coming," and then proceeds to "urgently request" societies to arrange for the lecturer and "give him a splendid reception and keep him here if we can." This speaker however does not claim to be a total abstainer and while he opposes "free love," yet he is no more immune from gossip about his private life than are some others.

Does the fact that a man drinks or smokes render his

written as well as his spoken words worthless? If not, why not? It would seem that the "Torch" would answer in the negative, however, as it is publishing as a serial Putnam's "Golden Throne," and lists under the heading of "Good Books" Chavannes' "Vital Force."

By saying that these four speakers and writers drink, I do not mean to assert that they are or were drunkards. But if the Secular Union and its publication claim to throw out all such workers they should not retain these. They should live up to their pretensions. By this amendment they proclaim to the world: "Behold us! Here you have a bright and shining example of total abstinence, fidelity to the marriage idea, and opposition to theories of a future life!" Therefore, while in my opinion their private lives are not the concern of the public, they by this declaration throw open the doors of their innermost lives and invite inspection and criticism.

I wonder how many members of the Secular Union, how many subscribers to the "Torch of Reason," would be left to them if all who use tobacco or liquor, all who sympathize with free love, all who believe in a future life, should withdraw their support? Very few, probably. This reminds me of the case of the "Free Thought Magazine." In the April number Mr. Green says: "Of course Brother Harman, knowing that he was writing his article for a publication read by people who take no stock in his free love views, has dressed them up in as attractive a garb as possible." I do not know about the views of the readers of the magazine, but I do know that a large proportion of the writers for it are supporters of Lucifer. Not an issue of the magazine appears without its quota of Lucifer writers, and in that very issue there were four articles, including the two leading articles, by subscribers and contributors to Lucifer. It is well for the "Free Thought Magazine" that Lucifer's friends do not put in practice the policy of exclusion advocated by Mr. Green.

Fortunately the phases of so-called Freethought which we have been examining belong to the rear guard of the movement. These men are perhaps doing good in helping some out of the more orthodox churches. They can, however, have no influence on the more advanced church people, because in reality far behind many of them. As an instance take Dr. Frank Crane of the Trinity Methodist Church, (Chicago.) He is reported to have said that if he could have his way he would admit to membership all who wished to join, regardless of religious, intellectual or moral differences. I have heard him twice at his church and once at the Society of Anthropology—a very radical society of this city, composed almost entirely of Freethinkers. He is courteous and tolerant and does not fear to hear or read the other side. Neither does he appear to consider his moral vesture of so flimsy material that contact with persons of different views of morality must inevitably divest him of it. On one occasion when I heard him talk he said in reply to a mother who had asked him to talk to her daughter about riding the bicycle on Sunday: "That is no part of my business as pastor of Trinity Methodist church. There is too much of this miserable, petty, namby-pambyish, Miss Nancyish, meddling with other peoples' business,"—and much more to the same effect. A man who can talk good common sense, who can give helpful suggestions and tell people to attend to their own business and leave that of their neighbors alone, must be an impelling force liberty-ward, notwithstanding any religious name by which he may label himself. On the contrary, no matter how great the tribute of lip-service self-styled "Freethinkers" pay to mental liberty, their work is practically in the interest of retrogression when they deny the right of all others to think and act freely in conformity with that thought.

Unfortunately the logic of the Christian church is against the Dr. Cranes. Fortunately the logic of Freethought is against the Hosmers and Greens.



## The Quintessence of Malthusianism.

BY R. B. KEKE.

Several writers in *Lucifer* have lately been trying to prove that the Malthusian theory is all nonsense, because the means of subsistence would be greatly increased if the land and other natural resources were freed from the grasp of monopolists. Those who think they are exploding the doctrine of Malthus when they mention this fact evidently do not know what his doctrine is.

The principle of population, as laid down by Malthus, is that, in any given circumstances, population will tend to outrun the means of subsistence unless it is prevented either by positive or by preventive checks. He did not say that the earth had reached its full productivity. He did not deny that the productivity of the earth might be immensely increased by inventions or social improvements. He only said that, however great these improvements might be, a time must sooner or later be reached when population, if not regulated by human foresight, would press upon the means of subsistence.

Surely this is self-evident. The earth is absolutely limited in size. The power of reproduction is such that the average pair of parents is capable of producing considerably more than two children. If all parents exercise to the full their reproductive power, and if no considerable proportion of the children die of starvation, disease, or war, each generation will be more numerous than the one before. But if the earth is limited, and the number of people on it is always increasing, a time must ultimately be reached when something will stop the increase. If there were nothing to stop it, it is clear that the whole mass of the earth would eventually be used as material for human bodies, and that would stop the increase effectually enough.

I believe, however, that most people see that point, but they say that under good conditions the time when population would outrun the means of subsistence is so far off, that it is not worth while to bother about such a thing at present. On this point hear Charles Darwin, the most eminent member of the Malthusian school.

"There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in less than a thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnaeus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase; it will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from 740 to 750 years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive descended from the first pair."

"Slow-breeding man" has several times shown that, in a fertile country and in good social conditions, he can double in twenty-five years. Suppose there were two people in the world, and they began to breed at such a rate that the population would double every twenty-five years, at the end of one thousand years the last generation would number 2,199,020,055,552. Even at the end of 200 years the population would be 256 times as large as at the commencement. Even at the end of one century the population would be sixteen times as large as at the start. With such a rate of increase the benefits of all conceivable inventions and social changes would be swallowed up in no time.

The Darwinian theory of evolution was founded on the law of Malthus, and must stand or fall with it. Darwin spent twenty-two years on his "Origin of Species," and during the whole of that time he made continuous experiments with many

different kinds of plants and animals to verify the working of the law. He found that it worked the same in the case of every plant and every animal. The whole scientific world has adopted his conclusions. A few years ago there were still three classes of people who disputed his theory, the Christians, the Socialists and the Anarchists. But the Christians are now almost silenced. A few months ago a clergyman objected to the consecration of the Archbishop of Canterbury because he was a Darwinian, but he only got laughed at for his pains. When things have come to this pass, I think Socialists and Anarchists might as well throw the sponge up, too. Freedom of thought is a good thing, but when it is used to attack such things as the law of gravitation and Malthus' principle of population it becomes too much of a good thing.

## The Whipping-Post—A Fable.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

The whipping-post is one of the ancient and most cherished institutions in the land of N. It is said to have been designed by the Ruler of the Universe who in his great mercy and kindness had ordered that slaves shall be whipped three times a day with a long birch rod. For many centuries the whipping-post was accepted as a matter of course. No one questioned the wisdom of God and the utility of whipping. Laws were enacted making it a crime to speak disrespectfully of the whipping-post, a crime punishable by heavy fine and long imprisonment. Slaves were taught to reverence and worship the whipping-post. They were told that the whipping-post was the foundation of society, and that without it men would be no better than wild beasts.

But in the course of time a few of the slaves became impudent enough to murmur against the whipping. They said: "How long shall we submit ourselves to be whipped by our cruel masters? How long shall we suffer in silence and let these masters do with us what they please? Is it not time that we revolt against their cruelty? Is it not time that we should demand our rights? Is it not time that the whipping-post be abolished?"

When the majority of the slaves heard these words, they were amazed. They said: "We agree with you that our masters, or at least some of them, are very cruel. To be whipped three times a day is well enough; we have no right to complain against that, for the whipping-post is a divine institution, without which no well-regulated society can exist. But why should they use such ugly whips? The birch rod is not handsome. It should have a silver handle and be ornamented with ribbons."

"But, brother slaves," said the few dissatisfied ones, "this is not our point. A whip with a silver handle is still a whip. It cuts the flesh just as badly as does a plain whip. If we are to be whipped, it does not matter what the whip is made of. But why should we be whipped at all? Who gave our masters the right to whip us? Is it true that the whipping-post is a divine institution? We deny that such is the case; but if whipping in itself is a good thing, why should not all men be whipped? Why should there be masters and slaves? Brother slaves, we have suffered enough. Let us now start an agitation in favor of abolishing the whipping-post. Let us tell our masters that we will not allow them to whip us any longer."

But the majority of the slaves did not agree with such heresy. "No," they said, "it would be ridiculous to make such a demand. Our masters have a right to whip us and that right they received from the Ruler of the Universe. To protest against it would be foolish and wicked. To be sure, our masters must not misuse their right; they must not whip us more than is necessary for our own good, but whip us they must. The abolition of the whipping-post would be a disgrace to our country."

The few dissatisfied slaves find it hard to convince their brother slaves that the whipping-post is unjust and unnecessary, but they do not give up their struggle for freedom and they hope for the best.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 26, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N.Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 26, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition;
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
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The introduction into Lucifer's columns of matters that seem of a personal nature cannot be more regretted by any reader than it is by the editor, but the interests of truth and justice appear often to demand that the acts and words of individual persons be commented upon. The facts pertaining to the untimely demise of Samuel P. Putnam and of May L. Collins seem to be of absorbing interest to multitudes of people, and there is no prospect at present that this interest will soon diminish in intensity. It has always been Lucifer's plan to hear all sides, and if most that has been said on this question has been one-sided it is because space was not asked for by the other side.

## "Hilda's Home."

Several persons have written us lately to ask whether the continued story will be published in book form, and if not whether back numbers can be had from the beginning of the serial, and at what price.

To these inquiries to reply.

First. At present the outlook for book form is poor. Lucifer has all the load it can carry without the added expense of stereotyping, etc.

Second. Back numbers can still be had from No. 613, the beginning of the story. Previous to the change of form to the quarto the price for back numbers is one cent each; since the

change—or since whole No. 639, the price is two cents per number.

## PRICE PER VOLUME.

In answer to inquiries as to what is meant by "Back Volumes" we say that a volume means fifty-two issues, that is, a full year, not six months. The reduced price of fifty cents per volume, of fifty-two numbers, is made as a premium to subscribers—old or new,—for one or more years.

## "The Philosopher."

Among recent contributions to reform literature is Vol. I, No. 1 of a monthly publication called by this name, edited and published by Albert Chavannes of Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. Chavannes has been long and favorably known as a writer of books and as contributor to the columns of radical journals. Of his books we mention, "Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetization;" "The Future Commonwealth, or What Samuel Balcom Saw in Socioland;" "In Brighter Climes, or Life in Socioland;" "The Concentration of Wealth, A Study as to its Causes, Results and Remedies."

He has also written and published several pamphlets, the titles of some of which are, "The Law of Happiness; the Law of Individual Control;" "The Law of Exchange and the Law of Environment;" "Heredity, Cross Breeding and Prenatal Influences;" "The Causes of Hard Times;" etc., etc.

And now in the maturity of his years Mr. Chavannes has entered upon the publication of a monthly magazine as the vehicle of his message to the world of thinkers. The first number contains a likeness of the editor and publisher; contains twenty-four pages of reading matter, consisting of "Philosophical Comments;" the first chapter of what will, presumably, be a series of articles on the "Nature of Mind;" "Book Reviews;" "Canvassing the District;" "Like and Unlike," a character "sketch;" a somewhat extended description of the author's works, etc., etc. Price of the magazine fifty cents a year, single copies five cents.

We heartily commend "The Philosopher" to the readers of Lucifer, and hope all will send for at least one copy, believing that those who do this will want to see more of the author's works—both in magazine and in book form.

## Some Mistakes of Our Friends.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The Putnam-Collins controversy will not down. Perhaps this is well—"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," it is said, and the lamentable tragedy of December will serve a good purpose if it compel the Freethinkers—oreen only a few of them—to seriously face the sexual problem. Our comrades are dead and so beyond the reach of the shafts of misapprehension, envy and malice. Let the truth be known concerning what they believed and did, so far as what they believed and did is ascertainable.

Mr. E. C. Reichwald, Secretary of the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation, has issued a four-page leaflet in vindication of the memory of Samuel P. Putnam. Mr. Reichwald is a most estimable man, earnest, courageous, loyal, hard-working, persistent in the cause of Secularism. But, being only human, he can make mistakes, and he has made several in this publication. The first, seemingly only a trifling one, because an error of mere phraseology, is yet important in its way. In the title the dead President of the Federation is spoken of as "The meteoric Putnam." Brilliant S. P. Putnam certainly was, but the most common connotation of the word "meteoric" is a depreciatory one. To be "meteoric" is to be quick-flashing and quick-passing, lacking the qualities of solidity, painstaking industry, conscientious adherence to principle, unflinching zeal in advocacy of a reform under the ban of the majority. Samuel Putnam was not a meteor in the Freethought heavens. From the horizon toward the zenith he swept slowly but none the less surely and with ever-increasing

effluence. To drop the metaphor, he was an indefatigable worker, an unquailing fighter, a "stayer" to the last hour of the day.

I come now to Mr. Reichwald's assertions concerning the opinions held by his chief. The Secretary is justly indignant with the time-servers, cowards and falsifiers who have trifled with the reputation of the dead Secular leader. In many respects his defense is splendid, both in matter and form. But sometimes his blows are delivered wildly, as when he is considering Mr. Putnam's attitude toward the reforms advocated by Lucifer. In a rejected letter to H. L. Green, editor of the "Free Thought Magazine," Mr. Reichwald says: "Your claim that [Putnam] was an advocate of free love is untrue, and when I deny the charge for our dead hero, I do so advisedly." In support of this most astonishing statement the apologist continues:

Mr. Putnam, myself and others visited a friend's house in Chicago a few days before he left for Boston, and while there, the subject of free love was brought up and discussed. When called upon for his views, Mr. Putnam, said, in part, that he stood by the Nine Demands of Liberalism; his time was taken up with that; free love agitation had nothing in common with Free-thought propaganda.

Of course it is self-evident that Mr. Putnam spoke here as president of the Secular Union, disclaiming all desire to confuse the principles for which he stood officially with other principles. He undoubtedly would have said the same in regard to anti-prohibition and other libertarian demands to which he was personally unreservedly committed. He believed, as I believe, that each propagandistic and defensive association can do the most effective work when it confines its attention to one issue—unity of purpose and action cannot be secured otherwise. As a member of the Free Thought Federation, I have no wish to ask it to take up and carry forward the sexual, economic and political reforms in which I am interested. Mr. Putnam, as a wise worker, knew better than to introduce elements of disruption into the society of which he was the executive officer. As he truly said, his time was occupied with the work of the Federation, that society standing officially for the Demands of Liberalism only. There is nothing in the utterance reported by Mr. Reichwald to indicate that S. P. Putnam was not in sympathy with free love.

As a matter of indisputable fact, Mr. Putnam accepted in theory and applied in his life the principles of social freedom. Well posted free lovers recognized him as a comrade, and he freely fraternized with them. Whenever opportunity presented, in New York and elsewhere, he attended the meetings of the active propagandists and spoke in defense of their and his convictions. As Mr. Reichwald must admit, I am in a position to know whereof I affirm, specifically, and this is equally true regarding other Free Thought leaders whom the Secretary might as indiscreetly try to absolve from the charge of sexual heresy. Mr. Reichwald is no doubt aware that the National Secular Society of England long had, if it has not now, two recognized classes of supporters, the Active and the Passive divisions. In the latter were included the men and women who could not afford to be publicly known as Secularists, but who loved the cause and gave to its leaders their private moral support and contributed financially to the treasury of the organization. Necessarily, a similar state of affairs exists in the case of every unpopular reformatory movement, including that represented by this journal. But no alert man or woman need have been in doubt as to the position occupied by Mr. Putnam. For instance, I never heard him make a speech in which he was not careful to say that there should be complete liberty for all men and women. He said this in such a way as to show unambiguously that he had in mind all the interests and activities of human life. Did Mr. Reichwald think his chief was playing with words, or that universal liberty could be so much less than universal that it would exclude the vastly important domain of the affections and passions?

Mr. Reichwald angrily denounces the originators and circulators of the charge that Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins were

lovers, in the most intimate sense, and declares that he stands ready to inflict physical punishment upon whoever insinuates aught of scandal in connection with the young Free Thought lecturer. Inasmuch as any relations or possible relations of the two persons named were not and are not the concern of outsiders, I sympathize with his indignation, but the thought that maybe they were happy in mutual confidence and love neither disgusts nor shocks me. I do not know what their associations were, and I do not think there is any person who does know. Assuredly, there is no person who has any right to censure, whether they were or were not lovers. The gross superstition that, if they had been all to each other that a man and woman can be, they would thereby have forfeited their purity and nobility, is utterly unworthy of Rationalists. Such a superstition has no basis in nature; it is unreasonable, it is babyish, it is ridiculous. Free thinkers should leave it behind with the other swaddling clothes of intellectual infancy when they step out of the cradle of orthodoxy.

Mr. Reichwald intimates that Miss Collins was a Free-thinker in religion only, while Franklin Steiner, in the same leaflet, more circumstantially seeks to throw doubt on the averment that she indorsed the ideas of the social radicals. The facts seem to be these: While in Kentucky she was under reactionary influences, but even before she left that state on the tour that so sadly ended in Boston, she appears to have turned her attention to the social problem, and from the hour of initiatory investigation her mind developed with remarkable rapidity. She conceived a deep admiration for Lillian Harman and could not say too much in commendation of the latter's act of free motherhood, taking the greatest interest in and manifesting the warmest affection for Virna Winifred. When she reached Chicago, the first place to which she went, after reporting at the office of Secretary Reichwald, was the headquarters of Lucifer. She affiliated at once with the radicals and continued to seek their company while in the city. When, in the course of a report of the proceedings of the Secular Congress, I criticised her address for its extreme length, she rebuked me saying that the friends of Lucifer and its work were too few for them to waste their strength in finding fault with each other. This remark was conclusive, insofar as it showed where she deliberately aligned herself in the battle for liberty. It is probably true that she had not then definitely taken sides for variety as against exclusiveness, the issue being at that date under advisement in her mind, but it is certain that she stood squarely on the platform of social freedom, of the right of choice, of woman's sovereignty of her own person at all times and under all circumstances. That platform is fundamental, and it is only natural that so painstaking a student and so fearless a reformer as May L. Collins should have early placed herself upon it, careless of the certain misconceptions and animadversions of inchoate "Liberals" of the Green variety. As for us, her nearest comrades, we carry no flag of truce for her maligners nor shiver with shame at mention of her life and death.

#### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

FREE COINAGE. The attempt to evade the law of supply and demand by the free coinage of silver, is by the introduction of a fictitious demand. If the government coins half a dollar's worth of silver into a dollar which it redeems in gold, it is a fictitious demand; just as when a wheat broker buys above the market price for the purpose of raising the price. So long as the government can afford to purchase and to store enough silver to reduce the supply to a level with the price it pays, the experiment will succeed. But finally that silver, hoarded without benefiting anybody excepting the silver producer, will be thrown upon the market, and immediately the price will fall again lower than ever.

Note the process. The miner cannot sell his silver at par abroad; he gets it coined and it passes into the currency. The



merchant cannot send it abroad at its face value, and he sends gold abroad and pays his duties with the silver. The government pays out silver for all its expenditures. The amount of silver currency continually increases, and the amount of gold currency relatively diminishes. If, at this stage, the government redeems silver with gold, to preserve their parity, its gold will soon be exhausted; and if not, prices will correspond with the silver standard, and gold will command a premium.

## REMARKS.

That free coinage of silver, or free coinage of anything else, would be an "attempt to evade the law of supply and demand," seems a confusion of ideas. If there is a demand for more silver dollars, why should not this demand bring the needed supply? Just as the demand for more wheat or more cotton is supposed to stimulate increased production and distribution of wheat and cotton? Under equal freedom for all commodities the objection urged by Mr. Parkhurst would have no meaning, but under the abnormal and invasive rule of monopoly and of "legal tender" privilege there is certainly much of plausibility in what our correspondent says.

To speak of coining a "half dollar's worth of silver into a dollar" provokes the question, "what is a dollar?" By searching the history of the word we find that it means a silver coin weighing about one ounce, and that it was adopted as the standard of value by the people of this country more than a hundred years ago, and that values of other commodities were regulated according to that standard. A further study of the history of money in this country will show, as I verily believe, that the change from silver standard to gold standard has been accomplished by fraud, by deception, by robbery of the debtor classes in the interest of the creditor classes, compared to which all other frauds and robberies, "according to law" or in violation of law, dwindle into insignificance.

M. H.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Cora and Norman did not see any of this by play. He had taken her by the hand and led her to a tete-a-tete, and seating himself by her side soon had drawn her into conversation. A group of exotic plants was, by this movement, placed between themselves and the others, and as scarce a word had been spoken they were in ignorance of what had transpired. Lawrence Westcott now raised his eyes to Imelda who had stood during the scene without speaking. She read in that glance a request which he presently put into words.

"Will you favor me with a few moments of your presence?"

Once before he had asked of her that question, the memory of which sent the rich blood in hot waves over her neck and brow. What did it mean? The words she had uttered when in righteous indignation she had swept from his presence now came back to her:

"And until such time do not dare to speak to me!"

Only once before had he "dared" to speak; that was when she so unexpectedly ran into his arms. Then it had not been of his seeking; but now? An anxious look gathered in the sweet brown eyes.

"Will you, please?" he asked.

The tone as well as the words were full of entreaty, so, silently she moved forward a step and bent her head in token of acquiescence. A glad light for a moment lit up his eyes, then stepping to Alice he said:

"You will excuse us? I will try and not keep her long."

A look of wonderment filled her eyes. When had Lawrence ever paid open attention to Imelda? Again the question arose in her mind, "What does, what can it all mean?" But she readily answered, "Certainly, I will excuse you. I shall do very well. I feel so much better now." With a low "Thank you," he turned from her to Imelda whose hand he took and

placing it on his arm led her to the open window leading to the veranda, followed by the eyes of the surprised Alice.

Imelda understood, but only the quick indrawing of her breath gave token that the idea of going out into the open air under the starlit heavens had anything unpleasant in it for her. Slight as had been the sound and involuntary the action, Lawrence Westcott had taken note of it. His teeth sank into his lips but otherwise he gave no sign. Down the garden pathway to the fountain's edge whose silvery sparkling waters had witnessed so many and so very different scenes he led her, and then quietly dropped her hand. Stepping back a pace or two he folded his arms and confronted her. For a minute or more he did not speak, although his lips twitched nervously. Was he waiting for her to utter the first words? If so, he was doomed to disappointment for the proud lips did not open.

"Miss Ellwood!"

A slight splitting of the head, that was all. Whatever he had to say, she would not help him one iota.

"Miss Ellwood, a man does not often find himself placed in a position quite so awkward as that in which I find myself this evening, in having asked you for this interview." He paused a moment ere he went on. "Some two months ago I spoke words to you that tonight I feel ashamed of. I approached you in a manner that was ungentlemanly—unmanly. For the feelings that had crept into my heart I make no excuse. I simply had no control over them. A hot, fierce desire and longing for something that was denied me; a confused comprehension of what that something was, made me unjust—and—cruel to the woman who is so unfortunate as to be my wife. Having through the merest chance overheard a conversation of yours and hers, thereby gathering something of your strange ideas and opinions, but utterly failing to comprehend them, I permitted the passion that had taken possession of me to have full sway. A woman who does not believe in marriage, what would you?"

"In my insufferable conceit I supposed I had but to stretch out my covetous hand in order to satisfy the fire of my passion. I was rudely brought to my senses by the reproof of a pure mind and by the righteous scorn of insulted purity. In an instant, almost, I came to understand my mistake and would have given much to have been able to recall my words. But you had dealt my pride an ugly blow. It was not an easy matter to humble myself to the woman who had treated me to well merited scorn. I had hoped time would close the breach and that this painful scene would be spared me. Men of the world are not wont to retract insulting words, especially when defeated in their object. But something besides wounded pride would not let me rest. There is something here,—touching his breast, "a painful aching void that makes life a mockery, a misery. The unmanly act of that evening is a burden which at times is almost unsupportable. Will you help me remove it? Will you say that you forgive?"

He had spoken in hasty, jerky, broken sentences. In a pleading manner he held out his hand to her. But the girl stood with downcast eyes and did not see it, and the hand fell nerveless to his side.

Slowly she raised the white lids. In the uncertain light of the starlit night he could not see into the depths of the dark eyes, but as he bent closer he thought they were dimmed, and that her voice was slightly vibrating, as she now in turn extended to him her hand and simply said:

"I forgive you."

Hastily the hand was grasped and bending over it with the same pleading accent in his voice he said:

"May I?"

"Yes," came in soft accents from the trembling lips. An indescribable sensation stole over her as she felt the pressure of his warm bearded lips upon her hand. A feeling of gladness filled her heart. She felt that the emotion displayed by this man was genuine, and that she knew she might safely trust him. She laid her other hand gently over his that was holding hers and softly spoke:

"It is enough, please. I feel that you have spoken the truth, in recognition of which I feel bound to pay you honor. Let me hereafter see on your face the light of self-contained manhood. I am more than glad to be able to respect you, the father of my two precious charges. Now let us return. Alice was not feeling well and Cora may wonder." His only answer was to again kiss the hand that was still resting in his; then again placing it upon his arm together they retraced their steps to join their friends in the parlor.

As Imelda and Westcot re-entered the drawing room they found Cora and Norman so deeply interested in their conversation that their entrance was not heeded. Cora's cheeks were glowing and her eyes shone like twin stars as the words flowed in a stream from her lips. Alice was sitting quiet and unobserved in the shadow of the aforementioned group of exotic plants, listening to every word that fell from the ruby lips. Cora spoke well. Norman had said but little, but that little to advantage. Adroitly asking a question here and making a remark there he had succeeded in drawing her out and was surprised to find how well informed she was on many subjects of which most young women have absolutely no understanding. Cora had studied to advantage; for with love to teach, it had not been so much a task as a pleasure. It was also a pleasure for her to converse with this refined and handsome gentleman. Until now Owen Hunter had been the only man of that type she had ever come in contact with. It had seemed to her that there was none other. But to her surprise and great pleasure she found that her sister's lover was in every respect the equal of the man who until now had stood out in her life alone.

Just as Imelda and Westcot were entering, the poets, both American and foreign, were being discussed, and Norman felt a little surprise when Cora said that Shelley and Byron were her favorites. In speaking of these he found her most familiar with Byron,—"Queen Mab" being the only production of Shelley's she had as yet read, while he could mention scarce any of Byron's works that she was not familiar with. When asked, which she liked best, she unhesitatingly replied, "Manfred."

"What! that gloomy pessimist, who continually takes you to the very depths of despair, and finally closes so tragically?"

"Yes. I like it because it portrays so truthfully and vividly the heartaches that so often lie hidden beneath the smiling exterior. It lifts the veil and shows the hidden woe. Oh, why must all nature be thus perverted? Why must all the grandest passions thus recoil upon themselves? The story makes me shudder as if I stood upon the brink of a chasm. It chills my very blood, but it has a weird, strange fascination for me. I always return to it and it has done much to stimulate my dormant brain to action. It has taught me a lesson in thought."

The re-entrance of Imelda and Lawrence at this juncture brought the conversation to an end. A hasty glance from Norman showed him that an understanding had been effected. A quick look passed between the two men and a feeling of gladness entered the heart of Norman, for the sake of all concerned. For a short time the conversation became general, then Cora was asked to once more sing for them. After a little hesitation she did so, and the strains of sweet "Annie Laurie" filled the room. No noisy applause greeted her when she had finished, but every head was bowed and some of the eyes were moist. The last lines had been sung with even more pathos than the first, but the fluttering, quivering sound indicated something more than pathos. Cora was fatiguing herself. In an instant Imelda recognized the fact and hastily arising said:

"Not another line. We have been forgetting that you have been ill, and are taxing you beyond your strength. Come, you must retire at once and I will attend you." But Cora shook the brown curly head.

"No! no! I shall not accept your service this evening. You will remain right here, while our friend here, I know, will assist me for this once. Am I right, Alice?"

"Most certainly. Right you are, and as we are two to one,

Queen Imelda is overruled. So just consider yourself sent about your business while I shall tuck the covers about this little girl's form." Thus jesting and laughing Alice in triumph bore the tired Cora off to her own domain. At the same time Lawrence also discreetly withdrew. "To indulge in the solace of man," was what he said, to seek the companionship of a cigar, thus leaving the lovers alone. So many weeks had passed since an evening of undisturbed quiet had been theirs that now they had so much to say that the hours sped far into the night ere they finally separated. After Cora and Alice had bidden them good night and Lawrence had withdrawn, Imelda said:

"Look," struggling from his embrace, "what I have got, a long sweet letter from my Margaret, with one inclosed from Wilbur. She says she is getting along much better and faster with her studies than she had at first expected, and she now hopes that in the fall she may begin with her chosen work. Listen to what she says:"

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

W. C. Abbott, M. D., Chicago:—I am sorry to learn that you are obliged to discontinue the quarterly but do not wonder at it. The financial outlook and the encouragement one gets in publication lines is very poor. Kindly send me a sample of Mr. Walker's new pamphlet "What the Young Should Know." I wish to examine it. Ten cents in stamps enclosed.

R. B. Kerr, New Denver, British Columbia:—I send you herewith a post office order for ten dollars made out to Moses Harman to keep Lucifer from growing thin. Please send Lucifer for a year to inclosed names.

I am very glad to see the remarks of Arthur Baker on "Isabel's Intention," in whole No. 656. It is by no means the first good thing the authoress has written, however, but she excels even more in controversy than in fiction.

A. Andria, Spring Valley, Ill.:—Having received two copies of that brave little paper of yours, I have read it carefully, and I heartily agree with you in your profound science of sexology and sociology opposed to all laws of authority that are the cause of credulity and ignorance. The brightness of Lucifer will clear away superstition and prejudice, and bring motherhood to freedom and felicity. I inclose twenty-five cents; will be able to send more shortly. I want to see you succeed, for you are doing an excellent work for humanity.

Kate Austin, Caplingers Mills, Mo.:—Lucifer came today, and the first thing that attracted my eyes was the article "A Glimpse of the Old Order." In that glimpse Lillian shows a warm, tender sympathy for the helpless, and a hearty contempt for the lack of veracity of the average news reporter. I am certain that that mother had no desire to bring more children into the world, the bringing of which could only wring her heart with pain. The old Hebrew reprobate undoubtedly lied, and it is to be hoped will pass in his checks before he adds any more to the world's misery.

Ana Purkin, Cleveland, Ohio:—I have read "Bar Sinister and Licit Love." The best of the book is the Badcock and Davis letters. These letters speak well, and forcibly, for these gentlemen. I wish all "reformers" were as clear-minded. I have no patience with those who are worried over the "stigma" of illegitimate children. A bright healthy child can well afford to ignore such law-made stigma. Edith Lanchester's picture is spoiled by her puff sleeves. When will women learn how to dress for a picture? I note the dinner, the champagne and the cigarettes. I think a "good habit" league would be of much importance.

R. Clavern, Charters Towers, Queensland, Australia:—DEAR MRS. LILLIAN HARMAN: It gave me great pleasure to read



## 660.

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your able article in the "Blue Grass Blade" of Jan. 31, 1897. I am a subscriber to that paper. What you say is rock bottom truth. You are a marvelous woman, and I admire and respect you as such. I read once before an article of yours in the same paper, which came as a surprise to me. It was on free love. I would like to learn more fully your views on that subject. I would therefore ask you to send me Lucifer, for although I see in the "Blade" that you are not the editor of Lucifer yet I presume you write for that paper.

Elmina D. Sienker, Snowville, Va.—I have just finished reading "In Brighter Climes," by Albert Chavannes. It is a bright, charming, attractive picture of Life in Socioland. Life as it would be under proper laws, or rules and regulations. Life where all are equals; where all are physically, morally and mentally healthy. A life where all work and all play. A life where monopolists and evil doers cannot exist. Where love is free, but promiscuous sexing is unknown. Temperance in all things is the rule. It is "a novel with a purpose," and few will commence it without reading it to the end and wishing for more. Of good books there are never too many. Bacon says: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." "In Brighter Climes" belongs to the third class.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 22.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 2, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 661

### The Challenge of "The Strange Woman."

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

"Shame!" Dare you, proud madam, to taunt me with shame, as you pass in your splendid array,  
And frown on the wretched street wanderer, who plods on the hot, dusty way?  
You are sure of your own cold perfection, as you stand there erect in your pride;

Aye, sure that no man dare condemn you, with God and the world on your side!  
You are fair as the bright Aphrodite; men say I am beautiful too.  
They fast on my passionate kisses as the fresh morning rose on the dew.  
To you they are cold and respectful, but ardent and loving to me;  
They show me their strength and their weakness; the false mask is all that you see.

You greet them as honored acquaintance; you scorn me as less than the dust.  
You prate of a one-sided virtue; is that what you call being just?  
Aye, marvel I shrink not in silence, to think of my sin and my shame!  
And kneel not in penitent meekness, in presence of your spotless fame!  
True, madam, the wanton deifies you; the harlot returns scorn for scorn;  
Nor pines for the social position your virtues so highly adorn.  
We both brought our beauty to market; my sin, if a sin, is your own.  
The church was your auction-block, madam; you bow to no keeper alone.  
While I—bow to none! My carcases are mine to withhold or bestow.  
Crouch you at the feet of your master, his plaything to hide or to show.  
But come not again in your splendor, to praise of repentance to me.  
The child of the streets is your better, though outcast, at least she is free!

### The Logic of Progress—and the Progress of Logic.

BY C. L. JAMES.

In H. L. Green's reply to Moses Harman, he says he will admit that Lucifer's philosophy would do away with prostitution, "in the same manner it would destroy our rum shops to allow everybody to sell liquor without a license or permit." The parallel is not a bad one—in fact it is far too good to analyze here, and infinitely more fruitful than H. L. has any notion. Here then we have it on record that this self-constituted and Grundy-accepted representative of morality in Free Thought, admits Free Love would do away with prostitution, but would rather not! We have brought him to say that marriage plus prostitution is better than doing without either. This is the fruit of a generation's war for Free Love. When I first entered the arena, rather more than twenty-six years ago, I could get no one but a few ready-made free lovers to see that marriage and prostitution were inseparable—a truth which has now penetrated even the cerebral integuments of H. L. Green! The Philistine reply was then, that prostitution and marriage were diametrically opposite—that "whatever was not marriage was prostitution"—that the Free Lovers, not the marriageists, were the real advocates and promoters of prostitution.

It is so easy to make odious anything new, that most inquirers were readily persuaded to believe this—or at least to believe that they believed it. And the enemy were powerfully assisted by traitors in our own ranks—by those who thought they could serve purity and respectability both—by that pernicious class of fence-straddlers and mandarin-wobblers who were so busy abusing variety that, though they professed to hate marriage and prostitution, they could find little time for

attacking these! But "we have changed all that." We—the straight-outs and true blues—have whacked away at marriage till not even H. L. Green denies any longer that marriage is in fact the Lust Power, that modification of primordial communism or prostitution, whose existence alone keeps the unmodified kind from being swamped!

We have periodically, as was needed, made the folks who wanted to fight prostitution—marriage and variety both, understand that between such mortal enemies they must accept peace with one and war with the other. And thanks to whatever gods there be, these double-faced critters mostly went over to marriage and prostitution, which relieved us from a heap of trouble watching them! Henceforth, we are fairly entitled—testis H. L. Green,—to assume on all occasions that sympathy for marriage and prostitution, does not mean ignorance of their inseparableness but complacency with both—that it is not an intellectual but a moral aberration. The cranks who imagine marriage can exist without prostitution are no longer worth considering. Even H. L. Green has to admit he knows better. Neither are the mere respectables any account (they never were) because mere respectability, like mere infidelity, is a negation—a nothing—which goes for nothing in any positive controversy.

The mere respectables, though far more numerous than either the radicals or conservatives, are never useful to either. They are the helpless "bone of contention" between such combatants. The elements we have really to contend against are two. First, these people, represented by Green, who prefer marriage and prostitution to absence of both. These are all males. Secondly, those who fall insanely in love with a new flame about once in six months; when they go to raving over affinity and duality, and denouncing variety. These hysterical nymphomaniacs I imagine to be all women. The bull-necked brute and the feather-headed fribble—satyriasis and nymphomania—these are now, as they always were, the body and soul of the Lust-Power, or of marriage and prostitution. But now they appear in their true colors, they have wholly ceased to be formidable.

#### THE DUNLOP CASE.

The Dunlop case is a mile-stone in the path of Comstockian jurisprudence. For the first time a first class wealthy journal has been prosecuted to imprisonment of the editor; and that uprising of the press which might have been expected, has, so far, failed to materialize. The alleged very bad badness of the "Dispatch's" "Baths" and "Personals" takes nothing from the ominous significance of these facts. It is under some such stalking-horse that governments always affect their encroachments.

For another reason, the Dunlop case falls like the shadow of coming events. It is the first in which a political motive has been suspected. It is not the first, however, to suggest that Comstockism would eventually be used to befool still more the mire of politics. Years ago, Mr. Chamberlain predicted that a

hundred thousand copies of a leading journal would presently be thrown out of the mail just before election on pretense of an indecent advertisement. He sent me a circular with this lugubrious prediction, and I replied that I not only did not care a condemnation, but hoped that would happen soon. It was the thing needed to wake up the journalists of America, whose united censure would kill a thousand Comstock laws. To this cheerful expectation I adhere, notwithstanding the apathy shown in Dunlop's case. The gold syndicate had such absolute control of the press ring during the late campaign that a Bryan paper rich enough to be influential was almost as much an outlaw as a poor Anarchistic sheet. But that maneuver cannot be repeated, while its results will remain to inspire its manipulators with that sacred madness reserved for those the gods would destroy.

In 1898 or 1900 there will be many wealthy silver papers. Then look for the hundred thousand copies thrown out on account of a patent medicine advertisement—and the consequences! In this connection, it is interesting to observe the decided tendency of the dominant party towards a censorship. In New York a proposition to establish one has been made, and defeated, of course; but it was a feeler. In the last "Cosmopolitan," a regular censorship is advocated—as a mitigation of Comstockian tyranny! The "Cosmopolitan" is quite right. An educated, paid, responsible censor would, in himself, be far better than an ignorant Puritan blackmailer with more than censorial powers—if, indeed, we were obliged to keep either. But the opposition party is pledged, both by its traditions and its situation, to oppose a censorship. To the ready argument "It would be better than what we have now," this party must answer again, "Then we will have that no longer." Thus the Comstock ahomination, which both parties have avoided seeing lest they should offend the churches, is being dragged by the logic of events to immolation in the political arena.

#### What They Think of the Controversy

"The Light of Truth," Columbus, O.:—Amongst the mass of allusions, speculations and conclusions indulged in by the so-called free thought press with reference to the Putnam-Collins tragedy six months ago, there has nothing appeared of a candid, fair and logical order until Moses Harman's article on the subject came out in a late number of *Lucifer*. Whatever opinions may be held regarding Mr. Harman's position on sexology and the marriage system, no logical mind familiar with the case can fail to realize that he has wiped the Pharisaic prudes completely from the stage of discussion.

There is too much doxy in the free thought movement for good health. It is only a step from condemnation to persecution, and surely there has been enough of the former heaped on poor Putnam since the night he and his fair companion laid down in death, "fully dressed" and the "bed undisturbed."

"Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Judged by this test, in the absence of proof in flagrant delictu, there is not a single writer or editor who has cast aspersions on the character of Mr. Putnam that is not guilty of that which they charge upon him without proof.

H. E. Allen, Berwick, Ill.:—Whenever I see an article attacking *Lucifer* I always feel like thanking the person making the attack, for I rest assured that the cause of truth will, as a result, be materially strengthened. Some of the most admirable arguments in defense of *Lucifer's* work have been called out in this manner. And when I see one of these innocents making such an attack I really feel sorry for him. Why, I felt like writing a letter to Mr. Green and offering him my sympathy. What a shock such an encounter must have been to this very orthodox and conservative self-called radical. Poor man! he will be more guarded in the future no doubt.

To me the principles so ably championed and manfully contended for by Moses Harman are as axiomatic as the golden

rule. If Mr. Green, claiming to be a liberal, has the audacity to say that woman should be complete master of her own body—should not be the guardian of her children and property,—then I must say that Mr. Green may be an infidel but there can be no doubt that he is a barbarian. I use this term advisedly, for I understand a barbarian to be one who is unwilling to concede to others the liberty he himself enjoys. I recently expressed this opinion of C. C. Moore of the "Blue Grass Blade."

I am sometimes inclined to the belief that infidels are common but true liberals very scarce. In other words, there are many Greens and Moores but mighty few Harmans. If, according to Frederick Adams, "The average voter is an ass," what shall we say of some of our narrow-souled men who set themselves up as teachers but deny woman the rights they themselves would demand were they to exchange places with their wives, mothers and sisters?

"Motherhood in Freedom" should be issued by the government free to every family in the nation. I have faith to believe that our children will have too much common sense to maintain that our present marriage system conduces either to happiness, health or the physical development of the race. Like religion and many other old things it has served a purpose perhaps on the childhood of the race, and should now be laid aside for "perfect freedom and equality of the sexes." I certainly wish *Lucifer* abundant success in its admirable work.

J. W. Stuart, Brodhead, Wis.:—I have carefully read your criticism of H. L. Green, and have only a word of criticism of your reply to him, and that is when you quote an extract from the Bible and say "*Lucifer does not fight the dead.*" It would not have been out of order for you to have quoted to him the language attributed to Jesus in his conversation with the Sadducees when he is represented as saying "Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush when he calleth the lord, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob: He is not God of the dead, but of the living. For all live unto him." But this would doubtless have been like casting pearls before swine, for H. L. Green is as bigoted as Ingersoll in all matters relating to immortality or continuity of life. While I sympathize with all Freethought ideas, yet the bigotry which stubbornly refuses to "seek acquaintance with the science of living things," and prefers to remain ignorant of facts of deepest import, blind to God's creation; unbelieving in a living law, manifest through endless change; and reverent only to dogmatic teachings; is no more free than the Christian bigot through whose machinations you were deprived of liberty so many months. I most decidedly endorse all you say as to the right of S. P. Putnam and Miss Collins to associate as they should please.

I often think that thinking women of our day, must sympathize with Madam Roland in her exclamation when conducted to the guillotine for execution, "O, Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name?" Ours is mis-called a "Land of Liberty," but if this be not a land of slavery, what is it? The feminine part of the American people are largely enslaved by the churches and only those who are emancipated from church rule, can realize their enslaved condition. But spiritualism is making continual inroads upon the church domains and more liberty will be taken year by year by the slaves. I shall endeavor to secure other readers of *Lucifer* as far as possible. H. L. Green in charging you with endeavoring to shirk responsibility by attributing to Lillian Harman the article criticised by him showed a characteristic not to his credit.

In the closing paragraph of the prelude to your article, you have struck the truth in regard to the causes of human action and it is about time that professed freethinkers recognize this fact viz.: that every human action is the result of a cause sufficiently potent to produce that action, that therefore where a sufficient degree of intelligence exists, no inclination to award

any blame for any act will be found. And only with such intelligence will be found that charity which covers a multitude of sins. I will endeavor to call the attention of my friends to your offer of pamphlets. With best wishes for the financial prosperity of Lucifer and all who labor for human freedom, I am yours for human emancipation.

Juliet H. Severance, M. D., Galesburg, Ill.:—It seems Brother Green is very much disturbed over your views of principles and persons. Your article in last *Lucifer* pleased me much. You deal masterly blows in such a sweet spirit. It requires a great growth to treat the stupidity and cupidity of some professed reformers with such a self poise.

I have known Samuel P. Putnam a good many years and never yet heard him in any way identify himself with, or endorse, the views of those who advocate sex freedom. He, like Mr. Green, always seemed to be fearful of being counted a believer in any kind of liberty but religious liberty. He always seemed to me to have about the same degree of policy, or fearfulness of criticism, or belief in secularism unmixed with other issues.

Mr. Green and Mr. Putnam were not mutual admirers, I knew very well; but I think had the circumstances been reversed, and Mr. Green gone where he could not answer back, Putnam would have been the last man to add one smirch to his memory.

Mr. Putnam, with all his faults, did masterly service in the Freethought cause. Mr. Green, with all his intolerance and prejudice, is also doing a good work in his line of action, but it always seems strange to me that a "Freethinker" can be so intolerant of other people's opinions and misrepresent them after having to contend with the same bigotry from others in matters of their own belief.

I remember thirty years ago attending a large Health Convention, mostly physicians. As chairman of the committee on Resolutions I offered the following—"Resolved that slavery in any form, whether to fashion, public opinion, appetite or passion, is detrimental to health, and that freedom in all the relations of life must be secured before mankind can be free from disease and suffering."

A bomb would not have created more commotion, and after a day's discussion and its adoption two of the doctors, a man and wife, took their names off the roll, as they said they did not wish to endorse free love. The man within twenty-four hours came to me with a story of his domestic infelicity.

I never yet knew a case in all my observations where a person was bitter and intolerant of what they call free love with a sneer (as though there could be forced love,) but that they had something in their own lives that they feared would be uncovered. They cry stop thief to attract attention from themselves.

John Stuart Mill wrote wisely when he said, "Marriage is the only form of serfdom now sanctioned by law."

Let all faithful souls work on until this "last form" shall be outgrown.

Lois Waisbrooker, San Francisco, Calif.:—I am sorry my comments on your "Free Man's Creed" were lost, but I saw nothing in that creed to criticize. The point which strikes me most forcibly in connection with the Putnam-Collins tragedy is the utter lack among a large class of Freethinkers of being scientific in the line of sex life. In the "age of consent" discussion carried on in the "Arena" some two years ago, a Kenyon legislator made the statement that sex-desire can be changed into religious emotion; says this is a demonstrated fact.

In view of this fact he urges that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the young girl, yearning for she knows not what, will be perfectly satisfied in the church. In other words, her desire will be transmuted into religious feeling—religious zeal, her sex life being the power that stirs her to action. What an admission is here! Religious emotion *unnatural sex-action*!

Now to the scientific point: It is a fact that no thinker will dispute that where there is action there is waste—a something is set free which corresponds to the nature of that acted upon. It follows then, when sex-desire is transformed into religious emotion that in the action upon the desire which so transforms it there is set free a fine element, a sex aura, and what becomes of it? Is it not appropriated by those who cause the transformation? I claim that it is, and that right here is the source of church power. She grasps the very roots of life and turns them to her purpose.

It has been demonstrated farther that the finer forces are the most powerful. This is science, and but for the fact that even while they repudiate church authority many Freethinkers hold on to church morality, they could not fail to see it. Sex desire emotionalized with the church as the engine, and the preachers as engineers, carries with it as much more power than in its natural condition as does steam as compared with water, and so long as Freethinkers accept and defend church morality in sex matters all their other efforts against her power and tyranny are in a great measure futile.

Not long since, and not many miles from here a mother and daughter were found dead together from the effects of gas. The mother was an exceptionally good woman, and the daughter was her associate in her good works; but the daughter was subject to fits of depression that amounted to mania—partial derangement,—and the unquestioned verdict in this case was suicide and homicide by the daughter. It is now being whispered about that physicians say had the daughter been a married woman her head would have been all right. In other words, the sex relation would have saved her life. I do not recollect her age, but she was not a young girl. Physicians unite in saying that a large proportion of our insane are so because of lack of, or inharmonious sex-relations. Now what will Mr. Green and his sustainers do or advocate in such cases? Will they work for stronger laws to hold people together who wish to separate, and leave people to die or go insane rather than that they should violate church morality by being natural in spite of church sanction? Such Freethinkers are as cruel as is the orthodox God, as remorseless of human woe, if it come in contact with their prejudices.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXXI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

DISPARITY IN WEALTH. The great disparity in wealth arises largely from the fact that in the same community there are classes who avail themselves to the utmost of nature's assistance, and other classes who do not. If these classes were in different communities, it would be easy to see that the community in which the steam engine and machinery of their own construction did the work, was rightfully prosperous, and that the community endeavoring to subsist without machinery and without tools, could only properly expect the existence of a savage. But when the two classes are mingled together, and especially when the lower class participates in the enjoyment of the refinements produced by the other, it is not surprising that in their ignorance they should covet the possessions of their more fortunate neighbors and envy their position. It is impossible for a man without possessions to do anything which will produce much; and such men do not understand how the existence of wealth opens the way for immensely valuable services. I will take two illustrations.

WE ARE in receipt of a fine pamphlet copy of a beautiful and appropriate oration delivered at the burial of Abbie, wife of Herman Epsen, prominent Freethinkers of Leavenworth, Kansas, by Rabbi Samuel Marks. It is pleasant to note the fraternal relations existing between Freethinkers and Jews. Rabbi Marks, like Rabbi Hirst, of Chicago, seems to be a "progressive" Jew, with a decided leaning to ethical culture, rationalism and the religion of science and humanity.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 2, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. W. and C. E. W.?"  
ANS. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Babel in 4000. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 8. Lillie D. White will tell us of "A Better Society." All are welcome.

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wallall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

WILL Lucifer's friends, whose subscription is now expired, kindly remember the needs of the printer and send us a little "prosperity" to tide us over the dull summer season? Postage stamps always received on subscription or for books.

## Still On.

The tendency to run to specialties, special lines, or to what is known as "division of labor"—the necessity of concentration upon one thing at a time in order to achieve success in any field of human endeavor, has had the effect of confining, for the most part, the work of Lucifer to what some critics are pleased to call a small part of the field of humanitarian reform. While Lucifer's platform is all-inclusive—while we stand for "Light against darkness; for Reason against superstition; for Liberty against slavery; for Justice against privilege," we find it simply impossible to carry on the war against all forms of invasion, all forms of superstition, of slavery and of injustice at one and the same time.

The man and the journal that attempts to do this will as surely fail as will he who attempts to achieve success as a merchant, a physician, a lawyer, a painter, a musician, an actor, and an all-around mechanic, at one and the same time. Josh at home in New Hampshire he counted for something or something, but when spread over the whole United States he became "almighty thin,"—or words to that effect, and so likewise we may say of the man who tries to do everything at once; and we may add that the average span of human life is too short for any man to excel in many things by turns.

Seeing the necessity of concentration we have selected that

part of the work of reform, or of propaganda, that to some of us seems most important of all, and the part that seems also to be most neglected and shunned—shunned because of its unpopularity and the apparent impossibility of reaching those who most need instruction along the neglected lines.

In the field of economics, and of governmental reforms, there is no lack of workers; no lack of willing listeners or willing readers; no lack of books and papers. The desire for, and the demand for, a change in economic and governmental conditions is well nigh universal; the demand for the abolition of economic slavery, and for freedom of the laborer, is fast becoming popular. Not so the demand for the abolition of Sex Slavery; not so the demand for

## FREE MOTHERHOOD!

The reform, the propaganda, that shows the evils that spring from enslaved maternity; the evils that inhere in unbecome motherhood; enforced motherhood; ignorant motherhood—this reform, this propaganda, has, as yet, few advocates, few papers or books; few writers, lecturers, readers or hearers. It is still very, very unpopular.

To some of us this neglected reform, this unpopular propaganda, seems pivotal, seems vital, seems underlying, seems all-inclusive. To our thinking, compared with this underlying, this pivotal reform all other reforms are short-sighted and superficial—are like cutting off branches while the root of the tree of evil remains untouched. To our thinking no substantial progress can be made in economics or in governmental reforms, so long as the mothers of the workers and of the voters are not free! Free—not simply to take part in politics or in economic production and distribution, but free in a vastly more important sense, viz: free to own their persons! free to choose and to refuse, at all times and under all circumstances, in all matters pertaining to the work that nature has given woman a monopoly of—the building of new human beings.

We believe that Gerald Massey is in the right when he says: "We must begin at the creatory if we are to benefit the race, and woman must rescue and take care of herself and consciously assume all responsibilities of maternity on behalf of the children," and we believe with Col. Ingersoll when he says that "there never will be a nation of great men till there is a nation of free mothers."

After careful study of what free motherhood means some of us have arrived at the conclusion that it means nothing more nor less than the total abolition of man-made marriage. Whether it be sacramental—priest-made—or merely secular—judge-made—or even self-made by the parties themselves, marriage means slavery for womanhood and motherhood. Freedom and marriage are irreconcilable enemies; each is the negation of the other.

From churchmen and church-women, also from those who get their ideas of human government from theologic sources, we have expected nothing but opposition and misrepresentation, since we believe it demonstrable that it is chiefly by their control over the sex of woman, over the maternal functions of woman, that the priesthood has ever been able to hold and perpetuate their power over mankind. Hence we are not disappointed when we hear ourselves held up to the world, by the champions of marriage, as the enemies of morality,—the enemies of all that is pure, true and good in human association. This opposition was naturally to be expected, just as it was to be expected that the silversmiths would oppose Paul and Galatians when these attacked the idolatry of the Ephesians. "It is by this craft,"—the making of images—"that we get our wealth," said they. Free motherhood, self-owning motherhood would mean the destruction of the "craft" by which the priest, the judge, the law-carpenter, or legislator, now "get their wealth"—and their power over their dupes.

But while not disappointed in the treatment accorded us by church people we must confess to serious disappointment. We had reason to believe that those who reject theology, those who have outgrown the swaddling clothes of prehistoric and pre-scientific ages, would reject also the morality, the anti-natural

the unscientific morality, that is part of the antinatural theologies and unscientific cosmologies. Instead of carrying the logic of Freethought to the realm of the emotional nature, the affectional nature, of women and men, many "infidels," so-called, hold fast to the old marriage code of Paul, of Luther, of Calvin and of Melancthon, while rejecting their "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;" their jasper-walled heaven and their fire-and-brimstone hell.

That it is the natural right, the citizen right of these illogical—as we think—Freethinkers, to hold fast to any part of the cult or creed of Christians, will of course not be disputed. Or that it is their right to return to the bosom of the church and get forgiveness for their heresies, no one will dispute, but that they should claim to be the only Freethinkers worthy of the name, and that they should drive out—as is now proposed—from the National Freethought organization, all who do not accept marriage as a finality, or as the only solution of the sex-problem—to this, or against this exhibition of narrowness, of bigotry, of pharisaic exclusiveness some of us beg leave to enter our protest.

For more than a decade of years Lucifer has fought this battle for Free Motherhood—for woman's right to self ownership. Eleven years ago this month, the historic "Markland letter" was first published in our columns, the central thought of which letter is the demand that woman's person should at all times be free from unwelcome intrusion. This demand is an assault upon the citadel of marriage. Abolish man's assumed right of ownership and control over woman's person and you abolish marriage.

The champions of church and state, recognizing that their fundamental institution was assailed, took alarm, and, under pretext of "obscenity," began prosecution in the courts for the suppression of Lucifer—a prosecution that lasted nearly ten years, ending, as we think, in a moral victory for Freedom, and for self-ownership for woman. Nearly all the papers that first sided against us changed their tone and took sides with us, or became silent. Nearly all the officials who at first condemned us admitted the injustice of the prosecution before it was finally ended.

And now, strange to say, the opposition to Lucifer's demand for the abolition of marriage and for the inauguration of Freedom in the domain of the affections, comes chiefly from our own "household of faith," or from those who profess Free thought principles. Chief among these opponents is "The Free Thought Magazine," published and edited by H. L. Green, who has been prominent in Freethought work for many years. Mr. Green calls Lucifer "the organ of the free lovers of this country," and in the same January issue of his magazine, speaks of "this damnable doctrine of free love," the "curse of free love," etc., and in his March issue he says he thinks the opinions of Lucifer's editor "more pernicious than those of our orthodox friends."

In accord with this opinion that Lucifer's work is "more pernicious," more injurious to the best interests of humanity than the doctrines of the orthodox church the "Free Thought Magazine" urges the "real Freethinkers of the country who believe in purity, decency and the marriage institution" to "come together from all parts of the country and organize a great Freethinker's association that shall, by its character and high aims and purposes command the respect and admiration of the respectable people of this country."

The Oregon Secular Union, the organ of which is the "Torch of Reason" published at Silverton, appears to join Mr. Green in this movement, by an amendment to its by-laws excluding from its lecture platforms all "who advocate free love."

And thus we see that the battle for freedom is still on—on, not simply with the champions of church and state authority, but also with the wing of the Freethought army who still cling to church-state morality in the most important of all human

relations—that of sex. In his March issue Mr. Green publishes a long list of endorsements of his course in championing marriage against the advocates of Sex-Freedom. Hence it is seen that our defensive fight is not simply against the attacks of one man but of a large section of those who call themselves Freethinkers.

The "Boston tragedy" receives its chief significance on account of the attempts made to bring disgrace upon the sex freedom movement by the advocates of marriage, by alleging that "free love and whiskey" was the cause of the death of S. P. Putnam and May L. Collins. It is hoped that the defenders of sex freedom, in this discussion, will show the superiority of the "faith that is in them" by a temperate use of personalities and by an exhibition of the spirit of fairness, of justice and of forbearance towards those who unjustly assail and misrepresent us.

### Who is to Blame?

BY JAMES RUSSELL PRICE, M. D., PH. D.

Having inherited a tendency to cause-finding instead of fault-finding I have naturally come to consider a cause foreverly effect.

In my early days, like many others, I made a job-lot of many effects and divided the honors between God and the devil. This is a very great convenience when one has no time or talent to investigate. "Dispensation of Providence" causes so many deaths, etc. How good it is of a great supreme ruler, to father all these epithets without a murmur.

Now I am going to look into the cause of hatred and disgust between husbands and wives which so often leads to divorce or "hell in the household."

Theories are useless unless provable; so in order to make this argument convincing let us take a carefully gathered list of young married women seeking separation as they term it from a "brutal husband." We will let the woman do the testifying, as society seems to make her, to a certain extent, the chattel of the man. We will so consider her in the one hundred cases chosen from wives of ages ranging from fifteen to twenty-eight years. Sixty-eight gave as the primary reason, the treatment received the first night of married life because of the ignorance of the husband.

To illustrate—one case will suffice to make clear what I wish to say; therefore I will use the exact words of an eighteen year old wife who had lived with her husband two years:

"He is worse than a brute."

"Why did you marry such a man?"

"Oh! he was the most loving and attentive man you ever saw, for a whole year before we were married. He came from a highly respected family, was highly educated and I was sure he loved me, for I did love him; but he spoiled all and made me hate him so that nothing under the sun could get me to like him again."

"I was told by some lady friends the day I was to be married, that the first night was just like death staring one in the face. I was fearful and nervous. I begged of my husband not to kill me. He said: 'Now don't be a fool! I wanted to go back home to my mother. He locked the door. I can never forget or forgive him for his brutality. I wish I could! I have tried for two years. It rankles in my heart; so I have made up my mind that I must get free or I will go crazy.'"

Modifications of the above will give the experience of sixty-eight per cent. Pride and fear of public notice covers up many cases which are not brought to light.

When there are so many good books on the question, why should such gross ignorance prevail among men?

What an awful condition of things when not one-tenth of one per cent of men know how to love and be loved!

What can you expect in the way of true happiness when not one man in a thousand knows how to love a woman? Better take lessons of wild animals.

As long as sexology is not taught to children in the proper



manner and at the proper time just so long shall we have these calamities in wedded life.

The true man and the true woman will grant to each such absolute freedom that the chattel idea will vanish away.

The state and church will be modified just as soon as the rising generation is free from the yoke of bigotry and social tyranny. The desire of the husband to play the part of surgeon on virgin wives, will be replaced by knowing how to gain and retain the love of a wife.

### Dianism.

BY ELMINA D. SLENNER.

Reproduction is only accomplished at the sacrifice of a portion of individual vitality. The parents freely give of themselves that they may create new lives to happy and bless their own. Through ignorance of sexual law the sex act has been perverted into a mere pleasurable process, or still worse, a form of relief for the male, and too often of passive endurance, to say the least, for the female.

Then aside from all this, comes in various other evil prostituting ways and means of "getting good" out of this terrible waste of vitality, health and moral force. Through all the ages, ways and means have been proposed and tried by which this giant perversion of a natural law might be put an end to.

Male continence, religious chastity (!) priestly celibacy (!) nunneries, etc., etc.; but at last comes the real sovereign and queen, the Goddess Diana, who points a way out of all these innumerable ills, and shows the flower-bordered path of purity, peace and love.

"What!" exclaims the bewildered reader, "only sex for propagation? Only sex a few times during one's whole life? perhaps, not at all? Pshaw! what are you giving us!"

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Please don't say we have heard all this before; but remember it takes line upon line to indoctrinate people with unwellcome truths.

We do not ask impossibilities. We only ask you to read, think, question and compare.

I hope every Lucifer reader who has (or thinks he has) one argument against Dianism will bring it to the front. A theory that will not stand all that can be said against it is worthless. Opposition is the life of discussion—kind, friendly, honest opposition.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAY.

### CHAPTER XXXX.

"MY OWN IMELDA!—To use the expression of gushing school girls, I am just dying to see you. Save my mother and Wilbur, I have no one to whom I can talk just what is in my mind. I have many radical friends here, in dear old Chicago, but none quite far enough advanced to admit them into the innermost recesses of my heart. It is so hard, so very hard, to replace a tried, a trusted friend. In all probability this very circumstance is not without its advantage as thereby I am better able to apply myself to my studies. During the evening hours I have an assistant and it would be natural to suppose that during those hours my studies would progress the most. But, strange to say, we continue to rehearse the same first act—somehow we cannot get beyond it—with some variation, it is true, but in reality the same. I expect after a while we shall surely be perfect. But of what the second contains I am at present not able to give you an idea. It is still a sealed book.

To confess the truth however, I care but little, so long as the first act gives such exquisite pleasure. I am perfectly willing to let the second take care of itself. All the same my arms are in the best of trim to give you a good hugging—a regular bear hug. Maybe I can impress you. If so, let me know.

"Do you know I almost envy you your present surroundings? You have so many to love now. No, I don't, either. That is not just the right thing to say. Rather, I am glad, O so glad, that you have found that wayward sister of yours, that was. See, darling, how our doctrines have been verified in this case: that we are just what circumstances have made us. Who would have thought that the willful Cora could be transformed into so noble a woman! But then you know love works wonders, and undoubtedly Owen Hunter must be one of nature's noblemen, else the love upon which he fed the starved heart which gave itself into his keeping could never have produced such wonderful results.

"Now, my Imelda, it will be yours to develop the germ which this man has implanted, and when they again meet—which I feel assured they will—he will not find occasion to regret the enforced separation. And now, kiss for me that precious sister pair who so truly belong to us. When your letter came, telling us all about them, describing their person and characters so minutely that we imagined that they were bodily transplanted into our very midst, Wilbur could not restrain himself. His eyes filled with tears—tears that with overflowing heart I kissed away.

"O my precious friend, will the time ever come when we shall realize some of our dreams, or will fear, like a dark pall, always keep our heaven, our paradise, enshrouded in darkness and gloom? When these thoughts come to me I am sad. But you know I do not approve of that. I shake it off, and indeed I have not much chance or time to indulge in gloomy thoughts, as hard work stands by and keeps my mind busy.

"Jesting aside, my rehearsing is not all play, and my teachers are more than satisfied with me. They have given me the best of hopes that I shall, in the coming fall, be able to fill an engagement of some note. They tell me my talent is remarkable and that I must succeed. Professor Morris has written to the managers of several first class companies and daily expects an answer. Now, my girl, please do not accuse me of what is vulgarly termed "self-conceit," but you cannot know what it means to me to be successful. I love the profession that my talents fit me for, only second to that other object that thrills my whole being. I love, O Imelda, how I love Wilbur, the king of my heart. I love humanity, the down-trodden, and I love the liberty to do and to dare whatever my heart desires. And among those desires by no means the least is my love of the stage, despite the stigma that clings to it. But where so great the stigma as that which has fastened itself to the term 'free love?' or, for that matter, to any other reform?

"Two days later: The answer has come. An engagement has been secured me and—Hurrah! Imelda. In a few more weeks I shall be off on the road to see how easy or how hard it is to win bread and fame. If everything continues as favorable as the beginning appears to be my success is already assured. The vacancy that I am to fill is that of a leading lady, and I know I must strain every effort to please. My mother scarce knows whether she is pleased or sorry. I am sure she is the best mother any girl ever had, and while she is ambitious for me—while she desires to see me successful, her heart cannot conquer all its foolish fears. She fears the men of the world, and the very fact that radical ideas have been nurtured in my mind may bring me danger. But she forgets it also has brought me a knowledge that I could not well have acquired otherwise. I have been taught by object lessons, and I have learned to drop character. It will not be an easy matter to try to pass off on me the spurious for the real, the genuine. Wilbur I know trusts me more fully, and why should he not? Does he not know that he is, and always must be, the



best love of my heart? Always? Well, until I find some one who has scaled the ladder of life to a grander manhood, to nobler heights, he certainly will stand first, and I know so well such men are rare. He is glad for my sake that I have found an opening, but sad when he remembers that it necessitates a separation. He does not want to show the latter feeling, as he fears to cast a shadow on my glad prospects, but then you know, love is quick to note when every cord is not tuned to harmony.

"As yet I do not know at all where our company will be booked, but I do hope that sometime during the coming season we may stop for a week in Harrisburg. Do you think such a possibility would contain anything pleasurable?"

"And now—but no! I was going to tell you another piece of news, but that will be Wilbur's privilege, as he, too, wants to write a few lines. But I really must bring this to a close, or it might prove a task instead of a pleasure to read it. Kiss all those precious friends for me and say something nice to that one particular friend who is not a friend but something so much warmer, and soon, soon send an answer to your homesick, loving

MARGARET."

Folding the closely written sheets Imelda looked up into Norman's eyes and said:

"Well, sweetheart, what have you to say to my Margaret?"

"That she is a precious, sweet girl, and a true woman. I hope that she may indeed be successful in her chosen profession. But what has our friend Wilbur to say?" Without further comment Imelda unfolded another document and began to read:

"MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—I wonder if, after all that our Margaret girl has written, I shall be able to find something more to say. I am sure she has told you all the news there was to tell and maybe if I should write too lover-like *someone* would object. How is it? Do you think Norman Carlton would grudge me the kiss which I am craving and longing for? Methinks I read between the lines of the truly grand letters he has been writing us lately, a broadening, a widening out, that was not there at first. I believe him indeed to be a grand, noble nature, possessed of a high type of manhood. I am positive the germ is there, even if yet somewhat hidden and undeveloped, and it behooves you, my little girl, with womanly tact to develop it that he may yet stand in our foremost ranks, working for the universal good of humanity and for the special good of sister woman. I expect when we meet to take by the hand a brother worthy of the name.

"With his natural reverence for womanhood it seems to me it ought not to be a difficult task for him to understand the injustice, the unfairness, aye, the cruelty that is being dealt out to woman; to always doom her brain to slumber, to inactivity; to expect her to stand with idly folded hands, denying her the right to be her own judge pertaining to matters of womanhood; deeming her incapable of understanding her own affairs; dooming her always to submit quietly to what man may wish to impose upon her; using her as a pretty plaything with which to amuse himself in any manner man may see fit. O it is horrible to place woman, the creator, the builder of the race, on a plane so low, and I cannot think that Norman Carlton fails to see these things in their true light.

"It is wrong to seek to bind love in any way, and, try as we may, it cannot be done! Love, the spirit, will ever be free. 'Tis only the body, the house, the casket, that we can fetter and defile, and by that means it, the body, becomes but an empty casket, which will soon fall into decay when it has nothing to sustain it, while the little love-god goes wandering on and on mocking and laughing at our futile attempts to hold him fast.

"Then why should such attempts be made? Cherish him with tenderness, strive to stand high in his regard, strive to attain to a noble manhood and womanhood and he will forget his gypsy habits, his proneness to wander. Feed and nourish

him with that of which he is most in need; develop for his especial benefit that in your own character and nature which commands respect and admiration, and you will find him willing to be held in his allegiance. You can do much to win him but you cannot hold him by force, because there is absolutely no holding him. It cannot be done, and it is wrong,—it is a sin and a shame, a crying shame, to attempt it.

"Ha! ha! On the old track again! Always the same; always preaching; but I cannot help it, my dear. It seems to have become my second nature. But now I have a piece of news for you. Margaret did not tell you all.

"When this fair lady-love of mine will have taken to walking her own way I know there will come many weary lonesome hours, for the coming winter; so we have been laying some plans how to make them less irksome. Maybe it is premature to say what these plans are, as much may happen to prevent the realization; but here they are:

"About the time you expect sleighing in your eastern city, I intend, in company with our fair Margaret's mother, to set out on a trip. Do you understand? My heart yearns for those precious sisters of mine, mere babes almost they were when I saw them last. I want to clasp them in my arms and kiss their lips, red with the wine of life; while Mrs. Leland, I know, will win a place in the heart of every one with whom she comes in contact. Yet I believe there is a particular reason that actuates her in making this trip. There is a secret yearning and longing that will not be quieted.

"By writing of the accident which reunited you with your sister you aroused her mother heart by bringing before her mind's eye her son Osmond. The hope to again call her boy her own is the mainspring of the desire to make this visit. How is it, little girl? Shall we be assured a welcome? But there! I ought not to have asked this last question. It was out of place, for of course we shall be welcome. But methinks it is time to close or I will have covered as much paper as Margaret has done, and it is not my desire to weary you. With the same cherishing love as of old, I am as ever

WILBUR WALLACE."

Imelda folded these sheets also and laid them to the others, but Norman did not speak. With his head leaning on his hand he sat staring into vacancy. Imelda gently, tenderly took his head between her hands and bent it back so she could look into the clear blue orbs.

"And what does my Norman think of Wilbur now?"

"That he is right in every instance."

To be continued.

### An Offer From H. L. Green.

EDITOR LUCIFER: The editorial, on the Putnam-Collins tragedy, in the January Freethought Magazine, I am glad to notice, has elicited considerable discussion in your pages, as discussion is always beneficial to truth. The article is so long that I could not ask you publish it in your pages, and as I see that some of your contributors have unintentionally made some errors in commenting on what I said, and as doubtless many would like to read the article who have not had an opportunity, I will do this: I will send a copy of the January number to any one of your readers who would like to see it if they will send me their name and post office address.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 23.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 9, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 66

### Andromeda.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase  
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth,  
Beguile me not as in the olden days;  
I think more grief and beauty dwell with truth.  
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,  
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came.  
Less moves me with her sufferings, than she,  
The slim girl figure fettered in dark shame;  
That nightly haunts the park there, like a shade,  
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.  
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid,  
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!  
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe;  
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

—T. B. Aldrich.

### From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Ira P. Holcomb, Jr., asks some very pertinent questions concerning contraceptives in his letter published in this issue. For his answer, however I must refer him to Anthony Comstock and the society for the promotion of vice. Mr. Holcomb is evidently unaware of the fact that he is asking us to violate a law of this "land of the free." That law classes prevention of conception with abortion, and imposes a maximum penalty of \$5,000 and five years' imprisonment on any one who tells a woman how she may avoid undesired maternity. But this, like many other laws, is made to be enforced against those who have incurred the hatred of the powers that be. Scarcely a daily paper can be found that does not advertise abortionists; while "pennyroyal pills," "tansy pills," and other emenagogues which are either useless or injurious are advertised in nearly all papers and sold in nearly all drug stores. But if Lucifer should advertise any of the best contraceptives that advertisement would be joyfully welcomed as a means of imprisoning the editor and suppressing the paper.

I do not think I can refer Mr. Holcomb to any one book or to any dozen books from which I have deduced my theories concerning child culture. Of course I do not claim that my ideas are original. But ever since I was a little child I have thought and read more on this than on any other subject. To be a good mother was the most intense desire of my life, and I was ever thinking how I would treat my child when I should have one. True, many of my childish fancies were absurd; yet my memory of them helps me to understand child nature. I always read everything I could find on the subject. I have learned more from the works of Dr. Foote than from any other one author. I think his "Science in Story" the best book in its line for the young that I have read. But I dare not enter on this subject in a paragraph. There is so much I want to say that I feel like writing volumes. And yet, after all, I could not say much more than "Thus have I felt; thus have I said to my child." And my experience might not be of much value to others. The most important work is to arouse mothers to the

necessity of thinking for themselves; of studying the needs of their own children. They should be loving, honest, and true in all dealings with the young spirits which look up to them for guidance through the ever-questioning, trustful child eyes.

### BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

Scurrying clouds 'neath a sadder sky;  
Shadows of night are falling fast;  
The northern gale dust-dims the eye,  
As I drive my wheel against the blast.  
I hear the whirr of a coming car—  
Across the bridge the first lights gleam  
Of street lamps, from afar and far  
Mirrored deep in the murky stream.  
Crossing the bridge before me there,  
Is a childish form in a draggled gown;  
With thin, pale face, and tangled hair,  
She wearily walks, with head drooped down.  
From ragged shoes peep tired feet;  
A bundle she bears on her slender arm;  
One hand holds clusters of lilac sweet,  
Falling, yet fair in their fragrant charm.  
"You are tired, Child! Let me walk at your side,  
And carry your bundle awhile," I say;  
Her eyes in surprise flash open wide,  
So we onward pass through the twilight gray.  
Her story is simple and quickly told,—  
Born in poverty, and early thrown  
From a "home" of sorrow, hunger, and cold,  
Out with the world to battle alone.  
Our paths diverge, and we say farewell;  
Of her treasured blossoms she gives me a spray.  
O, fragile flowers! Who can tell—  
Who can show us the better way?  
O, broken blossoms from life's fair tree,  
Why must you bloom but to fade and die?  
Forever must such misery be?  
Can we only question,—Why? O, why?

The Legislature of Missouri has passed a law raising the age of consent to twenty-one years. It is to go into effect this month, and is to begin its work of iniquity by condemning to the penitentiary an intelligent young man who, with the woman he loves, believes that the marriage laws are unjust and tyrannical, and refuses to submit to them. So says a report sent out from St. Joseph by the Associated Press on May 27. "Charles Lavalette, son of a wealthy Frenchman, does not believe in marriage. His sweetheart, Emma Mohr, is of the same opinion. They refuse to marry, and the law is having a hard time to make them." The young man is reported to have said: "A woman has more rights when she is not married. I want the woman I love to have all the rights she can have in a country where women are little better than slaves."

Miss Mohr said, in reply to the statement that the law would not recognize her as Mr. Lavalette's wife, that she cared nothing at all about the law and expected to have nothing to do with it. Just so might the lamb say that it wants to have nothing to do with the lion; but the lion of the law has other



intentions. The young people have already been imprisoned in jail, and the prosecuting attorney says that unless they are married when the new age-of-consent law goes into effect, he will have the young man sent to the penitentiary. There may be little truth in this newspaper story; but whether true or false it is a vivid illustration of the possibilities of outrage conferred by this law on tyrannical would-be regulators of the conduct of others.

### What Shall We Teach Our Children?

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

Teach boys and girls as nearly the same things as possible. Teach boys that the same code of morals for both sexes is the only just and right way. That what is proper and right for the brothers is proper and right for the sisters, whether it be climbing fences and trees, riding horses bare-back and man-fashion, or any other athletic exercise. That it is prudish and foolish to say, "Don't do that! you are a girl!—now do be a lady!"

Teach the boy that it is the right thing to have his sister go hunting, fishing and boating with him, and that what will make him healthy and strong, erect and manly, will make his sister healthy, strong and womanly.

And above all else teach the brother that if the sister have strong sex desires it is just as natural and right as it is for him; and that it is the same with other boys' sisters, and that a girl does not lower herself from a high standard of morality should she show a decided preference for a certain young man's company, and that she need not wait for him to "sneeze before she coughs!"

Teach the girl that all parts of her body were formed at the same time and each for a special purpose, and that one portion is just as good and honorable as another.

Teach her that she should dress to suit the labor to be performed or the pleasure to be enjoyed. That a long skirt covering the ankles is not the proper garment for tramping through the woods, rowing on the water or riding the wheel, and that it is no disgrace to show the legs even to the knee, if covered with a whole, neat stocking; that if the stocking is untidy, ragged or unclean—that is disgraceful and unwomanly. That the arms, neck, shoulders and legs are nothing of which to be ashamed, and that the time is coming when we will not have to cover every portion of our bodies, except the face, to prove our modesty.

As soon as a boy and girl are old enough to want to know anything regarding themselves they are old enough to be told, and *told the truth!* Who but a mother should tell the truth to her children? all the truths that are known to the world today? Who can tell it in a better way than the mother? than she who for nine months carried the son or the daughter close to her heart? she who alone can say, "thou art bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood?" she who had to bear the pain, —oft the agony worse than death, to bring into the world the boys and girls from whom we hope so much in the future?

If we expect our girls to be able to protect themselves from the libertine (not the free lover, for they will need no protection from one who is a free lover from principle) they must be taught the value of love—that they must hold themselves, their persons, as something precious; that they must never cheapen themselves, and must give and take the pleasures of sex only when both will be made happy, and that true love is something pure, deep and holy, something entirely apart and forever separated from lust—something which we all should be glad and happy to own, and not a thing of which we should be ashamed.

Mothers should make companions of both sons and daughters, should teach them that "mother" is always their best friend, always interested in their pleasures, their sorrows, their friendships and their loves. We need not fear that the boys and girls will go far wrong, or that they will wreck their happiness so long as they confide in "mother."

When their love affairs begin to assume tangible shape, teach them that it is a crime to bring human beings into a world that is already overcrowded, unless they are sure they can provide for their offspring. That every child has a right to be born well, and that a girl or woman has no right to bring an unwelcome child into the world. Teach your girl the meaning of heredity; that the pre-natal influence is lasting as life.

Do you shrink, mothers, from all this? Then you are not worthy to have children. Do you plead ignorance? Then study. Until mothers learn to think, and to teach their sons and daughters, it is useless to talk of freedom for the sexes.

The future of the coming generations, whether for weal or woe, is in the hands of the mothers. When they learn to think, and "to think right," then and not till then will they demand their freedom, and demanding obtain it.

Man is a slave as well as woman; but I will not enlarge—having already made this article longer than at first intended.

### Defines His Position.

BY JESSE H. JONES.

In *Lucifer* dated May 5, in your comments on my article, you ask me some questions. In so far as it seems to me that I can promote the great cause of freeing woman from the dominion of man I will offer such answer as I can.

You would have me tell "what freedom from man's yoke really means for woman," in my mind. I mean the entire freedom of woman in her sex nature from all subjection to man under any circumstances. I mean the annihilation of "marital rights." I mean the ending of any man "having his will of" any woman against her will, or wish. Now no man can lawfully have his will of any woman not his wife. I mean that no man shall lawfully have his will of his wife against her will or wish, any more than of any other woman. I mean the abolition of the dominion of the man over the body of the woman. That dominion is "the yoke of man" which I would have broken "off from the neck of woman;" and this new abolitionism for women seems to me as clear and plain and important as the abolitionism of Wm. Lloyd Garrison for the negro did sixty years ago. Here is my "substantial agreement" with "Lucifer's central thought," and this is why I see that *Lucifer* is doing a work that is vital to the welfare of the human race; and I affirm this agreement however much I may differ with *Lucifer* on other matters.

When the woman is free from the dominion of the man, then there will arise the question, What will she do with herself? and that will raise the question, What is righteousness? On this with its related questions I probably differ from *Lucifer* so deeply that any attempt at discussion would be ill-advised, doing more harm than good.

What seems to me the way of wisdom is to discuss only what we agree upon, considering how to make our agreement effective; and to pass over what we differ about. The experience of the woman whose case I presented was none the less pitiful and deserving of the sympathy of *Lucifer's* readers, because she is a Methodist Christian, and has religious views with which *Lucifer* does not agree; and for me to present the case in such language as is natural to me might be allowed without our points of difference being emphasized for debate.

And so with reference to the term "Most High." I cannot see any good to come from a presentation of the meaning of the words, as it arises in my soul. It would just awaken debate—a war of words where both sides were fixed in their minds at the start; and I believe *Lucifer's* space can be used to better ends. So from this also may I be excused.

*Lucifer* asks me to "tell in few words just what he means by the 'true life in sex.'" I have a very clear view of what I mean, as a result of the deepest experience in the interior most of my life; but it cannot be told in few words, and it is fundamentally different from *Lucifer's* view, but I think there is no "sex-starvation" in it, or at least if there be, the amount would be too small to require consideration in our time. One

fundamental difference is this, that in my view society is greater than the sum of the individuals composing it, and the individual must be subordinated to society; while I understand Lucifer to teach that the individual is supreme, everyone going as he will if he does not directly invade the domain of another.

Growing out of this is the further view on my part that the great matter is to show a better order of society, and help those who have life before them to enter into that better order, enduring with patience, in large measure, what has already befallen, and not trying to mend broken china. To show people how to begin life and live it through without broken china I believe to be the better way. Hence, for illustration, I would diffuse to the utmost a knowledge of the temperaments as the very fountain of love, as one means of showing the way of "true life of sex." But Lucifer differs from me too greatly for co-operation there. We are at one in crying out against the dominion of man over woman, and so on that point we can act together, as Lucifer has done in printing "A Pitiful Experience." I heartily agree with Lucifer that these subjects are the most vitally important of all that relate to human welfare and progress.

### Some Experiences and Observations.

BY MATTIE E. HURSEN.

Since writing to Lucifer some weeks ago, I have received several personal letters containing experiences which your readers may perhaps be able to throw light upon, and thereby enlighten others. So I take the liberty to send quotations from some of these letters, believing that no offense will be taken by the writers thereof. A lady writes:

"There was something lacking in my life. For years a longing for something, a vague unrest, a thirst unquenched; till at last I was happy in the love of one of the opposite sex. My whole being was then changed, and the longing satisfied. The centripetal force had drawn us together and I was filled with joy to think I had at last found my soul mate."

"But my life current has been changed. I have lost the love of my husband. The force that brought us together was spent in a few years, and he is gone. My love is as strong as ever but I could not hold him to me. But I do not feel that longing, that unrest, that I felt before I met him. . . . My husband said he did not think it right to live with a woman he did not love; he had thought he loved me but the spell was broken."

Can someone answer me this question: Why was the attraction or force that drew this couple together broken on his part while it remained the same on hers? Also; can these attractions be made lasting through the knowledge of a right use of the sex nature?

Now comes a letter from a friend to whom I sent a bundle of Lucifers, with Lloyd's article marked, which letter seems too good to be wasted on me:

"The papers you sent gave me much food for serious reflection. I have read them all carefully; after which distributed them where I thought they would do the most good. Several who read them opened their eyes at the 'strange doctrines' taught therein. Subjects that had never been thrust upon their notice before, startled them somewhat at first, but upon more mature reflection they were nearly all willing to admit that there was more truth than poetry set forth in Lucifer's pages. The sex question and its side issues not having been brought before the public eye, it is no wonder that so much ignorance prevails in reference thereto, or that so much wrong has been done to woman through sheer ignorance of these matters. If boys were taught the fearful results that self-abuse entails on the mental as well as the physical being I have no doubt that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred they would avoid the impure practice. So it is with the marital question. Thousands of men abuse both themselves and their wives through ignorance. Darkness reigns. Let there be light. With the advent of light darkness flies."

"I was very much interested and pleased with the marked article in which the question of 'side-loves' was considered. It is an unique article, and extremely well written. The author

has evidently studied his question with care, and presents his plea with much skill. I agree with him heartily in the position he takes, but I ask, how many will practicalize the ideas set forth? and even if many should, very few are fitted by nature or education to live such a life in practice. Without wishing to be thought egotistical, however, I think that I could put into practice the doctrines he preaches. You know that I love A— better than any living human being. Now, must I confine all the wealth of my love nature, must I confine all the force of my affection and center the same upon him? No! Banish the 'green-eyed monster' jealousy! Neither do I expect that he should bottle up the wealth of his noble, generous heart to pour it upon my head—or heart. Like every other feeling, love grows by exercise, and the more we give the more we have to give."

"Yes, I think the world would be happier could the ideas of the author [Mr. Lloyd] be carried out. The curse of the world is monotony. One man, one woman, one bed—for, say, fifty years. O dear me! It makes my blood run cold, just to think of it. This demon monotony has caused thousands of murders, millions of divorces, and broken hearts without number."

"The more I study the question of love the more I am constrained to believe in its absolute freedom. Such freedom would banish jealousy, hatred, enmity, law-suits. It would clear the moral atmosphere, and refine and purify the whole nature. It would make us generous toward each other, and would cause the narrow littlenesses of life to disappear."

"How many homes have been wrecked by the monopoly of love by one individual. He or she is 'all mine'—I demand all his love, all his attention, all his person. If he goes out I want to know where. If he stays in I want to know wherefore. If he smiles upon another, or gives a friendly kiss to another I want a divorce. And vice versa. My heart is too large, too full of human love, too full of affection for all mankind, to be able to bottle it up, and make anyone, however good, its sole keeper."

### "Occult Science."

From Columbus, Ohio, Light of Truth Publishing Company, we are in receipt of an illustrated quarterly magazine, with the above title. Among the subjects treated of are the following: "Hypnotism; Spiritism; Theosophy; Somnambulism; Ghost Stories; Telepathy; Palmistry; Astrology." In Vol. I, No. II, we find as leading articles, "Hypnotism, Report of work done at the Daily Clinic of the Chicago School of Psychology, by Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D.," "Spirit Photography—Harry Archer and his Controls," "Human Voice Photographed," "A Living Dynamo—Remarkable Power of the girl, Fanny Hester," "Theosophy—Meaning of its terms—'Reincarnation,' 'All about 'Auras,' etc.," "Palmistry," "Obsession," etc., etc. All of these subjects are more or less illustrated by the engraver's art, and include likenesses of more than a dozen people prominent as specialists in the various branches of "Occult Science." Price, ten cents per number, or forty cents per annum.

Whatever we may think of the general subject of "The Occult," the interest of the so-called scientific world in this class of studies is certainly on the increase, and those who would keep posted, at small expense, on what scientific research is doing along these lines cannot do better than send for this quarterly.

### A New Radical Paper.

The Secretary of the Legitimation League sends us the following announcement:

"The Adult," a journal for the advancement of freedom in sexual relationships, and the organ of the Legitimation League, London, England. Edited by George Redborough. No. 1 is now ready. Contains "Letter from the New President, Lillian Harman," "Manifesto of the Legitimation League," "Facing the Enemy," by Oswald Dawson; "Prostitution and the British Army," by Victor Martell; "Some Sex Problems Considered," by Orford Northcote; "To the Obscure Jades and Distracted Sues," by Leighton Pagan; etc., etc. Price five cents by mail from the office of Lucifer.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 9, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 397, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands:  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin of Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, June 8. Lillie D. White will tell us of "A Better Society." All are welcome.

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

WILL Lucifer's friends, whose subscription is now expired, kindly remember the needs of the printer and send us a little "prosperity" to tide us over the dull summer season? Postage stamps always received on subscription or for books.

## Our April Magazine.

At last! After much vexatious delay—a part of which delay was the result of a loss which necessitated the resetting of one entire form of sixteen pages—number seven of "Our New Humanity" is now ready for distribution to subscribers.

The table of contents is as follows: "The Rights of Children," by R. L. Kerr; "Incineration," by Walter Breen; "What are Women Here For?" by E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D.; "What the Young Need to Know, A Primer of Sexual Rationalism," by E. C. Walker; "The New Martyrdom," by Lillian Harman; "The Will," From the French of Guy de Maupassant; "A Free Man's Creed," by M. Harman.

To all who have patiently waited for the April number of the magazine we return sincere thanks, and tender our regrets that they were compelled to wait so long. And from all who have paid a year or more ahead we ask still further forbearance. As explained some time ago, in Lucifer, we feel obliged to suspend the publication of "Our New Humanity" until the financial outlook shall be better than it now is. To all who do not wish to wait indefinitely we will send the amount due them in other literature, or refund the money. At present we feel that the publication of Lucifer is all that our straitened finances will now permit us to undertake in the way of weekly or quarterly issue.

Hoping that a brighter day is coming, for us all, we once

more ask our friends to send us whatever co-operative aid, in the way of subscriptions or renewals—or for books in our line—that they can, in justice, afford to spare for this line of reformatory work. The fact that so few see the need of education and agitation in regard to the fundamental problems involved in Sexology and Race Culture, make it all the more necessary that those who are awake to such necessity should make special effort to keep alive the one paper that is mainly devoted to such agitation and education.

## The Barcelona Horror.

The question is often asked, "Is the world growing better?"—as it grows older, or is it growing worse? Does civilization civilize; does education educate; does Christianity Christianize or humanize, or does it barbarize and demonize?

These and other like questions are daily suggested by observation, and by reading the current news of the world, as it is served up to us by those whose business it is to find out and to record what is being done on the planet of which we are denizens, and of which we are the product—the offspring.

It is commonly asserted, if not currently believed, that the present age, the nineteenth century of the so-called Christian era, is an age of progress, an age of enlightenment, of civilization, of refinement, of culture, of humanity or brotherhood,—as compared with the centuries that have preceded it. That men do not rob, torture and murder each other now, as they did during the "dark ages" of the world's history. We are told that "evolution" is getting in its work, and that the religion of love,—the doctrine of the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," is being taught and heeded, as it never was before. That the doctrine of "human solidarity," or the oneness of the interests of mankind, is being accepted, and more generally acted upon than ever before.

But what are the facts? Is it true that we accept and act upon the doctrine that "an injury to one is the concern of all?" Is it true that people are no longer imprisoned, fined or otherwise robbed, simply for difference of opinion on matters of religion or morals?—as was so common a few hundred years ago.

If people are no longer imprisoned or otherwise persecuted simply for difference of opinion, how comes it that those who do "not believe in marriage," but who strictly attend to their own business and let their neighbors alone, can be deprived of liberty and property, under the marriage laws of Missouri—as noted elsewhere in this issue—and under the laws of nearly every other country that boasts of its "Christian civilization?" Why is it that right here, in Chicago, only a few years ago, men were imprisoned and hung for a mere matter of opinion, no act of invasion whatever being proved against them—the court itself making no such claim?

And now comes a story from Barcelona, Spain,—not Cuba, nor Armenia, nor Crete, nor South Africa—but from Spain, the most intensely Christian of all Christian countries in the world—from the historic Christian city, Barcelona, Spain, comes a story that tells us the "Inquisition" is not dead, nor sleeping. A story that for fiendish barbarity is scarcely equalled in the annals of persecution for opinion sake, in any age or country.

From a pamphlet entitled, "The Modern Inquisition of Spain," we quote:

"On the 7th of June, 1896, a bomb was thrown into a Corpus Christi procession as it passed the Cambios Nuevos street, in Barcelona, Spain. The perpetrator of the outrage was not discovered, and in default of such discovery the Spanish Government proceeded to arrest three hundred persons, the entire membership of the Centro de Carretos (Car Men's Club), composed of persons of various political faiths, including Republicans, Socialists and Anarchists. The method of the prosecution was to make the whole of the membership and attendance of the Car Men's Club responsible for the act of some unknown person or persons who might or might not have belonged to that society.



"For eight months now, one hundred and seventy of these persons have been imprisoned without trial or interrogation; eighty-three have been tried; twelve acquitted, but not set free; nine certainly condemned to death, and the death sentence demanded for twenty-eight; already five have been shot, and the remainder sentenced to imprisonment in terms varying from eight months and one day to twenty years."

From quotations taken from the "Dominicales," a Madrid "Bourgeois paper,"—no Anarchist paper being now permitted to be published in Spain, and from "El Pais," a "Republican paper of Madrid," and from correspondence with the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and with Henry Rochefort's "L'Intransigent," (Paris), the pamphlet presents testimony that tells of tortures inflicted upon the unfortunate victims of prejudice and of judicial brutality, that "out Herod Herod," and out Torquemada Torquemada himself.

To the sympathetic feelings of Lucifer's readers, the sickening details are omitted, but for those who wish to investigate, that they may intelligently join in the protest that should go up from every land under the sun against such barbarities, we recommend the reading of the pamphlet above named; a copy of which can be had for the postage—one cent, if sent to N. Notkin, 777 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Carl Gleaser, Independence, Mo.:—The Labor Exchange is progressing very well now, especially in California; we have now nearly 250 branches, with a membership of close to eleven thousand. It takes all kinds of cranks to make up the world, and by everyone working away at his own hobby, we will get there in time.

Ira P. Hulcomb, Jr., Dinuba, Calif.:—Two weeks ago when I came home from a two weeks visit in the southern part of the state I found the three books I ordered, also two copies of Lucifer waiting for me. As yet I have not had time to more than sketch the books, "The Old and The New Ideal," "Love, Marriage and Divorce," "When Love is Liberty and Nature Law," but have been very much interested in Lucifer, especially No. 657. After reading the article "What Shall I Say To My Child," by Lillian Harman, I felt that perhaps she had read some books or articles which I have been hunting for, for a long time. I would call it a treatise on the "Genesis of Life." It would give the latest known facts and from which would be deduced theories as to the origin and development of life, especially human life.

Amy Linnett in the article "Continence and Contraception" says that she has been applied to for the name of some firm dealing in contraceptives. I would also ask for the same information. The question that has arisen in my mind is, why has not Lucifer given some good, safe preventative to conception or else given advertisement of the best contraceptives?

Arthur E. Clark, Hecla, S. D.:—I don't know what you think of a fellow like me for allowing my subscription to run so far behind and no excuses. Well I will partly atone by sending you draft for two dollars and ask that you set my peg ahead a couple of notches. Well we have McKinley for our president and "things get no better fast." But my opinion is that in this ferment we common people, if we have enough brains to make a decent head ache, will at least hold our own. There is some consolation in the thought that we are where they can't crowd us any more. And with Geo. De Bernardi pointing the way so plain to the solution of the bread and butter problem I feel that most any time the common people will adopt his labor exchange check to carry on our exchanges and the legal tender will go out of fashion, which indeed it already has done, but people don't know it. And to prove this I will give the experience of our little bank from Jan. 1 to May 1 '97. We paid out during this time \$39,122.35. We had 3,235.71 on hand when we began, and did not ship in even a dollar. Thinking my cash

balance running a little too high, one day when going to the county seat where we keep an account, I took \$2,000 merely to get rid of it, which if I had not done my balance May 1 would be cash on hand 2,958.53, or actual decrease in our money on hand while paying out \$39,122.35 was only \$277.18.

I presume such problems are old to you, but I like to call people's attention to them. These figures are taken from actual banking business and are no exception. And why the common herd can't be taught that they are not using anything but a substitute or as Wayland says, a "bastard money," is the "beaten" of me. We could have used labor exchange checks for all this business except the \$277 as it has all come back and it is not absurd to claim that the \$277 will come back during the season.

Albina L. Washburn, Loveland, Colo.:—I do not feel competent to say whether Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins were practically or ideally sexual mates, but do say that they had a right to be, if it pleased them, and it is no affair of mine or of any one not personally connected with the parties and having claims on them. Nor can I imagine any such claims, legal or otherwise which would be valid.

2nd. Having no knowledge of the persons in question, and having little interest in the discussions incident upon the mode of their death I see no reason to disparage the noble work they have done for the cause of freethought, by accusing them of acts which might or might not redound to their credit as free-thinkers and, what is better, free actors in life's drama. I regret that I did not know Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins as I believe it would have been a benefit and pleasure to me. When leisure for quiet thought comes I wish to read their written words and learn of their life labors. I may also add my firm belief that in the light of the fact that "there is no death—what seems so is transition," they are now busy forwarding the work so well begun here in earth life, and possibly are aiding the cause of freedom more effectually than they could have done here.

Brother Harman, I like your treatment of the case and have but one fault to find with you. Bold and independent as you are you still lack a little there. Be not afraid of hurting feelings. Speak the truth as it appears to you plainly, boldly, energetically—though never so lovingly and tenderly, and the sweet arrows of conviction will find their mark.

I think you have too much of that feminine virtue, self-depreciation. This comes from lack of faith in the everlasting ever present good—or god—as manifest for your own special use in yourself. I oblige myself to constantly cultivate the quality of self-respect or self-esteem which I interpret as faith in the "still small voice"—sure to lead us right if we will but listen. And through the door of death we may hear, as it opens at times, the hum of activity on the other side, where, promoted, we take up new studies built upon the old and see yet more clearly the uses of eternal progression and education toward a lasting joy for all humanity.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.:—I've said almost nothing in print concerning this "sad case," for I was so hurt and shocked by the contumely poured out upon my ideals, that I was too confused and bewildered to know what to think.

For all these months, I've read every side of the "tragedy" in letters and in print, and I must say that Mr. Harman in his summing up in Lucifer No. 20, has given as fair and unbiased a statement as I have yet seen. I object though to one statement or query that "there was no real loss, or ever is, in any of Nature's tragedies."

If loss be a legitimate word, to my mind the world is almost as full of losses as of acquisitions.

Cyclones, floods, fires, thefts, murders, etc., etc., are losses. The death of Putnam and May are a loss to the liberal world (in all probability).

If Putnam drank to excess of late years, who shall say he

might not have given it up on finding out what a "loss" it was to him, and the good cause?

Several of our presidents have drunk to excess. I hear that one of our ex-presidents tried the Keeley cure as soon as his term expired.

As to free love, I took the ground before my marriage (in 1856) that no one could tell how long love would last, and my marriage certificate reads, "we mutually promise to take each other for husband and wife *hoping* to be faithful and loving companions till the end of life."

For over thirty years I was true to the contract, then Mr. Slenker arrived at one of the "time locks" Helen Gardner speaks of, and became so changed that love died and "ended all,"—as death always does!

One remark as to Van Hise's assertion that "Animals live higher sexual lives than humans do, and . . . they never die from wrong sex-associations." It is true animals cannot rise so high or sink so low as we can, but canary birds have been known to kill a mate by too frequent sexings. Animals will use liquor and tobacco if educated to it. The strong ones keep the weak (males) from sexing, and these will sex where they can, by force if refused by a female. We should not look to animals as guides, but take the highest and best of our own race.

We really know so little of animal life in the wild, free state, and among humans none are free. Birds that hatch eggs of other than their own kind are often killed by their mate or by their kind as having been free sexers!

Even the great Whitman errs where he says, "The continence of vegetables, birds, animals. The consequent meanness of me should I skulk or find myself indecent while birds and animals never once skulk or find themselves indecent." If there be incontinence in a free scattering of sex germs, vegetables, trees and flowers and weeds are the guiltiest of the guilty, for they scatter these in all possible ways and quantities.

Pev. Jesse H. Jones, North Abington, Mass.:—The marked copy [653] of the Lucifer has been read through. I think there is no phase of the subjects dealt with in it but what I have thought out through to the end. If this seems self-assertive please excuse it. I see no other way to say anything; for no one has any right to speak only as they have thought out the whole subject.

From time to time, and in this case, I have much to say, sometimes very much in short sayings; but it is useless for me to prepare anything without the fair assurance that it will be printed, or otherwise effectively used.

For instance in the case which Mattie E. Hursen writes about, beginning at the bottom of page 111, I can see at once that there is an imperfect temperamental harmony, enough harmony for vital children but not enough for completely satisfactory companionship.

The testimony of this woman as to what wives say about the union with their husbands is important. I should say *conclusive* as showing that a union which produces such results is essential evil, and ought to be renounced and denounced.

The most important element of cure is to teach what those conditions are under which the union is righteous. I think there are some men who would give up any claim on the union with any woman if they knew that it produced such results. I know from what has been said to me by some that there are men who would willingly confine themselves to the union only under conditions of complete reciprocity. Now the teaching of these conditions is essential to the development of any full measure of intelligent righteousness in the ultimate sex relation. The fact is that the real truth in the case is restrictive in its nature; and the more the truth is taught and the true ideal is set before the mind, the more does that ideal awaken in some the desire to rise out of the "heavily" into the righteous and hallowed.

As to your views of marriage in "A Free Man's Creed," I should suppose you would consider that Editor Green dealt by

you with complete fairness. Leo Miller and his affinity were in this region in either '77 or '78, and I debated with them in a hall in Rockland, two miles east of here. They took exactly your position as to marriage, and they and I had complete free swing to present our views without restraint. There was an audience of seventy-five or more and everybody felt that a full presentation was made, and I never heard that anybody was inclined to their view. The position I took, and my wife with me was that the abolition of the dominion of the man over the woman and the freedom of the woman in marriage was the true solution of the problem. I have never for a moment wavered in this. I see clearly the same bondage that you see, and am just as determined to have the race rid of it, but the method I would maintain is far different from that which you advance. That is, our difference is in the remedy, and not in the diagnosis of the disease.

I will add, that as I read the immutable nature of things, Love is first, Wisdom is second, and Freedom is third and last in the trinity of the departments of Being. You put Freedom first. This difference between us is fundamental.

I see clearly that a better day is coming, when, out of hunger and thirst after righteousness, a liberty under law will arise, which will dome the world with well-being and peace.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXXI.

The brown curly head was resting on the snowy pillow. The maimed arm had been tenderly cared for, and already the tired eyes were drooping. It had been such an exciting day. So many changes had taken place. Cora's heart had been stirred to its very depths and it was a relief to be at last alone. Alice was bending above her about to bestow her good night kiss upon the faintly smiling lips.

"Good night, dear one. I hope you may spend this first night within the walls of this home in restful sleep. I, too, am tired and wish to rest. If you should require anything ring this bell, and I know Mary will instantly attend to your wants. The fact that you are Imelda's sister will alone insure you the entrance to her heart."

"O thank you! thank you ever so much. Everybody is so kind to me. I do not deserve it, I am sure."

"O yes, you do. How can you speak like that? And now once more, good night." Two pairs of warm clinging lips met in a loving kiss, then the form of Alice vanished, and Cora was alone. In but a very few minutes sleep had closed the tired eyelids and happy dreams brought sweet smiles to the rosy lips.

Alice glided quickly through the silent hall until she reached her own cozy, comfortable room. It was in utter darkness, which, however, did not intimidate her in the least. At times she rather liked the darkness. It was then so pleasant to sit at the window star-gazing, and let her thoughts wander whithersoever they would. So she crossed the room to where a comfortable rocker was standing, and sinking into its depths with a weary sigh, she prepared herself for her favorite indulgence. Hastily undoing the fastenings of her dress she then clasped her hands above her head, gazing up into the starlit heavens, gently rocking back and forth in the darkness.

Suddenly she stopped and listened. It seemed to her as though there was someone else in the room. She could have sworn that the sound of heavy breathing had been borne to her ear, though now that she listened, everything was quiet. But the feeling of another's presence seemed conveyed to her in the air itself—she felt it. With a quick nervous movement she rose and walked across the room. She could feel her very lips grow cold, but with a strength and courage of which one would scarce have believed the little woman capable, she controlled every outward manifestation of fear, and securing a match she deliberately struck it and, mounting a chair, lit two jets ere she ventured a single look about her; then with a smothered,

frightened cry she would have fallen had not the man, whom she had seen and recognized, caught her in his arms and prevented a mishap. Gently he lifted her down and seated her in the rocker at the window. He, too, was pale, white to the very lips, as he saw the impression his presence made upon the pale little woman. He stepped back a few paces and waited for her to speak, and when no sound came he hesitatingly, in trembling accents, articulated her name.

"Alice!"

But her only answer was a frightened look. Holding both his hands to her in a supplicating manner, venturing a step nearer,

"Alice, am I never to be forgiven? Listen to me! If ever a man has been thinking—if ever it has come to a human heart, or understanding, that a great wrong has been committed, it has come to me. I know I have wronged you. I know I have acted like a brute! But I would, in some way or measure, make good the wrong I have done."

The hands of Alice were closely pressed upon her wildly beating heart. Her lips were twitching in a manner that caused Lawrence's heart to give a bound. In a moment he had forgotten that he was the suppliant. He knelt at her side and caught both her hands in his, pressing them together and chafing them.

"Alice! little girl. Don't look at me like that. You need not be afraid of me now, or ever again. I mean every word that I say. Come, trust me! It is the one boon I ask"—and he gently drew the excited little woman nearer to him, winding his arm about her as tenderly as of yore. Laying his face to hers, his lips touched the pretty pink ears.

"Little sister," he whispered, "can you, will you once more trust me?"

"Little sister?" Had she heard aright? What was the meaning the words conveyed? A hysterical sob broke from her lips, and as she permitted him to enfold her in his embrace, with an impulsive movement she placed her hands on either side of his face.

"Lawrence! Lawrence! do you mean it? You have not come to mock me?"

"I mean it, little girl, every word of it. Henceforth, you shall be my dearly cherished sister, with just the same liberty and privileges I would grant to her, were you really a sister and dearly loved as such."

A few moments she leaned back that she might the better look him in the eyes. Then she wound her arms about his neck and nestled her head close upon his breast and the words.

"I love you, Lawrence," thrilled him to his innermost being. He understood well the meaning of those words. He had called her sister, and he knew the love she gave him now was the same as every pure woman gives a dearly loved and cherished brother.

Once again a week had passed, and again merry laughter resounded through the rooms. Happy voices were heard blending in song while skillful fingers evoked sweet strains of music. But faces which were new within these rooms—though not new to us, were revealed in the bright light. Edith and Hilda Wallace had found their way into this enchanted circle tonight. Alice was seated at the piano. Her fingers lightly running over the keys, playing the accompaniment to Cora's rich sweet voice as it rose and fell in the cadence of sweet strains of song. The two were like a world unto themselves tonight, paying little attention to the others, each of whom was absorbed in giving attention to someone else. While Hilda actually seemed to fascinate Lawrence Westcott,—so absolutely was his attention riveted upon the sweet serious girl who possessed such a fund of knowledge that he thought he never had been so rarely entertained, Edith had taken Norman Carlton to her, and by her serene and placid manner had so captivated him that for the past hour he had actually forgotten his queenly Imelda, who in her turn was talking just as seriously to a

smooth-faced boy whose bright, intelligent countenance was a perfect mirror of the emotions that were being stirred within that young breast. Sometimes the blue eyes flashed, and with a quick peculiar motion of the hand he would toss back the fair hair from the white open brow; then he would ask question after question that, with never failing readiness, Imelda would answer.

"Wait right here," she said, "I will return in an instant,"—and in a very short time Imelda reappeared, carrying a small package in her hand. Before undoing it she laid her hand on his.

"I may call you Osmond, may I not?" The clear eye met hers in a responsive glance; in turn he laid his hand over hers and in a tone which had a hearty ring he replied:

"Certainly! It will afford me the greatest pleasure to have you do so."

Reseating herself in the chair she had a few moments ago vacated, with deft fingers that were slightly trembling, Imelda undid the cord that bound the package. The next moment Margaret's sweet face was brought to view. The boy's hand trembled as he reached for it, and in his face was reflected the emotions that were stirring his young soul. Imelda watched him closely, as for a long time his eyes were riveted on that fair reflection, and when with a fluttering long-drawn sigh he laid it aside without comment, she also said nothing, but handed him a second portrait; this time the face reflected being that of Mrs. Leland.

It seemed almost Margaret over again, the resemblance was so great; only where time had touched it; the years having left their trace—but only lightly. The brow was just as smooth as that of the young girl; the eyes as clear and sparkling; the hair dark and full. But there was a line about the expressive mouth,—an expression on the face that was not on the younger one, and which only experience could have stamped thereon. It seemed to the boy standing there, holding in his hand the one as if I had lost something to which I had a right, but which had been withheld from me. But when I recall all that which my father has told me of bygone years it seems as if they were handsome, glittering, fascinating serpents looking up at me, luring me from my allegiance." Imelda took both the boy's hands in hers.

"Look at me," she said. "In the first place, tell me—do you think I could be guilty of all the cruel, unholy things that have been reported to you of your mother?"

"Why, no! no! A thousand times no! It would be impossible. One look into your face, into your eyes, would convince me of that."

"Thank you! but do you think, my young friend, that I could hold one near and dear who is so vile as you have been taught to believe your mother to have been? Now listen: I picture of his mother, as if in the eyes gazing at him there was a pleading, yearning look that went straight to his young heart. His sensitive lip quivered and with another sigh he also laid this picture down. He kept his eyes downcast as if he dared not look into those searching dark wells that were so eagerly fastened upon him. In a little while a woman's soft hand was laid upon his and—

"Osmond,"—a pleading voice spoke,—"*do either of those faces portray aught but purity? Do you think your mother*" (laying her hand on the picture). "*with a face like that, could be capable of anything but what is good and pure and noble?*" His eyes were raised to hers, and they were dim with unshed tears.

"I don't know. But my brain seems reeling. When I look at the face of the girl you say is my sister a feeling comes to me as though I should be proud to proclaim her as such to the world; while she who is my mother seems to draw my very soul from me. Looking at them both a feeling overcomes me do not want you to take my word for all that I have told you of these my best friends. Only wait, come here often. Here you can become acquainted with the sentiments that fill your



## 662.

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mother's whole heart and soul, and which find a reflection in every word uttered by your fair young sister. You seem, despite all the prejudices with which your young life has been poisoned, to yet have remained pure in heart. You are brave and truthful. Now from this time forth in justice to your mother, study your father; his modes of life; his sentiments; his every action, and compare it to that which he has told you of the woman who, being the mother of his children, ought to be shielded and protected by him from every breath of scandal; instead of which protection he has blazoned such awful tales about her that it takes almost superhuman courage and bravery on her part to live them down. So I ask you again, in justice to the woman who is your mother, will you henceforth keep your eyes open?"

A dark wave of color swept over Osmond's face, then with outstretched hand, he said:

"I promise you that I will!"

This conversation closed, the pictures carefully laid away, their attention was called to the other occupants of the room. The first words that greeted their ears fell from the lips of Hilda. They listened.

To be continued.

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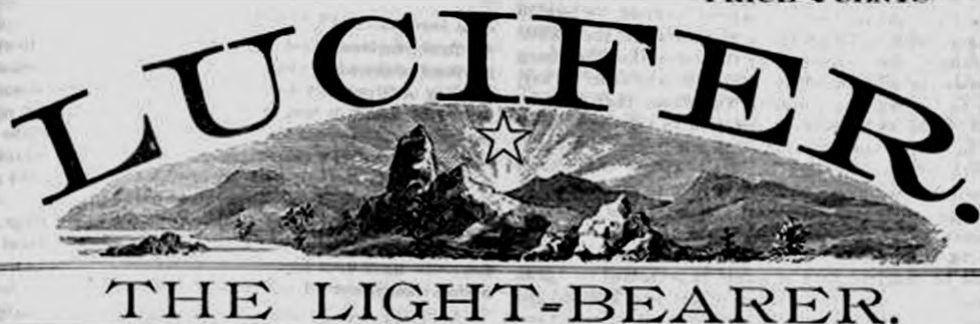
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WHOLE NO. 663.

### A Scene from the Inquisition.\*

They have chained me in the central hall  
And are letting drops of water fall  
On my forehead so close to the granite wall—  
Drop—drop!

They were cold at first, but now they are warm,  
And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,  
Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm.  
Drop—drop!

A circle I feel, beginning to form,  
A circle of fire round each drop so warm.  
A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn—  
Drop—drop!

The circle is growing between my eyes—  
Each drop that falls increases the size,  
And a flame of fire upward flies  
At each  
Drop—drop!

It's growing larger; My God! the pain  
Of this awful, damnable, circular flame  
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain—  
Drop—drop!

It's growing larger, distorting my brain  
Before its circular, throbbing flame,  
Till I feel like a universe of pain—  
Drop—drop!

Suns of fire are falling fast—  
Drop—drop!  
On to my brain; Oh, God! can this last?  
Drop—drop!

The stars of the universe all beat time,  
As each raging sun of heat and flame  
Falls with a measured throb on my brain—  
Drop—drop!

Time has grown as large as my brain,  
Drop—drop!  
Ten million years of agonized pain  
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame—  
Drop—drop!

Something is coming!  
Drop—drop!  
Something is going to happen!  
Drop—drop!

Something has snapped!  
The falling suns cease!  
Oh, God! can it be that you've sent me release?  
Is it death, this feeling of exquisite peace?  
It is death.

### An "Autonomistic Marriage" in Missouri.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The Eastern dailies give us meager information concerning a couple of social rebels in the Southwest. It appears that Charles Lavalette, the twenty-one years old son of a wealthy

Frenchman, and Emma Mohr, seventeen years of age, became oversome six months ago. We are told that "young Lavalette believes that marriage enslaves a woman, and deprives her of the rights she would enjoy as a spinster." Miss Mohr agreed with him, and the first result was that the two set up housekeeping together without first consulting a representative of either church or state. The second result was that society ostracised the young man and woman, and the third result was their arrest, at the instance of Lavalette's pere, for "disorderly conduct." They were found guilty and fined. Offered freedom on condition that they recant and marry, they refused and therefore spent a week in jail for their contumacy. Released from prison, they resumed their relation. But graver dangers threaten them. June 1 the amended age-of-consent law goes into effect in Missouri. Last winter the moralist meddlers succeeded in getting the age of consent raised to twenty-one years. "Prosecuting attorney Norris says that if the two are living together on that date he will arrest Lavalette and send him to the penitentiary—a thing he will be abundantly able to do if the couple do not separate or marry." So wires the reporter. He continues:

Both the young people deny that they favor free love. They are only opposed to the rite of marrying, because it is an abridgment of the rights of the woman.

It is quite evident that these young persons of St. Joseph, if correctly represented by the newspaper men, have more generous impulses and courage than they have clear ideas on social matters. Repudiating the authority of ecclesiastic and magistrate, and asserting their right to choose for themselves, they stand squarely on the main plank of the platform of that free love with which they are said to disclaim all sympathy. Again: Marriage abridges the liberty of man no less than the liberty of woman, and his condition is more tolerable than hers only to the extent that he refuses to abide by the creed he professes to accept. To return to the declarations of young Lavalette, as we get them through the newspapers:

I suppose I will be called a crank, but I do not believe in marriage. It is true that the law provides for the rights of the wife, but is there any reason a man cannot make the same provision as well as the law? I did not marry simply because I did not believe in it.

I have no particular theory that would take the place of marriage, but I am opposed to the condition of life in which nine-tenths of the married women are to be found today.

They are little better than slaves, in my opinion. I have noticed that all my life, ever since a boy. I do not contend that the world would be better if there was no marriage, no law to govern people, and things like that, I am not an Anarchist by any means. I only believe that the woman I live with would be in a far better condition if she is not bound to me by process of law; then she can do as she pleases and I cannot wrong her in the name of the law and as her lawful husband.

My ideas were not obtained from life in Paris, as may be supposed. I know all about the women of Paris who live on the outer fringe of society. That is not my idea of the social structure of all, but I contend that many of them live lives that are to be preferred to those of half the wives. I can see that my plan would not do for a universal one, but it would in my case. I never expected to attract any attention, and I did not want any notoriety.

My own experience, in a like emergency, with callow report-

\* This poem was selected and published by me in "Fair Play," of Jan. 11, '90. It was credited to Harry Steppole. In the "Woman's Tribune" of May 29, '90, it appears as written "For the Tribune" by M. A. Maitland. It is astonishing how people will appropriate poems which they are incapable of writing, and often deceive editors. I have had a good deal of experience with such would-be poets. I have received poems copied from Whittier and Byron, purporting to be original, but luckily I recognized them. I think that such acts of literary piracy should be exposed when discovered.

ers makes me hesitate to criticize anything attributed to Mr. Lavalette by a writer probably wholly unfitted, by lack of acquaintance with social problems, to understand the reformer's utterances. But assuming, for the nonce, that the young man's views are substantially as stated, it is in order to say, referring to his remarks touching Anarchism, that he is an Anarchist, so far as his personal relation to marriage is concerned. In his own case, he wants "no law to govern people," in domestic affairs, although he seems willing that others should be forced to submit to the law that to him is unbearable. He innocently assumes that the State should let him do as he pleases while compelling other persons to do as it pleases. He thought he and Miss Mohr would not come to harm if let alone, and he imagined that he would be permitted to "gang his ain gait" in a community where others were hobbled and led by parson and legislator. "I never expected to attract any attention, and I did not want any notoriety." The simplicity of it! As though a young man and woman could live together in a small town or rural neighborhood and not attract attention and achieve notoriety! He and his companion have very quickly learned that innocence or the assumption of innocence is no protection against persecution. It is a legal maxim that "ignorance of the law excuses no man," and it is equally true that ignorance of religious and social forces grants no immunity to the man or woman who ignores popular prejudices. Unfortunately, Mr. Lavalette is not alone in his simplicity—at least one prominent radical writer has yet to learn the same bitter lesson that the young Frenchman is now spelling out. This is not a free country, and hence we cannot do as we could in a free country. The battle for sexual liberty is yet to be fought, and before it is won blood will flow under the surgeon's knife and lives will go out in the electric chair and on the hangman's scaffold. Then will come the deluge.

The high age-of-consent people may felicitate themselves—the poison tree they have planted and watered is bearing its noxious fruit. As was to have been expected, frankly honest men and women are their first victims. As in the ages past, the minions of a rotten moralism murder the hopes and happiness of the children of liberty. As always before, the foulest crimes are committed in the alleged interest of "purity" and "virtue." The flag of Freethought is stained, stained almost too deeply to be ever cleansed, for self-vaunted "Freethinkers" have been and are leaders in the fanatical crusade for high age-of-consent laws, even as the great mass of the "Liberal" army ranges itself in defense of the abomination of compulsory sexual association, that is, of legal marriage.

The fetichistic belief that men aggregated may rightfully do what men individually may not rightfully do is the grossest political and social superstition of our time, and its eradication is imperatively demanded in the interest of human growth and consequently of human civilization. The corporate ignoramus, bandit and tyrant known as the State is the executive arm, so to speak, of that other corporate ignoramus, bandit and tyrant known as the Church. It is axiomatic that "corporations have no souls," and it is no less true that they have neither brains nor sympathies. The individuals composing them may be moral or immoral, bright or dull, gentle or cruel, but the only authority they have to do collectively what they could not justly do individually is the authority of superior power. Historically and actually, morality has no other basis. It is no more a "sin," an act of "rebellion," to resist an invasive corporation than it is to resist an invasive individual. What we may do in any given case, against an offender of either class, is to be determined by expediency alone.

"The State of Missouri" is a convenient legal and political fiction. It has no rights as against Charles Lavalette and Emma Mohr.

T.—Your wife seems to be madly in love with you.

B.—Yes; you see, I took a vacation and came back a new man.—*Town Topics.*

To the rational mind that has succeeded in largely divesting itself of prejudice, the problem of love relations remains a puzzling one; possibly because there is no common denominator to be found in love and reason. The one may not be expected to understand the other, yet there are those who seem to have solved the perplexing problem for themselves and everybody else to their own satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of all men and women involved in the tangle.

One extremist would get the sexes paired in marriage, with more or less regard to mutual attractions, and then seal their fate, leave no door of escape, and direct them to make the best of the arrangement till death do them part.

Another extremist says, "hands off"—let there be no pledging of faith and love, no promises that might be broken, no arrangements that may not be cancelled at short notice, no provision for parenthood. Leave all to the impulse and attraction of the day or hour, as though man's life were as ephemeral and careless as that of the butterfly and needed no more thought for the morrow.

Between these antipodal extremists are many mixed theories that would provide, either by love or custom, for some method in the operation of the madness of love, some elastic institution for satisfying its varying attractions, repulsions and results.

It is the purpose of this paper to review some late contributions by Messrs. Harman, Ruedebusch, Lloyd and Walker to this perpetual problem.

In Mr. Moses Harman's statement of the "Free Man's Creed" (Lucifer No. 653), the fundamentals are axiomatic and difficult to find fault with. He believes in "Freedom, Love and Wisdom—(knowledge utilized)." This broad creed thus briefly stated would find large acceptance, and even when he goes on to explain what he thinks these words involve he may have a very respectable following; for in advocating unlimited freedom of choice in love, some would say that true love, having discovered its mate, would wish for no freedom but to cleave to its object, and that a monogamic union based on this guarantee would be an entirely satisfactory substitute for the bonds of matrimony; but the possibility that love may wane, or discover new objects of attraction and yearn for other alliances—this is the factor of the problem inviting complications and differences of opinion.

To hold two in the bonds of marriage after love is dead is certainly to profane the institution; but, on the other hand, to demand "freedom of choice" in love, "unlimited as to time," admitting that it may even desire a change more than once a day, is this not to profane love defined by Harman as "the uniting, combining, organizing, creative force of the universe . . . the refining, purifying, uplifting, glorifying, happy force of the universe"?

Granting that "there can be no love where freedom is not," can we fairly employ the word love where attraction varies from day to day, and exhibits no uniting, organizing, creative force? If love be the truly good and great force Mr. Harman has defined, must we not employ another word to distinguish the variable, inconstant and uncertain impulse which darts not and cares not to make any pledges beyond the fleeting hour, and is not lust a good enough word for this?

Mr. H. L. Green and other upholders of marriage as it is, complain that Mr. Harman and those who oppose marriage are not inclined to give in detail their solution of the relations of the sexes; that they hesitate to face and defend the logical outcome of unfettered sex impulses in a possible, general promiscuity; "that free love advocates" do not attempt to outline the probable outcome of practicalizing their theories; while on the other hand, it may be charged as truly against Mr. Green and other defenders of marriage that they cannot face and defend that institution when it compels its victims to love



together after the true binding force of conjugal love has been replaced by the repellent force of hate.

Mr. Harman claims that the abolition of an enforced marriage contract will leave abundant opportunity for and disposition to voluntary monogamic unions, that "honor, candor, honesty and fidelity will remain," and "the true, rational family will take the place of the narrowly selfish despotism now called by that name"—that "love, friendship, liberty, equality, fraternity, peace and happiness will take the place of hate, despotism, war and misery;" but the status of such a family he does not clearly define. It must of course be based upon mutual and voluntary association, but a human family, to be worthy of the name, must have something of permanence, and with each partner free to follow and encourage other side attractions there would seem to be considerable risk of sundering relations before anything like a family had become established. Again, supposing a family arrangement of this kind has been started, and only one party to it becomes estranged by later attraction, what becomes of the peace and happiness of the other party, and what is to prevent hate, war and misery resulting from the sundering of ties when the love of one holds while that of the other draws to new relations?

Neither in present marriage nor in the scheme of voluntary monogamic unions do we find any satisfactory solution of the not uncommon problem, what's to be done when the love of one would maintain "the family" relations while that of the other would make a break for new.

#### REMARKS.

The questions raised by Dr. Poore cannot be adequately considered in the small space at my command in the current issue of *Lucifer*.

First. As to "lust," and its application to ephemeral love attractions. The term lust means simply "desire," and may be applied, and is often applied, to any one of the animal or human appetites, as well as to the appetite, desire or instinct called sex-love. In my little pamphlet, "Motherhood in Freedom," I take the ground that, on the human plane, sex-life, sex-power, is multiplex or complex. It is physical, intellectual and psychic, with many possible subdivisions or phases. That some men, and also a few women, seem to have no other conception of love than in its physical aspect or animal manifestation, and that such persons quickly tire of one such attraction and seek other "green fields and pastures new," like a bee flitting from flower to flower, should not be thought strange or wonderful when we consider the conditions under which the great masses of human beings are generated, gestated and born. The cure for the prevalence of ephemeral and purely physical or animal attractions is to be found in a larger freedom and in a better system of sex education.

Artificial restraints, legislative restrictions and canon law terrors, only increase the evils they seek to cure, and make those evils self-perpetuating.

Second. The objections that the advocates of sex freedom "do not attempt to outline the probable outcome of their theories," and that "the status of the family," under love in freedom, are not "clearly defined," are valid objections only in the eyes of those who believe in some kind of ownership based upon sex. To all others Freedom is a sufficient solution of all such problems. Once recognize woman's absolute right to self-ownership, including ownership of the product of her maternal powers, and the difficulties vanish,—as I earnestly believe.

As to the duties, the responsibilities, that fatherhood imposes, or will impose, in the societal reconstruction, this will probably be the subject of a supplementary chapter to the pamphlet, "Motherhood in Freedom."

#### A Principle Tried on a Dog.

George E. Macdonald, in "The Truth Seeker."

A New York man named Smith lost his dog. A few days later he met Mr. Jones leading the dog by a string. Smith told Jones that the dog was his, and tried to take it away from him. Both were arrested. The judge heard them both. He then had the two men taken into another room, while a policeman held the dog. Then the men were brought back into the court room

and the dog was turned loose. The animal went at once to Smith, and nearly upset him in expressing his joy over the reunion. That settled the ownership of the dog.

Another Mr. Smith was a traveling man, and left his wife at home when he went on the road to rustle for subsistence. There was a railroad accident, and Mrs. Smith read in the papers that Mr. Smith had been killed. Having mourned him for a season, she married Jones. In brief time Smith came back, reaching home while Jones was out. Mrs. Smith-Jones found him irresistible. Later the two men clinched over the question whose wife she was, and which of them ought to get a divorce. They took the case into court. Did the judge send the men into another room while a policeman held the disputed possession, and then call them back to see which she would go to when they hove in sight? He did not, and the case is still pending.

The universal application of a principle cannot always be determined by trying it on a dog.

#### In the Arena.

BY MATADORE.

I have been looking for some fun, or a fight, for some time and had about decided on a disappointment, when lo! into Lucifer's arena rushed C. L. James like a mad bull. He was looking for something "Green," but will not find him. I can imagine Green vaulting the fence and making for the taller timber of respectability and eating his own words. So much for Green. But here is C. L. James with dirt on his horns, lashing his sides and looking for something to gore. How the epithets, innuendoes and insinuations fly right and left as he goes snorting around the arena. My fine fellow, you shall not be allowed to vent your rage on nothingness. Anarchist, varietist, defender of the mob, know that I am not afraid of the respectables and conservatives and not yet of the "Fischbrands" who write jumbles about communism, communistic anarchy, socialistic-anarchy, etc.

Your contention seems to be that Individualists must either make their homes with Monarchists or State-socialists or pitch their tents with the Anarchists. You seem to think there is no station between "law enforced marriage" (by this I mean the law holding parties together in that relation against their consent) and prostitution variety. That was a red rag. See him plunge! Hold on! See this sharp sword? I would have you know that it is another bull that is being gored now.

You, I know, will answer some questions. You are looking for them. Well, here they are.

1. Have Individualists the right to co-operate against real criminal invasion?
2. If so how could such co-operation be effective without using force against the invader?
3. Suppose one's rights have been invaded against his consent, ought he or the criminal to have the right to compel the attendance of witnesses for prosecution or defense?
4. Suppose it be found that a criminal is a victim of a diseased brain or of weak hereditary organization are you in favor of hanging him or of restraining him in an asylum?
5. If you are in favor of the asylum, who should pay for the restraint?
6. Has a man and woman the natural right to form a mutual co-operative marriage for home building, procreation, etc.?
7. Should they do this mutually and voluntarily, are they sexual slaves?
8. Have children any rights that the parents ought to respect?
9. Is there any such thing as paternal responsibility or ought the woman to bear the burden alone?
10. If, after a man has become the father of children, he concludes to "silently steal away," ought the woman to have the co-operative help of others to compel him to share the care of the children?
11. At what age should children be turned out as prey to the law-enforced marriageists and prostitution-varietists?

Now "I conjure you by that which you profess, howe'er you came to know it, answer me to what I ask you." Come now, no shuffling, fuming, or invective, or I'll prick you in the shaggy sides with my long sharp sword.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 397, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Babel in 397 B.C. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"Lucifer: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

WILL Lucifer's friends, whose subscription is now expired, kindly remember the needs of the printer and send us a little "prosperity" to tide us over the dull summer season? Postage stamps always received on subscription or for books.

## The University Magazine on the American Movement.

One of the most gratifying of all the immediate results of the American agitation for Free Womanhood and Free Motherhood is the co-operation it is calling out from the English workers along the same or similar lines.

The "University Magazine and Free Review" for June, contains an article by A. Goldwin upon the "Legitimation League," from which we clip:

"The Legitimation League, founded originally for the purpose of remedying a grievous wrong by creating a machinery for acknowledging offspring born out of wedlock, and to secure for them equal rights with so-called legitimate children, has taken a new lease of life by extending its scope.

"Mr. Oswald Dawson, the founder, a gentleman of large heart, with sympathies, and advanced views, in the absence of legislation could not expect that his honest endeavors could be crowned with success, but his generous financial support and unflagging energy kept the movement alive, and the last general annual meeting at the Holborn Restaurant brought together a great number of sympathisers. A resolution to make London the headquarters of the Legitimation League was carried unanimously, while the proposal to extend the scope and to broaden the basis of the League, met with considerable opposition. 'To add to the objects of the League the education of public opinion in the direction of freedom in sexual relationships,' however, was carried, after a lively discussion, followed by the resignation of the President, Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, who, in the new departure saw a Free Love propaganda, which impression, no doubt, was correct. A con-

fimation of the President's view as to the meaning of the words 'the education of public opinion in the direction of freedom in sexual relationships' may be found in the election of Lillian Harman, the American apostle of Free Love, to the presidency of the Legitimation League.

"Free Love," although practiced in England as much as elsewhere, is the bugbear of respectability, and thus the task of the L. L., to educate public opinion, seems a gigantic one. But, on the other hand, we must consider that the meaning of the term, 'Free Love' is so little understood that even intelligent men confound it with promiscuity.

"A perusal of the creed of Moses Harman, the editor of Lucifer, the American paper dedicated to the Free Love propaganda, will be interesting and instructive alike. In mitigation of Mrs. Grundy's sentence, it has been urged that the result of the teachings of the Free Love apostles, considered so dangerous at first sight, has been the opposite of what has been expected, in so far that the majority of the unions have proved happy and permanent, and that this Free Love will in the end resolve itself into Free Monogamy, as a substitute for enforced marriage."

Here follows the "Free Man's Creed," as published in the "Free Thought Magazine" for April, and reproduced in Lucifer No. 653, or the greater portion thereof. In closing Mr. Goldwin says:

"From the above it will be seen that the American Free Lovers are far from advocating promiscuity and that they are not opposed to monogamy. They object to marriage, that is to the legal tie.

"It seems that an easy divorce, or divorce by mutual consent would attain the object which the Free Love propaganda professes to have in view, not a judicial divorce, but the registration of divorce or a formal dissolution of the union in case where the interests of children are concerned."

A few comments on the above may not, perhaps, be amiss.

First. Neither Lillian nor Moses Harman aspire to leadership, or "apostle"ship, in the sex freedom movement. Their desire, their ambition, is simply to be co-operators or helpers in what they believe the most necessary of all reforms,—whether social, political, religious or economic.

Second. In writing and publishing the article, "A Free Man's Creed," Moses Harman did not assume to speak for the "American Free Lovers." In this, as well as in all that he writes for the journal which Mr. Goldwin calls "the American paper dedicated to the free love propaganda," he claims to represent no one but himself.

Third. As to "Free Monogamy, as a substitute for enforced marriage"—whether this is to be the "end" or final result of the agitation for sex-freedom I, for one, do not care to express a positive opinion. The main thing, if not the only thing, for us to do now is to inaugurate freedom and justice by eliminating slavery and injustice. Believing, as I do, that woman in her relations of wife and mother, is incomparably the greater sufferer from marriage, and that the enslavement of woman in these relations reacts upon the race as a whole—thereby increasing and perpetuating slavery for all, except the present and postnationally favored few—I try to make the main fight in defense of woman's right to self-ownership, and to freedom of choice, at all times and in all matters pertaining to the work that nature has given her a monopoly of—the conception and the building of new human beings.

When freedom and justice shall have taken the place of slavery and injustice it is quite safe to assume that woman's native instincts and her evolved conscience and judgment, will be the best possible guides as to whether "exclusive or inclusive love-relations" will be best for herself, for her children, or for the race of humankind. I think it quite probable, however, that under freedom there will be great diversity, rather than uniformity, of sex relationships or sex companionships. Reasoning from analogy, from all we know of life in its limited manifestations, we would naturally expect to see all possible

phases or forms of association practicalized,—some choosing exclusive, monogamous, or life-long companionships with one sex-mate; others would choose a very limited or very select variety; others less select, or more nearly "promiscuous" in habits of sex-life, but it seems inconceivable that, under the reign of love in freedom, there could be an approach, even, to the promiscuous associations that now so extensively prevail, in so-called Christian lands, as one of the results of law-enforced marriage.

The "University Magazine and Free Review" is a large monthly publication, standing in the front rank, if not at the very head, of English periodical literature, in the freedom, boldness and ability with which it attacks the superstitions, the taboos and fetiches, the vices, the follies and the crimes of modern society. Published by the "University Press," 16 John street, Bedford Row, W. C. London. Price 25 cents.

### "The Adult."

Lucifer is in receipt of Vol. I. No. 1 of the "Adult," a "Journal for the Advancement of Freedom in Sex Relationships," a sixteen page magazine, having for its motto,

"Sex contains ALL, bodies, souls, meanings, proofs, purities." —Walt Whitman.

The leading editorial contains the following statement of objects, together with a much appreciated reference to Lucifer and "Our New Humanity."

"The 'Adult' is the organ of the Legitimation League. Its pages will be open for the discussion of important phases of sex questions which are almost universally ignored elsewhere. We recognize with full appreciation the efforts made by two or three journals in America, and a smaller number in this country, to consider from time to time some of the topics 'The Adult' will make particularly its own. The work that Lucifer and 'Our New Humanity,' have already accomplished in America, through the efforts of the brave band which Lillian Harman and her noble father, Moses Harman, have gathered round them, will inspire us to emulate their whole-heartedness in the cause of sex reform. We shall endeavor to notice every effort in this country in the same cause, whenever an English magazine or journal opens its columns to outspoken speech on behalf of freedom.

"The name of our paper, 'The Adult,' signifies that we recognize the paramount right of the individual to self-realization in all non-invasive directions. 'The Adult' advocates the absolute freedom of two individuals of full age, to enter into and conclude at will, any mutual relationships whatever, where no third person's material interests are concerned, and that in such cases as involve consideration of the interests of children, it should be regarded as an axiom that a home shared by unwilling partners is never a happy environment for children."

As further statement of what the "League" means the following paragraphs are here inserted.

#### A CRUSADE AGAINST CUSTOM.

"The Legitimation League exists for the purpose of entering a protest against current iron-bound marriage customs, which tend to crush individuality, in a direction where it is most needed. In our present marriage customs too much is taken for granted—the future is enslaved to an emotion of the present or the past, men and women are treated as incapable of self-restraint, and consequently self-realization becomes impossible. Women are treated as if they were children, to be legislated for, and to be kept in ignorance of emancipating knowledge. Men are credited with a capacity to enter into, and conclude, all other contracts than that one contract which most concerns their own happiness. The theory of perpetual marriage is that a man and woman's love for one another must be given once and for all, and exclusively, while universal experience agrees that such love is rarer than a December rosebud. The happiness of millions is sacrificed to an ideal, fit only for a rare few. . . ."

#### MONOPOLY AND JEALOUSY.

"The monopolistic instinct of mankind—nowhere more

reprehensible than in the relations of the sexes, needs to be deprecated in all such directions. The sense of right to exclusive possession, with its corollary of envy, hatred, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, must be steadily discountenanced. Love must be free, not only from legal and ecclesiastical restraint, but also from the petty malice of those who, having once held in willing service a human soul, refuse to relinquish a claim whose only excuse was absolute mutuality of concurrent desire. We protest also against the theory underlying laws, marriage settlements, and popular practice, that a woman's person can be the 'property' of her husband. The heavy fines paid to a husband in respect of depreciation of his 'property' by reason of an adulterous alliance, are revolting to all who value liberty, as insulting to the woman, and incompatible with any right definition of manly love or even self-respect."

A second object of the "League" is to "create a machinery for acknowledging offspring born out of wedlock, and to secure for them equal rights with legitimate children"—so-called. It seems strange that such work should be necessary in an age of alleged "enlightenment." Nature knows no legitimacy except that which gives the best endowment of mind and body. Then why should human law recognize any other meaning to the word, as applied to the birth status of any human being?

Price of the "Adult" five cents per copy. Address this office.

### "The Logical Processes of the Practical American Mind."

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In your first editorial this morning you suggest that the illogicality of the American mind is evidenced by the fact that, while the people as represented by the mob insist upon the infliction of the death penalty for rape, the American mind as represented by the legislature fails to make this the legal punishment for the crime named. I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that the American mind stumbles continually over this question of rape. For instance: A logical mind would perceive that, granting rape to be a crime, it is a crime no matter by whom committed. Yet it was only a short time ago that Judge Gunster, of Pennsylvania, gave it as his judicial opinion that the husband is justified, morally and legally, in using so much force as may be necessary to induce his wife to yield to his demands. And the average American mind, including that section of it engaged in making and enforcing laws, agrees heartily with Judge Gunster. Will you not let your readers see that your mind, at least, is logical by denouncing this most unjust and unreasonable discrimination? But I must tell you frankly that it will be dangerous so to do. Moses Harman did so once, through the pen of a correspondent of his paper, and he received a sentence of five years in the Kansas penitentiary. This outrage was committed under the aegis of the "Comstock law," a statute which very few of the newspaper organs of the American mind have the intelligence or the courage to condemn. It was pretended that Moses Harman had admitted obscene language into the columns of his paper, but in truth the "Markland Letter" was no more obscene than your editorial, that is, not obscene at all.

244 West 143 St., N. Y.

E. C. WALKER.

This was called out by an editorial in the New York "Journal" on the Urbana lynching. Of course the death penalty for rape is as irrational as would be the death penalty for breaking an arm. Rape is a serious invasion, but in the absence of sexual superstitions it would not (in the case of adults) be regarded as more criminal than an assault breaking the bones of the victims, unless, of course, it resulted in the injury of the parts.

E. C. W.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

SERVICES OF UNLIMITED VALUE. Buildings costing years of labor of hundreds of men may be exposed to loss by fire. A few



minutes labor intelligently applied may save them from destruction. Those few minutes are worth more to the owner of the buildings and to the community than a life-time of hodge-podge.

Again, an educated man may in a few minutes invent machinery which will do the work of a million men. The sewing machine became possible from the idea of making the eye at the point of a needle. That fundamental conception has led to the creation of an immense amount of wealth, of which the inventor has received but little.

So in a thousand ways the accumulation of wealth opens the way for still further accumulations, in the benefits of which the whole community largely share.

Whether a man earning by saving or creating an unusually large amount of wealth, will use it for the benefit of the community, is his own affair. The community has no right to rob him of it if he prefers to keep it or to spend it to suit himself. It ought to be superfluous to add that, especially in the case of a new invention, even were the whole advantages to be given to the inventor during his entire life, which would be practically impossible, these advantages are constantly increasing as time passes, and in the end the whole world shares the entire benefit.

#### REMARKS.

Not as a socialist but as an individualist I take the ground that no invention that increases wealth or saves labor is the work of any one man, or of any one era of time. The lightning-rod and the sewing machine, for instance, are the result of the co-operative thought of a vast number of minds and of many ages of time. They are racial inventions, and the race as a whole should share in their benefits. No one should be made rich by a lucky "find." The treasures of thought, like the treasures that lie in the bosom of our common mother, the earth, should belong to all. Thomas Paine set an example that should have been heeded by the people whose independence he did so much to make possible. He would have no patent on his machines or on his books. The patent laws are an invasion and a curse, not a blessing, and the present very unsatisfactory working of our economic system is due, in part, to monopoly by the few, of the benefits resulting from the discoveries of inventive geniuses, so-called.

M. H.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"You speak of the prevailing spirit, of too little charity of man to fellowman," said Hilda, "and again of single instances where charitable deeds rise to the heights of grandeur only regretting that they are too few, too rare to be of any real value to humanity. Aye! they are indeed too rare; but I do not believe in charity. I do not like her. I have no room for her. Does she ever draw near to the side of justice? Is her garb not rather a cloak wherewith to hide all the abounding and heartless cruelty which seizes and retains the lion's share of the product of all the weary hours of toil that produce the wealth wherewith these deeds of charity are done?"

"But that is only one kind of charity. That charity which is supposed to overlook, to condone, and even to justify that which society treats as faults and sins—O, how I hate it! For while charity pretends to do all this, in reality it condemns every idea, every thought, every action that is not in strict conformity with the prevailing standards and customs of artificial society. Charity enchains liberty; it blindfolds and fetters justice. No! a thousand times no! I scorn charity, no matter in what garb she may seek to approach."

Hilda's dark gray eyes shone with a lustrous light as she finished her animated speech. Imelda thought she had never seen her so attractive.

"Bravo, little girl," she exclaimed, "your words ought to inspire brave hearts to noble deeds."

Hilda blushed as she replied,

"O no, I do not aspire to so great an honor; but at times I feel I must give vent to my feelings. They oppress me so."

"Will you permit me to ask you a question?" It was Lawrence who spoke.

"A dozen if you wish."

"Then tell me what would you put in place of charity which you so discard? You cannot but acknowledge that there is a great need of a helping hand."

"Thank you, Mr. Westcott. Had you tried for a week you could not have asked a question that would afford me greater pleasure to answer. What would I substitute for charity? Why, Justice! Justice every time. Where Justice reigns there can be no place for Charity. She will not be needed. She will have lost her vocation. Let justice be done to the great masses, to the struggling individual, and where would there be occasion to call for the assistance, the services, of the haughty dame with her mock humility? None whatever! Where plenty and peace have found a home there will be no occasion to air her gaudy plumage. And in a short time her very name will have assumed a strange sound. Aye, it would be forgotten from little usage; would become extinct, obsolete. One pushed into the background she would quietly step down and out and be heard of no more."

"And," added Edith, "with the advent of justice and the exit of charity another thing would become extinct, and that power—the power of money. When justice is done, the producer, receiving the full value or equivalent of his labor, it would be impossible that a few favored idlers should grow fat—in wealth and ease, while the masses starve. No more strikes, no more robbery, no more bloodshed. Peace, happiness, prosperity—would not that be an ideal world?"

Here the refrain was taken up by Imelda.

"No strikes, no robbery, no bloodshed! Do we properly consider the full import of these words? We harp the cure of baseness, of low and brutal instincts, we charge the birth of vice, crime, hatred and what not, all upon those who toil and produce. If in a measure it is true that the very air surrounding this class of humanity is often pregnant with all the elements that breed and call into existence a state of things so depraved, is it to be wondered at? Let us take into consideration what the women of the despised classes are called upon to pass through. Let us ask the why and wherefore. When hunger and starvation stares her in the face; when the demon drink has entered her home; when the husband and father is thrown out of work through no fault of his; when the monstrous monopoly has shed precious blood, and made her home desolate—what then, think you, breeds in the heart of woman? Her every thought, her every breath, must of necessity be freighted with—murder! Then the little helpless unborn, the human embryo, that is being gestated and fed with such nourishment—must not, of necessity, a race of murderers, criminals of every description, be the product of such creature conditions?"

"When mothers are free to choose the fathers of their babes; when they can have just the conditions that their hearts long for; when they can be free from care and anxiety; when every woman has learned the science of becoming a perfect mother; when every mother understands the fearful responsibility of becoming such; when every father is filled with a sense of the high honor that has been conferred upon him in being chosen to be such; when, in consequence, he recognizes the duties he owes to woman and her offspring, and when in every act of his life he seeks to aid her in perfecting the coming being; then, and not till then, may we expect peace and joy and happiness. And to bring about such a state of things justice must be done."

Strange words these, that fell for the first time, upon the ear of young Osmond Leland. He heard thoughts expressed that struck him as grand, lofty, sublime, but—but—did she not savor of—well, the insane? Was there any sense in dreaming of such impossibilities? As each of these young ladies

in turn had spoken they had appeared to him as though surrounded with a halo, such a sublime light had shone in their eyes. But again, to him, it seemed as if their reasoning was devoid of reason, and his mind reverted to the discarded figure of charity. He could conceive of no other way to reach the suffering masses. Until now he had scarcely thought of it. But now? What sort of women were these that could express themselves thus? What was it Imelda had said?

"Wait, and come often. Here you can become acquainted with the sentiments that fill your mother's heart and soul, and that find reflection in every word uttered by your sister."

He could not comprehend the reasoning of these young women, but the air surrounding them seemed so truly holy and pure; such as had never been his fate to come in contact with. And his mother and sister?—Were they as these? Had he much to forgive his father for? He felt dazed. Was this also a case where gross injustice had been done?

"But how, young ladies, would you make all your grand ideas practicable?" asked Lawrence.

"By proclaiming liberty," answered Hilda. "Liberty will insure justice, and justice liberty. The two combined will make truth possible. To be truthful is to be natural, and nature is pure; nature is chaste. Only think what it all would mean to be free! We hear the cant of freedom, of liberty, of a 'free country,' all around us, when in reality it is all a miserable sham! Every word must be guarded, every action fettered. We must eat, drink, sleep, walk and talk all according to a prescribed fashion; must bow to fashion, to custom. We may not even welcome a child to our arms when we desire it, unless we have first allowed shackles to be placed upon our freedom; unless we have first bartered our womanhood for motherhood—often turning what should be a priceless boon to a most bitter curse."

Hilda's eyes were sparkling with brilliant flashes, but the eyes of Cora, who with Alice had drawn near, were downcast, and on the dark lashes hung two pearly drops. Music and song had ceased; the two performers, Alice and Cora, had for some time been listening to the soulful words that were being spoken. The sweet lips of the agitated girl were quivering with pain, her hands tightly clasped as she repeated, "turning the precious boon so often into a bitter curse." Turning to Hilda and kneeling at her feet Cora laid her face upon her knee.

"Is the curse never to be lifted?"

"Yes! When woman is ready to be blessed; when she has learned to keep herself pure; when the sacred temple of her body no longer is invaded by the curse of lust; when man no longer dares to intrude, to force his unwelcome caresses and attentions upon her, but patiently bides his time at a respectful distance."

"You speak of the 'millennium,' of the perfection of the race. Must our lives be one long sacrifice to secure that end?" Hilda shook her head as with both hands she lifted the tear-wet face.

"I hope not! Whilst we all have a work to perform in the meantime, I believe we may yet be able, in our own lives, to so far lift ourselves out of and above all the pains that make life such a weary round of toil, as to be able to enjoy just a little in advance, of what the coming future will bring the now enslaved race. When we are brave enough, when we are strong enough to live as our inmost convictions tell us is right and true and pure, we may then hope for a little happiness, or perhaps a great happiness, just as we make ourselves ready to receive and appreciate it. And I feel so sure, so sure that here, just right here around us, a band is forming, true and staunch, that by its unity will enable us yet to realize what now seem but dreams!"

"You are speaking of that ideal home of yours?"

"Yes! If only—if only—I could once see the way clear as to where the means are to come from. Money! 'Filthy lucre,' as it is called, I fear is the rock that will upset our plans." But now Cora's eyes were shining.

"Money, money," she murmured. "I think I know who would furnish it—only will he not spurn me now? after I have disappointed him so, and brought the bitter pain to his heart?"

O, will he believe that it was all for love of him and not for myself that I seemingly flung aside the priceless treasure of his love?"

"If it is really that; if his love is a priceless treasure, he but awaits the call and you will find him at your side."

"And she," murmured Cora, "whom the law gives to him and him to her,—she will never willingly give him freedom."

"Wait, and you will see!" came the assuring answer, "Somehow I feel that all will be as we desire."

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

S. G. Lanham, Cleveland, O.:—The "Humanity" have arrived, and have been started on a missionary tour. Success to the cause of Sex Freedom. It is up hill work approaching one on the sex question who has been schooled in the old order of things. I find it requires powerful intellects to conquer in this movement. I cannot give financial aid but moral support I can and will. Sex Freedom means Liberty for the individual, which when once secured will bring economic freedom.

C. C. Ladd, Hartline, Wash.:—In regard to the discussion on the marriage question I think it a genuine eye-opener. I wish every truth-seeker in the land could read it. I can see no reason why every candid person should not oppose our present marriage law. I am sorry that you write so discouragingly of the publication of "Hilda's Home," i. e. in book form. I think I could sell a number of copies this summer, but if I can do no better I would like to have you save me a file of Lucifers containing the complete story.

Essa B. Taylor, South Pasadena, Calif.:—Enclosed find money order for one dollar, for which please extend Lucifer subscription from No. 658. Sorry to have let it run over. Lucifer is one of the things I think I cannot do without. Must say I was surprised at the ground taken by the "Free Thought Magazine" in the Putnam-Collins tragedy and think they had better rename their publication, as they are for anything else rather than freethought. Perhaps they think that freethought consists simply in fighting the Bible. Allow me to send regards to your daughter Lillian whom I honor for a brave, free woman. I am yours for freedom.

Myra Pepper, Ottumwa, Iowa:—I cannot understand such an anomaly as a *Freethinker* opposed to *Freedom*, but it seems that there are many yet occupying just such a position. Mr. Green, in his argument, voices the sentiment of many so-called Liberals, and this fact only emphasizes, to my mind, the need of education on sex matters, as more important than in any other line. I know many good people who have outgrown the personal god idea and who are learning fast that all government is force, but who in the matter of freedom in sex relations cling as closely to orthodoxy as the ivy to the rotten oak.

In school work I have found that not one pupil in a hundred is capable of fully rounded scholarship. The mind of one runs to mathematics, of another to music, etc., etc. So in the matter of education in progressive thought. One is capable of broadening out in this way, one in that, and few, very few, can contemplate, or advocate and practicalize complete freedom in all directions. More are afraid of any disturbance in laws regarding marriage, etc., than in any other department of life, for the reason that the sex problem is the most vital to the race.

Women will be forced to take the lead in this matter, and I honor Miss Collins for her brave words as quoted. A few more such noble young women, trained as writers and speakers, would soon revolutionize the world. As you say in your article, it is but reasonable to suppose that nothing but good will come out of the "Boston Tragedy." How do we know but that the manner of their death may do more good than they could have done living? For one I fully believe that there are no mistakes in nature. The world is better for these two

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people having lived. I met Mr. Putnam about eleven years ago. He delivered a course of lectures here in Ottumwa. He was well received, and gave the best of satisfaction to all concerned. I was much impressed by his earnestness, and read eagerly all I could get from his pen in "Truth Seeker" and elsewhere. Like yourself I never thought to ask if he was married, being vastly more interested in the truths he enunciated than in his private affairs.

I cannot understand the motives of those who are forever prying into the private lives of public men and women and, vulture-like, seeking for that which will satisfy their appetites for carrion. I would not wonder at Christians hunting up the faults and weaknesses of our friends, and enlarging upon them; it is part of their stock in trade, but for a man who poses as teacher of freethought to range himself on the side of the persecutors of Liberals is a matter to be deplored. However, I can see good even in this, for it will bring many to a knowledge of their true positions, and cause them to express themselves for or against the progressive thought of today.

Anything is better than indifference.

It matters not to me nor to anyone else, whether Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins were lovers or not, but, as Mr. Walker said, I would like to think that they were.

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WHOLE No. 664.

### Women of Today.

You women of today who fear so much  
The women of the future, showing how  
The dangers of her course are such and such—  
What are you now?

Mothers and Wives and Housekeepers forsooth!  
Great names! you cry; full scope to rule and please!  
Rooms for wise age and energetic youth!—  
But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you then like those of yore  
Keep house with power and pride, with grace and ease?  
No, you keep servants only! What is more  
You don't keep these!

Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed indeed are they  
Who hold of Love the everlasting keys,  
Keeping their husbands' hearts! Alas the day!  
You don't keep these!

And mothers? Pitying Heaven! Mark the cry!  
From cradle death-beds! Mothers on their knees!  
Why, half the children born as children die!  
You don't keep these!

And still the wailing babies come and go,  
And homes are waste, and husbands' hearts fly far.  
There is no hope until you dare to know  
The thing you are!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### From Morality to Savoir Faire

Programme for a new chapter in White's "Conflict of Science with Theology."

BY C. L. JAMES.

Morality, in the mouths of nine people among every ten, means observing those customs to which they are used. In the tenth man's mouth it means observing some modification of those customs, which he is pleased to think would be an improvement. In every case, therefore, it means observing the customs of society, either as they are; as they tend, through the agitation raised by individuals, to become; or as they have been, though society has now outgrown them to the disgruntlement of conservative individuals.

The idea, as Plato would say, of morality, is always obedience to "a rule of action imposed by a superior power," even among moralists who dislike the existing rule. And in every case that superior power which does, has done, or is besought to do, the imposing, is society. True, society, at first, is quite identified with the clan totem or god. But the moment a "differentiation" between these conceptions arises, it becomes clear that morality is the human element of law, except in esse or posse, while the divine is something else—ritual, orthodoxy, in short religion. Moreover morality includes all that society is pleased to exact from its members—its canons of dress and etiquette no less than its laws about the sexual relation, about property, or about homicide.

If you doubt it, put on a felon's suit of stripes and promenade in a fashionable thoroughfare. Of course you will be mobbed. The police, far from protecting you, will very likely

arrest you for "disorderly conduct." If you ask a reason of this persecution you will get one which contains the quintessence of "morality." "When you live among people, and accept their protection, you must not make yourself disagreeable by going against their customs."

At first sight, the reason appears forcible. But why is it disagreeable to see a man in a striped suit? No one possessing any scientific knowledge of anatomy or æsthetics will say that a striped suit is half as ugly as those monstrosities fashion actually requires women to put on their heads, shoulders and waists. It is offensive only to that instinct which requires people to do as others do—an instinct inherited from "our grandsire Ape." As to society's protection, it may have been valuable in the days of Achilles; but sensible people now consider that if society would only abstain from bullying them, they would cheerfully risk being murdered or otherwise incommoded by individuals. Morality, therefore, stands on a par with other institutions. It is a contrivance for preventing change, and therefore improvement. Naturally, when philosophers sought reasons for it, they made no great success. Their systems are worth running over, for this reason that they are all very old, and the man who revives one, as a discovery, is wasting time, which might be saved if he knew better.

Plato found a basis for morality in the eternal intellectual life, and condemned deviations from it as tending to the morality of brutes. This is exactly the Intuitionist morality of our time. Aristotle regarded morality as the discharge of social functions—which is practically Herbert Spencer's view. Zeno gave this a transcendental character by declaring society itself a part of the great organism, (zoon) the universe; and Virtue the discharge of a function in nature—"life according to nature." Epicurus anticipated all that is repeated, with damnable iteration by Benthamites and "Egoists" today. Pyrrho preceded the Pessimists in declaring knowledge impossible, which makes passion foolish, and jog-trot "good behavior" the dictum of mere common sense.

The trouble with all these criteria is that they are too general to be of much practical use. How can we decide that an action tends towards Plato's heaven of ideas, towards the well being of society, towards the unknown purpose of creation, towards our own happiness, or, on sceptical and pessimistic principles, to anything? It does not seem difficult, indeed, to say that some actions do not; but I fail to see evidence that proving this ever prevents them. It did not keep from so low a vice as drunkenness men as intellectual as Webster; sons and brothers as devoted as Lamb; statesmen as worthily ambitious as Fox; materialists as dogmatical as La Mettrie,—or, probably, Nothingarians as blank as anybody.

That only is progressive philosophy which, instead of exhorting men to fellow those ends they have already determined to follow, or, what is quite as useless, to follow those they have determined not to follow, instructs them how they

may more effectually attain whatever end it suits them to pursue. It is, says Macaulay, very justly, on the pedestal of Bacon, not of Epicurus, that those noble lines should be inscribed

(1) *inanebriantem tam clarum extollere iumen  
Qui primus potum illi, illustratque comoda vitæ.*

It is in proportion as people learn how to get what they want, that they come to feel sensuality is suicidal and worldliness unsatisfactory. This is the substitution of *savoir faire* for morality; and therefore Oscar Wilde is right when he remarks in his instructive little book "Intentions," that an age of material progress is always one of spiritual awakening, but an age of direct spiritual culture one in which art is barren, literature feeble, and the prevailing habits grossly, stupidly selfish.

The great characteristic phenomenon of modern civilization is increasing use of the inductive method, which aims to acquire, by the only possible process, that power to do something which alone proves mastery of truth. We have just shown that the method itself is the great cultivator of the individual mind; that instructor which teaches men how they can attain their ends, and, in so doing, teaches them what ends are not worth attaining. Among ends clearly necessary is protecting ourselves against the aberrations of degenerate individuals. In previous articles I have endeavored to show inductively the futility of cruel governmental methods for this purpose. But upon this generalization there comes an important rider—viz., that no degenerate is useless when considered as a study of human nature.

I was strongly impressed with this truth the other day when reading, in the "Police Gazette" a possibly authentic account of the lynching of the murderous Bender family. It does not seem to me very useful to say that we should not be angry with criminals because their crimes are the result of circumstances. *Our anger is equally so.* "Master," said a slave, whom Zeno had caught pilfering, "you know late ordained that I should steal." "True," replied the philosopher, "and that I should whip you for stealing also." That is the pre-Baconian style of philosophy, which equally proves anything. But it is a reason against giving way to anger that we can learn something from the degenerate.

"The worst use you can put a man to," said John Wilkes "is to hang him." In a rude state of society, I admit that the Benders could scarcely be put to a better. That is, in such a state, they were simply good for nothing; and in such states such branches of the great tree of Idgrasil are promptly pruned away. But in so civilized a society as this, when charity fosters degeneracy, and science investigates its laws, the Benders were surely well worth keeping alive for specimens.

It is unnecessary to point out that theology, whose assumptions are wholly reactionary, and its methods purely rhetorical, is the institution principally opposed to substitution of *savoir faire* for morality, the chief nurse of "fanatic rage and ignorant revenge."

#### Concerning Some of the Compulsory Moralists.

While Mr. Gerry is amusing himself baiting baby pianists, the other amateur reformers are not idle. One and all, they are busy spreading the cult of the "nasty-nice." Macmonnies' statue has been sent back in disgrace from Boston—Oh, Phil Hale!—because she had no clothes on. It is at once sad and laughable.

The "nasty-nice" is behind all these movements—the Gerry, the Comstock, the Miss Willard war against tights, and all the rest of them. Most of us see nothing corrupting in a woman—unhoused from her petticoats—as God made her. And to us there is something very unpleasant in the prurient shudder of these nasty-nice people, who pretend to believe that women—like mermaids—end at the waist.

It is curious that women, and women, too, like Lady Henry Somerset and Frances Willard, who are supposed to be working for the enfranchisement of their sex, should take the lead in this attempt to shut their sisters in the old cloistral convention.

If they really wish that women should attain equality with men, the sooner this notion that there is any special obscenity in female flesh is scotched the better. A male acrobat, stripped to the buff, is considered no more indecent than a racehorse. Is there not something very prurient in setting the female of the human race apart as an animal too libidinous and obscene to be looked at? I think there is.—"The Playgoer," in "The Drama" department of the "Musical Courier."

#### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXXIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**THE RIGHT TO WORK.** A man living alone has manifestly the right to exercise his faculties in productive labor. But this confers upon him no right to require from others opportunities or work. He has a right to voluntarily co-operate with others, but no right to demand that others should co-operate with him. Voluntary co-operation requires each party to furnish to the other sufficient inducement to co-operate with him. In wage labor, the workman agrees to work for a compensation so small as to furnish this inducement; and it is his own fault or misfortune if he cannot make his labor worth the compensation he asks for. In co-operative labor, each individual admitted to labor in the corporation, must be able to make his labor worth to the corporation enough to warrant his being received as an associate. Every attempt to enforce the employment of workmen, involves infringement upon the rights of others, and tends to prevent co-operation.

The individual right to work does not meet the wants of a man who can not work, or whose work will not provide him with a living. He can only ask as a bounty, not claim as a right. A bounty assumes that others are able to produce a surplus. Under social reorganization, that surplus will be ample for all who show themselves worthy to share it. Unfortunately those who most need to share it, are too much inclined to make unjust and irritating demands, thwarting their own needs.

#### REMARKS.

First. Yes. Under equal opportunity "each individual must be able to make his labor worth to the corporation enough to warrant his being received as an associate," but if opportunities are rendered *unequal* by monopoly of nature's wealth, or by monopoly of the accumulations of past ages of co-operative labor, then the corporation has no right to sit in judgment upon the landless and moneyless applicant for work, and say what he shall receive for his work—or starve.

Second. Under a just distribution of the "surplus" left to each generation by its predecessors there would be enough to enable all—except idiots or the incurably imbecile, to be self-supporting. Hence there would be little need of "bounty," under the reign of Justice.

M. H.

#### One or Many Loves.

BY E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D.

[Continued from last week.]

Mr. Rudefbusch, in his late work, "The Old and the New Ideal," severely criticises the "free unions" of free lovers as failures, and offers as one reason this proneness for one to fall out of love before the other, and the great difficulty of effecting a fair settlement of economic relations, besides the greater difficulty of reconciling the discarded partner to resignation and a gracious acceptance of the freedom of choice. (p. 129.) "All her enthusiasm for the cause of freedom cannot deliver her from the tortures of jealousy, nor make sweet the bitter humiliation of desertion by her lover, of defeat by another woman. An uncontrollable hatred must be the result. In all such cases jealousy proved to be altogether too 'natural' to be overcome by theories." (p. 130.)

This picture by Rudefbusch is a perfect description of just what happened to a very amiable and earnest woman who had written a novel that nearly achieved the distinction of being denied the use of the mails because of its "immoral" advocacy

of free love unions. She could not stoically endure the logical and often inevitable result of her theories of love and marriage, and swallow the draught she would recommend to others.

Ruedebusch believes the dread of the tragedy of such separation maintains some free unions after the attracting bond of love is worn threadbare. So he brings forward a new solution of the puzzle—his new ideal. He appreciates the value of a home, and of stability in family relations, regards "the enjoyment of spiritual love as absolutely necessary for the true happiness of every man and woman," and so proposes binding agreements for mutual aid, or comradeship contracts which shall be truly, or faithfully and even irrevocably maintained, while permitting no end of variety in satisfaction of spontaneous love attractions. (80 to 99.)

He admits that in such an association of interests free men and women may willingly bind their liberty in order to gain the greatest possible security for a happy and contented life. (p. 100.) He is aware that the good things of this life cannot be enjoyed without some compromise of liberty, but he fails to particularize what loss of liberty there is in his comradeship contract that permits entire freedom of outside sex association. Let us suppose that the man agrees to furnish the material needs of a home life while the woman agrees to be a good housekeeper. Will it not invalidate the contract if she, being enamored of another Lothario, dines out with him and fails to prepare a dinner for her comrade? Or, will it be fair for him to take his latest flame to a champagne supper, a box at the opera, and have a night off, while his home comrade is tending their baby through the measles, and their home really needs a few extras for comfort that could be had for the cost of his outing?

We will assume that a comradeship contract does not permit of either of these neglects of home life, but can we admit that "free and intimate social intercourse" with others, as proposed by Mr. Ruedebusch, can be enjoyed without impairment of any comradeship contract worthy of the name? He admits that passionate love involves intimate social (as well as eventual sexual) intercourse, (p. 111) and yet says "I can see a great deal of value and beauty in the life companionship and indissoluble family relation as it is generally included in Christian marriage." (p. 104.)

The question then arises as to the possibility of being a good home companion and fulfilling a comradeship contract while exercising no restraint on any and every propensity to follow spontaneous sexual attraction, which, if worthy of even a "varietist's" attention, will involve a good deal of time for "courtship" and intimate social intercourse away from home.

The comradeship contract, or varietist's home life, would often be reduced to a mere co-operative housekeeping with too little of the "value and beauty" of a home companionship to make it deserving of being so-called. Analysis of the word love, home and family will show that they are so intimately related that any one of them in its highest or most satisfactory meaning implies the others: that a sexual attraction deserving to be called love disposes one to a pretty constant companionship with its object, and arouses a desire to establish a home and a family with "the heart's desire." If a home be started on the Ruedebusch plan it will last as long as the mutual infatuation, but as soon as one party thereof discovers a new attraction, it will be in danger of disruption with the "severe wounds" (p. 337) which he acknowledges are likely to attend that event.

Many of the failures in marriage of today are due to such disturbing elements, and the fickleness and inconstancy of love but there must be less chance of breaking up home on this account when the members are disposed to fight shy of, rather than encourage other entangling alliances.

In short, if Mr. Ruedebusch's home-life is to be anything approaching his ideal of what it should be, according to his own admissions, the indulgence of other affinities must be so abridged as to deprive them of the higher delights of love and

reduce them to brief satisfaction of lustful desires; while, if the outside attractions are followed so far as to develop the full attributes of love, the home life will be reduced to a mere form of living under the same roof, eating together when both happen to be at home at the same time and possibly renewing more intimate acquaintance if ever both find themselves simultaneously possessed of a little surplus or unexpended energy.

Those who really value and desire the benefits and joys of a life companionship, or even a few consecutive years of family comforts, will generally find it necessary to do more in the way of binding their liberty than Mr. Ruedebusch admits, and include among their deprivations of entire freedom the right to encourage and indulge entangling love alliances that must interfere with the essentials of such a happy and contented home life as he apparently yearns for. Those who value unabridged liberty above all things, and wish to indulge every impulse without reserve, will not talk of the beauties of home-life, or expect to enjoy the fruits of a constant and tender devotion necessary to the formation of a life companionship.

Unfettered liberty has its allurements, and also its disadvantages. Much of natural rights or liberty is yielded in the organization of society, but we thereby obtain more comforts, safety, leisure, (which is liberty of time), and opportunities for the cultivation of new pleasures that are unknown to the savage, the isolated man or the pioneer. People cannot be at liberty to live like pigs and at the same time enjoy the healthfulness of associated life under sanitary laws. A man cannot indulge the primitive liberty to loaf and yet enjoy the fruits of industry—except as a tramp or an inheritor of wealth. A man in business for himself is at liberty to make it pay or neglect it, but can't do both. Liberty, under any circumstances, costs something, and the question always to be met is, whether it be worth the cost, and whether there be not something else in way of comfort, well-being or love that we would prefer at the same price.

The libertarian in love will roam at will in such fields as are accessible to him, enjoy the privilege of satisfying spontaneous impulses and form no burdensome attachments, but when his day is spent and the long, dreary blight of disease settles over him, he must do without the tender hand, the sympathetic word, and unfaltering devotion which comes only to those who have cherished the fond love of a life companion, and built up a true home.

Mr. Ruedebusch proposes that the test for any solution of the serious problems of life and love be settled by asking, "will this increase or diminish the chances of a happy life?" (p. 15.) Well, let that settle it, and it is hardly likely that the same solution will be acceptable to all. Some will not be disposed to bind their liberty in any degree, while others will conclude that it is worth while to forego the transitory pleasure of yielding to spontaneous impulses for the sake of "all the comforts of home" and such assurance of permanence as can only be had by avoiding the well known sources of disruption.

He recognizes the possibility of "passionate exclusive love," and even calls it "the ideal enjoyment of love," and if it were a constant, reliable factor, it would, together with his comradeship contract, afford all the basis necessary for a permanent home and family; but he has no faith that the exclusive sexual attraction of two for each other can be lasting, and so he solves the problem by leaving it out of the essentials of his family baggage, and casting it overboard to lessen the burden of his comradeship, though in so doing he takes great chances of endangering its stability.

To reverence the divinity of rust and of corruption—to rivet afresh the chains of tradition and of superstition—to bind the free limbs of living men in the fetters of the past—to turn blind eyes from the light, and deny to thirsty lips the waters of truth—to say to the crowned fool, "You are God's elect," and to the poor, "You are beasts of burden, only not, like other beasts, worthy shelter or fodder"—to cling to falsehood, and to loathe reason;—this is what it is to be "Conservative"!—Ouida.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 23, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition;
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

WILL Lucifer's friends, whose subscription is now expired, kindly remember the needs of the printer and send us a little "prosperity" to tide us over the dull summer season? Postage stamps always received on subscription or for books.

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, June 22. Prof. W. M. Lockwood will talk upon the "Polarity and Potentiality of Sex," demonstrating by experiment with an Electropoise and a Faradaic Vibrator.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The following letter is self explanatory:

June 13, 1897.

DEAR MOSES HARMAN,

Admiration for your work and a sense of the need of the world to become more familiar with the teachings of Lucifer, lead me to make a proposal for the extension of the circulation of the paper.

It is that one thousand extra copies should be sent for six months to new names that may be furnished you by the friends of the paper. To provide for this, and at the same time aid you in maintaining your effort, I suggest that a fund of five hundred dollars be raised, of which I pledge myself to give one hundred dollars conditional upon the rest being raised, paying twenty-five dollars for every one hundred dollars of the four hundred dollars asked for. So confident do I feel that the friends of the cause will respond to this suggestion that I anticipate the subscription of two hundred dollars, and now have pleasure in handing you fifty dollars. Cordially yours,

The writer of this letter is well known in, and a heavy contributor to, the Freethought work. He feels that now, even more than ever, is the time to extend Lucifer's circulation and influence. Now when all the frightened forces of conservative

self-vaunted "respectability" are working against it, is the time for all those who believe in all-around liberty to show their faith by their works and prove to the world that they do not constitute such a hopeless "minority," after all.

This is the very best way to extend Lucifer's work. True, much of the seed will fall on barren ground; but some of our most earnest workers have been gained in just this way.

If you are able to send money for any number of subscriptions, but cannot think of names of people who would read the paper, do not hesitate because of that fact. Every cent you send will be credited on the subscription of some one who may become interested.

Others may be unable to send much money, but can give us names of people worth saving. We urge such to send the names along. Many can be supplied with the surplus before mentioned.

We shall be pleased to publish the list of subscribers to this fund, with the number of subscriptions sent in by each.

## Colonization on a Large Scale.

At this writing, June 17, there is in progress, here in Chicago a convention, or series of meetings, that promises important results. For some months plans have been in preparation for inaugurating a co-operative scheme which embraces nothing less than the control of an entire state or territory in its interest, and the establishment of a "co-operative commonwealth."

At the head of this movement is Eugene V. Debs, President of the "American Railroad Union," whose name is doubtless familiar to all our readers. In reply to a request from the New York "Journal" for "particulars in reference to the work to be undertaken by the movement proposed to launch at Chicago in June," Mr. Debs telegraphed an article to that paper, from which we glean that

"The most popular feature of the plan, especially with the unemployed, is that proposing the colonization of some western state presenting the best advantages, securing political control under the forms of law, and establishing within the limitations of the federal jurisdiction the co-operative commonwealth. A singular spectacle is presented in the malevolent opposition to this part of the movement, which comes almost wholly from those who sneer at the unemployed as 'tramps and loafers' and yet are now wrought into a frenzy at the mere suggestion that this element is to remove and sequester in some distant and uninhabited part of the country. . . .

"Now as to the plans for establishing the new order of things. First of all, thorough organization on progressive lines will be required and this is well under way in many sections. The movement contemplates the unification of all workers, organized and unorganized, and all others, regardless of sex and color, who favor a change in our social and industrial affairs and believe it can be brought about only by a complete change in our social and industrial system. A constitution, brief and to the point, will be adopted and a declaration of principles issued. A corps of competent organizers will be at once placed in the field and local branches will be instituted in every state in the union. Experience has taught that there is nothing weaker than organized ignorance. From the very beginning, powerful educational influences will be set in operation."

The first meeting of the convention was held at Handel Hall, on Tuesday morning the 15th, which is reported to have been well attended. In the afternoon Mr. Debs outlined his plan in an address delivered in Ulich's Hall, to one hundred and eighteen delegates, as reported by the "Chronicle." In part Mr. Debs said:

"I am not here to denounce capital nor to find fault with the rich. It is not with the individual I have to do, but with a condition which makes his existence possible. . . . A new dispensation is at hand. We have no miracle to give men food and clothing. The new dispensation means work, but it comes

with a promise that will ultimately usher in the co-operative commonwealth. We are here to deal with an issue. We are also here to select a salubrious climate and a good soil that may be found in a number of the states. There are hundreds of letters inviting us to come to different sections and some from governors of states. This movement means hard work and moral and physical courage of the highest order. Let the battle cry be ever, 'Work for the unemployed.' Here and now I declare my enlistment in the cause of 'work for the unemployed.' An organization is the first thing in order, and not a day is to be lost in perfecting this."

A big meeting is to be held Friday the 18th, at which the result of the executive meetings will be announced and a more perfect organization effected.

The result of this meeting will be anxiously looked for by thousands of the unemployed, not only in this country but doubtless in all lands where the English language is read or spoken.

### The Everlasting "Servant" Question.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

If I am acquainted with myself I am not, naturally, of a belligerent disposition, but there is one little word which, more than any other I can just now think of, always arouses my antagonism, and makes me want to strike right out from the shoulder at that phase of our social system which is responsible for its existence. That is the word "Servant." Servant! While not so frankly brutal as "slave," could there be in seven letters a more complete denial of the boasted brotherhood claimed by Christianity, a more contemptuous flinging away of the ideal of cosmopolitan comradeship? We all must eat if we live; we must all wear clothes which must be made and kept clean; we all like to have our rooms made fresh and beautiful. Why is not this class of work as respect-worthy as any other? Why must the woman who performs such labor for compensation be considered degraded thereby?

In a woman's paper I recently read an article containing advice to the young housekeeper, concerning the proper management of her "servants." In the first place, the writer says the "mistress" must be very careful to explain all the duties required of the "servant," but naively adds, "At the same time be sure always to add a saving clause such as 'all kinds of housework' to cover any little details which may have escaped your attention." My advice would be that as the "saving clause" includes everything, the mistress might better omit the specification of duties preceding it, and thus save her breath. People sometimes die for want of breath and such important members of the community as "mistresses" should not needlessly waste theirs.

Of course the "servant" should have no desire for human companionship. She must be taught to keep to her "place," and masculine admiration is not for such as she. She must not receive her friends in the kitchen. "In very, very exceptional cases this may be permitted, but it is much wiser to make the rule that one's servants shall see their male visitors at their own homes or on their 'evenings out.'" As an illustration of the practical working of this rule, take the case of a young friend of mine. She found herself obliged to earn her own living, and came to Chicago for that purpose. She had received no training in any occupation other than that of housekeeper. In that line she was proficient, having had the care of her invalid mother's household for a number of years. She worked as a "servant" in Chicago families. Her "mistresses" commented on her unusual intelligence and reliability, but treated her as if she was on this earth merely for their accommodation. She was introduced to me by a mutual friend in another city. When I asked her to attend meetings, etc., she said she could not, as she had only one evening out in two weeks, and was then expected to be in at ten o'clock.

Here is some more advice. In order to follow it the "mis-

stress" must be a sneak and a spy. Our mentor says: "I set regular 'dust-traps' for all my new housemaids and I catch them invariably if they attempt to shirk their work. A stray rose-leaf tucked away under a rug or a table-cover will betray the secret of superficial dusting."

And how is this for the very quintessence of snobbery? "To look up to those they fancy above them seems the natural instinct of their class. And be sure they will not look up to a mistress whom they see performing tasks that they regard as menial."

Women are all the time complaining of their "servants;" but until they learn to treat them as intelligent human beings, with sensibilities, rights and liberties equal to their own, they may expect to have household help of only the lowest grade of intelligence.

### The Malthusian Theory.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Mr. R. B. Kerr, in *Lucifer* of May 26, correctly states the Malthusian theory, and is right also in asserting that investigations of scientists since the time of Malthus fully confirm the truth of his theory, so far as it applies to increase of plants, animals and the lower orders of mankind; but there is one important consideration of which Malthus had no conception, and it is one which materialists generally are incapable of conceiving: It is that when man reaches a high state of development a new law intervenes which in great measure nullifies the law of natural increase theretofore prevailing. The order of development is first, physical; second, intellectual; third, moral; fourth, spiritual—perfection, of course, not yet having been reached in either of these divisions.

During the period of intellectual development the rate of increase in progeny begins to lessen, but being clearly traceable to contraceptives, such decrease of progeny proves nothing against the truth of the Malthusian theory. When, however, mankind begins to develop spiritually, the number of progeny decreases not from artificial preventives, but from natural causes—a result of the high order of development reached. The laws of nature are as potent in the spiritual realm as they are in the material. The animal brings forth after its kind, multiplying on the animal plane. The spiritual reproduces the spiritual; that is, it gives birth to thought, wisdom, love, sympathy, unselfishness, and other attributes of the spirit. The desires of the spiritual man are not the same as are those of the animal man; therefore it is perfectly in accordance with natural law that, as man progresses, the ratio of increase will decline, and ultimately, when mankind become spiritualized, there will be on earth, as it is said there is in heaven, no marriage—at least no carnal results of marriage.

I do not assert that facts sufficient to prove the theory I advance are yet attainable, but, reasoning from analogy, it is fair to conclude that the Malthusian theory, now so generally accepted, will eventually be laid on the shelf as a "back number." Until that time comes the development of the resources of the earth and the means of transportation of earth's products to any part thereof will keep pace with the increase of population, so no one need become an advocate of war, or a friend of famine in order to check the natural increase of the human family. There will always be sustenance sufficient on earth for all the children of earth. Nature makes no mistakes.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Neither of the men could quite understand the last words that passed between the girls, but Norman understood enough to know that whatever might be their meaning no ignoble subject would be thus discussed. Lawrence Westcott shook his head, but trusted. He was beginning to find these girls very

trustworthy. Only Osmond felt as if standing upon some unseen brink. Hilda's enthusiastic words and manner had not been clear to him. He had caught the words but not their full import, and yet—what was it she had been saying about womanhood being sacrificed? of being "bartered"? Had she meant that marriage necessitated such sacrifice? But surely, surely she had not meant that a child could be welcome with out the marriage blessing?—a child outside the sacred fold of wedlock? In a dazed manner his hand went up to his head. "Here you can become acquainted with the sentiments that fill your mother's heart and soul, and find a reflection in every word uttered by your sister." As with a red hot iron the words seemed burned into his very soul. These his mother's sentiments? This his sister's religion? His eyes rested upon each face of the girls; a sweet purity was reflected upon each while Hilda appeared surrounded with a halo. Some strong impulse drew him closer to them; he felt uplifted, borne upward, floating in cloudy mists—a feeling of widening, expanding, filled his being until the words of Hilda again came surging in his ears, "we may not even welcome a child to our arms when we desire it unless we have first permitted our freedom to be shackled, made a barter of our womanhood for that of motherhood, thereby turning the precious boon into a bitter curse." Blank horror made his blood run cold; he felt as if an icy hand was clutching at his throat.

"What is it? are you not feeling well?" Imelda asked the question and Edith's soft warm hands gently pushed him into the nearest chair, handing him a drink of ice water. She understood perfectly well what it was that ailed him, and feared they might have repelled him, so much that he would not again seek their presence. So with her ready woman's tact she led the conversation to other subjects. Music and art, the beautiful in general, were discussed, and finally a request was made that Cora should sing again ere they parted for the night. She surprised them by singing a hymn. But all understood there was a meaning underlying the usual import of the words, "We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away."

It was with very mixed feelings that the good nights were spoken, and as Hilda's hand for a moment lay in Westcott's a look from his dark eyes flashed into hers, a look that sent the warm blood in a glow to her face, flooding it to the very roots of her hair. Accompanied by the two young men, Norman and Osmond, the sisters were rapidly driven home, the pressing invitation "to come again," still ringing in the boy's ears; and when at the door of the home of this sister pair Hilda also held out her hand to Osmond asking him to call there. After a moment's hesitation he placed his hand in hers and promised.

Days and weeks had again sped on, each day bringing its own events and lessons. The summer's sunshine had changed to the glow of autumn, and just as marked had been the changes with many of our friends. More firm had become the bond of friendship and love that bound them together, more clearly defined—because more clear the ideas and ideals that formed the central attraction around which love and friendship clustered; day by day they understood each other better, and also themselves better, and their lives became purer, higher, nobler.

But still they were waiting, waiting. They recognized that their work was not yet done, but pulses beat higher, eyes shone brighter, smiles more radiant, as they were learning the old, old story over again. At least several of our charming circle were being blessed with that experience. Lawrence Westcott's heart was once more drinking in the lessons of love, and his nature was broadening and expanding under its influence, while Hilda seemed almost glorified, as she moved about, soft snatches of song dropping from her lips. Edith was almost as happy, sunning herself in the reflection of her sister's new found love. Alice also saw and was happy. The old child-like merriment had returned and the rooms resounded with merry jests and silvery, tinkling laughter.

One evening when Alice had surprised Norman in the gloom

ing she had not been able to resist the longing, yearning spirit. Creeping up behind him her little snowflake hands had closed his eyes. Ere he had caught the meaning of it a pair of warm dewy lips had been pressed to his. Then she would have fled, but quick as lightning her hands were made prisoners and, despite the desperate struggles of the furiously blushing little woman, she was drawn into the circle of light where Norman in a most wicked manner enjoyed her dire confusion. But presently drawing her to him and enfolding her in his arms he whispered,

"Now for revenge!" The drooping mustache brushed her face and for a little while Alice felt herself smothered; so sweet, so clinging, so really in earnest were the kisses which were pressed upon her lips, and when a few minutes later she came flying into the presence of Imelda, who had both the little girls standing at her knees trying to teach them some object lesson, the young instructress looked up in some surprise at the disheveled figure. The fair hair was tossed and its owner was pressing both hands to her flaming cheeks. Ere Imelda could frame the question that was trembling upon her lips Alice had sank beside her on her knees and hid her face in her lap.

"Don't say a word," she whispered, "until you have heard what I have to say," and drawing the dark head down so that she could place the rosy lips to her ear, she hurriedly whispered a few sentences and then drew back to watch the effect. Imelda's face betrayed nothing; she only placed her arm about her friend's neck and for a few moments laid her face upon the fluffy hair, then after kissing her repeatedly she said, with a sweet smile:

"I believe it is about time that these little folks received their evening meal and then to bed. So, for a little while I must beg to be excused."

An hour later as Imelda was standing in the embrasure of a window, a manly head bent above her; an arm tenderly drew her head to be pillowed on his breast while the whispered words, "My own, my best beloved," caused her own heart to beat in answering throbs and a sigh of sweet contentment parted her lips.

Only Edith, in those days of pure happiness, wore a look in the dark eyes that portrayed a something hidden in their fathomless depths, a far-away dreamy look that spoke of hopes not yet realized. Sometimes when no eye was looking a suspicious moisture would gather in the dark wells and for a while would dim their glorious luster, but not for long. Where there was so much warmth of heart and joyousness of spirit it was not possible that one whose life had been so practical would cast a shadow upon the bright faces around her.

There was yet one other whose happiness consisted in dreaming of the future and waiting hopefully and patiently what it might possibly bring, and that other was Cora. But not in idleness was she waiting. He should not have reason to think that she had wasted precious time; so she had studied on. Not only studied but already she was using her talents to advantage. As soon as she was strong enough she had insisted on doing something to be self-supporting, and through the aid of her friends she had been successful in obtaining quite a class of music pupils, foremost among whom was Meta who gave promise of future wonders. One hour in the early morning, however, found her with another pupil, and that pupil was Imelda. Much as she desired it Imelda had not hitherto found the time and opportunity to apply herself to this study, for which she possessed a talent that surpassed even that of Cora, whose music had settled in her throat rather than at the ends of her fingers. More than once Cora had said:

"Not long till you must have a more competent teacher." Thus the sisters daily grew more close together with an appreciation of sisterly love in their hearts such as is rarely known by those who have been cuddled in the lap of fortune since their infancy.

But there was still another—another growing daily in light, in breadth and in intelligence. Osmond Leland had returned again, and yet again, to the charmed circle and was, as it were,



born into a new life. And as, day by day, he better understood the sweet purity of these girls, so also did the events in connection with his old life stand out in glaring contrast. To his sorrow and dismay he found, upon close investigation, that his father's life was neither pure nor truthful. Contrasted with the pure nature-love and poetic beauty displayed in every word spoken by these new friends the coarse and lewd jests indulged in by his father and his companions could not fail of effect. It was but a short time until he felt his soul revolt at their ribaldry. More and more he felt himself attracted and, still more often he found himself seeking the society of the coterie of fair girls who each in turn imparted their ideals and dreams to the susceptible young heart, so eloquently that it went out to each and all in answering throes, and at the same time there was born in that heart a secret yearning and longing for the mother and sister who were as strangers to him. Often when he sought the Westcott home at an earlier hour in the day he had the, to him, rare pleasure of a romp with Alice's baby daughters. Norma would clap her chubby hands and scream with delight, while Meta's dark eyes would glow and sparkle. But while Norma, with all a baby's delight of pulling her victim's hair would soon tire, and was content to cuddle up in his lap where she would often fall asleep, Meta would softly steal up behind and take possession of him in a more gentle manner. Her soft little fingers had a peculiarly tender touch as she patted his cheek and toyed with his hair, arranging the blonde curls into a mass of ringlets. She would thus keep her fingers busy for a hour or more, and never seemed to tire. The dark eyes would have the same glad sparkle at the end as at the beginning, and Osmond seemed to enjoy the performance as well as the little ones. On several occasions he had stretched himself out upon the carpet when the serious bright-eyed sprite would lift the fair head and pillow it in her lap and while toying with his hair would put him to sleep. This would afford her extreme pleasure. She would not permit anyone so much as to whisper while she guarded his slumber.

The young mother and her girl friends watched the play with amusement and pleasure. Was there already a spark of the future woman in the little child's heart?

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Blenda Palm Reynolds, Lawrence, Kan.:—"Hilda's Home" is just splendid; many ideas are advanced therein that are new to some readers. I think it an excellent way to show your doctrines put into practice. So many people confound free love with free lust. Enclosed find one dollar to apply on our subscription. With kindest regards to yourself and daughter Lillian.

Blanche F. Wright, Austin, Tex.:—"Your papers have done more for me than anything I have ever read. O how good it is to know that others dare breathe the sweet air of freedom for which I long. I dare not come out boldly for the principles you declare. When I leave here I shall cast behind me all the old miserable ties that have made me a slave. Please send me some copies of your paper for distribution. Sometimes I think, "God made woman, and then forgot all about her!" O, to be at work for the world. My whole being thrills at the thought.

Oscar Johnson, San Francisco, Calif.:—"I am glad you kept on sending Lucifer although I requested you not to—on account of hard times. I am more than pleased with your bright and entertaining paper and wish you all possible success. "Hilda's Home" is a beautiful story, well told and if it is ever printed in book form put me down for one copy. The change in Lucifer is a sensible one and I like it ever so much better than the old way. I enclose herewith one dollar for one year of Lucifer. Of "Our New Humanity" I have received the January number and I see the April number will soon be forthcoming, may I ask you to send me No. 1 of Vol. II. and No. 4 of Vol. I. Send also No. 643 Lucifer which is missing. Wish I could order some

more literature but will have to wait till I am struck by the long delayed Prosperity.

[We have still a supply of back numbers, both of Lucifer and "Our New Humanity," which we will send post paid to all applicants. To those who wish copies for distribution special rates are given. M. H.]

Mrs. A. Carter, Rutland, Vermont:—"Inclosed I send you three months trial subscription for Lucifer and the three books advertised. Have wanted to read your paper for some time as I am much interested in all matters pertaining to the sexes. We greatly need a reform in this matter. Many are held together in worse than the chattel slavery of long ago. I would like to become a worker in this reform, for it is much needed. Angels speed you in your work, and may they hasten the time when women shall have the right to choose their own companion when, from false education they make an error in their choice and then, when too late, are obliged by man-made laws to suffer the tortures of hell, if I may use the word.

R. Y. Bach, New York City:—"While writing about matters pertaining to reforms advocated by Lucifer, I will state first that, although a married man I do not regard with favor the legal ceremony of marriage by priest or magistrate. With twelve years of matrimonial experience I would wish for celibate freedom again, but business relations and health considerations oblige me to still "keep up married appearances" and to suffer philosophically.

I am bound down—in bondage—"in the bonds of matrimony" as the certificate truly states. . . .

I wish to speak of a young woman whom I've known several years, who "likes me more than a little" yet has another whom she sincerely loves. She wishes to live with him to make a home and bear children, without being married. To show my approval of this contract, I have offered a present of twenty-five dollars down and another twenty-five dollars to be paid in less than a year providing they do not yield to Old Mother Grundy and have a legal ceremony performed. We three have discussed the matter fully, and the prospect seems very hopeful of seeing the conjugal union in freedom (and therefore happiness) of another young couple.

To meddlers, the lady (even now) will exhibit a plain gold ring, such as married slaves usually wear; while to relatives and others who believe in a legal ceremony she will turn a cold shoulder, and the seclusion in a large city like New York will perfect the mutual agreement to love but not to wed.

S. R. Shepherd, Leavenworth, Kan.:—"Many people, unable to grasp an idea and proof and logic, readily yield to material demonstration. Fifty years ago a German farmer near Adrian, Mich., bitterly opposed plank roads but having to drive on one a few miles was converted by his horses stopping and looking back inquiringly when he drove off into the mud. The Leavenworth, Kansas, "Times" always opposed Lucifer and marriage reform but approvingly publishes an attractive account of a couple who after years of wedded unhappiness got divorced and are dwelling together in perfect bliss. It says:

"The couple have not had a sign of trouble since the divorce, although they were in hot water for thirty-two years fretting under the marital yoke. They dare not quarrel now for fear one will leave the other in the lurch. He must have his meals and she must have a home. They are as happy now as if they had never been married. The bargain promises to last to the end."

Object lessons like this cannot fail to convince the most prejudiced and dull of comprehension.

[From the "Journal" of May 31, a leading Republican daily of Kansas City, Mo.—a copy of which some friend has kindly sent us—we learn that the above mentioned parties live in San Diego, Calif. The significant feature in this case is, not so much the fact that marriage is proved a failure when compared to freedom, but that conservative dailies like the Leavenworth

664.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

"Times" and the Kansas City "Journal," approvingly call attention to the movement for the abolition of what the great English philosopher, Mill, calls the only slave system now recognized in law, viz.: The enslavement of women in marriage. The editors of these journals are to be congratulated for their courage. M. H.]

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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 26.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 30, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 665.

### Determination.

Be firm. One constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.  
See you tall shaft! It felt the earthquake's thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.  
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the belching monarch of the fields.

Yes, in options look not always back;  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track.  
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;  
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### Anarchism and Individualism.

BY C. L. JAMES.

This article was originally meditated only as a reply to "Matadore." But it seems to me this Spanish gentleman (who does not understand Spanish) has raised some questions worthy more impersonal treatment; so I shall "let him slide" as often as convenient. "Matadore" has mistaken his vocation. He is a *picadore*. He has stirred up the bull; but he has made no attempt to kill it; and his boast, all through, is only that he can stir the animal up more if necessary. Well, then! to business.

"Sadden he stoops; his eye is fixed; away.

Away, thou heedless boy! prepare thy spear

Now is thy time to perish, or display

The skill that yet may check his mad career."

"Matadore" says I see "no station between law-enforced marriage" and "prostitution-variety." If "Matadore" has read my recent articles in *Lucifer*, he knows better. Webster defines prostitution as "The act or practice of offering the body to an indiscriminate intercourse with men." Voluntary intelligent variety is not indiscriminate. Nothing ever makes a woman prostitute herself, according to Webster's definition, but instituted force. I showed, in a very recent article, that prostitution-variety was the oldest of positive institutions; and that marriage, whether polyandrous, polygamous, or monogamous, is only a modification, which, as people advanced in humanity, became necessary to preserve prostitution-variety from extinction. "Matadore's" questions would be more intelligible if he began by killing some of his own "bulls." But such as they are, I will take them *seriatim*.

1. Have Individualists the right to co-operate against real criminal invasion? Let Individualists answer. I may well despair of defining their rights, since they cannot do it themselves. Individualism sprang from Anarchism, as shadow springs from light. The torch of Anarchism was kindled and fed, in the last century, by Edmund Burke, "Junius," Thomas Paine, Condorcet, Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin. Among those it early illuminated was Thomas Jefferson, in whose works may repeatedly be found the plainest declaration that men ought to best to dispense with any form of govern-

ment. But since men were too stupid to immediately think so, Jefferson, instead of consistently laboring to clear away their superstition, attempted, in the true spirit of a "practical" politician, to give them as little government as possible. He accepted the highest office; and impelled by his evil genius, went on to such transparent encroachments as the Louisiana Purchase. Through these coquettings with the harlot of Authority, he established the best claim of any man to be the father of that bastard Anarchism to which the name of Individualism has been given. The experience of this greatest among Individualists, illustrates that of all who ramble into such bye and forbidden paths. The *pons asinorum* of Anarchism is that no one takes the trouble to govern for nothing—that government is "invasion"—that it is never instituted but by those who want to "invade"—that those who imagine they institute it for their mutual protection are just these many fools whom the few knaves must have in order to do business. If an Individualist cross this Asses' Bridge, verily he shall become an Anarchist. If he cross it not, now that has grown so easy, of a truth he shall abide—a jackass. Let the intelligence, freedom, consistency, courage, vigor, of those on the two sides witness whether this be so. Individualism is a mongrel, artificially bred, and unable to propagate. Anarchism is a new species, produced by natural selection, and constantly putting forth varieties. Individualism is an artificial pond, requiring to be daily dredged and banked. Anarchism is a fountain, whose ever-flowing heads have already fertilized a hundred intellectual deserts.

2 and 3. These questions properly go with 1, but 3 is interesting, as tending to show that "Matadore" would "imprison the Good Samaritan for a witness, and release the thieves on bail."

4. When a criminal is dangerous enough to require restraint I am in favor of restraining him in an asylum. Otherwise I would let him go.

5. The asylum should be paid for by those who think it benefits them. I am happy to suggest here a "practical" method. What's the matter with those who prosecute paying a fee for this purpose? Don't, don't, "Matadore" reply that a poor man might not be protected; or I shall certainly think you "a victim of weak hereditary organization."

6 and 7. Give it up—don't understand the lingo.

8 and 9. Parents owe everything to their children; children nothing to their parents. The father's responsibility is greater and more binding than the mother's.

10. Should a woman have help from others to make the father of her children do his duty by them? Certainly not. Things will never be right till women learn not to rely on papagovernment, but on their own choice in men.

11. The age of consent is a transparent preposterous humbug. There is no reason why parents should ever cease to protect their children, while the children themselves desire it; and, again to be "practical," it should under the existing system, be



a simple question of fact for the jury whether the girl in a rape case did consent intelligently or not.

### One or Many Loves.

BY E. B. FOSTER, JR., M. D.

[Continued from last week.]

J. Wm. Lloyd has a different ideal, which he presented in *Lucifer* 649. Here is a "glimpse of the new family of the future. Around each pair of central lovers, by the most natural laws of affinity and magnetism, will gather a group of side lovers, loving the central lovers, and each other because of that love. What a beautiful family that would form, what sympathy, what friendship! . . . Families in this system will become so mingled that society will be like an interwoven garment . . . and the great Federation of Man become an accomplished fact."

It is unbecoming to smile when earnest, hopeful comrades tell their "iridescent dreams," but with our observation of humanity, we should say that this dream is simply "out of sight"—too heavenly for earthly use—a million years away—except that the dreamer claims to have observed "that it is possible to love several at the same time, to love one person supremely and several others at the same time truly, and for mutual harmony to prevail throughout the entire group of lovers thus related." This experience was indeed some proof of the possibility of Lloyd's family, but were we to ask "how many?" "how long?" "what results?" probably the replies would prove that the experiment was merely "a glimpse," and that the lasting and other essential elements of a family were not in evidence.

The Oneida Community came nearer to being a fairly successful experiment in that direction than any other among modern civilized people, except that there the formation of supreme central loves was discouraged, or interdicted, as not in harmony with the heavenly state in which all should love all without preferences, and there should be no marrying or giving in marriage. In spite of the power of their dominant religious teaching to hold many persons for many years in one large family where everything was held in common and exclusive passionate attractions were forbidden as unholy, these did gradually develop among those of the first generation there born, and were the main cause of the decline and fall of that heavenly estate.

The uncertainty of passionate exclusive attractions upsets the most careful calculations of the practical sociologist, and spoils the air-castles of the iridescent dreamers. In earthly life the stability of marriage is endangered by the lack of durability of exclusive attraction, while in heaven, where it is ruled out, it is liable to be a disturbing element if souls are born again with a complete outfit corresponding to the image of God and Man.

In *Lucifer*, No. 655, Mr. Walker admits that "many natures have the craving for a central love, but it is equally true that other natures do not," and he pictures in quite highfalutin language the delights of love in freedom as enjoyed by the varietists who have several attractions and no particular preferred creditors.

So long, however, as the varietist is influenced in his choice by some selective opportunity, Walker does not regard him as promiscuous. It is no doubt this kind of love animus pervading the selective varietist of which Mr. Walker writes the following: "Love in freedom inspires to most strenuous endeavor; it electrifies the pen of the poet, the brush of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, and it transforms into gladly-preferred service toil that is lowly and grimy and weary." We have seen love work all these wonders where it has but one object, one god to whom all devotion of spirit was gladly, spontaneously, unflinchingly rendered; and love has even done great work along these lines when one god or idol has been substituted for another in varying intervals, but was there ever an instance where the butterfly—or common house-fly—quality

of sexual attraction was responsible for any inspired creation, continuous, self-sacrificing effort, or really unselfish service?

It is very questionable if the supreme delights of the elixir of love, as glowingly pictured by Mr. Walker, can be fully enjoyed by the selective-varietist whose sentiment is "how happy I might be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." The purest, sweetest, highest, most inspiring joys of love necessitate some exclusiveness, which is not wholly satisfied by the seclusion of two corporeal persons, but requires also a mental exclusion of all other images permitting entire devotion, for the time at least, to the immanent ideal. If it be not an exclusive mutual admiration society, abolishing all thoughts of others, the course of true love is not smooth, and the god of love does not bestow supreme union.

Mr. Ruessbusch would have almost the unanimous vote of humanity for his statement (p. 317) that "the longing for exclusiveness in the highest enjoyment of love is a healthy and natural desire," but far less would say yes to his belief that "the wish to have this continue forever means a morbid craving for the impossible." It is, the majority would say, the straight and narrow road to heaven, along which few are successful in finding their way through life, but the few who do find their ideal personified, their love-god made flesh, may look with more pity than disdain on the varietist who has a few little gods, like beads on his string all the time, and full liberty to add new ones and discard some according to his selective preferences.

Even happier is the lot of one who falls "dead in love" with some bean-ideal and enjoys for a time the delightful inspiration of an all-pervading delusion that the afflatus will last forever, which may occur to one person many times in spite of experiences which prove that human attractions are subject to variation, that ideals may change, that love-worship is often a temporary insanity in which a cure may occur.

Of such love some poet has written "if this be a dream then waking would be pain," but fortunately mercurial human nature doesn't learn too much from experience and is generally susceptible to acquiring new delusions and easily lured by some infatuation that will "let me dream again."

There seems small prospect of success of efforts to devise any new ideal for the regulation of human love relations in a manner that shall insure uniformity and happiness. Several methods or systems have been experimented with from away back, and most of them are continued today for the accommodation of the varying needs of different natures. Exclusiveness, variety and promiscuity have always had and still have their votaries, but the numbers in these different classes of course vary with races and conditions. Personal happiness has not been and cannot be the sole factor by which to judge of what is best for humanity. There can be no individuals to enjoy happiness without due provision for the continuance of the race, and at bottom sex attraction is nature's device for accomplishing this purpose; or to put it in a more natural and rational way, if there ever was a species of sexual animal evolved without imperious sexual attraction it has failed to be perpetuated because of the lack of this essential stimulus to propagation; and should the puritanical ascetics who wish to restrict all sexual relations to purposive propagative acts succeed in converting any considerable number of men and women to their ideal, the normal impulse would be so subdued to a state of indifference and apathy that it would not long suffice for reproduction, and such a class would be reduced to the seedless, infertile state of navel oranges and doomed to extinction almost as surely as the shakers. Mankind has survived many remarkable periods, even eras of extravagant sexual depravity, and though this prodigality may have been mainly responsible for the decadence of some peoples, perversion must be less fatal than repression, and the races in whom the currents of this perpetuating power have been strongest are those that survive. The Jews are a notable example. It is easy to see that the human race tends to extinction, with the practice of either extreme, the repression of sexual attraction to reproductive

intents only, or the neglect of reproduction in universal addiction to infertile sexual association.

In the human species the successful raising of progeny requires the devoted care of parents during many years, and the predominance of the monogamic family amongst a great variety of the races peopling the earth today is an evidence that it survives as the fittest form of sexual relation for the conservation and perpetuation of the human race.

[To be concluded.]

### Missed the Mark.

BY EMIL F. RUEDBUSCH.

Dr. Foote's essay, "One or Many Loves," is very well written, but its continuation in *Lucifer* No. 664 has one great fault, — it misses the mark and hits the wrong man.

I will promptly admit that in most cases under present conditions, "if a home be started on the Ruedebusch plan it will last as long as the mutual infatuation, but as soon as one party thereof discovers a new attraction, it will be in danger of disruption, etc." — but my worthy critic has evidently failed to discover the following fact: Ruedebusch's plans are proposed only and exclusively to persons who have fully understood and accepted Ruedebusch's ideal of love. The above quotation proves that Dr. Foote has not tried to understand, nor even to seriously consider this "new ideal" and the changes which it would self-evidently bring about in the "desires of love," hence his present article, however valuable it may be otherwise, is absolutely meaningless as a criticism of my theory.

If Dr. Foote wishes to test, by argument, the value of a certain union of New-Idealists the first condition must be, of course, that the respective parties are New-Idealists. If he wished to claim that the acceptance of the new ideal would make no difference in their feelings and actions, or that it is impossible, then such a claim would be a suitable subject for discussion between us. As it is I see no chance for an argument, and can only hope that some of my friends who call themselves "Varietist-Free-Lovers" will attack him.

### Volume of Currency and Price.

BY ALBERT CHAVANNE.

I think, friend Harman, that you made a mistake when you backed down from your first position, that the volume of currency regulates prices. Monopolies and trusts only affect special prices, the average price remains the same. If the Standard Oil Company raises the price of oil, the price of things not monopolized goes down to precisely the same extent that the price of oil went up, and the average remains the same. That is what is going to happen with the coming tariff. The price of protected goods will go up some, and the price of unprotected products will go down. Only as the rise in price will be in special products, and results from causes well understood, it will be noticed, while the fall, being gradual and diffused over a large number of articles, will attract but little attention. However, believers in protection, after a year or two, will find to their great surprise, that times have not improved.

As regards what controls prices, it used to be a favorite argument with the gold men at the beginning of the silver agitation, to say that the fall in prices was due to improvements in production. The fallacy of this argument is easily shown. If today, one man working one day, can make one pair of shoes, and if a farmer can by a day's work raise one bushel of wheat, the price of one pair of shoes and of one bushel of wheat, other expenses being equal, will be the same. If by improvements in methods of production, tomorrow one man can in one day make two pairs of shoes, the price of shoes, as compared with wheat will fall. But, here is what the gold man forgot to mention: The price of wheat as compared with shoes will rise, and the average price remains the same. It is just as impossible for improved methods of production to lower the average of prices, as it is for monopoly to raise all prices.

Price is the name we give to the exchangeable value of products, as measured by the medium of exchange. Individual prices as compared to each other are regulated by improvements in production, monopoly, etc., but the average of prices is regulated by the ratio of product to the amount of currency. To say that monopoly affects prices — meaning the general average — is as foolish as to say that the action of the wind by raising waves, affects the average level of the sea.

If the medium of exchange had not been tampered with by the demonetization of silver, the increased production of currency would have kept pace with the increased production of products, and there would have been no fall in prices, Parkhurst and Borland notwithstanding.

One more explanation may help your readers to understand the present condition of things. Currency fulfils in production, the same function that oil does in machinery. Now, it is a known fact that if a man running machinery requiring one hundred horse power, uses one gallon of oil a day, to keep it running at full speed, if he increase his machinery to the extent that it will require one hundred and twenty-five horse power, he must increase the amount of oil he uses also. If he does not, he can still run, but he must run at a slower rate of speed. The same law holds good in production. If we want to increase production to keep pace with the increase of population, and the development of the country, we must also increase the amount of currency. Just now we are trying to increase production without increasing the amount of money, and the result is just the same as trying to increase the amount of machinery without increasing the amount of oil. Falling prices corresponds to the heating of the journals of machinery, and has the same effect. It increases friction and checks production. And this will go on until the people have learned their lesson.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXIV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**THROWN OUT OF WORK.** When machinery supplants hand labor, although it benefits the community it is a hardship upon those who are thrown out of work, especially if they are unable to obtain other remunerative employment. In the transition there is a large class whom lack of education and improvidence reduce to want. They either will not or can not adapt themselves to the new conditions. There are no individuals or corporations to whom they can justly apply with a demand for relief, either by giving them labor or sustenance. They have fallen by the wayside in the march of progression, and lie unnoticed by the throngs which sweep by them.

Individuals are not responsible to them. The machines which have displaced them can not be appealed to, and they have no rightful claim upon the owners of the machines. Commercially they have no claim whatever. Under the law of development from the survival of the fittest, they have lost their claim as fellow-workers. What remains is the claim of a human being, to be cared for by other human beings; and the proper way to make such care effective is by the action of the whole community. This is one of the recognized functions of government, but very partially fulfilled, to provide for those who can not provide for themselves.

No adequate remedy has yet been provided in society as it is; but in a properly reorganized society it will be a primary aim to provide sustenance for all, and to provide work for all who desire it.

Walls have ears where tyranny rules and priestcraft listens — *Ouida*.

### THE ADULT.

A journal for the advancement of freedom in sexual relationships, and the organ of the Legitimation League, London, England. Edited by George Redborough. No. 1 is now ready. Contains Manifesto of the Legitimation League, Facing the Enemy, by Oswald Dawson; Prostitution and the British Army, by Victor Martell; Some Sex Problems Considered, by Orford Northcote; To the Abused Jades and Distracted Sons, by Leighton Pagan; etc., etc. Price 5 cents by mail from the office of *Lucifer*.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 30, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 367, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-MAKING and the paper has adopted this name stands:

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

WILL Lucifer's friends, whose subscription is now expired, kindly remember the needs of the printer and send us a little "prosperity" to tide us over the dull summer season? Postage stamps always received on subscription or for books.

We are now ready to fill orders for E. C. Walker's pamphlet, "What the Young Need to Know.—A Primer of Sexual Rationalism." In Part I. the author gives his views of the Origin of Sex; Forms of Sex; Uses of Sex; Limitation of the Number of Children; including under this sub-division the Differentiation of the Reproductive and Amative Functions and the Trend of Evolution. Also, Sexual Diseases. In Part II. he speaks of the Prevalence and Power of Sex; Clothing, Art and Literature in their relation to the fact of Sex. Price, 10 cents each.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

In last week's issue a plan was proposed by an earnest and faithful friend of Lucifer and its work, by which plan it was and is hoped that our paper would reach hundreds and perhaps thousands of new readers. Thinking it probable that many of our friends may have failed to see said letter it is now and here reproduced:

DEAR MOSES HARMAN,

June 13, 1897.

Admiration for your work and a sense of the need of the world to become more familiar with the teachings of Lucifer, lead me to make a proposal for the extension of the circulation of the paper.

It is that one thousand extra copies should be sent for six months to new names that may be furnished you by the friends of the paper. To provide for this, and at the same time aid you in maintaining your effort, I suggest that a fund of five hundred dollars be raised, of which I pledge myself to give one hundred dollars conditional upon the rest being raised, paying twenty-

five dollars for every one hundred dollars of the four hundred dollars asked for. So confident do I feel that the friends of the cause will respond to this suggestion that I anticipate the subscription of two hundred dollars, and now have pleasure in handing you fifty dollars. Cordially yours,

For reasons best known to himself the writer of this letter prefers that his name shall not appear, at least not now. Since its publication the following responses have been received:

James W. Adams.	\$7.00
Robert Greer, M. D.	1.00
J. M. Crane,	5.00

Believing that there are many more who feel an equal interest in the extension of Lucifer's propaganda we cordially and earnestly invite co-operation in the way indicated by the writer of the above letter. In thus saying we do not wish to dictate as to methods by which co-operative aid shall be extended, but suggest this as one of the very best ways to help on the much needed educational work.

## "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs."

At last, after long waiting we have a supply of this book, the latest publication of the "Legitimation League," whose headquarters are in London, and whose first object, if we do not mistake, under its late reorganization, is "To educate public opinion in the direction of freedom in sexual relationships." This league is not confined to one continent or hemisphere, and at its last annual meeting it did Lucifer the honor of unanimously electing Lillian Harman president of the "League" for the current year.

The author of "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs" is Mr. Oswald Dawson, formerly a prominent member of the English "Personal Rights Association," of which the paper called "Personal Rights" is the organ. Finding the scope of that organization too limited to suit them, Mr. Dawson and others have organized another association, "The Legitimation League," of which the "Adult" is the official organ, and whose scope and purpose are shown by the books named "Bar Sinister and Licit Love," "Rights of Natural Children," and now by this latest contribution, "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs"—a very handsomely bound and excellently printed book of sixty-two pages. It contains four full page, well-executed photographs of Ezra Heywood, Lois Waisbrooker, and of Lillian and Moses Harman, with brief sketches of the history of these individuals, and of their connection with radical reform work.

The price of this last named book is twenty cents post-paid, when sent from this office. The price of "Bar Sinister" and of "Rights of Natural Children," is twenty-five cents each, also postpaid. To those who buy for distribution or to sell again, special rates will be given. Believing these to be very important publications and very helpful to Lucifer's propaganda, we solicit large orders from those who may feel able to do missionary work along these much neglected lines.

## Debs and the Commonwealth.

The convention of the "American Railway Union" which met in this city on the 15th, to organize the "Co-operative Commonwealth" movement, has concluded its labors and the delegates have returned to their homes. Notwithstanding the ill-concealed hostility of the capitalistic press the proceedings of this convention have been pretty fully reported in most of Chicago's great dailies, and, so far as I have seen, have not been seriously misrepresented. The "Chronicle" of the 22nd gives nearly a two column report of the closing day's proceedings, of which report a few paragraphs are here reproduced:

"Five men whose names were familiar far and wide throughout the period in 1894 when the railroad traffic of the west was paralyzed by a gigantic strike, and who went to jail as the result of that famous labor conflict, were yesterday



chosen as the temporary leaders of the Social Democracy of America. The climax of the convention was reached when the count of the almost unanimous vote was completed and the members of the old American Railway union stood in their seats to lead in the thunder of applause that ensued. This is the executive board that will conduct the business of the new order until the national convention in June of next year:

Chairman—Eugene V. Debs.  
Vice chairman—William E. Burns.  
Secretary—Sylvester Keliber.  
Treasurer—Roy M. Goodwin.  
Organizer—James Hogan.

"The concluding day's session was busy and at times sensational. Twice Mr. Debs made characteristically impassioned speeches and his expressions evoked furious gusts of applause. Just before adjournment the ardor of the delegates was stirred by the singing of 'Grand COUNTRY' and 'The Marseillaise' by Mrs. Kinsella. The opening chords of the French anthem brought every man to his feet and all stood throughout, joining in the chorus. Previous to this there had been an animated scene when Mrs. H. S. Lake sent to Mr. Debs as he stood on the platform a bouquet of white peonies, bound with a white ribbon. A man who recollected on the instant the white ribbon of the strike sympathizers of 1894 yelled: 'Hurrah for the white ribbon!' 'Yes, it is a sanctified emblem,' remarked the president, and a storm of applause swept the hall."

The constitution adopted by the convention consists of sixteen sections, the first of which states that, "this organization shall be known as the Social Democracy of America, and its headquarters shall be located in Chicago."

Among the characteristic utterances of Mr. Debs, outlining his plans, are the following:

"An impression has obtained that this project is another Coxy movement. It is not so in any sense. We are going to build a community on carefully prepared plans, as any thoughtful man would erect a building. A commission will go first to find the best adapted state for our purpose in soil, climate and natural resources. Then we will prepare plans for the colonization and build a state like a house, with a foundation deep and strong. We shall not fail—as it has been said to us that others have. I want to risk my reputation by declaring that we shall not fail."

"The state of Washington is favorably considered, and it is a good place—upon the coast, where we shall not have to depend upon the railroads. Probably we shall establish the first state co-operative commonwealth there, conducting everything within the limitations of the federal constitution. Ahead of everybody will go farmers to till the soil and sow crops; then fruit orchards will be established, and then stock ranches. We shall have the finest because contributions and pledges are already flowing in. And when we can feed our people we shall start with the establishment of co-operative industries. Shoe factories, clothing factories, one after another, will be built and the material wants of the increasing community be fulfilled. Then the ballot."

By far the largest and one of the most enthusiastic of the series of meetings held in the interest of the "Commonwealth" movement was that at Handel Hall on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Debs himself was not present—being unavoidably detained elsewhere. The large hall was densely packed and the enthusiasm, unbounded, called forth by the eloquence of Mr. Thomas Mills, of the "People's University," the business office of which is at 6015 S. Halsted street. Mr. Mills is in hearty sympathy with the Commonwealth move, and seems to be doing excellent work in educating the great masses of people up to the point of seeing the need and the possibility of self-help, instead of looking for aid from "government" and from political leaders or parties.

I have room in this issue only to say that I was very agreeably disappointed on meeting Mr. Debs and hearing him speak. He is no ordinary man, and judging from what I saw and

heard, of and from him, he is destined to leave a mark upon the history of this country, such as it has been the fate of very few men to make.

In next issue I hope to have more to say of him, his plans and his helpers.

### Volume of Currency Again.

Referring to the article of Albert Chavannes' in this issue I would say:

As to whether there was really a "backing down" from my first position, in the reply to W. P. Borland, in whole No. 658, I will leave others to judge. My position, as I now view the matter, and as I then saw it, though perhaps not well expressed, is,

First, that the money of today is a commodity, bought and sold in the open market, like other commodities. Hence the common phrases, "the money market is tight," "the money market is easy," etc.

Second, that, very naturally, the price of other commodities, when compared with money, depends largely, if not chiefly, upon the volume of money in circulation, or available for purposes of trade or exchange.

Third, Under free trade in, and free production of, all commodities, including money, there would be comparatively little fluctuation of prices. When wheat advances in price, because of scarcity, farmers would turn their attention to wheat raising until the normal equilibrium should be restored. And so likewise of cotton or wool, horses or cattle, or any other staple commodity. And the same of gold and silver, or any other commodity used as money, or as a basis of currency. Scarcity of money, or a money famine, would stimulate production of money until equilibrium should again be restored.

Fourth, Such would be the result of liberty—of free competition among men and their commodities. Such would be the result of equal rights for all and special privileges for none. But our monetary system is a denial of liberty and equality. Our monetary system, our commercial system, our land system, our governmental systems,—one and all,—were not built on the plan of equal rights. Gold and silver money mean the money of aristocracy, of privilege, of inequality. Tariffs, taxes, "legal tenders," etc., all mean the denial of the basic principles enunciated in that legendary document called the Declaration of Independence. With boundless natural wealth, and with a plethora or overproduction of all the necessities of life, thousands and millions of people in this country are in sore distress for want of these necessities; while a small minority of the people are accumulating wealth more rapidly than was ever known in the history of the world.

Why is all this? The answer is short and easy. MONOPOLY! PRIVILEGE! Denial of liberty and equality. The chief agency or means by which this reign of monopoly and privilege is inaugurated or effected is money!—gold standard money.

The remedy, then would seem to be to dethrone gold! Dethrone the money of the privileged classes; reduce all commodities to a level of equality; give all commodities—including the most important of them all, namely, Human Labor, equal right to be made the basis of currency; in other words, give us the plebeian "labor check" instead of the aristocratic Gold Dollar, and we shall have achieved a real independence of the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe,—which never yet has been accomplished—as well as independence from the monarchies and aristocracies of our own home production.

### The Martyrdom of Man.

BY JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

Lucifer has some excellent correspondents, who are apparently real freethinkers—a very rare clan—for a huge majority of those who would claim that title are far from free, being still shackled by some remains of the ancient and inherited ignorance, of which I would say a word that seems to be needed.

I refer especially to Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. James.

Sometime ago Mr. Chamberlain used a vigorous and comprehensive expression referring to the condition of public opinion *poisoned* through and through by the old notions of Jewish and (so-called) Christian theory, to which I immediately wrote a cordial response, enforcing that idea, which was *lost* among the manuscript contributions of Lucifer. But the subject is too important to be dropped, so I will try again to condense some suggestions into the narrow limits that are allowable.

Who can live in malaria without being infected? It is a desperate battle for a freethinker to protect himself from the social atmosphere. Even Mr. Harman has not entirely escaped. There is an old notion of modesty—false modesty—imposed by social jealousy, compelling everyone to depreciate himself and ignore his own claims like the pious churchman who grovels before the throne as the vilest sinner on God's foot stool. This is the established fashion for public speakers—self-depreciation—and when I gave Mr. Harman some deserved compliments, he felt bound to decline them as a poor unworthy mortal—though he must know in his interior soul that he is one of the heroes and leaders of freethought, and ought to be able to say so, for all truths should be spoken.

This is a very small matter, but a fair illustration of the pervading debasement of the human mind, coming down the ages for several thousand years from the ancient barbarian ignorance which was most fully expressed in the ancient *barbarian theology* which has ever debased and absolutely cursed the human race, saturating the whole soul of humanity with malignant falsehood, and destroying all sound ethics.

When the reformer attacks our brutal social conditions, he is opposed at every step by the millions, including the best educated or rather learned who really believe themselves the special champions of morality and righteousness, as did the Jews when they assailed Jesus for healing the afflicted on their Sabbath, which they had only *inherited* from the Pagans.

And many who think themselves the champions of freethought are champions at the same time of falsehoods established by the barbarians of five thousand years ago.

Nowhere is this barbarism of sentiment so intense as in the sphere of sexual relations, which have been debased into the realm of filth and disgust, so deeply that many centuries will be required to lift them into the sphere of love, light and wisdom.

I presume the readers of Lucifer must understand this, but I fear they have not especially sought for the *taproot* of the Upas tree they would destroy, and I write now to call their attention to it—to show where it lies, and how it must be dug up or burned out before human freedom and practical wisdom can flourish.

I suppose they will not be shocked when I say the *taproot* of all that afflicts humanity today is to be found in the Bible. There we find the debasement of woman, the filthy conceptions of all things in the sphere of love, and the pervading spirit of malignity which burns out as by fire all spirit of philanthropy—for it portrays a malignant demon as divine, and the entire Universe as the home of endless agony, except only this purgatorial world, which is kept in progress only as a small nursery to supply its infinite hell with human fuel.

There is no room in Lucifer to demonstrate these assertions. But assuming them to be true (and they are the result of sixty years of original investigation) the only thorough effectual way to relieve mankind from the martyrdom of the ages is to remove the Bible and make room for rational philosophy, for religion, which is but ethics, and for the boundless freedom of thought which theology forbids.

Seeing this to be my duty if possible to be achieved, my readers think I have achieved it in publishing "Primitive Christianity" which demonstrates beyond contradiction that the Bible is an anonymous and fraudulent compilation, secretly manufactured in Rome to establish the Papacy, which culminated in the Holy Inquisition, and burying in oblivion the grand reformatory work of the Jewish martyr, who lost his life in trying to supersede Jewish superstition, whose thoroughly falsified history appears in the New Testament.

Lucifer is doing a good work in chopping at some of the foulest branches of the Upas tree, but until the tap root is destroyed and philosophy substituted for superstition, the world will continue to groan in its miseries, and all that Lucifer chops will continue to form again through the coming centuries, though a few freethinkers may maintain a struggling existence in narrow limits, enjoying freedom in their own souls, though doomed to breathe the universal social malaria, and suffer from the universal social conditions, which they must be realizing now, with but little hope of amendment for themselves, while they are trying to help posterity and resisting the gloomy domination of the Bible. No radical social reform is possible while that book is held in high honor. Under its jurisdiction, neither true liberty, true philosophy, nor true ethics can be possible.

I do not deny the necessity of Lucifer adhering to its one great theme, on which it is doing good work—for I have realized the failure of the opposite policy in giving my life to all human science and all social reform, working for posterity, though I might have accomplished ten times as much in this century with a single theme.

Lucifer is opening a new line of thought for those who may outgrow the Bible authority but may cling to some of its debasing conceptions. A graduate from the Bible school needs a wise friend to lead him out of Biblical fog into clear sunshine.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Thus the autumn with its gorgeous colors had come and gone. Chilly days and raw wet nights were now in order, but the glowing fire in the grates only added to the cheerfulness of the room and the closely drawn curtains closed out all that was unpleasant and dismal. Then came the icy frosts and the first snow and with it a letter from Wilbur announcing the long promised visit of himself and Mrs. Leland. Edith and Hilda were almost wild with joy and anticipation. At last! at last! this so long, so sorely missed brother was coming home to his own, to clasp them in his arms, and they counted the days and hours until he should be in their midst. But theirs were not the only hearts that beat high at the contemplation of the coming event. Imelda was scarcely less excited than were the sisters. With a tender cadence the name "Wilbur" lingered upon her lips, but not for him alone did her heart beat with joy. Mrs. Leland received no small share—her bonny Margaret's mother. And yet another heart beat high in anticipation. Osmond, when told of his mother's expected visit, had turned white to the very lips. Faint and trembling he had sunk into a chair, and for the remainder of the evening had been strangely quiet and absent-minded.

"What is it? Not pleased, Osmond?" The boy looked up into Imelda's eyes and she saw that his own eyes were filled with tears.

"Do you know, do you realize what this meeting may mean to me? My heart is going out in advance to the woman who is my mother. I know I shall love her. I know that I shall find her all that my mind has pictured. I know that I shall find in her eyes a new life; in her eyes and arms, such as I have never known. But what else will it mean for me? Great as has been the fall of respect for the man who is my father, when I contrast his life and teachings with what I have here been taught, yet for all that *he is my father!* That fact remains. The forming of new and purer ties means the sundering of some old ones, and although I can only win thereby an untold amount of good, the fact still remains that it hurts."

Imelda's hand gently passed over the clusters of fair curls as she said,

"I can but honor you for an emotion that is the surest proof of a heart good and undefiled. I feel certain that if you will follow its dictates you will soon be able to judge whether

it was affection for you which caused your father to pierce your mother's inmost soul by depriving her of the child she had nourished with her heart's blood. Can you think of more refined cruelty than to rob a mother of the babe that has lain for months beneath her heart, and that, with the most excruciating pain, and with great peril to her own life, has been born into the world? Do you think a father's affection can excel, or even equal, the love of a mother? Then think of the years of hungry yearning that have filled that gentle heart."

The boy had not answered, but throughout the evening had remained quiet, lost in thought. But after that, day by day a restlessness had come over him scarcely permitting him to remain any length of time in one place. More glaring became the father's coarseness as with a critical eye the boy followed his movements—his actions and his words. Often he found himself remonstrating with him. At first these remonstrances had elicited blank surprise, then he had been rudely laughed at and taunted that he must have fallen in love with some Sunday school Miss.

"That's all right," Mr. Leland had said. "Couldn't help being sweet on the little creatures myself. In fact am so occasionally yet, but not to the extent that it is going to interfere with any enjoyment in life. Don't be foolish, boy. Kiss the pretty soft lips and tell her pretty things to satisfy her; that need not prevent you from doing just as you please; and by no means, let me tell you, will it affect me. Girls are pretty playthings that help to while away the time, but the man is a fool who permits one of them to affect him more seriously. I have had a dose of it which I have no desire to have repeated."

Fearing a tirade against a certain woman who all unconsciously had grown into his heart he swallowed his disgust and left his father to himself. Judging his mother by those other women whose "sentiments" were the same as hers he came to wonder how it had come about that she could have linked her fate with that of his father. He reproached himself for entertaining such thoughts, but yet was unable to banish them. And so it came that often and still more often Osmond found his way to the Westcott home. Sometimes he would also wend his way to the home of the Wallaces, but as the sisters had no control there outside their own sanctum it was not quite so homelike and harmonious, not quite so natural and free. More often he would stop at their door only a few minutes to leave it a little later with both sisters under his care. Thus it was that time went by and the change, the most important event in young Leland's life, came nearer.

All day long the soft, fluffy masses had been falling, noiseless, incessant, covering hill and plain, and enveloping the world, as it were in one vast winding sheet. The merry sleigh bells were tinkling, but it was more work than pleasure to be out in the soft yielding masses of fresh fallen snow. The hearts of the young beat high in anticipation of coming pleasures, but older and wiser heads took it not so lightly. They looked more seriously at the mass of whirling fluffy flakes as they came piling down faster and ever faster until you could see scarce a half dozen feet before you, while anxiety crept into many a heart. And not without cause. Already every train was late, and there was much fear of trains being snow-bound. In the evening, when in spite of unpleasant weather our friends gathered at the Westcotts' they were very serious faces indeed. According to the dispatch they had received, informing them on what train the dear expected ones would leave Chicago, they would be due in Harrisburg the following morning at ten o'clock. If they had started at the time intended they would in all likelihood be detained many hours. If they were fortunate enough to lie over in some city there would be no harm done, but on the trackless prairies it would be far from pleasant at the best. There was no music and singing that night. Too much anxiety for merry-making, and at a much earlier hour than usual they again dispersed. Edith and Hilda's hearts were heavy as they kissed their girl friends good night. So long, O so long they had hoped and longed and waited for this brother to come, and now?—Surely, surely their fondest hopes would not be thus

rudely shattered. With a mighty effort the tears were forced back and bravely they clung to cheering hope. Just as they were about to descend the stone steps leading from the front of the building, two strong arms wound themselves about Hilda's form and lifting her bodily carried her safely to the waiting cutter. Warmly and snugly she was tucked in by loving hands and just for one moment a pair of mustached lips touched hers, then the words were whispered in her ear: "Courage little girl! be brave and strong. Tomorrow evening someone else will be claiming kisses from these sweet lips. Our precious ones will surely come."

It was the first time Lawrence had put his love into words and action, and the trembling lips of the blushing maiden thanked him for the sweet cheering words.

Norman had performed the same office for Edith. To save her feet from damp and cold he also had carried her down to the waiting cutter and tucked her in beside Hilda. Then taking his seat beside Osmond, another hasty good night, and soon the tinkling of the bells were lost in the distance.

Osmond was quiet; he had been quiet all the evening. Scarcely a word had dropped from his lips. It is very doubtful indeed if the girls felt more keenly than he the danger threatening the travelers. The tension on his nerves drove him almost mad. He dare not give expression to his fear. It meant so much, so much—this coming of his mother. If she should perish! With a sudden clicking sound he clenched his teeth while the horror of the thought caused him to close his eyes. Would he then be able to say, "It was all for the best?"

The dismal drive came to an end. The girls were safely seen inside their home. Osmond was next deposited at the door of his father's dwelling and shortly after Norman also was housed with the four walls of his room. When the morning broke the snow was still falling with a likelihood that there would be no change very soon. The trees were bending and breaking under their load and only with the greatest difficulty could either man or beast move about. Trains which had been due the day before could not be heard from, owing to the fact that in many places the telegraphic wires had been broken. Evening again came, but as yet no news from the expected train whereon our travelers were supposed to be.

About noon the fall of snow had ceased; a change of temperature had set in; gradually it had been growing colder until at midnight of the following night the cold had reached an intensity which was almost unbearable. This added greatly to the horror of the possible situation of the travelers, and our friends were in a fever of anxiety. With blanched faces they moved about in their respective homes scarcely able to endure the dreary hours of waiting. Again the night passed and another intensely cold day was ushered in, and not until noon did any news reach them. A message was wired from Pittsburgh that the train had been snow-bound in Ohio. Rescue trains had been sent and in all probability if nothing further occurred to cause another delay, the train would reach Harrisburg by Thursday evening where it had been due Monday morning.

Impatience must be curbed. Another night and day must pass ere they could hope to fold their loved ones to their bosoms. But tedious as the hours had moved, the day was at last nearing its close, only a few more hours and then?—Just as the clocks were striking the hour of nine the puffing monster came steaming into the city with its load of human freight.

To be continued.

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, NO. 27.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 7, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 666

### The World.

Fashion, the world, society, to me  
 These ever are as some brave board outspread,  
 Where men and women feign to feast, unfed;  
 Smiling and gay, yet holding in each eye  
 The piteous glare of hunger's agony.  
 Ah! this alone is death, and these the dead;  
 And yet men call it "life" plying, loathed,  
 The child-like soul that loves simplicity.

A padded pomp, a chill state, a gaudy glare,  
 The bitter sweet and dust of discontent,  
 Soul-hunger and a secret none dare broach—

These are thy wages, world, thy servants wear  
 Upon their brows the stamp of manhood spent—  
 Lost innocence, and haunting, vague reproach.

—J. William Lloyd.

### Plumb-Line Penographs.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Why do so many Freethinkers so soon grow indifferent to reform work? One reason is that their Freethought is almost purely academical; they have not thought of applying their ideas in every-day life. Clinging to the moralism of the religious system whose theology they reject, they are indistinguishable in the mass of practical devotees. They vegetate; they do not live. Passively, at least, they are against liberty, and so are not unpopular, for today orthodoxy is moral, not religious.

"Victoria receives the loyal devotion of her subjects." That is a newspaper heading, anent the Jubilee. The subject is, as the term implies, in subjection, hence he is a mere automaton; he has no choice; he *must* be devoted, "loyal." As Victoria has less control over the lives of the English people than the president of the United States has over the lives of the people of this country, it follows, that if the English people are the "subjects" of Queen Victoria, the people of the United States are the "subjects" of President McKinley. The conclusion is not far amiss.

Honesty in love is at a discount. Men meet with austere faces and speak of "virtue" as the dearest possession of the soul, and then each goes out and lives a life condemned by his lips and the lips of his fellows. Women do the same. It is a game of "I'll fool you and you may fool me." It is all right to make love behind the back of the husband or wife, but if the husband or wife knew and consented he or she would be looked upon with contempt by the parloir of sweets. Such is the fruit of centuries of religious misleading and moral misteaching. Frank free love, free love for women as well as for men, is the only hope of salvation from hypocrisy and rottenness.

Captain Chapman, the notorious police thug of New York, has again projected his malodorousness into the nostrils of decent people, by ordering the wholesale arrest of all women found out of doors after a certain hour. This, we are told by

the press, has already resulted in the gathering into the police net of several respectable women whose occupations force them to be out late at night. It is perfectly safe to say that no crime of this kind which Chapman may see fit to commit will lower him in the estimation of the present city "reform" administration. No woman not of the aristocracy has any rights which New York's enthroned "moralists" are bound to respect. But some day that gang of "respectable" roughs will move out in a hurry. They are piling up sins against a day of judgment that may come very soon. If Tammany has half sense "reform" will soon be dead in New York for many a day. It is dying, let us hope, self-stricken by Roosevelt, Chapman & Co. But will change of political masters result in a permanent betterment? No; the foundation is of the rotten stone of Imposed Authority, and the master builder was Superstition, worshiped alike by Republican and Democrat, by Mugwump and spoilsman, by partisan and non-partisan, by Christian and Infidel and Nothingarian. But the light is slowly spreading.

A correspondent of *Lucifer* says, "Nature makes no mistakes." And he says this at the conclusion of an argument intended to show that another writer is mistaken! Inasmuch as man is a part of nature, it inevitably follows that if Mr. Kerr was in error, as Mr. Slocum asserts he was, then nature *does* make mistakes.

It can only rationally be said that nature makes no mistakes when it is taken for granted that nature has no intentions, no plans, no schemes. Such is the fact, but looked at from the view-point of man, of his needs, of his happiness, nature teems with mistakes. The same is true when nature's workings are considered in relation to the needs, to the happiness of the other forms of life. The trouble with Mr. Slocum is that he has transferred to his fetic, Nature, the imagined perfections given by the Theist to his fetic, God. They worship at the same shrine, differently named.

"There will always be sustenance sufficient on earth for all the children of earth." This is true only when it is interpreted to mean that while one class of earth's children is cunning or strong enough to live on the other classes it will survive, although even then multitudes of the individuals of that class will perish miserably because of lack of sustenance. Taken as it stands, Mr. Slocum's assertion is too preposterous for serious refutation. In the sea it is answered, where not one in ten thousand of the fishes born reach maturity. In the forest it is answered, where there is not room for the development of one in ten thousand of the young lives planted or prepared for planting. In man's kingdom, greatly superior intelligence mitigates somewhat the fierceness of the struggle, (as regards production and exchange) permitting the survival of a larger number in the same area from age to age, but the outcome will be the same—the area being limited, the capacities of reproduction unlimited—in the end the destructive checks will operate if the preventive checks have not been used. This is axiomatic.

# Freethought "As She is Taught" in Oregon.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

"The Torch of Reason" says "The principal free love organ of Chicago" has misrepresented the Oregon Secular Union. In so far as my statement regarding its president is concerned, I cheerfully and gladly admit that I was mistaken. As I said in my letter to Mr. Geer, in which letter I gave the causes of my misapprehension, "It is better to be right than to be president," is an old saying. There have not been many occasions in my life when I would rather be wrong than either fight or president, but in this instance I am glad to know I was wrong."

I am very sorry I cannot go on and say I was equally wrong in other statements made in that article. But, unfortunately, the Oregon Secular Union has taken a position utterly opposed to tolerance and honesty. "Many of our active members use tobacco and some, we are sorry to say, drink intoxicating liquors occasionally," Mr. Hosmer admits. "But," he naively adds, "some of these very workers were the most active in adopting the amendment to our by-laws which debar teachers and lecturers, (not members) from the use of these poisons." Of course. Every one who has watched the prohibition movement knows that it is made up principally of two classes: On the one hand, the intolerant fanatics who think the world should be governed by the elect, of which they are the bright and shining lights, and on the other hand, of a large class of the weak and incapable, who feel that they are unable to control themselves and believe the rest of the world to be equally lacking in backbone. Knowing their own moral weakness, they hope by lip-service to attain the semblance of "respectability."

It would appear that the Oregon Secular Union is organized into a little church in fact as well as in name. The "teachers and lecturers" hand down their garnered wisdom to the "members" who are not to presume to teach anything which they have learned unless they pass the required "examination" and obtain a "license." If every other member should drink and smoke it could still be called a strictly temperate organization, according to these requirements. Vicarious virtue is a very convenient article to have in the Secular family.

Mr. Hosmer betrays the ignorance of isolation, if not the intolerance of Pharisaic youth, when he says "Free lovers will willingly associate with those who are opposed to their doctrine," but those who do not believe in free love will not remain in an organization where even the minority are free lovers. I am happy to be able to give a better testimonial to the tolerance of conservatives than would be possible if Mr. Hosmer's statement were true.

Mr. Geer says that when in Chicago he "associated with people of that belief [free love] just enough to satisfy myself they are mistaken." Very good. But on what evidence was Mr. Geer so easily satisfied? He called at our home a few times. On each occasion there were from three to twenty others present, and the conversation was of a general social nature. The first time he called was without invitation, so far as I know, though he was quite welcome, as is everyone. (I mention this fact merely to show that we were not wickedly endeavoring to associate with him and thus contaminate his morals, or thereby shine by the reflected light of the President of the great moral organization of the Pacific Coast.) Mr. Geer adds: "Mr. Harman and I have always been on the best of terms but in all our conversations the subject of free love was never mentioned." It will be seen that it is very easy to convince Mr. Geer of the erroneousness of a belief in liberty which he does not hold.

The Oregon Secular Union has the undisputed right to be taught only by those having the "moral" qualifications which it aspires to; we who are not, and do not desire to be, members, have the right as well to express our opinions of such qualifications. The "Torch of Reason" carefully avoids giving the name of the paper in which my criticism appeared. Does it fear

that some of its readers may want to learn something of the tabooed "doctrine" of free love?

The "Torch of Reason" is published weekly at Silverton, Oregon. Those who believe in "unlimited liberty of thought" in its prescribed limitations, will find it just the paper they want.

## Morality and Sex.

BY JAMES W. ADAMS.

A perfect system of morals cannot be inaugurated while enforced ignorance upon the relations of the sexes is the law of the land. We must have liberty to investigate along lines of individual thought—and when I say liberty, I mean that liberty which is born of enlightenment. Each has the right to determine for him or herself that which he may or may not do, and it is not only my duty but the duty of society to protect them in this right no matter how antagonistic to prevailing sentiment.

Let us candidly compare the systems advocated by Lucifer readers, and learn if we can which system is most worthy of adoption by earnest truth seekers. Marriage, as it is, with its legitimate fruit—brothels, saloons, penitentiaries, lunatic and imbecile asylums, poor-houses and hospitals, drug-shops, infanticides, foeticides, premature decay and other concomitants in the living hells called homes, is deplored by all. What marriage will be under freedom is purely speculative, and so, too, of Dianism and variety. All agree upon "natural selection" but disagree as to its interpretation or application. Marriage says, one man for one woman, and vice versa, and a continent life until church sanctification and state regulation open wide the floodgates of passion. Dianism says, a continent life except for procreation. Variety says, a free field and an open search for the highest and best.

If a continent life is the *summum bonum* of mundane blessings then nature made a mistake in endowing us with amative desires and sexual organs. The fact that nature fixes a limit to the child-bearing period and does not divest woman of amative desire, mammary and sexual organs clearly shows that they are to be used. The fact that many women who during the child-bearing period were cold, listless, irresponsible to the husband's caresses, after the "change of life" suddenly develop amative desire in excess of that felt by the conjugal partner, is *prima facie* evidence that intelligent guidance, and not repression, is the royal road to earthly happiness.

It is an open question whether repression (continence) is productive of greater evils than unbridled passion. Sexual desire may be compared to a mountain stream easily checked at the outset, but since the fountain continually sends forth its waters the dam must be continually strengthened, and it is only a question of time when one of two things is inevitable: Either the fountain is submerged [forced to find another outlet] or the dam is swept away and the flood leaves desolation in its track. Variety would first dam the stream, then by intelligent guidance control the sex-life, so that unwelcome children, shattered nerves and bitter recriminations would no longer curse the race.

If one man for one woman and vice versa is the law of nature then association in any form with any other than the selected one, is a transgression of that law; hence hugs and kisses should be denied, hand shakes forbidden and kindly thoughts eradicated, for thought is a wonderfully operative factor in the realm of sex.

If one man for one woman be the only rule it is logical to add, "one and inseparable, now and forever without equivocation or mental reservation"—a kind of Aunt Jemima sticking plaster. But since monogamy, like "prohibition," says, "touch not, taste not, handle not," how am I to determine which plaster is the "one among ten thousand and altogether lovely"? Surely not by sitting down and, Micawber-like, "waiting for something to turn up." Nature's analogies are safe guides—to other truths. Why then should we not apply the scientific method in this as in all other problems?



Science learns only through experiment, and by repeated verifications. It sifts and weighs the evidence. A jury, before accepting evidence, considers the credibility of the witness; that is, first, his character for truth and sound judgment, then his opportunities for knowing whereof he speaks. To illustrate: Suppose a jury is sitting in judgment upon persimmons as an edible fruit, and two opossums of mature age and equal intelligence are witnesses. One testifies that in the hey-day of his youth he foolishly ate one persimmon—that it was bitter and so packed up his mouth that he vowed to forever eschew persimmons, and that he had kept his vow. The other testifies that he has spent many an evening searching for the golden fruit, and that the very thought of persimmons makes his mouth water; and that when they are ripe, no matter how dark and stormy the night, his legs invariably carry him to the nearest persimmon tree. Each witness speaks from experience. And so also of men.

One man for one woman implies that there is but one man in the universe that can vibrate every chord in each woman's being. Let us suppose woman to be a multi-stringed instrument, and that one man vibrates but a single chord, another a score of chords, another a hundred, another a thousand and so on. It is needless to ask which of these evokes the sweetest response. This is unity in diversity. This is variety. This is the law of attraction and repulsion, whether we recognize the fact and take advantage of it to soften the asperities of life, or ignore it and become as Wandering Jews in a land wherein nature has provided a bounteous feast and invites all to freely partake and rest 'neath sylvan shades.

One man for one woman is at variance with facts of every day life, demonstrated everywhere by the law of growth. He who grows takes an advanced position and the companion must keep step or lose companionship. A man and woman may grow in the same direction and at the same rate. If this were the rule monogamy would have a firm foothold. As a rule we find wife and husband growing in different directions—as well as one faster than the other, and often there is a gulf between them so wide, that it is impossible to bridge it. Hypocritical smiles and perfunctory words and acts only make a bad matter worse.

I can conceive but one condition under which people can be as near and dear to each other day in and day out, for a series of years, and that is a condition of arrested development. Though seemingly still, at times, all nature points to change. Our affections, loves, hopes and fears ebb and flow with every change of environment. In the light of our hopes and fears, and with the knowledge we possess, it is safer to say that when man knows himself, when his every function and faculty is unfolded, when he realizes that life holds no higher object than that of contributing to the happiness of others, and that he who renders others happy is happy himself, then, and not till then can there be a complete union of man and woman.

This may be but an Utopian dream, but until it is practicalized man can be but a wayfarer upon life's tempestuous sea, driven hither and yon by adverse wind and tide, hoping some day to find surcease from the irony of fate in the sheltering arms of a loving woman whose presence, even, is a benediction to his way-worn soul.

The "Sexual Embrace" (Spell it with golden capitals!) is earth's choicest blessing; but beware! lest it become the most damnable curse that outraged nature can inflict upon her misguided children. If there be a heaven, within whose amaranthine bowers can be enjoyed sweeter and tenderer emotions, deeper and purer sensations, brighter anticipations and higher inspirations than are vouchsafed to man whilst nestling in the arms of a woman responsive to his holiest thoughts and highest ideals, then give me that heaven and close the portals for all time.

If there be a hell more lonely, more loathsome, more hateful and soul-blighting than that of being confined with, or tied to, an unfortunate victim of bad heredity, of miseducation and of misdirection, then may I be delivered from that hell.

## "The Right to Work."

BY H. E. ALLEN.

In H. M. Parkhurst's last sociologic lesson the opinion is advanced that no person has the right to require the opportunity to work.

Let us analyze this view for a moment. Under barbarism all have practically equal opportunities to gain a livelihood. But society, under so-called civilization is responsible for the wide inequalities that we see today in these opportunities. Yes, society has actually encouraged these inequalities by regarding property rights superior to human rights and allowing private monopoly of the necessities of life.

Now, mind you, society has taken away from millions the opportunity to gain a living which they would no doubt possess had not society interfered. Yet, Mr. Parkhurst has the gall to affirm that these starving people have no right to require of society the opportunity to gain a living by work. They have no right to ask a penny from the robber that has taken their all!

I regret exceedingly to see Lucifer's space taken up by such economic rot as this. "A man living alone has manifestly the right to work," says Parkhurst. Bright idea! This is equivalent to saying that if a man was shipwrecked on a barren island and could find no article of food but oysters he would have a right to eat oysters. Who would deny him the right? And if he could not live off the labor of others, his stomach would be pretty apt to admonish him that he must hustle or starve.

What is this thing society that forces starvation on some and wanton luxury on others? That fastens a saw-log to one and a balloon to another and bids both arise equally? Is it not one of the great, big shams of the day? Proudhon says society under civilization should have no other object than liberty, equality and security. We are not associated for the sake of property; property is anti-social and is not a natural right.

"It is eternally true that nothing is right," says Wayland, "that produces directly or indirectly, human misery or pain, and private capital does this, and has done so since the world began."

I am inclined to believe that the two Parkhursts—one in theology the other in economics—are both ancient numbers. In economics the world has been moving along on the limited express while I fear Lucifer's sociologic writer has been aboard the way freight.

He seems too anxious to defend the present order of things, and no doubt feels out of his element writing for such a constituency. His utterances remind me of a sentiment recently set forth in the Chicago "Tribune" which advised its readers to sprinkle strychnine on the "hand-outs" for tramps, while at the same time it is doing all in its power to defend and intensify a system that makes tramps. To say that a human being has not the right to demand work when society has taken away such opportunity is on a par with the "Tribune's" utterance.

Berwick, Ill., June 25, '97.

[Free expression of honest thought is Lucifer's cardinal principle, or rule of action. Hence while I do not agree with the writer of "Sociologic Lessons" in his views on economic questions I concede his right to a small part of Lucifer's space in which to tell our readers what he thinks upon these topics. That a correct solution of industrial and economic problems is very necessary to the right solution of the sex problem—the race-culture problems to which Lucifer is mainly devoted—needs little argument, and if Mr. Parkhurst believes that he can help to solve these perplexing questions I recognize that his helpful work in Lucifer's main contention entitles him to have his say in his own way. As often stated before, we can give comparatively little space to economics and finance, and hence the request is here repeated that no long articles on these questions be sent us—also that none but courteous language be used in discussion. Remember, please, the old Latin maxim, *Soaviter in modo*, etc.

M. H.]

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 7, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

B. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, July 6. Dr. C. S. Wood will read a paper on the Control of Sex in Reproduction.

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

"New York, June 24, 1897.

"FRIEND HARMAN:—I observe with much pleasure the offer of Mr. — in Lucifer of June 23, to start a fund of \$500 for distributing sample copies, and I will second the motion with a pledge of fifty dollars toward the same object. The half of it I send herewith. The proposition is to send 1,000 extra copies weekly during six months to new names, which would mean 26,000 sample copies in all. From my experience in such matters I would by all means advise that they be pretty widely distributed. I would not send all to only 1,000 persons during six months, nor would I send to 26,000 persons—only one sample to each; but by distributing all so that each new name should get one sample per month for four months would be probably the best system. Thus too many would not be wasted on persons who could not be made interested in the paper, while those who might be induced to subscribe would not be so likely to forget it if reminded about four times in as many months.

"It is wise to stimulate their interest now and then rather than satisfy it steadily for several months. I hope many others will come forward to insure the success of this very practical and sensible method of sustaining the paper. Yours truly,  
E. B. POORE, JR."

There is force in what Dr. Foote says. We will cheerfully devote the money sent by each contributor to the method which that contributor deems best. Our experience has proved to us that money paid for trial subscriptions has been of much greater service to the paper than that given in straight dona-

tion. Some of our very best workers have become interested in Lucifer through a trial subscription sent by a friend.

H. E. Allen, Berwick, Ill., writes:

"I wish I could do something to help secure the offer made in last Lucifer but I am not able just at this time. Last week I sent in forty-five subscribers to the 'Appeal to Reason,' Girard, Kan., and paid for all of them six months. The trouble with me is, as I am now situated, I do not know three persons in my entire circle of acquaintance that I consider possessed of sufficient sense and liberality to take and pay for a copy of Lucifer. I am sorry to say it but such is the case."

When a friend is able and willing to pay for subscriptions to Lucifer the fact that he is not personally acquainted with many who would appreciate it need not deter him from such contribution. Others who have not the money can send in names and thus balance matters. Or, the money may be used as Dr. Foote suggests.

## Theosophy.

The eleventh annual convention of the "American Section of Theosophists" closed its sessions in this city Sunday June 27, at Steinway Hall. Delegates were here from many parts of the United States and some from Europe and from India, the most distinguished among whom was Mrs. Annie Besant, the most famous living apostle, or expounder of the cult known as Theosophy—"Wisdom Religion." With her, as traveling companions, came the "Countess Wachtmeister" and son, of Sweden.

Since the close of the convention Mrs. Besant has delivered several public lectures to large audiences, the most noteworthy of which was that at Central Music Hall Monday evening, June 28 upon "Man's Invisible Bodies." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views showing what the speaker claims as the revelations of science in regard to the composition and appearance of the "astral and mental bodies" possessed by all human beings. Wednesday evening at "All Souls Church" Mrs. Besant discoursed upon "Man the Master of his Destiny," and on Friday evening, July 2nd, she is billed to speak at Steinway Hall upon "Brotherhood, the Necessary Basis of Society."

Our space for this issue being already full, we shall be obliged to postpone the further report of the lectures, and of the impressions made upon Lucifer's scribe by the former business partner of Charles Bradlaugh, now known as the "High Priestess of Theosophy."

## "The Blight of Respectability."

Remarkable, and in some respects as startling as "Conventional Lies," which gave Dr. Max Nordau his first notoriety outside of his own country, is the publication just issued from the University Press, London, entitled "The Blight of Respectability; an anatomy of the disease and a theory of curative treatment." The author, Geoffrey Mortimer, is a direct and forcible writer and he flays conventional society mercilessly. Hear what he says of respectability:

"Respectability stands for gentility, and the gentled folk are not often of the orders aristocratic and proletarian, but of the bourgeoisie. To call a decent, intelligent man respectable is to dub him genteel, and to label him so implies that he has reached about the lowest level of mental degradation. Would it not be an act of sheer defamation of character to describe Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Dryden, Fielding and Burns as 'respectable men'? No great man has ever been, or ever can be, of the respectabilities, for the simple reason that the great are not ordinary, and the ordinary alone are respectable."

Here are some more sentences picked at random from the book:

"Nobility of character and a reputation for respectability, the two things are utterly incompatible.

"You cannot be at once highly respectable and progressive.

"Respectability is one of those dull and sordid sins without charm."

"All good, regular conduct was once bad and irregular. But originality and irregularity are abhorred of the respectable class."

"There is perhaps no better instance of the moral blight that respectability has upon the middle-class mind than the treatment of Mr. Bradlaugh, not only at the hands of rabid sectarians, but by timorous and respectable rationalists and utter indifferentists."

"To live respectably, as the world deems respectability, is to live a lie. No man or woman with a part to play in life can play it well if they are constantly exercised as to what people will think—people, in this instance, standing for Respectability."

"We have clothed the innocent nude, and taught them shame, and in making them respectable we have annihilated their pristine morality, and substituted western cant and indecency."

"The black shadow of the plague of Respectability is over love and the relation of the sexes, and women suffer more than men from this terrible blight. Respectability isolates the sexes before marriage, and only allows them to discover each other's idiosyncracies, caprices, and foibles when they are inseparably united ankle to ankle and wrist to wrist, to hobble on through life, and pretend that they are enjoying the penance. I do not say that the shackles always gall. It is almost a sheer question of chance if they do not."

"For this fearful uncertainty Respectability is much to blame. Girls are immured and guarded, like vestal virgins of old; there is no wholesome widespread social commingling of the sexes. Boys are free; but what is their liberty worth to them, when girls are watched, chaperoned, and secluded at the very age when their society is most sought by the youth of the opposite sex? This nunnery system is practically restricted to the middle-class Respectables. What is its effect upon the morals and the weal of the order? Most disastrous. The young man, in a very large number of instances, gains his knowledge of womanhood among the flashy, flighty, and even more undesirable specimens of the sex. He meets the Little Middleton Road girls at parties occasionally, but if he walks home from chapel with one of them, Paterfamilias or Mamma intervenes, and cuts short the friendship, or they want to know the young fellow's 'intentions' toward Ethel. His own parents tell him he is too youthful, or too poor, to think of wooing yet; and I have even known mothers who excluded all girls from the house for fear that their sons should fall in love prematurely."

#### "L'Humanite Nouvelle."

Almost simultaneously with the announcement of the suspension of the publication of "Our New Humanity," comes the first number of "L'Humanite Nouvelle," a monthly periodical published in the French language at Paris, France. The similarity of the names would suggest the idea that "Our New Humanity" has been reincarnated and has commenced a new existence in another (hemisphere and in another language. "L'Humanite Nouvelle" calls itself "an international review of science and art." The May number, (which was kindly sent to Lucifer from London by George Redborough, secretary of the Legitimation League) contains a number of articles by excellent writers on sociologic questions. The first article is "A Study of the Evolution of Primitive Religions," by Elie Reclus. This is followed by a translation from the English of "The Moral Evolution of Sex," by Patrick Geddes and Arthur Thompson. Other interesting articles are extracts from Jean Greve's forthcoming book "L'Etre Social" and Camille Lemonnier's "L'Homme en Amour." The price of the magazine is 15 francs (\$3) a year. The office of publication is 5 impasse de Bearn, Paris, France.

Ask your newsdealer to order a few copies of "What the Young Need to Know." It is a good seller.

#### One or Many Loves.

BY E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D.

[Concluded from last week.]

The anonymous author of a very radical book on "The Truth About Love" says, "We must of course preserve monogamy as the highest type of sexual relation; (under its sanctions certainly the most worthy nations have flourished) but in addition we must make allowances for human weakness and human necessity. . . . The highest type of womanhood is the one who surrenders herself to continue the race—the one who relinquishes all other delightful occupations of woman in order that humanity may be continued and perfected on earth. She is the most glorious type of woman. In future ages the mother will be idolized; she will be set up as the goddess of this planet," and so on for two or three pages he praises the high estate of the woman willing and fit for maternity, but he equally recognizes that this cannot be the lot of all, and his love philosophy is broad enough to provide for all normal instincts and pleasures—"based upon human nature as it is." This liberal policy would permit everyone to make the most of life in his or her environment. Those fit, able and circumstanced for monogamic family life should be encouraged to enter upon it, and he would even prohibit divorce and discountenance adultery, for the sake of pure breeding. Yet he says "altogether we should work for a healthier state of public opinion which would admit to every human being the satisfaction which their senses, affections and emotions require," . . . and "every form of the sexual relation actually existing should be honestly recognized by society as an indispensable part of the social machine—made to subserve social uses."

Since that book was written divorce has come more and more to be recognized as one of the necessary adjuncts of monogamic family life in the most progressive nations, and for the encouragement of establishing homes it has proven advisable to permit their breaking up by the unfortunates who have made serious mistakes, in order that those of homing instincts may try again to adopt the mode of life best suited to their inclinations and the propagation of the race. We need more rather than less of divorce. Of course the more permanence in monogamic life the better so long as its best features can be maintained, but to protect it against its worst aspects and the rearing of children of hate and accident in unhappy, demoralizing travesties of homes, it is certainly necessary to provide for undoing errors and readjusting human relationships in accord with varying attractions.

Recognizing marriage and divorce, and thus making due provision for propagation by those so disposed, custom may as well sanction and law ignore the transient attractions and relations of those inclined to variety and promiscuity. The last writer quoted and most other unbiased students of history find that all sorts of sexual relations have existed in all ages, and even those most tabooed have survived the persistent and renewed assaults of moralists. Religion and moral sentiment of today "ignore one of the most potent facts in human life. Sexuality is put aside as degraded, filthy, unclean, and the result is that it becomes so. . . . It is the means of spreading disease and confusion all through the social life of Christendom. . . . It poisons the life of the chaste mother and the unborn child." (From "The Truth About Love.")

The highest aim of the efforts for uplifting humanity by establishing a one-idea system of sexual relations based on a mistaken and unphysiological view of dominant natural forces, has thus defeated itself. Children are too often the product of accident in hellish homes, born of mismatched parents held together by law, and blighted before birth by contagious, poisonous diseases that can never be eradicated so long as irregular, clandestine and demoralizing promiscuity is the only recourse for irrepressible animal propensities. Man remains mainly animal, in spite of attempts to make him mainly angel, and the only effectual solution of the sexual problem must be either by rational recognition and regulation of the needs of



man as an animal, or his conversion to the angelic state in this domain by operation for the abolition of manly elements.

It must be either sanctify or crucify. Man has tried both ways during thousands of years, and yet he is not happy, but he has now a scientific knowledge on which to base a new effort toward rational instead of superstitious sanctification, and so there is one more chance for him. In a recent book entitled "The God Idea of the Ancients," by Eliza Burt Gamble, is a very interesting chapter on "Fire and Phallic Worship" in which she shows that during four thousand years gross phallicism substituted a high and pure form of worship of the creative principle, that man lapsed into superstition, sensuality and degradation through gradually increasing dominance of the male element, religion became degraded and human nature corrupted by the subjection of female instincts and the deification of brute passion.

Christianity involved an ascetic reaction crying out against all sensual gratification "Crucify it," but it has had two thousand years in which to make this salvation-by-asexualization war-cry, and not even a majority of its own converts are reformed according to this ideal.

It appears to be the lesson of history that man has vacillated like a pendulum, tacked this way and that, and gained some wisdom by and experience in the errors of one-sided courses. Having mangled and mutilated himself by asceticism, and on the other tack exhausted himself by excesses; having once worshiped the female principle and perhaps suffered too much from domination of feminine ideals, and again set up the masculine element as supreme power and let male propensities run riot in celebrating its ascendancy, it would seem as though it were time to effect a compromise between the contending forces of Yoni and Lingham, between creative love and animal lust, between asceticism and sensualism, and discover a possible safe, serene and peaceful course of life.

Mrs. Gamble believes that an ancient people reached a high state of civilization under pure nature-worship when the female attributes were regarded as the highest expression of the divine in the human, that woman was then regarded as the head and crown of creation, the first emanation from Deity—the representation of Perceptive Wisdom. The fall of man came about through the substitution of male gods, and promoting the idea that woman was made for man's use and pleasure. If this be true it shows the unwisdom of partiality, the mistake of adopting one-sided ideals, the impossibility of transforming the human to divine, of making gods of men, or on the other hand of permanently degrading woman to the position of a subservient tool of man. Let men and women learn from science instead of superstition to understand their positions in life, to appreciate each others' needs, abilities and hopes, and if they do not always reach the beatific state of mutual worship, there will at least be less of self-worship and less unprincipled contention between the male and female principles.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

Heaving bosoms, concealing madly beating hearts, were hidden under the heavy fur-lined wrappings. In the excitement and bustle of the jostling throng our waiting friends greatly feared missing the travelers in the murky light, but just as the train was again pulling out, Imelda espied a lady and two gentlemen who seemed hopelessly seeking someone, judging from their hurried glances. Quickly walking up, that she might the better look at their closely muffled figures, she was recognized by the lady traveler, and,

"Imelda!" broke from her lips as she stepped forward and folded the girlish form in her arms, kissing her again and again.

"Dearest Mamma Leland!"—and the kisses were returned with interest. When released it was to be again enfolded in a pair of stronger arms—this time a perfect bear's hug. Then

ollowed hasty introductions. Several more embraces, wordless, but nevertheless speaking volumes, and then Norman spoke:

"Save the caresses for an hour later; they will keep, I am sure. This weather is not at all inviting, so pile into the waiting sleighs, that we may go where a welcome is prepared for you."

"One moment,"—It was Wilbur's strong pleasant voice. "I make bold to bring you a fellow traveler who has been of great value to us. Mr. Paul Arthurs, I think deserves a better fate than to be left to the tender mercies of a cheerless hotel on a night like this." These words were followed by a hearty invitation and welcome. At first Mr. Arthurs protested against intruding so summarily on perfect strangers, but was shortly overruled, and a few minutes later the sleighs were flying over the smooth surface of the already beaten track, and in a very short time the piercing night air was exchanged for that of the warm rooms at the Westcott mansion. Willing, friendly hands were assisting each of the travelers to warmth and comfort. Mrs. Leland was supplied a soft warm robe, a loose wrapper from Imelda's wardrobe. As there was no possibility of procuring their trunks before morning, dry hose and fur-lined slippers were provided for the weary nether limbs. After a refreshing bath Imelda's deft fingers neatly and tastefully arranged the tired woman's hair. Then telling her that she looked ever so much better than a half hour previous, she escorted her to the parlor to find that the men had just preceded them. Both the gentlemen guests had been supplied from Mr. Westcott's wardrobe, and they looked fresh and bright enough to give the impression that they were there for an ordinary social call. Wilbur's eyes lit up with a bright gleam as Imelda entered. Without a moment's hesitation he held out both hands and drawing her close, held her face where the full light of the chandelier overhead fell upon it—for a minute drinking in the full glow of her beauty, watching the rich color come and go in the fair cheeks. Then taking the sweet proud face in both his hands he kissed the ripe ruddy lips, once, twice and thrice.

"Now," he said, "I want a look at *someone* in the—daylight I almost said; 'tis the gaslight, I mean, which is almost as bright."

Norman was standing near, leaning with his elbow on the piano, watching the scene before him with a warm light in his eyes. Understanding well who Wilbur's "someone" was, he stepped forward and extended his hand with a pleasant, happy smile lighting up the handsome manly countenance. For a few moments the black and blue eyes met, each reading in the depths of the other's soul; each satisfied with what he saw and read there. It was a moment, "When kindred spirits met," when "soul touched soul." As they stood there, man to man, hand clasped in hand, each knew and felt that he had found a friend worthy of the name, and when a woman's soft hand was laid on theirs, as if in blessing, it was Norman's lips that touched the woman's hand, but Wilbur's dark face was laid close to hers, and as their lips met the whispered words fell upon her ear:

"Imelda, gem of women, in this precious brother you have found a jewel worthy of the finest setting. You have been a sweet and successful teacher."

With the pure love-light in two pairs of eyes reflected in her heart she turned to leave them together. Little gushing Alice was just getting through making Mrs. Leland welcome when the eyes of the latter fell upon a sweet face, lit up by a pair of dreamy hazel eyes. Something in the face struck her as familiar, but she was unable to place it. The girl saw and understood and was in the act of moving forward when Imelda caught the look on Mrs. Leland's face. In a moment more she stood at Cora's side, laying her face to hers she said:

"Do you understand?"

"I do," Mrs. Leland replied. "It is your sister." Here again after a few moment's conversation Imelda had the satis-

fiction of knowing that two hearts, both dear to her, would meet and love.

In glancing about she espied Edith deep in conversation with the stranger, the traveling companion of Mrs. Leland and Wilbur. He was holding her hand in a close clasp and looking into the dark eyes in a way wholly surprising in a stranger on such short acquaintance. The color was coming and going in the sweet face and her eyes had in them most plainly an answering warmth. He certainly was a very handsome man; one that any woman would be apt to turn and look at again when meeting him in a ballroom or on the street. Fair, with a light curling silky beard and a free open countenance; tall and well proportioned he was a picture of manly beauty. Edith looking up and, seeing her friend's perplexed and wondering gaze, smiled and beckoned.

"You are surprised, I see, at our seeming unwarranted familiarity, but do you remember the day when Cora made her first appearance downstairs after the accident, and we were weaving such golden plans for our future? Well you also remember that Hilda spoke of a gentleman we had met in one of our summer vacations in the mountains? I see you do remember. I had thought the friendship of Mr. Arthurs was to be only a pleasant memory when lo and behold I recognize him in this traveling companion of our loved ones, and to make the surprise more complete, Harrisburg was his destination, as he was coming here on matters of business and intended remaining in the city for some time."

Imelda expressed her delight in finding in him a friend of her friends, and was about to move on when Mr. Arthurs asked for Hilda. That maiden was discovered serenely smiling and rosy blushing while listening to some, from all appearance, highly interesting tale of Lawrence Westcott's. Edith forthwith drew her new found friend in the direction of the two.

With a happy smile upon her face, reflecting the sunshine of her heart in her eyes, Imelda was flying from group to group when they suddenly rested upon the sad face of a boy whose form was half hidden in the heavy curtain of a deep bay window to which he had withdrawn himself. In a moment she saw it all. The boy had requested not to be introduced to his mother at the depot. He would wait a more favorable opportunity.

"It would only excite her," he said, "and be very unsatisfactory."

His request had been granted, but in the excitement that followed he had momentarily been forgotten. Not dreaming that her son might be among this group of bright intelligent people Mrs. Leland was giving her every thought to winsome Cora whose heart was being drawn out to meet hers in glad response.

Imelda crossed the room to where Osmond stood, his eyes filled with tears as she approached.

"Why so sad, my boy? Cheer up! Do you think you are now ready to look into your mother's eyes?"

"My mother! how strange the words sound; but I am afraid!"

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"Of the disappointment that may possibly fill them when they rest on me. It would hurt if there should be but a momentary reflection therein."

Imelda's gentle hand lifted the chin of the boy that was drooping in a dejected manner.

"Those words that speak of the fear of a disappointment show that you have not known a mother's heart. Come now and have this fear cast out,"—and taking the trembling boy by the hand she drew him from his hiding place and approached with him the woman to whom he owed his being. Laying one arm about his neck Imelda drew his face to hers, with her other hand she touched Mrs. Leland's arm to draw her attention.

"See! Mamma Leland. Who is this I bring you?"

It was a moment of intense expectation. Mrs. Leland quickly turned, and for a moment stared—then gave a quick gasp. That face! Just for a moment she had thought it was Margaret, so great was the resemblance, but only a moment.

His look was strange and yet not strange. From his face she glanced to that of Imelda, and back again to the boy. She rose from her chair pressing both hands to her madly beating heart. Her face became deathly white. Slowly the boy's hands were extended towards her—an agonized pleading look lay in the large blue eyes.

"Mother!" broke from the pallid lips.

"Osmond!" echoed the mother, and then she folded her long lost child, her darling boy! in close embrace near to her wildly beating heart.

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

C. Carter, Lockport, N. Y.:—Please say if "Hilda's Home" will be published in book form. If not, have you the back numbers up to date? If yes, state price.

[Again we say,

First. While we are getting much encouragement to put the story in book form—many readers saying they will take one or more copies—the promises are not yet sufficient to justify the venture.

Second. While the supply lasts we will send back numbers containing the story at one cent each or 50 cents to present time,—as the story has been running about a year.]

B. F. Odell, Flagler, Colo.:—I am much pleased with "Motherhood in Freedom." It is grand. As soon as I can get the money I shall send for a dozen copies for distribution. I believe that above all things we should impress upon mankind the fact that the highest duty of woman is to give her child the very best physical, mental and moral endowment that is possible. That no man, or law, or custom, should be permitted to interfere with her doing this. The future progress of the race depends in a great degree on her securing and acting on this privilege. It is a privilege as well as a duty, for no woman whether free or not, would wish that her child should be anything but the best developed possible. It is only compulsion that forces women to accept sick, weak, deformed men as fathers for their children.

C. Filanders Procter, Onecroa, Mangaia, Cook Group, South Pacific:—The editor of "Natural Food" kindly sent me a few copies of Lucifer. I was pleased with them and admire the fearless tone. I am exceedingly anxious to see the June number—1896—of "Our New Humanity," but know no possible means of sending money from this out of the way island. I have been in the habit of paying for "Natural Food" by postage stamps. Cook Group stamps are very rare and worth more than their face value in England. I would be exceedingly obliged if you could receive stamps in payment.

[To all situated as friend Procter reports himself to be, we suggest that orders for Lucifer, "Our New Humanity" and other literature be sent directly to us, but that the pay for the same, if in colonial postage stamps, be sent to our European agent, Arthur Wastall, Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. He can use postage stamps that would be of no use to us, here in Chicago. M. H.]

Adeline Champney, Sea Breeze, Fla.:—May I suggest that Mattie Hursen's article in 662 answers itself? In the second letter quoted, may be found a solution of the question of the first. The lady writes—"I could not hold him to me." No! No free man or woman can be "held to" another. The lady was trying to find her happiness not in love, but in possession, and happiness is not there. The way to "hold your lover to you" is to set him free! Make no bonds, no ties, no vows, no promises. Be free to follow the true attraction and love will hold the lovers to each other; not in an exclusive sense, however. Who is so conceited as to think he or she has all the qualities which can be deemed charming or desirable to a lover? Fie! Who are you that you should claim ownership of

666.

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another? Or so servile that you would be owned by another? There is no happiness in possession, but in free interchange.

The writer of the letter has my sympathy, for she will suffer until she finds the freedom that will neither bind nor be bound, but will give and take in the purity of freedom. Turn your back for a moment, my sister, on your old ideal of exclusive possession, and look at Love fairly and without prejudice. A new glory will dawn for you as you look, and the happiness in love that comes not to the slave or the slave's master, will make your life new and beautiful as you rise to the ideal of the Free Woman!

I am a new subscriber but am with you in the march toward freedom, and you will hear from me again.

## Books Worth Reading, FREE!

Send us twenty-five cents for a thirteen weeks' trial subscription to Lucifer and we will present to you your choice of the following books, to the value of 25 cents. Read the list carefully. Every book is interesting and thought-inspiring.

John's Way; a domestic radical story, by Emma D. Stenker,	25
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We have in stock a considerable variety of pamphlets which we have not space to advertise. As we desire to get them off our shelves as soon as possible, we will offer them as premiums with trial subscriptions. In ordering, please state second choice, as some of the works are now out of print, and in any case we do not expect to renew our stock of any in this list.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 28.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 14, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 667

### Peace.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

'Tis eve: the distant golden clouds are still;  
The breeze is hushed, the birds have gone to rest  
The sun's last light is on the highest hill;  
From out the hollow sounds the crickets' trill;  
Now calm comes to the breast,  
The weary breast.  
Strong souls, who labor on through every day  
The love of liberty alive to keep,  
The common rule of life yourselves obey;  
You too are worn; come: put your tasks away  
And take the boon of sleep;  
Ah, sweetest sleep.

### Contagious Diseases and Governmental Remedies.

BY OXFORD NORTHCOTE.

The publication of the Indian Army Medical Report, and the consequent revival of the agitation for the reinforcement of the Contagious Diseases Acts, have brought into the field of discussion the general question of the prevention of venereal disease by the compulsory inspection of prostitutes. When Mrs. Josephine Butler and her friends raised the outcry which resulted in the suppression of compulsory inspection they performed a substantial service in the cause of liberty; greater probably than they were aware; certainly greater than they intended. For while recognizing the value of their work, I by no means admire all of the motives which inspired it. Notwithstanding that the leaders of the agitation against the Acts placed the liberty of the individual in the foreground of their plea, it is very doubtful whether the desire for liberty were not subservient to some other desires not quite so laudable. There is little doubt that the underlying motive of the agitation was a puritanical one, and that its supporters were quite ready to infringe the liberty of the individual when it suited their puritanism to do so. What so alarmed British religious opinion was the possibility that men might be able to indulge promiscuous desires with safety; and it was by no means minded to facilitate departures from monogamic morality.

At the Congress of Geneva (September 1877) a great number of resolutions were passed affirming, among other things, the principle of the liberty of the subject; but the following clauses show clearly enough the teeth of the puritanical dog snarling behind the mask of the liberator. The Section of Morals affirms:

- That the practice of impurity is as reprehensible for men as for women.
- That the Regulations tend to destroy the idea of the oneness of the moral law for both sexes, and to lower the tone of public opinion upon this point.
- That all systems or organizations of prostitution invite to debauchery, increase the number of illegitimate births, develop clandestine prostitution, and lower the level of public and private morality.
- That by authorizing pimps for debauchery, and by making such disorder merely the exercise of a regular profession, the State sanctions the immoral idea that debauchery is a necessity for men.
- That an appeal shall be addressed to the conscience of all authors, editors, librarians, and colporteurs of the two continents, to engage them in a way to favor the sale or diffusion of corrupting literature.

### The Section of Law affirms:

It results from all this that the State must give up the idea of following its hygienic purpose, and so much the more as here the question is not of an exterior danger to public health in general, such as is an epidemic, but of a danger which is knowingly and voluntarily undergone.

It (the State) ought to interdict all collective organization of prostitution that is to say, to punish the offense of keeping an immoral house open to the public, and letting apartments for such uses. We preserve unchanged the penal provisions concerning outrages to public morals, and in especial public provocation to debauchery.

These clauses indubitably show that the cry of liberty was but a pretence. To affirm in one breath "That self-government in sexual relations is one of the indispensable bases of the health of individuals and of peoples," and in almost the next that immoral houses must be repressed and the penal provisions concerning outrages to public morals must be preserved unchanged, lets more than a rush-light into the nature of the motives animating the members of the Congress.

Had the Contagious Diseases Acts proposed to segregate all venereally diseased men in hospital prisons, thus making venereal disease in men a punishable crime, instead of proposing to protect frequenters of brothels, we should probably never have heard of Mrs. Butler as a champion of liberty. It may not have occurred to the abolitionists that the argument against compulsory inspection of prostitutes is equally applicable to any other compulsory inspection whatever. When an inspector of food enters a butcher's shop and seizes the stock of putrid meat exposed for sale, he is infringing the liberty of the butcher. But this infringement of liberty is passed by in silence, for hunger is a moral desire, and the purchaser of food is to be protected from disease. But illicit sexual desire is immoral and the purchaser of illicit sexual embraces is therefore not to be protected from disease. The abolitionist will answer that the two cases are not parallel because in the butcher's case it is only his wares that are inspected, whereas with the prostitute it is her body that has to undergo examination. Granting the difference, it is to be pointed out that there is no real distinction, for what is inspected in both cases is an article offered for sale.

And it is this selling of sexual charms that puts the prostitute and the butcher on the same plane. No one proposes to inspect the food offered by a host to his guest, nor on the other hand to inspect the body of a woman who voluntarily offers her embraces to her lover. To be consistent therefore, the abolitionist should agitate for the abrogation of all laws giving government officials the power to inspect the belongings of citizens. Sanitary inspectors infringe the liberty of householders, factory inspectors interfere with the liberty of entrepreneurs, and doctors, in complying with government regulations, lend themselves to infractions of liberty in reporting the infectious diseases—small-pox, scarlet fever, and the like, of their patients. No one, however, but the thorough-going individualist or anarchist objects to such infractions of liberty as these, and Mrs. Butler's greatest enemy would never accuse her of being an Anarchist.

But while the campaign of the Puritans against the Acts may be dismissed as unworthy of enlightened attention, and while, also, to the average man, considerations of the liberties of prostitutes are not likely to strongly appeal, it is of the utmost importance to discuss whether the proposed preventive measures are in reality efficacious, or whether they stand in the way of the adoption of other and better methods of dealing with this grave social danger.

For the purpose of this inquiry it must be clearly understood that contagious venereal diseases are divided into two broad classes, the syphilitic and the non-syphilitic. Dealing first with non-syphilitic disease as being of minor importance, carrying no hereditary taint, and of a local character, leaving behind no insidious germs from which secondary or tertiary outbreaks may arise, let us see how far the dangers of contracting it may be minimised by compulsory medical inspection. A medical examination may do two things. It may discover disease already known to the prostitute but which she is concealing; and it may discover disease in its early stages before she is aware of its existence. As to the usefulness of the first, let us inquire what are the motives which induce a prostitute to conceal the existence of a disease. And we shall the better discover these motives if we endeavor to understand the course of action which a diseased prostitute would be likely to pursue under conditions more favorable to her class. We will suppose that venereal disease carried with it no stigma as it does at present, and that Society were prepared to deal with it in the same humane spirit as it deals with other diseases. We will also suppose that Society, recognizing the gravity of the situation, were wise enough to establish an adequate number of hospitals where such diseases could be scientifically treated and where the patients, temporarily incapacitated from following their employment of prostitution, could be humanely supported and kindly dealt with. Under such conditions, not only would there be little if any motive for concealment, but there would be every inducement for a prostitute to place herself at once and unreservedly in the hands of the hospital authorities; especially if patients knew beforehand that they would not be compulsorily detained but could leave at will. More than this it would obviously be detrimental to the material prospects of a prostitute to continue to follow her calling when diseased. Not only would the immediate segregation of a hospital and the prompt and skillful medical treatment there afforded hasten a cure, but to continue to receive calls from her clients while diseased would damage her in their eyes once they discovered it. A prostitute's fortune, moreover, being largely dependent upon her beauty, she would, knowing the disfiguring effects of disease, avail herself of every opportunity of staying its ravages which an enlightened society afforded. Her eagerness to take advantage of such opportunities would be spurred by the fact that frequent sexual congress while venereally diseased is exceedingly painful and disagreeable.

Now why does a prostitute at present have resource to concealment of disease? In the first place the diseases peculiar to her calling are considered shameful, and this view operates in the same way as the false modesty of women generally operates in leading them to conceal menstrual disorders and other genital afflictions. In the second place, dealing now with state regulated prostitution, the diseased prostitute has a very vivid fear of being sent to the hospital. Nor is this fear unwarranted. Mons. Yves Guyot in his powerful work "La Prostitution," has torn aside the veil which hid the horrors of the Paris prison-hospitals from the public gaze. In these abodes of misery, the unfortunate victims of monogamic hypocrisy are treated with devilish cruelty. With his trenchant pen Mons. Guyot has described their sufferings and ill-treatment in terms which would make us shudder with horror were we not so entangled with the puritanical morality of a so-called religion of love. Little wonder that the prostitute conceals her disease, and that she resorts to artifices calculated even to deceive the examining physician as to her condition. The safeguard then,

that compulsory medical inspection gives against women concealing their diseases, is at best of questionable value, and would not be needed at all under the enlightened treatment of disease hinted at above, where concealment of disease would be the rare exception. It is hardly necessary to insist that a system of compulsory examination, with its concomitant of hospital prisons, only stands in the way of the adoption by society of such enlightened views, under which prostitutes would voluntarily co-operate with society in staying the ravages of diseases which are their most dreaded enemies.

[To be continued.]

## "Hunting and Fishing."

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

I fully agree with the sentiments expressed in Nellie M. Jerauld's article in a late *Lucifer*, entitled "What Shall We Teach Our Children." She is right in telling us that we must teach our children the truth and that we should not have a double standard of morals for men and women. I wish, however, to take an exception to one of her statements. She says: "Teach the boy that it is the right thing to have his sister go hunting, fishing and boating with him, and that what will make him healthy and strong, erect and manly, will make his sister healthy, strong and womanly."

I agree with Mrs. Jerauld that what is good for a man cannot be bad for a woman, but I contend that hunting will never make a man manly or a woman womanly. I have very little admiration for a man who kills and maims birds and animals for the sake of sport. There is very little heroism in shooting robins or rabbits, and how a civilized and humane man can find pleasure in such sport is beyond my understanding. If we must kill animals in order to sustain our bodies—(I say if, for experience has taught me that we can be healthy and strong without eating meat), let us kill them, provided we do it with as little pain to our victims as possible, but why should we destroy life for amusement? Two wrongs cannot make one right, and because boys are savage enough to amuse themselves by killing birds and animals, it does not follow that such an occupation will make a girl healthy, strong and womanly.

I am greatly pleased with Mr. Walker's "Primer of Sexual Rationalism" in the April number of "Our New Humanity." I am not ready to accept all his statements. I am not at all sure that variety in sex relations is a desirable thing, but we must grant to others all the rights that we claim for ourselves and in our relations to the opposite sex we must be free from the dictates of those who do not accept our standard of morals. The truth is that no man or woman can decide for the whole world. Personally I am not a varietist, in fact, I am no "ist" of any kind, for I have never associated sexually with a woman, but I know very well that not all men are alike, and that what is good for me is not necessarily good for all men and women.

## "Freethought" In Extremis.

BY WILLIAM GILMOUR.

That the National Secular Society of Great Britain has done good work for rationalistic thought in the past goes without saying; that it will continue the work I do not seriously doubt, but if the feelings which guide the Committee of the Glasgow Branch obtain in the other branches, and particularly with regard to the selling of books considered by some Secularists to be IMMORAL, I can only look forward to its speedy disintegration and death. The State—whether in America or Great Britain, is always ready to supply any quantity of moral censors without Freethinkers volunteering to do that nasty work. From the correspondence which I herewith append, the reader will observe that the Glasgow committee are qualifying themselves for the Comstock posts—and in the name of Secularism too!

At this point a little further explanation is necessary by way of appropriate introduction. A Mr. D. G. Lindsay, book-

seller—who runs the literature stall in the Secularist meeting place in Brunswick street on the suffrage and at the pleasure of the above committee, had displayed in his own premises a prospectus and notice of sale of Emil Ruedebusch's "The Old and The New Ideal."

The notice caught the lynx eye of two or three committeemen who interviewed Mr. Lindsay on the matter and advised him to take the notice out of the window, and stop selling the book. They likewise remarked that the notice might injure the society in its work, especially if any Christian ladies got to know of its contents, not to speak of a probable prosecution at the hands of the police for selling immoral literature. In declining to accede to this request, Mr. Lindsay asked at least one of the gentlemen, although I am sure some others were in a similar predicament, if he had read the book and he replied, as is the habit of the scandal-mongers and purists in literature, in the negative.

Now, why should those gentlemen go into any man's shop and persuade him to stop selling a book? Would it not have been sufficient for them to urge their fellow-committeemen to notify Mr. Lindsay that he must not sell the book in their hall and at their meetings? If a prosecution should come about—and that is not very likely in Glasgow today,—by taking such a step they would be legally innocent. Mr. Lindsay, himself, would be the sufferer, or the gainer, as I think.

Have the gentlemen "freethinkers" (who are only worthy of being remembered by their initials, L., B., R., and F.), forgotten all about the victorious struggles for freedom of speech, for freedom of printing and vending papers, books and pamphlets in Great Britain in the past? Do they not know that the efforts of Hetherington, Carlile, Holyoake, Bradlaugh, Foote, Ramsay and others have enabled them to enjoy their "Freethinker," "Agnostic Journal," "National Reformer" and other radical papers today? Do they think it in keeping with the principles of freethought to discourage the publication of literature, or to discountenance discussion on the most sacred of topics—even that of sexual relationship? Apparently they do, and I can only pity the weak-kneedness of their concept of freethought.

Is the "Old and The New Ideal" worse reading than the "Bible" upon which they have concentrated the largest portion of their spleen in the past; done everything they could to prove "the old book" with its ancient ideal no revelation from God, and anything but inspired? If not, why do they argue thus: "Yes: we say to all Christians—to all men, there are so-called moral lessons in the Bible which we believe, and which many admirers of it believe, are unfit to be read to their, and our sons and daughters; but we likewise believe that, by reading the Bible with all its distasteful and suggestively immoral passages, they will thereby come to reject its teachings as unworthy of the reverence which their fathers had for it." And is this other book,—"The Old and The New Ideal," so shockingly bad, so overpowering to the general moral sensibility that S., B., R., and F. and T. must do their best to prevent human eyes in their enlightened circle, from seeing it or reading it? Yet, they will call themselves Freethinkers. Ruedebusch has well classified this class of creatures among the "No-thinkers."

This puny attempt to suppress discussion on this very important and interesting topic is useless. Year by year the advocates of freedom in sexual relationships are increasing, and the propaganda, I am glad to state, increases in proportion. The Legitimation League of London has now begun an earnest campaign with lectures and the publication of the "Adult" for the advancement of freedom between the sexes, and it will not be the stereotyped brains of some Glasgow Secularists who can stem the tide of progress—mentally, socially or sexually.

The following correspondence between Mr. Lindsay and the Secretary will help to explain the situation:

May 27, 1897.

SECRETARY GLASGOW BRANCH NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

It has been alleged by some members that the interests of the Branch are imperiled by me, publicly, in the ordinary course of business—by advertising a book entitled, "The Old and The New Ideal"—subtitled "A Solution of that Part of the Social Question, which Pertains to Love, Marriage and Sexual Inter-course."

To meet that view I have decided to withdraw from the committee, and if the committee by a bare majority think that my advocacy and actions are likely to imperil the interests of the Branch by my membership of the society, please delete my name from the membership roll also.

In this connection, I wish it understood that I will apply for the position of Literature Stall-holder on the approach of each session and thus far place myself under your direction.

More than the foregoing I cannot do, consistent with my idea of the logic of Freethought.

DAVID G. LINDSAY.

May 28, 1897.

DEAR MR. LINDSAY: Your letter of 27th inst. was duly laid before the committee of the Glasgow Secular Society and Branch of the National Secular Society.

The committee regret your withdrawal from the society in which you have done much useful work, but as you put the matter, they are reluctantly compelled to accept your resignation. Yours faithfully,

THOS. ROBERTSON, SECY.

June 2, 1897.

SECRETARY GLASGOW BRANCH NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY: Considering the phraseology of my note of May 27, yours of 28th does not wholly touch the points therein.

I only resigned the committee and for a given reason. What I wish to have is an authoritative note from you or the chairman to the effect that my resignation of the committee was accepted and that the committee deemed it advisable to delete my name from the membership roll as my advocacy and actions are likely to imperil the interests of the Branch. I am assured that that is what occurred at recent committee meeting. I thought Secularists would understand my written communication if not my oral ones.

D. G. LINDSAY.

June 2, 1897.

DEAR SIR: Yours of today to hand. Whoever informed you that the Glasgow Secular Society committee "deemed it advisable to delete your name from the membership book" entirely misrepresents or misapprehends the action of the committee. By your letter of 27th ult. you forced the committee to give an opinion upon the advertisement displayed in your window. Their opinion was that as bookseller to the society the exposure of this sheet in your window, was impolitic and likely to militate against the interests of the society. You told the committee that if this should be their opinion "to delete your name from the membership book." They have given effect to your instructions. Yours faithfully,

THOS. ROBERTSON, SECY.

218 Allison street.

How tardily the correct extract from the minutes came! How easily the committee are forced! as if they could not decide whether the matter was under their jurisdiction or no. Where is their private judgment?

D. G. L.

I make no further comment on this correspondence except to say that I give it as received from Mr. Lindsay and leave your readers to cogitate on the prospects of Freethought in Glasgow.

We are now ready to fill orders for E. C. Walker's pamphlet, "What the Young Need to Know.—A Primer of Sexual Rationalism." In Part I. the author gives his views of the Origin of Sex; Forms of Sex; Uses of Sex; Limitation of the Number of Children; including under this sub-division the Differentiation of the Reproductive and Amative Functions and the Trend of Evolution. Also, Sexual Diseases. In Part II. he speaks of the Prevalence and Power of Sex; Clothing, Art and Literature in their relation to the fact of Sex. Price, 10 cents a copy.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 14, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. '97, and C. E. 1897?"  
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and date from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

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- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
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## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

As stated in recent issues a plan has been suggested whereby it is hoped to raise five hundred dollars to send Lucifer for three or six months to persons not now subscribers. Of this sum one hundred and seventy-two dollars have been subscribed, about half of which has been paid. Since last week the following names have been added:

Priscilla Clark,	\$5.00
Mattie E. Hursen,	1.00
R. P. Harrington,	2.00

Contributors to this fund are requested to send names of their friends to whom they wish the paper sent. Our experience has proved to us that money paid for trial subscriptions has been of much greater service to the paper than that given in straight donation. Some of our very best workers have become interested in Lucifer through a trial subscription sent by a friend.

## A New Society.

Brother Zeitinger,—"see" "Voices" column—thinks it is not a "reformed" society that Lucifer is working for, but a new society. In this statement I think he is eminently in the right.

If we take, as one indication, or sign of the times, the late British "jubilee" proceedings by which or in which a very common and very useless mortal whose baptismal name happens to be Victoria Guelph, was made the object of more thought, more adulation, and the cause or occasion or more expenditure of money, than was ever before witnessed on an anniversary of a personal or political nature; or if we take, as another indication, the scenes witnessed and sounds heard at our own political and social anniversary called "Independence Day"—our three days carnival, or national "big drunk," or if we take the doings of our national congress, and heads of depart-

ments at Washington, D. C., ever trying to concoct and practicalize ways and means to increase the burdens of the worker classes and lighten those of the parasitic classes—the drones of the social hive; and if we note such pointers as the national gathering of Christian Endeavorers at San Francisco, and the convention of the National Teachers Association at Milwaukee, etc., etc., we cannot fail to see that the trend or drift of modern human society is not towards a better social system but towards magnifying and crystallizing the old, old feudal system; which means that the masses of human beings were made to serve the elect and select few.

An Englishman who is presumed to know whereof he speaks, puts the direct cost of the Queen's jubilee at one hundred millions of their money, or five hundred millions of our dollars. The indirect costs are probably much greater, and all this at a time when many millions of the subjects of this same queen are perishing of famine and pestilence, caused by overcrowding and bad municipal management, and many millions more are living from day to day with the grim specter "Want" staring them full in the face.

Our American anniversary celebration, just past, was perhaps not so expensive in direct outlay of money but more expensive in cost of life and limb. Here in Chicago the papers report as casualties resulting directly from "explosives" four dead and thirty-six more or less seriously wounded. That these reports embrace a part only of the serious accidents directly resulting from our imitation of primitive savages who take delight in making all the noise possible, is doubtless true. If these figures be taken as a basis of calculation then the killed and wounded during the three days' carnival, taking the country over, will run up into the thousands—equal to the results of a great battle in time of war.

But damage to life and limb is only one of the sad results. In Rockford—a second or third rate town in this state, as per program the city officials spent two thousand five hundred dollars in "fire works." Thousands and hundreds of thousands of families all over the country are out of work and at their wits end as to how to keep the wolf from the door, while these "city fathers," the guardians of the poor, have thousands of dollars "to burn!" (Where did they get these dollars?) Whether burned by public officials or by private wastefulness, many millions of gold standard dollars were literally and designatedly burned,—to say nothing of the other millions burned by accident, or by premature explosions. The Chicago papers chronicle an unprecedented number of small fires resulting from this cause, mostly occurring in the homes of the poor. The fire engines were kept busy all day putting out the fires kindled by "fire crackers," "Roman candles," etc.

Many train loads of "Christian Endeavorers" passed through this city a few days ago, on their way to San Francisco, stopping off a day in Chicago to take in the sights. The number of delegates reported at the city of the "Golden Gate," coming from all parts of the country, is estimated at thirty thousand, involving an outlay, direct or indirect, to be finally collected from the hard working masses—who do not go on excursions across continents—of several millions of dollars.

Whether the national convention of teachers at Milwaukee, representing for the most part conservative and reactionary forces—our colleges and universities controlled largely by private wealth and those interested in perpetuating present inequalities; our public school system controlled in the interest of church and state superstitions—whether this expensive convention, too, should be reckoned among our useless or worse than useless luxuries, is, perhaps, an open question; but not so of that other convention alluded to, the aggregation called the Congress of the United States, to which must be added the other officials constituting what is known as the "government" of the United States.

This perennial and self-perpetuating convention or aggregation of forces, as all intelligent and rational people are rapidly coming to see, is incomparably the most costly of all the worst

than useless luxuries now indulged in, and paid for by the labor of the masses—the toilers in the mine, the mill, the shop; and by the dwellers in garrets and cellars of the great cities, and on the farm, as well as in the wild lumberman's camp—all, all must pay their tribute.

Of the uselessness and of the devilishness of this giant octopus; this anti-natural, this superstition-reared and ignorance-supported monster called "government," there can no longer be the shadow of a doubt in the minds of those who have made a study of society's problems, but how to eliminate the evil, how to escape the all-grasping tentacles of the governmental devil-fish is the absorbing question for humanitarians to solve.

The writers and workers for *Lucifer* have made this problem a subject of special study, and some if not all of them have reached the conclusion that the first and most important step to take in eliminating the evils, the despotisms, the slaveries that inhere in our present society or governmental systems is

#### THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMANHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD.

This does not mean the political enfranchisement of woman by giving her the "ballot." It means something vastly more important than that. It means nothing less than the absolute ownership and the intelligent control by woman herself, of the function or office of reproduction,—the ownership and control of the creative function which nature gave to woman, but which has been usurped by masculine man. It means that no substantial, no radical reorganization or betterment of human society can take place so long as the mothers of men are slaves, slaves in the most important department of their being,—the reproductive. It means that woman must assert herself, and take the lead in the social reconstruction. It means that woman's intuitions, aided by her enlightened judgment and by the accumulated experiences of all the past, must henceforth direct the race in its upward march, and not the selfish love of domination and of sensuous animal gratification, that has characterized all systems of man-made government.

This, in brief, is the foundation stone of the New Society that *Lucifer* is trying to build; a society that, as we think, will practicalize, or surpass, all the dreams of Utopians from Rousseau to Edward Bellamy and Eugene V. Debs. Whether any of us will live to see this dream materialize on the planet earth, is a matter of comparatively little importance. The important thing for each and all of us is to do what we can towards its ultimate realization.

#### Our English Co-Workers.

Two important communications from *Lucifer's* English correspondents appear in this issue. The first, on "Contagious Diseases and Governmental Remedies," punctures the pretensions of church state officialism and its proposed remedies for a class of diseases largely traceable to its own invasions of personal liberty, and to its own suppression of needful knowledge, and to false standards of moral purity.

The other communication, that from Glasgow, sent us by the Correspondent of the Legitimation League for Scotland, shows that the English Secularists are having the same trouble over the sex question that is dividing their American brethren into two distinct sections—those who hold to church-state morality and those who demand absolute freedom, coupled only with responsibility for all our acts, as the true basis of morality, or of human ethics. That is to say, Mr. Gilmour shows that among British Freethinkers, as with us, there is a pharisaic element that wants no fellowship with those who assert their right to carry the logic of free thought into the realm of sex-relationships, as well as in the matter of satisfying any other normal appetite or passion. *Lucifer's* readers will undoubtedly want to be kept posted as to the progress and outcome of this reactionary movement among the British Secularists who have fought so many battles and won so many victories in favor of freedom of speech and of press, and against inequality of religious and political rights and privileges.

#### Old and New.

BY ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

In *Lucifer* No. 664 Dr. Foote takes two columns to criticize the "Old and the New Ideal" by Ruedebusch, and shows conclusively that he is still in the grasp of the old ideal, and therefore cannot understand the new. He says:

"A sexual attraction deserving to be called love disposes one to a pretty constant companionship with its object, and arouses a desire to establish a home and family with 'the heart's desire'."

Under the old, exclusive love-ideal, yes. But in freedom, no! Men and women once emancipated from the "everything or nothing" ideal, will choose each co-operation strictly on their fitness for it, and the business-contract, the joint-home contract, the family-contract will be based on mutual desire and mutual adaptability; as well as the brief associations for mutual enjoyments of amusement, study, music, conversation, or sexual exchange.

Many and many a marriage today is founded upon "a sexual attraction deserving to be called love," where there is no fitness for companionship or family life. In a New Ideal society, where love is free, no companionship or family contract will be desired or entered upon from a mere sexual attraction. It will be founded upon a lasting basis and no "new attraction" will touch it. Dr. Foote cites a case of a man taking his latest flame to a champagne supper, etc., while his partner is deprived of comforts for herself and their child by his outlay. In a free society there will be no danger of such a man being chosen for a family contract—a man who robs his business partner to spend the money on himself!

We would also remind Dr. Foote that when paternity is a matter of desire and purpose, instead of chance and custom, no father will wish to deprive his child of anything.

When Dr. Foote talks of "entangling alliances" he shows that he is still tied to the idea of sexual possession. When a man and woman are attracted by mutual tastes, etc., to establish a joint-home, that contract gives them no claims on each other beyond the "living under the same roof, eating together when both happen to be at home at the same time," and whatever arrangements for mutual convenience and comfort they choose to make.

If they wish to spend their evenings together, to study together, go into society together, that is another matter and they make such arrangements as suit time and disposition. If they wish to enjoy each other sexually, that is a matter of mutual, spontaneous attraction subject to no contracts; and in all these latter associations they have the same claim on each other that they have on any other man and woman. The basis of the New Ideal is free exchange as opposed to possession. The idea of possession must go—before the light of reason and love. The old dream of "all the comforts of home" fades before the new vision of a broader, freer social-companionship, where no man thinks he holds in himself all the desirable masculine qualities, and demands from his wife all the feminine qualities—he one-half of perfection and she the other half!

To the free man and woman every other man and woman has a personal value from the possibility of a helpful and pleasurable mutual exchange of some kind, and they will find their interests and sympathies broadening out toward the "brotherhood of man" where voluntary co-operation is to bring peace and plenty. Is this a dream to be compared to the pleasures of the narrow, walled-in family circle, nodding to the neighboring family circles over the walls, but fearing to open the doors for fear of "entangling alliances"?

One word more. I wish Dr. Foote would give his definition of "liberty." As he uses the term it seems to imply a kind of irresponsibility, which to me, while it may be liberty, is no freedom. What I demand is unrestricted freedom to follow my desires for happiness. Does that mean that I wish to "exercise no restraint on any and every propensity," or to "indulge

every impulse without reserve?" Then I shall be a long time finding happiness, or freedom either. We ask for liberty, and our friend assumes that we wish to be enslaved by our fleeting impulses! That man alone has freedom who is hampered by no law, no custom, no prejudice, in the pursuit of Truth; and has the self-poise to use all his powers for the attainment of the truest happiness.

### Proofs of Atheism.

BY ZENO.

Were there a god he would permit no denial of his existence. The proof would be palpable to every mind.

If he be good, no evil could exist. If he be bad, he must be overthrown.

If he be as a parent, no war could exist. Parents prevent their young from destroying each other. Yet no war was ever ended except by the killing or subduing of the weaker, and often the more virtuous, combatant.

If he be everywhere, no crime could be plotted and carried out. If he winks at conspiracy and crime, he is our enemy and must be destroyed.

Every deist creates his own ideal of god, and worships it. Idololatry is no better than idolatry.

The argument that all savages are deists is the worst kind of proof. As the mind develops, theology wanes, until we find it has disappeared in minds of such as Spencer, Darwin, Tyndal, Huxley.

If we must worship let us go back to simple pure idolatry; then if our god does not do what we want him to, we can, like the savages, knock him off his perch.

The statements of Malthusianism lately made in *Lucifer* are so obviously incorrect as to hardly need refutation. Malthus ransacked all countries for data to prove, not that those countries would sometime reach the limit of their capacity to sustain human life, but that population was then outrunning subsistence, and that "preventive checks" were in operation, the result being want and misery as persistent and continual phenomena, not as a result to be seen in a million years when the earth can hold no more people.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXXVI.

For a moment Mrs. Leland felt faint and dizzy, then her pent-up feeling found vent in a flood of tears, with which were mingled those of Osmond. The tension on his nerves had been too great, but both strove hard to conquer their emotion, and for some time they sat in a wordless embrace, reading what they felt in each others' eyes. Tenderly her trembling hand smoothed the sunny locks and the pearly drops again gathered in her eyes as she thought how her baby had been permitted to grow and develop, until he stood upon the brink of manhood without the guidance of her hand. His boyhood's years—they had come and gone without bringing her mother's heart the privilege of watching over the tender soul's molding. O, to have been with him! to share his joys and to soften and smooth his childish troubles.

But now? Why dwell upon the past with its many bitterness and trials? Did not the present moment outweigh all the sufferings? all the dark hours of woe? Her boy was still her own, with a soul pure and true. Should she not rather be thankful? With an overflowing heart she drew the boy's face down to hers, giving vent to all the pent-up feelings that were causing her heart to heave and her lips to seek a loving, clinging mother's kiss. Imelda's eyes filled with tears; without another word she gently touched Cora's arm and together they withdrew, leaving the two to enjoy their new-found happiness.

Imelda drew her sister in the direction of the piano, where

Norman and Wilbur were still standing, welding the friendship that was to last throughout all the years of their after life. With a little dextrous movement the girls managed to reach the instrument without attracting the notice of the men and only when Cora's rich, sweet voice filled the room with joyous song did they become aware of their close proximity.

Every voice was hushed, every word suspended while she sang. Who was this girl, possessed of such a glorious voice? When the music ceased and the song ended Cora turned and faced her audience. Wilbur was struck with the rare beauty of the face, coupled with a strange sense of familiarity. Imelda smiled, as she caught the puzzled look upon his face.

"It is Cora, Wilbur." That was their introduction—just as a matter of course—feeling they would need no other. But Wilbur was not satisfied, and begged that Cora would sing again; and she, nothing loath, did sing again. It was the first time this week she had sung—with the anxiety for the possible fate of the absent ones she had had no heart to sing. But tonight she felt happy; so why should she not? Turning over the pile of music her eye fell upon "The Wandering Refugee." The music was sweet, if the words were sad; and as the sad, sweet strains filled the room their influence was felt by everyone present, toning down the exciting joy that filled every heart. Just as the last notes died away a rasping noise was heard at the window. Glancing up they became aware of a white face being pressed against the large pane. Only a momentary appearance, and almost in an instant it was gone. But in that instant both girls had seen it and—had they recognized it? Both pairs of lips breathed the prayer—"I hope not!"

Such a wretched looking, such a deathly white face! Imelda quickly moved over to the window, but no sign was to be seen of a human being. Had they been mistaken? Was it only a chimera of the brain, conjured up by the sad, weird words of the song? Heaving a deep sigh she turned away, shaking her head to the enquiring look of her sister. No one else had seen the face at the window.

At this juncture Alice claimed her right as hostess, and insisted that all should direct their steps to the dining room, there to partake of a warm repast which had been prepared for the hungry travelers. Around the table another hour passed by in pleasant conversation in which many a treasure of mind was unfolded, and where bright eyes sent electric sparks back and forth—sparks that were ever ready to kindle love's fire wherever they might happen to alight, until at length, breaking in upon the running conversation Westcott said,

"Will not someone be kind enough to relate the experiences and dangers of the late journey?"

Wilbur laughed.

"I suspect they are a greatly magnified—in your imagination greater far than in reality. Snow bound we were; that is true enough; not a pleasant experience, I grant you. By the storm-king we were forced to remain in one spot, consumed more or less with anxiety and by impatience to move onward. The change to bitter cold caused us some suffering, but being well supplied with wraps and blankets its keenest edge was blunted. Perhaps the greatest danger that menaced us was the lack of provisions, but that also was warded off.

"It was night when our train was brought to a standstill, and when the morning dawned we saw only a vast unbroken field of snow, spread out before our eyes. The outlook was far from cheerful. Not having thought of such an emergency we had supplied ourselves with no provisions whatever, and the probability was that we would become acquainted with empty stomachs before reaching our journey's end.

"Just opposite us across the aisle our friend here, Mr. Arthurs, had taken his seat and, as misery loves company, it was not long ere he made our acquaintance. Pardon me, Arthurs," laughed Wilbur, "I did not mean that you were so very miserable but that we were all so miserably situated that your kind heart prompted you to lighten our misery by coming



closer to us. Well, as the day wore on we all became uncomfortably aware that the inner man (and inner woman) were making us painfully conscious that there were appetites waiting to be appeased. The supply carried by the train was not a large one and the steward was asking shameful prices. Mr. Arthurs made the proposition that we make an attempt at exploration, to see if there was no human habitations near. At first Mrs. Leland would not listen to such a thing, fearing we might get lost, but her fears were over ruled and we made preparation for a tramp through the deep and softly yielding snow.

"Following the base of a hill, near which our train had stopped, we walked about a mile when in the distance we discovered quite a village. It seemed an endless tramp but at length we managed to get there and make our needs known. The villagers proved to be a rough but kindly disposed people and, combining business with humanitarianism, some hours later they brought to the cold and hungry travelers a supply of hot coffee and sandwiches at reasonable prices. This removed the deadly fear of starvation, and although the temperature was very, very cold our situation was endurable. Towards evening of the second day rescue trains arrived. The snow had been cleared from the tracks by the persistent labor of many men who had worked night and day with their shovels, and soon we were once more speeding on our way rejoicing.

"By this time our new friend had proved himself a friend indeed, and having made the discovery that his destination was the same as ours we invited him to make one of our party. And to judge from present appearances he is not at all sorry for having accepted the invitation."

Every eye turned in the direction of Mr. Arthurs, at whose side Edith had found a seat. So deeply was he interested, just then, in something Edith was saying that neither had heard the closing remarks of Wilbur, but at the sudden hush both looked up to find all eyes resting upon them in smiles. A flush mantled their faces, but, joining in the laugh at their expense the matter was quickly disposed of, and now, having all satisfied their hunger Norman said he thought it time they were seeking their respective homes, the night being far advanced, and rest being much needed. Both Wilbur and Mr. Arthurs spoke of going to a hotel, which proposition was most strenuously objected to by the Westcotts who insisted that they make their home with them during their stay in the city.

But to this neither of the young men would listen; for this one night, however, they did not refuse to accept the kindly proffered hospitality. Tomorrow they would make other arrangements. Hasty preparations were then made for the departure of the others, and Mrs. Leland's heart contracted painfully at the thought of letting her boy go from her, even for one night. But chiding her selfishness she gave him a good-night kiss. As Norman opened the outer vestibule door and was passing down the stone steps he suddenly stopped. Across the lower step a dark object was lying which proved to be the cold and stiffened form of a man.

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

P. L. Small, Boston, Mass.:—Enclosed find one dollar in stamps for two copies of "The Old and New Ideal." At last I find a book by a man who understands the subject and gets to the heart of things.

E. A. Guyton, M. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.:—Lucifer is too good a paper to miss, so find enclosed one dollar for which continue it to me. I am glad to find one paper that stands for absolute freedom, and am with you heart and soul in your grand work.

P. R. Skinner, Portland, Ore.:—I enclose express money order for one dollar to continue my subscription to Lucifer. I must have it; I cannot do without it. I will curtail, and sim-

plify my supply of food rather than be without it to read and circulate. If "Hilda's Home" is published in book form I want two copies; five, if I can raise the money. Ever yours for "perfect Freedom."

Robert Nargang, Decatur, Ill.:—Find enclosed one dollar. Some months ago I sent you twenty-five cents for three months trial of your paper. I would rather do without any other publication that I know than Lucifer. It's all good reading except that occasionally some weak, prudish woman or unhealthy man expose their ignorance. However, all should have a hearing; otherwise it would not be in accord with Lucifer's principles.

Mrs. M. R. Fish, May's Landing, N. J.:—After many months of fearful struggles for life's necessities I am enabled to send you a dollar to bring Lucifer's light to my lonely home,—that would be more dark and dreary but for its bright rays. Last year I was able to send three dollars for Lucifer, "Our New Humanity" and books. Lucifer in its new dress and with its words of pearl, is more precious than gold. The extra stamps are for "What the Young Need to Know."

C. J. Zeitinger, Zeitonia, Mo.:—You certainly will get the credit you merit for the very good constructive work you are doing. I prefer to use the word constructive instead of reform; it is a new society you are building, and as I view it, an entire departure from what we have at present, call it what you will. Therefore not reform—don't want to reform the elephant. It seems to me we don't have to destroy the present system by effort (reform work) but as the inventor with a new machine simply shows its good qualities and thus displaces the old, which in consequence destroys itself, because no longer useful, I must confess I have especially enjoyed Lillian Harman's writings and would like you to send me the new radical paper, "The Adult," the April magazine, "Our New Humanity" and "Occult Science." For these I enclose forty cents.

Wm. Broadbelt, New York:—Enclosed find money order for two dollars. I have succeeded in getting you one new subscriber. The other dollar is to renew my subscription for another year. I think you are doing a noble work and the very people you are desiring to enlighten are the most prejudiced against your work. How much would it cost to publish "Hilda's Home" in book form? Think the readers of Lucifer would subscribe the amount to have it published. I would subscribe for quite a number of volumes. It would do great missionary work.

[It is hard to say just what the cost would be, but if a few hundred readers would pledge themselves to take one or more copies the story will be put into book form soon after the last chapters shall have been printed in Lucifer. M. H.]

W. J. Kent, Norman, Okla.:—My time is nearly out for Lucifer. I am more anxious now than ever to renew my subscription since the Green fight is on. I will send you one dollar and fifty cents; that will give me Lucifer another year, and then I want Mrs. Lillian's little girl's picture—cabinet size, if you have one, and we'll be even again.

I wish you could continue the publication of "Our New Humanity." I will give two dollars for the coming year now, if enough can be induced to do likewise. Seems to me that magazine ought to live. Mr. Green don't want any of the free lovers in his ranks. I think it would be a good idea for the free lovers to quit the "Free Thought Magazine" and turn our forces on a magazine which is a real freethought publication—"Our New Humanity." Curious, isn't it, that Truth and Justice are so often unpopular? But I suppose so long as there is a monopoly on the worship of the gods, truth will have to suffer.

Well I was glad you didn't make any remarks on Brother Jones' explanations a few weeks ago in Lucifer. The best criticism is his own article. Seems to me that Dr. E. B. Foote, in his article "One or Many Loves," has the present system of

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sex relations badly mixed with the "Motherhood in Freedom" system. Another case of putting new wine into old bottles.

The story, "Hilda's Home," if I judge it correctly, is exactly parallel with Lucifer's teaching.

Has not E. C. Walker, in last "New Humanity," dealt Aunt Elmina's pet theory, "Dianism," a death blow?

[Yes, the story would seem to have been written specially to show how Lucifer's ideas on "Motherhood" could be now practicalized, provided only that woman herself will have courage to demand her right to choose and to lead, in all things pertaining to maternity, including choice of paternity. The story is, moreover, a good mirror of human life in many of its most interesting phases.]

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 29.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 21, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 668.

### The Gordian Knot.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CHANE.

A Man there was and he loved a Maid,  
(Even as you and I.)  
But of what folks say the Man was afraid,  
And so was she; so they foolishly stayed  
Their natural longings—both the Man and the Maid,  
(Even as you and I.)

Oh the joy that's lost, the agony that's cost  
By heeding what other folks say!  
How we forfeit the best there is in life—  
And all because of a foolish strife!  
Ah! well we know it's a foolish strife  
'Gainst what other folks will say.

A Maid there was and she loved a Man,  
(Even as maidens will.)  
To him her wealth of affection ran  
And she loved him as only a maiden can  
(When the man she loves is a married man)  
With a love that thinks no ill.

For the Man to a Wife was tied for life,  
With the tie the Law doth knit,  
Yet for him alone the maiden pined,  
But, awed by the Law which his love did bind,  
She never the least relief could find  
With all of her woman's wit.

But the man was bold and the Law he defied,  
(For fools the Law obey.)  
He cut the knot which the Law had tied  
And the maiden was happier far than a bride,  
So their Love survived which by Law might have died;  
(For Love must have its way.)

### A Tale of the Geese of Strassburg.

BY R. B. KERR.

Most of the readers of *Lucifer* are acquainted with the dish known as *pate de foie gras*. Some of them, however, may not be aware that it is made in Strassburg from the livers of geese. To prepare them for their destiny the geese are kept in darkness and close seclusion, in a kind of cellar, and are fed in a special manner so as to fatten their livers, and make them swell to unnatural dimensions. The unfortunate geese have no other function in life except to supply mankind with *pate de foie gras*.

A few years ago a movement of advanced thought appeared among the geese of Strassburg. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed with the position of a Strassburg goose, and a great public meeting was held under the auspices of the Strassburg Goosehood Suffrage Association. The most prominent speaker was a tall, gray gander, who hissed out the following sentiments.

It was, he said, outrageous that any goose should be valued solely on account of one organ of her body. Had not a goose a brain? Had not she a set of beautifully developed senses, and a thirst after knowledge? Yet geese were kept in darkness and ignorance, never knowing anything of the wonders and mysteries of life. They were stunted in mind and body, simply that they might the better satisfy some sensual appetite for *pate de foie gras*. All the intellectual gifts and

physical beauties of a goose had become mere appendages of one of the most despised organs of her body. In conclusion, he said that geese would never take their proper place in the world until they secured self-ownership, and ceased to exist merely to gratify the appetites of others.

There was great applause at the conclusion of this speech, but an old white goose flounced on to the platform and denounced the previous speaker as follows:

It was, she admitted, very necessary that there should be an improvement in the position of geese. But the radical opinions of the last speaker were quite uncalled for. All the legitimate aspirations of geese would be satisfied by Goosehood Suffrage and the Higher Education of Geese. What geese needed most was a better knowledge of Mathematics. As for physical freedom, it was certainly true that a dark cellar was rather a restricted place, but a good course of the Delsarte system of physical culture would preserve the health of geese, and at the same time save their modesty. As for geese going out into the open air, and being openly observed by men and women (in a state of nudity, too), who ever heard of such a thing? It was time to establish a Censorship of Hisses, in order that such indecorous proposals might not again be heard by the young. As for the lovers of *pate de foie gras*, how could a goose live without them? It would be too cruel to hurt the feelings of those who had their interests so much at heart.

Nevertheless, the spirit of revolt prevailed. Geese began to pine for liberty, and either drooped or openly expressed their discontent. This was very annoying to lovers of *pate de foie gras*, as it is necessary that the geese should have a sane and healthy habit of mind, in order that the best *pates* may be produced. The matter was carefully discussed, and it was decided to send missionaries to convert the geese to the doctrines of true religion.

A number of soft-spoken gentlemen, versed in the language of geese, appeared in the dark cellars. They showed the geese how terribly deluded they had been as to their supposed wrongs. They proved to them how much nobler it was to be eaten as *pate de foie gras* than to eat *pate de foie gras*, because the eaten practised the highest form of self-sacrifice, while the eaters only gratified themselves. They told them that a bright crown above was reserved for all who had been eaten as *pate de foie gras*, and that in the next life geese would have a higher place than men.

The geese believed the story. Who could blame them? They had been brought up in darkness, and the key of knowledge had been kept from them all their lives. But an unexpected difficulty soon afterwards arose. Owing to certain fluctuations of popular taste the demand for *pates* fell off, and consequently a number of the geese which had been fattened for *pates* were not after all required. These unfortunate geese went to their spiritual guides and pointed out the hardships of their position. It was all very well, said they, to be kept



ignorant and blind, if only you were eaten in the end; but it was a little too hard to sacrifice everything to your liver, and then not be wanted after all.

But the spiritual guides exposed the fallacy of these remarks. Surely, said they, it was good that the eaters of pate de foie gras should have plenty of choice. It was a well-known economic law that the value of everything depended on supply and demand, and the larger the supply the cheaper the commodity. By remaining in their cellars, they were making geese plentiful and cheap, and surely they would sacrifice themselves to that extent to please men who had been so good to them. Besides, the larger the supply, the more varied the choice. It was thus made possible for the average man to have a better pate, when there were so many livers to choose from. Finally, the priests pointed out that there was a particularly bright crown reserved for those who had been bred for pates, and then not required. Happy the goose which was made into pates, but still more happy the goose which was not made into pates.

So the revolt of the geese ended—for a time, at least. I am told the geese say they like their lot. They allege that they are not forced to live in their dark cellars, but they only do so of their own free will, for the service of God and the love of Man. It may be so, for, as the proverb says, there is no accounting for tastes.

### Contagious Diseases and Governmental Remedies.

BY ORFORD NORTHCOTE.

[Continued from last week.]

But, say the advocates of regulation, compulsory inspection would discover the disease in that early stage when its symptoms were not sufficiently advanced to be discerned by the woman afflicted. However true this may be, it is more than counter-balanced by the following considerations.

Sexual intercourse with prostitutes would be robbed of half its physical dangers if men were systematically to take those simple precautions dictated by ordinary demands of cleanliness. But a state-regulated system of prostitution has the effect of lulling men into a sense of security which is by no means warranted, and which encourages indolent men in their indifference to hygienic precautions. Now it is this indifference which constitutes one of the chief agencies for spreading disease. According to Ricord "Women will frequently communicate a gonorrhoea without having it themselves. For once that they themselves suffer from it, they will give it to others twenty times." (Ricord. *Lettres sur la Syphilis*. p. 47). That is to say that women often act as media of disease from one man to another without becoming tainted with the disease themselves. No one not blindly wedded to the regulation system can fail to see that the false sense of security given may alone account for many victims to disease.

So far then as the non-syphilitic diseases are concerned we see that the case against compulsory inspection is a strong one. But these disorders are comparatively of little importance. They are disagreeable, they are painful, they are contagious. But so also are many non-venereal diseases which are in addition frequently fatal. But syphilis is an enemy of a different order. The sexual organs are the main means of conveying it. But it may also be communicated without sexual congress. If any of the virus be deposited on a bare point of skin, inoculation will take place, provided the subject be not already syphilitic or has not previously had the disease. It may be communicated by a kiss, or by a barber's brush or towel. It is hereditarily communicable. It has secondary, tertiary, and even quaternary symptoms. The poison is expelled from the system with great difficulty, and then only by the use of mercury, whose effects are scarcely less noxious than those of the disease for which it is used as a remedy. Says Fournier, "Having regard for the moment only to the datum of time, I am of opinion that no syphilitic subject should be allowed to dream of marriage until he has consecrated a *minimum* period

of three or four years to medical treatment of the strictest kind." (Fournier. *Syphilis et Mariage*. p. 108.)

Much of the danger, however, is in the secondary period. Says Fournier again, "The slightest lesions of the secondary period are those which are most dangerous as agents of contagion. And they are most dangerous simply because of their benign appearance. They seem to be of such small importance, and have so inoffensive an appearance, that no attention is paid to them, and their nature is unsuspected, and consequently he who is suffering from them puts himself in the way of communicating the complaint. Let us add, that they may very easily remain completely unperceived." (Fournier. *La Syphilis dans la Mariage*, p. 169.)

This is the disease at which police inspection is mainly aimed. This is the terrible demon that lurks in apparently the most innocent of sexual embraces.

Now let us see to what extent inspection minimises the dangers. The first phase of syphilis is the incubatory period. After the virus has been deposited in some fissure of the skin, the chancre forms. This incubatory period varies in length from thirty-five to seventy days. M. Rizat observed one incubation of 114 days. (Yves Guyot. *La Prostitution*, p. 283.)

At least a month then may pass before the chancre shows itself. What is the likelihood of its existence being detected during that time? Apparently it is exceedingly remote. Says Fournier, "So small an affair is a chancre at its commencement that I may without exaggeration describe it as the smallest, the most benign, the most insignificant of all possible erosions. So to speak, it is not anything; it is less than nothing. So far is this true, that the first time, or the first time that we are called upon to show the existence of a chancre under this form and at this period, we are always deceived by it. And it is impossible not to be deceived by it."—Fournier, (*Leçons sur la Syphilis*. p. 83.)

So small is this lesion, and so great is the difficulty of locating it, that it was formerly thought, and treatises have been written to prove that syphilis never existed in women.—Fournier, (*Syphilis chez la Femme*. p. 49.)

Further, its development in women is insidious, being usually unaccompanied by pain, so that the physician at this stage can have no aid from the woman he is examining.

Bearing these facts in mind let us examine the manner in which these inspections have, in the past, been conducted. Pelacy, in his report of 1841,\* says that the doctors inspect from eighty to ninety women in an hour, or an hour and a half.

Other figures given by M. Carlier† show that the average rate of inspection is one in every two minutes. Mons. Yves Guyot relates having heard M. Rouvier de Ballemont say with pride, as illustrating the skill of M. Clere, the physician in chief of the dispensary, that he inspected one hundred and twenty women in an hour, or two per minute.‡

Seeing the difficulty of discerning the chancre in its early stages, and noting the fact that the most dangerous erosions are those that appear on any part of the body in the secondary stages, what kind of guarantee is this which pretends to examine women, clothed not stripped, at the rate of two per minute? But this is not all. Since 1841 the speculum has been more or less generally used in these examinations. Now however useful the speculum may be in discovering disease, it may also be a dangerous medium of propagating it. Says Fournier (*Leçons sur la Syphilis* p. 55) "We should frequently transmit syphilis from one woman to another if we did not take extreme care of our instruments, especially if we did not require our specula to be cleaned under our eyes, washed in several waters, and suitably dried at the termination of each inspection. And in spite of all our supervision, such transmission must sometimes be thus produced." Further it has been demonstrated by Ricord that a single drop of matter taken from a syphilitic

\* Ann. d'hyg. et med. legale. t. XXV. p. 306.

† Yves Guyot. *La Prostitution*. p. 283.

‡ Carlier. *Prost.* de 1855 a 1870.

wound and dissolved in a glass of water forms a solution, a single drop of which would be sufficient to inoculate a healthy person with the complaint.

A physician examines one hundred women in an hour. The first woman examined has an undiscovered chancre with which the speculum becomes contaminated. The same speculum is used for the remaining ninety-nine women. Improperly cleansed, the speculum is a possible medium of contagion to every one of them. For the one syphilitic woman to be discovered, ninety-nine are to be inoculated with syphilis. This is an adaptation of the lost sheep parable with a vengeance.

This racing speed of examination was not characteristic of French and Belgian physicians only. Mr. Acton when before the House of Lords Committee stated that the English surgeons inspected 150 women in two hours. Nor is the alleged danger of a purely imaginary nature. Dr. Giersing stated that when the inspections were increased in Copenhagen to twice per week, the number of cases simultaneously grew in number, the increase being attributable to infection transmitted from prostitute to prostitute by means of the speculum. (Congres de Genes p. 39.)

In England, too, a similar result was observable. At the Congress of Geneva it was stated that syphilis increased among English troops after the application of the Contagious Diseases Act. (Memoire au Congres de Geneve du Docteur Charles Bell Taylor, t. II, p. 131.)

Assuming inspection to be of any value at all, it is obvious that the more frequently it is made the better will be the results. In England the rule was for inspection to be made once a fortnight. But many things may happen in that time. Most of the supporters of inspection say it should be made as often as possible, from twice a week, to every other day, or even every day. But for the women to be inspected, (excepting those who live in the regulated houses,) it is necessary that they should come to the dispensary. And if the inspections are irksomely frequent the women will not attend. M. Lenacre found that the inspection at Brussels which took place twice a week was too frequent because the girls kept away from it.\*

He says, "In place of augmenting the subjection of prostitutes we must make their sanitary obligations easy of fulfillment. If they are to be shut up and undressed as M. Lancreau demands, there would be a general disappearance. They already hide themselves quite enough."

Let us see to where this leads us! The more frequent the inspection, say the doctors, the greater the efficiency of the system. Very good. But the more frequently inspection is demanded the more it is entirely shunned by the prostitutes.

But the police des mœurs are not without a remedy, which is to put all prostitutes, without distinction, into registered houses. Then, whether the inspection be fixed at twice a week or twice a day, it will all be practicable enough. But how get them into these houses? That is quite easy. A law to that effect must be passed. Then any woman discovered practicing clandestine prostitution will be sent first to prison, as a law-breaker, and then to a registered house as a prostitute. If she be only a shop girl eking out her scanty wages by presents from her employer or his manager or highly paid clerks, in return for which she reluctantly yields her charms; if she be a kept mistress who takes in one or more lovers to vary the monotony of her existence she is a prostitute and must be arrested and put under control. In what would such a law result? The clandestine prostitutes would more carefully than ever conceal their avocation. The name "prostitute" with all its social stigma is not one to be courted. Nor would either the kept mistress with polyandric desires or the occasionally offending waitress or barmaid love to think of becoming a prisoner in a registered police governed brothel, where she would have to submit herself to the tyranny of the brothel-keeper and the official brutalities of the inspecting surgeons.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the law would be able to

dragoon all these women into the status of official prostitution, where every woman is numbered and catalogued and treated like a slave? Assuredly not! Moreover, every woman who dreaded being immured in a registered house, would, if she became diseased, have every inducement to conceal her disease. She would fear above all things to seek medical assistance.

For of course with such a law, the doctors would be compelled to give information to the police of a diseased woman; as in England they now are compelled to notify cases of small-pox or scarlet fever. The clandestine prostitute would thus have no choice but to conceal and with its concealment to propagate her disease. From statistics given by Yves Guyot, we see that from 1872 to 1880 the new Registration of Prostitutes in Paris fell from 1,014 in 1872 to 354 in 1880; and that those struck off the register as disappeared, rose from 813 in 1872 to 1,935 in 1880.\*

Concluded next week.

## Volume of Currency.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

In Lucifer, No. 665, Mr. Chavannes says: "The average of prices is regulated by the ratio of production to the amount of currency." My position is that it is the amount of the *basis* of the currency which regulates prices; and on that point I have a suggestion to make. Currency includes bank checks. Suppose on a given day business men should refrain from issuing bank checks to such an extent as to reduce the total of specie, bills and checks, to one half what it was the day before. If the theory of Mr. Chavannes is true, prices would be reduced one half. If my theory is true, prices would remain unchanged. I do not believe that if Vanderbilt should buy a railroad on Monday, and pay \$100,000,000 for it in a check, adding \$100,000,000 to the currency in the country, and if on Thursday that check should be paid by the bank and canceled, subtracting \$100,000,000 from the currency in the country, prices would differ in the slightest degree on those days, or that they would differ if the checks should remain uncanceled for a year. Unfortunately I fear that neither Mr. Chavannes nor myself will be able to prove our theories by trying such an experiment.

"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

I will adhere to the old Latin maxim, and will not call Mr. Allen's article "economic rot." On the contrary I am glad to have the opportunity which it affords to express my fundamental idea more definitely, and yet briefly. But before doing so I am free to admit myself an "ancient number," having outlived one socialist community, Brook Farm, fifty years ago, and two others since with which I have been connected; which reminds me of another Latin maxim, "*Experientia docet.*"

"What is this thing society?" Mr. Allen is as much a part of it as anybody; and if I have no right to require from Mr. Allen to give me an opportunity for work, I have no right to require it from any other man. It is convenient to cast individual sins upon the shoulders of "society," but it is not the way to reach the remedy. I am trying to show the constituency that I am writing for, how to reach the remedy, and incidentally the uselessness of invectives which apply to nobody in particular, and which prevent individuals from reforming themselves.

We have received numerous applications during the past two years for "A Discussion of the Social Question" between Dr. Juliet H. Severance and David Jones. We are glad to say that we are again able to supply them. Price 15 cents each. Dr. Severance is a very forceful and able writer, and this is one of her most important productions.

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\*Yves Guyot. La Prostitution. p. 220.

\*Rapport sur le regne de 1876. p. 27.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 21, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 1394 West Congress Street.

E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

## Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. H. and C. E. 1897?"  
ANS. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands  
For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER'S speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin and inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

As stated in recent issues a plan has been suggested whereby it is hoped to raise five hundred dollars to send Lucifer for three or six months to persons not now subscribers. Of this sum one hundred and seventy-nine dollars have been subscribed, about half of which has been paid. Since last week the following names have been added:

H. W. Booser,	\$5.00
A Friend,	2.00
LeRoy Berrier offers to donate to this fund five dollars worth of his book, "Sexuality and its Functions," which sells for twenty-five cents per copy. Otto Wettstein offers five dollars worth of his work as optician and jeweler. Several other donations of books have been made, for all of which, in behalf of Lucifer's work we hereby beg to return sincere and hearty thanks.	

## Freethought and Logic.

A word before I begin. And that word is the frequently iterated statement that personal controversy, and everything that has the appearance of personal conflict, is very distasteful to me, and, as I may add, to many of our readers. So long and so far as the personality of the investigators enters as a factor into any controversy over matters of fact and of principle, just so long will there be danger that the real, the useful object aimed at will be subordinated to a desire for personal victory in argument. Desire for truth for truth's sake, is sure to be dimmed if not forgotten by the writers or speakers, if not also by the readers and hearers.

For this reason, among others that might be named, I have followed the advice of old Polonius to his son Laertes, in regard to "entrance into quarrels," or into discussions that may easily take on the character of personal conflict. In most cases I pay

no attention to attacks from other journals, and only after repeated assaults, and when not merely my own personal opinions are assailed but also the attitude and purpose of the journal for whose management I am mainly responsible, have I made a set reply.

Most of our readers know something of the attitude of the "Free Thought Magazine" published in this city, towards Lucifer and its work. They know that neither the editor nor the correspondent of Lucifer have sought a controversy with the editor and supporters of the "Free Thought Magazine." All who read both journals know that not until after frequent and long continued provocation was any attention paid by us to the slurs, the insinuations and direct attacks by the editor of the magazine aforesaid. They know that Lucifer was frequently mentioned as "the organ of the free lovers of this country" and that "free love" was spoken of as "this damnable doctrine,"—"this curse of free love," the "most direct road to hell"—"sure road to hell here on earth," and that the opinions of Lucifer's editor "are more pernicious than those of our orthodox friends,"—that Mr. Green "had no thought that her young mind [that of May Collins] had become tainted with free love views until a friend reported that during the Free Thought Congress she was very intimate with Lillian Harman," with many more direct and indirect attacks of a like nature.

For one I have always contended that all of the comparatively few and comparatively weak Free Thought journals of this country have quite enough work to do, each in its own chosen field, without wasting any of their energy in attempts to break down other workers whose object, like their own, is the enlargement of the area of human freedom and the destruction of ignorance and blind faith in ancient superstitions. With this view of the matter I have sought fraternal relations with all our contemporaries, and have looked for points of agreement rather than of disagreement, of fraternity rather than of discord. But when a well known leader in the Free Thought ranks—an editor of one of the most widely known of the Free Thought journals printed in the English language, deliberately advises his readers to disavowship the "free lovers," telling them that if the present official management cannot "cleanse the old Putnam society of Free Loveism" that then the "real Free thinkers of the country, who believe in purity, decency and the marriage institution should come together from all parts of the country and organize a great Free thinkers' association that shall, by its character and high aims and purposes command the respect and admiration of the respectable people of this country,"—see March number of the "Free Thought Magazine," page 118—I repeat, when these and like utterances characterize the editorials of a prominent Free Thought editor it would seem that the time has come for those who claim the name to seriously ask the question, What is it to be a "Free thinker?"—in other words,

## WHAT IS THE LOGIC OF FREETHOUGHT?

The immediate cause or occasion for asking this question and for writing this article is found in the leading editorial in the July number of the "Free Thought Magazine," entitled, "The Late Samuel P. Putnam—Our Last Word." In this editorial Mr. Green, after quoting one of the paragraphs in his January editorial on the same subject, says:

Mr. E. C. Walker is one of the ablest and most noted advocates of what he terms "social freedom" in this country. He is one of the editorial writers in Lucifer, and has been, for a number of years, connected with the "Truth Seeker," as an editorial writer, and has, for a long time, been intimately acquainted with Samuel P. Putnam, and next to George E. MacDonald of the "Truth Seeker" is probably best qualified to give Mr. Putnam's honest opinions, of any one living, and this is what Mr. Walker says of them in Lucifer, of May 20th:

"As a matter of indisputable fact, Mr. Putnam accepted in theory and applied in his life the principles of social freedom. Well posted Free Lovers recognized him as a comrade, and he freely fraternized with them. Whenever opportunity presented, in New York and elsewhere, he attended the meetings of the active propagandists and spoke in defense of their and his convictions. . . . For instance, I never heard him make a speech in which he was not careful to say that there should be complete liberty for all men



and women. He said this in such a way as to show unmistakably that he had in mind all the interests and activities of human life."

Now it appears to us that Mr. Walker states the free love views of Mr. Putnam even stronger than we did. We ask the reader to go back and read again what we said, and then re-read Mr. Walker's statement.

It having now been established beyond question that what we stated in the January Magazine is absolutely true, the question occurs: Who is the guilty party, the one who correctly represents the opinions and practices of a deceased person, or the one who misrepresents them?

Very evidently the above is intended as a final settler to my article on the Putnam Collins matter, published in No. 659 of Lucifer. Whether or not Mr. Green fairly and honorably covers the ground in controversy I am quite willing to leave to the unbiased judgment of the readers of the two publications, and if only personal interests were at stake I would freely rest the case by simply referring the reader to the article last mentioned, but inasmuch as many of our present readers did not see that statement, and as the supply of No. 659 is running low, and believing, moreover, that the attitude of Lucifer upon the "logic of freethought" is a very vital question our readers will please exercise the grace of patience while this matter is being probed just a little further and a little deeper.

In this last reply by Mr. Green his characteristic method of argument has been adhered to, as our readers doubtless perceive. Among logicians two things are regarded as specially weak and faulty: First, laying down as a premise that which is not true to fact. Second, drawing a conclusion therefrom that would not follow the premise, if that were true. A good illustration of this vicious logic is the common theistic argument: All progressive and enlightened nations are Christian nations. Therefore, all who oppose Christian theism are enemies of progress and enlightenment. The freethinker's ready answer to this stereotyped argument is: False as to premise, and inconsequential as to conclusion, even if the premise were admitted true as to fact.

Now, then, "who is the guilty party?" Who is it that states falsehoods for facts and then draws unfounded conclusions therefrom?

First. Mr. Walker is not an "editorial writer in Lucifer," and if he were such, that fact would not help Mr. Green. Mr. Walker states the matter as he sees it, and speaks for himself alone, and would do no more if he were one of the editors of Lucifer.

Second. In my article I stated the facts as I saw them, and as I still see them, saying that I had no evidence that Mr. Putnam was ever a "free lover," as I understand that term. Nevertheless, for the honor of manhood and for the hope of humanity, I should be glad to know that he was, in life, a conscientious, consistent, scientific, logical "free lover;" for, as I think, no higher encomium can possibly be accorded to the memory of any man than to say that he was a worthy champion of Love in Freedom.

So much for the premise laid down by Mr. Green, but, as our readers well know, I was careful to point out that if it could be shown that Mr. Putnam was really a free lover, in theory and practice, that fact could have no connection whatever to or with the manner of his untimely death.

The simple unvarnished fact seems to be that Mr. Green, and those who endorse his position in this controversy, take the view that "free love" means neither more nor less than gross sensualism, selfish animalism, or what is commonly called "libertinism." Where do he and they get their right to such use of these words? Do the lives of Ezra H. Heywood, Mary Wollstonecraft, Percy Bysshe Shelley and other typical social radicals, warrant such use of these words? If the social radicals were to adopt the unkindly and pharisaic tactics of Mr. Green and his helpers, they would say that he and they get their ideas of free love direct from their own inner consciousness, or from what they know they themselves would do if the restraints of law and conventionality were removed.

I say, if the social radicals should descend to the methods of the "Free Thought Magazine" they would thus retort, but for one I hope and trust they will never do this. On the contrary

I hope they will give Mr. Green a fair and impartial hearing—treat him far better than he treats us. Sometime since he offered, in Lucifer, to send a copy of his January issue free to anyone who cared to read what he had to say on this question. I hope all who have not read that number will accept his offer, and see for themselves how near this champion of marriage morality comes to proving that free love is one of the "primary causes that brought him [Mr. Putnam] and his young associate, Miss Collins, to their deplorable and untimely death, and disgrace on the liberal movement."

Not only do I advise our readers to hear Mr. Green, but I earnestly advise all who can afford it to subscribe for his magazine. He is now offering it at the very low price of fifty cents a year, hoping thereby to increase his subscription list to twenty thousand. Instead of cherishing ill-will towards the "Free Thought Magazine," on account of its illiberal and unfair treatment of social radicals I sincerely hope its subscription list will increase, and not stop at twenty thousand. With all its unfairness and illiberality it is doing good work in pulverizing theologic superstitions, and also in the line of aiding the movement to which Lucifer is mainly devoted. It is the history of all attempts at suppression, through misrepresentation and persecution, that these attempts defeat their own object. Lucifer has reason to thank Mr. Green for the advertisement he has given us, resulting in a considerable increase in subscription list. We also thank Mr. Chas. C. Moore, of the "Blue Grass Blade," for the many left-handed compliments he has given Lucifer and its conductors—causing his readers to investigate for themselves as to whether free love as taught by us is the "black beast" that its self-righteous judges have described it to be.

If possible, the "Logic of Freethought," from a non-personal standpoint, will be still further elaborated in next issue of Lucifer.

### New Theory of Disease and Cure.

Our old friend, S. R. Shepherd, of Leavenworth, Kansas, has advanced a new theory of disease and cure, based upon the idea of unity and simplicity instead of multiplicity and complexity as in existing theories. He goes back to first principles, to the root of things, and, as he says, "unifies the multiplex."

In place of a legion of distinct diseases, each with a specific remedy, he holds that there is primarily but one disease—congestion or cold—all so-called diseases being causative or secondary manifestations—effects—symptoms.

Congestion the trunk—consumption, cancer, insanity, etc., the branches. Destroy the trunk and the branches fall—remove the cause and the effect disappears.

Congestion being the universal cause or condition of all abnormal manifestations suggests one universal curative process, revealed by nature in the sneeze and its attendant sweat which is her first effort to "break up" incipient congestion. The remedy to be intensified in proportion to advanced, chronic conditions and power of resistance.

His cure is the application of that universal solvent, heat, (which is a form of electricity and life,) and water by way of potation, hot baths and sweats, eliminating poisonous and dead accumulations, weakening the patient and bringing every torpid, paralyzed nerve back to the acute sensation and functional activity of infancy—a sort of re-creative process; going back to nature, back to living, vital union with the quickening, pulsating forces of organic life.

He claims that consumption and cancer, for instance, are basically the same—branches of one trunk—developed from a common cause or condition—congestion, cold, stoppage of assimilation and elimination and cessation of the fine nerve functions of life—and call for the same remedy—the "breaking up" of torpid, dead conditions as the heat and water of spring break up and melt the congelation or congestion of winter and start life anew.

The union of heat, water and air with earth (or the body) produces life, he argues. He suggests that as good a way as any to apply the remedy is to drink freely and lie or sit in a room steamed up to from 115 to 130 degrees according to stubbornness of congestion or torpor.

He defines disease as that congested condition of body and morbid state of mind which is back of, and the cause of, all abnormality, and cure as that process sufficiently active and fundamental to break up those conditions.

He calls it the "breaking-up-sweat cure," the idea being, by a purely natural process, to cure or remove all forms of abnormality by simply "breaking-up" the foundation upon which they rest, thus restoring sensation, circulation and functional life and activity.

Many of Lucifer's readers will doubtless recall the teachings of Doctor Samuel Thompson, one of whose maxims was, "Heat is life, cold is death;" and one of whose principal methods of cure was the steam bath. From my own observation and experience in the treatment of diseased conditions of the human body I can freely endorse the theory of our Kansas correspondent, whose ideas are herein given (chiefly in his own words) and would heartily recommend the adoption of his suggestions, whenever medical treatment seems to be called for.

In this connection attention is called to an offer made by a good lady physician of Chicago who has agreed to donate to Lucifer's "Extension Fund" a number of copies of a little book giving in detail, "How to Cure a Cold," by a practical application of very similar thoughts in regard to the cause and cure of disease. Though often sold at much higher price this little book will be sent post paid for five two-cent postage stamps.

### Our Conservatives

BY C. L. JAMES.

It is to the credit of Lucifer's consistency in giving all sides a hearing, that so much of its space has been occupied lately by such conservative communications as those of Dr. Foote and Mr. Parkhurst. But unless such writers can put old ideas in a newer dress they would do better to address some journal whose columns are open to nothing more novel. I had intended a somewhat lengthy reply to Dr. Foote, but he has so well answered himself in his last, that I will offer only these additional suggestions.

"Nature makes no mistakes"—not only in this sense, that Nature operates without reference to human interests, with reference to which only mistakes can be alleged, but also in this sense, that experimental study of Nature furnishes the sole rule by which human interests can be served. There are, as Dr. Foote says, born polygamists, jealous but inconstant; born polyandrists, of like temper but different sex; born varietists; and, doubtless, born monogamists. Now, in a state of freedom, like must find like; and that kind which is not adapted to survive will perish through the struggle for existence. But in a state of female slavery, polygamists beget upon unwilling monogamists sons who perpetuate their kind, and daughters, of whom at least a certain proportion are polyandrists, which means, under our system, prostitutes. Thus the system perpetuates its own evils—matrimonial rape, prostitution rape, jealousy and murder. Abolish it, and of those conflicting tendencies thus breeding together, the weaker will disappear. That is the whole philosophy of variety. Dr. Foote does not surely imagine that we varietists would force, or even urge, variety upon anyone. We say only that prohibitions of variety, legal, social, or religious, mean, in practice, marriage-and-prostitution-rape. We are anxious to remove these great evils in the only way they can be removed. Therefore we combat the prejudice against variety. And for that purpose we give our experience—that variety does not produce the evils alleged; that varietists, released from restraint, are good companions, and everlasting lovers; that their children are born well; that their domestic life is happy; that, among them, common love of one object is not a cause of hate but sympathy.

And, because this is experience, not dogma, we impose it upon no one. Let those who feel moved to, try it—*voilà tout*.

It cannot be that Mr. Parkhurst thinks his "Sociological Lessons" new. Lessons are given in subjects already systematized, by persons versed in them, to persons ignorant of them. Mr. Parkhurst, then, supposes that Lucifer's readers are not familiar long since with all he has said,—and the answer. I can imagine no better plan to show the contrary than offering, by way of parallel, the following:

#### THEOLOGICAL LESSONS.

No. 1.

Nothing can be made by nothing. Therefore what is either always has been or had a Maker.

No. 2.

What is, has not always been. I was not, sixty years ago. Therefore what is had a Maker.

No. 3.

The Maker of anything cannot put into it what he has not got. But there is intelligence in what now exists. Therefore the Maker of what now exists has intelligence.

No. 4.

Intelligence is threefold, implying subject, object and consciousness. Therefore the Maker of what now is, is Three is One.

No. 5.

Goodness exists now. Therefore the Maker of what now exists is good.

No. 6.

Goodness is opposed to evil. Therefore the Maker of what now is must punish the doers of evil.

No. 7.

The greatest of evils is to conceive wrongly of the Creator. But the Creator is threefold. Therefore he must send all to hell who do not believe in the Trinity.

I could easily go on thus to No. 1001. But I have said enough to illustrate the fallacy of Mr. Parkhurst's method, which necessarily vitiates his conclusions. It is the method in vogue before Bacon,—the method of reasoning syllogistically from commonplace assumptions. It is the oldest method in the world, because the most simple and obvious. Everybody, accordingly, knows all about it, conclusions and all. "Lessons" which embody it are a perfect case of "teaching one's grandma to knit." It is fit only for conservative polemics against new truth. All who have been initiated into a newer and better method know that new truth can be discovered thus only in the pure mathematics, where we start with absolutely definite ideas. In all other studies we have to start with ideas more or less indefinite. To syllogize with them is only to get farther away from truth. We must improve them by observation and experiment. And, in so doing, we must discard the naked, barren diction of geometry; which no inductive philosopher introduces into anything else. All this Mr. Parkhurst knows, when his prejudices do not govern him. In exact science, he has done excellent service by discarding arbitrary assumption, prohibition of observation and experiment, and conservative jargon. If he adopts a different style of reasoning—the style of a fifteenth century schoolman—in economic matters, that is because here he has no new ideas, and because the old ones can be made to look as if they had a case against the new only by clothing them in the pseudo-scientific robes of a philosophy obsolete, like themselves.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Norman's cry of alarm soon brought the others to his side. To the question, "What shall be done with him?" Alice replied,

"Bring him in immediately."

So the inanimate form was lifted and carried inside, not to

the heated rooms but to one where the fire had gone out, leaving it cold and chill. Imelda and Cora stood with clasped hands, a frightened look in their eyes; looking at each other, expecting what they dared not think or breathe aloud.

The body of the unfortunate man had been carried past them without either having caught even a glimpse of the white face, leaving them in cruel uncertainty as to the identity of its owner. Norman spoke of procuring a doctor when Paul Arthurs spoke:

"With the kind permission of all present I offer my service, as I am a physician." This was news, and under the circumstances a very agreeable surprise. The offer was most gladly accepted. Requesting Wilbur and Norman to lend their assistance Doctor Arthurs began the work of trying to resuscitate the seeming dead body, and for two long hours the three worked hard and faithfully. When they had about given up all hope of recalling the fleeting spark the discovery was made that the blood was beginning to circulate while faintly perceptible respiration gave hope of returning consciousness. After a thorough cleansing the body was wrapped in a soft, warm blanket and put to bed. The chances now were that a life had been saved, but—to what end?

The young physician had made a sad discovery, one which indicated that at best the patient was the victim of an incurable disease. He who lay before them unconscious of his condition, was but a boy in years but already a physical wreck, through the indulgence of a most pernicious sexual habit. Hollow eyes and sunken cheeks told the sad tale. The drawn, white face was encircled by clusters of dark, curling hair; in health he evidently had been a handsome lad. Now his appearance was anything but prepossessing.

"There we see the result of ignorance on the part of some one," spoke up the young physician. "The ignorance of parents in regard to the meaning of childhood, or the ignorance of a boy who did not know, or understand, the meaning of life, and the right uses of life-giving organs and forces."

Neither of the young men had a word to say, but stood with eyes riveted on that ghastly face. Why did that face seem so strangely familiar? and while they looked this strange feeling grew. Like a flash a revelation came to both and their eyes met in a sympathetic glance. Norman became white to the very lips. In Wilbur's eyes was a troubled look, as he met the glance of the other, but across that motionless form he extended his hand to the other who without a moment's hesitation placed his own therein. It was like a compact, this involuntary action, and in that silent clasp there was something conveyed that told to each that they had drawn a step nearer to each other; that in the future they would stand still closer as friends. Wilbur turned to the young physician, pointing to the prostrate form.

"We have made a discovery!"

"And which is—"

"That this unfortunate young man is Frank Ellwood!"

"Frank Ellwood? Who is he?"

"The brother of the sisters, Imelda and Cora Ellwood."

"Ah!" The word was long-drawn and hesitating. Paul Arthurs did not as yet understand; so, briefly as possible, Wilbur related just enough to enable him to grasp the situation.

The young doctor's face became sad and overcast. O, why is this young life blighted? Why should this burden be laid upon those young and tender shoulders? But he felt it would not be for long. Disease, with its fatal clutch, had fastened upon the vitals of the unfortunate young man, and it was only a question of a very short time until the fell destroyer would claim the victim for his own.

When an hour later, with returning consciousness Frank opened his eyes it was to find two fair faces bending over him, faces wherein only love and compassion was to be seen. While Imelda gently brushed the dark hair from the pale face Cora took his hand and laid her face upon it. In his weakness he saw but did not understand. As if their presence brought him

peace and comfort he again closed his eyes and soon the regular breathing told that he was in the land of dreams. Gently, lovingly, the sisters nursed the erring brother back to life, with never a word of reproach for the wasted past. They understood only too well their task would be of but short duration, and when the paroxysms of coughing shook the weakened frame it was all they could do to stay the tears that would well up in their eyes.

But soon the time came when he asked to have their joint presence explained, and it was Cora who told him all—the bitter struggles and experiences of both their lives; of the heavy overhanging clouds, but which clouds were now beginning to show their silver lining.

Frank made no comment. He seemed broken in spirit as well as in body. The once strong and healthy young athlete seemed now only to desire rest and quiet, and when the glad spring time came with its new life and budding joys, its sunshine and song, they folded the waxen hands upon the pulseless breast, decked his coffin with the first sweet flowers of spring and laid the emaciated body away from sight.

Poor boy! Wayward and reckless from his childhood up he had plunged headlong into all the vices that lure passionate youth from virtue's path, and yet—had he sinned more than he had been sinned against? If he had erred, if he had gone wrong, surely he had paid the forfeit. It was a heavy price, that of his young life, and it ill becomes us to sit in judgment upon him. Lawrence and Alice had insisted that he remain an inmate of their home, and a bright sunny room had been placed at his disposal, where he remained until the end.

In the meantime much of interest had transpired, ere the dawn of that sad spring morning. On that memorable night that had brought so much of joy, and also so much of pain—the finding of the long lost brother—our friends had separated as they had at first intended doing, with the difference that those departing had remained a few hours longer at the Westcotts than they had expected. With the feeling of uncertainty as to the fate of the frozen man none experienced a desire to leave until the news came that he would recover, temporarily at least; and when the suspicions of the sisters had proved to be correct—that the unfortunate stranger was indeed their brother, so long dead to them—then, as the hour was very late, whispering words of hope the goodnights were at last spoken. The Wallace sisters with Osmond and Norman as escorts were rapidly driven to their home; Edith's hand had been held just a little longer and closer by the young physician than would seem to have been necessary, and Mrs. Leland had held her boy very close as though the separation about to take place was for an unknown period of time, instead of only one short night,—but finally they were whirled away over the freezing snow, and in due time deposited each at their respective doors.

Mr. Wallace did not often inquire into the doings of his daughters. Long since he gave over the attempt to control their actions, feeling that they could well be trusted. On this occasion, however, the hour had been so unusually late when they had come home that he could not refrain from asking where they had spent the evening, or rather night, as it was in the "wee sma hours" that they had sought their room. A moment Edith hesitated, then,

"At the Westcotts—they are entertaining visitors from Chicago, the belated trains causing us also to be late."

"What possible interest could these strangers have for you that you should remain so late?"

Edith again hesitated before answering. Should she tell the truth? It was extremely distasteful to this pure minded girl to speak a falsehood. She felt she could not possibly keep the fact a secret that her brother was in the city. The sisters exchanged a quick apprehensive glance, then endeavoring to appear calm as possible Edith said:

"The interest might possibly be greater than you think, and you will perhaps agree with me when I tell you that one of them bears the name of Wilbur Wallace."

To be continued.



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WHOLE No. 669.

### Contagious Diseases and Governmental Remedies.

BY ORFORD NORTHCOTE.

[Concluded from last week.]

It has been urged that prostitutes do not object to inspection. It may be that many of them have no particular objection to being medically examined; they can scarcely have more repugnance to that than to the embraces of any old man or diseased wreck being forced upon them by the mistresses of the brothels, but what they do object to is the imprisonment and forcible location in hospital which results from inspection. Bearing in mind that the public idea of a prostitute is that she is a woman to be kicked into the gutter if necessary, it is not surprising that the hospitals devoted to the case of diseased prostitutes are institutions dreaded like prisons. As described by those who have seen them they are for the most part horrible dens, overcrowded, badly ventilated, and remarkable for a lack of decency in their appointments. Add to this the prison-like regime that pertains and it is no matter for wonder that women dread the inspection which may be the forerunner of such imprisonment.

Another difficulty in the way of enclosing all prostitutes in registered houses is that men do not always desire to enter brothels. If it be a fallacy in economics, it is certainly not a fallacy in morals, that the demand creates the supply. Why men's desires run counter to the official segregation of women in registered houses is fairly obvious. The implicit obedience usually demanded of the inmates, the privilege of refusal not being allowed even where the most repugnant of clients is concerned, robs sexual intercourse there obtainable of every vestige of romance. And most men prefer that some resemblance to wooing and winning shall characterize their amours even when they are of a mercenary nature. A meeting with a clandestine prostitute can be made to resemble an intrigue; an impossibility where the inmates of a brothel are concerned, however beautiful they may be, and however luxurious their surroundings. Free men prefer intercourse with free women rather than with slaves. So that the efforts of the police to enclose all polyandric women in brothels would continually be rendered abortive by the desires of men for women not so enclosed.

An additional advantage men have with clandestine prostitutes is that these women, not being compelled to accept the advances of every client, may exercise some choice, and not submit themselves to men whom they have reason to suspect are diseased. But however charming an inmate of a brothel may be, a man who intends to enjoy her can never be assured that she has not previously had thrust on her, in spite of her repugnance, the embraces of an obviously syphilitic client. That this does constitute an additional danger is borne out by facts. M. Bels, a burgomaster of Brussels, in 1881, backed his proposition for the regulation of prostitution by a table of figures, which, curiously enough, gives the percentage of diseased women from the registered houses as greater than that from

the isolated class, in the proportion of forty-nine to thirty four per cent. In England again, the Contagious Diseases Acts were not proved to be beneficial. For statistics the reader may be referred to Yves Guyot's monumental work\* on Prostitution, but briefly it may be stated that the results in no wise justified the existence of the Acts. The Army Medical Report for 1872 says:

"The fact remains that the mean rate of admissions for gonorrhoea during the eight years 1865 to 1872 is higher in the protected stations than in those which are not protected."

It has been urged that in 1873, when the system had got well under way, a marked diminution of diseases was recorded. But this is easily explained. In that year Lord Cardwell issued an order to stop the pay of soldiers suffering from venereal disease. This order led to concealment of disease by the men, and also induced humanely minded army surgeons to misrepresent the nature of the diseases or to pass them as cured before they really were so, in order to secure the men their pay. All that the Acts can be said to have done was to diminish the cases of non-syphilitic disease, or rather to diminish the cases returned as such. In spite of this decrease, the proportion of men constantly ill with syphilis remained the same after the Acts were passed as before.

The Royal Commission in its report for 1871, five years after the passing of the Act of 1866 concludes thus:

"It is in no wise proved that any diminution of the number of venereal cases in the men of the army and navy is attributable to a corresponding diminution of cases of illness resulting from the application of periodical inspections of the women with whom these men have relations."

In the enquiry of 1881 Mr. Fowler said to Surgeon General Lawson:

"A man runs more danger of catching true syphilis in subjected stations than in others?" Surgeon General Lawson was obliged to answer "Yes." (2, 1801-1809.)

The statistics again, were rendered more favorable to the Acts than otherwise would have been the case, from the fact that when a regiment was going to a station under the Acts, the men were examined previously. This was not done with regiments going from a subjected to an unsubjected station. The subjected stations therefore had the advantage over the others, inasmuch as no syphilitic soldiers were ever allowed to enter.

The arguments here adduced against the compulsory inspection of prostitutes as a prophylactic measure against venereal disease should make its advocates pause. I know they will instantly exclaim "Look at the condition of our army in India as compared with that of the armies of the continent!" It is however to be remembered that there are elements of difference between continental armies and ours which render the comparison an unjust one. Not only is our army much smaller

\*Yves Guyot. La Prostitution. p. 348-370.

than that of either France or Germany, but it is quite differently constituted. The conscript makes no consideration of character in its selection. The consequence is that the French and German armies are much more representative of the average character of Frenchmen and Germans than ours is of the average character of Englishmen. While therefore our soldiers are in the main recruited from the lowest moral and intellectual types of able-bodied men, continental armies include in their ranks citizens of every grade of moral and intellectual fibre. Now an ignorant and drunken soldier of whatever nationality is much more liable to contagion from venereal disease than is an intelligent and sober one. Taking into consideration therefore the facts that we are, as a nation, more intemperate than either France or Germany, and the allied facts that English soldiers are even among Englishmen not noted for sobriety, we may readily see why our army compares so badly with continental armies in the statistics of venereal disease.

If official regulation of prostitution can do nothing towards stemming the syphilitic tide which threatens to flood civilization with a taint which carries scrofula, consumption, lunacy, and probably cancer in its insidious workings, what remedy can be offered? Now, however or wherever the disease originated, and the discovery by Prof. Parrot of syphilitic osteophytes in bones found by Dr. Prunier in the dolmens of La Dozère, which bones belong to the neo-lithic period, points at least to the fact that its origin is of very ancient date—there can be little doubt that the modern system of civilized prostitution is a potent factor in its propagation. Any kind of mercenary sexual intercourse of necessity eliminates affection from the sexual relationship. Where on the one side the object is money, and on the other side mere satisfaction of crude physical desire, affection cannot enter. As a consequence, so that the prostitute receives her fee, and her client obtains his physical satisfaction, neither is moved by the consideration of any probable results which may accrue to the other from the intercourse. If the man convey a complaint to the prostitute it is of little significance to him. The callousness, which is bred by frequent chance mercenary sexual relations is of a kind which creates indifference to the subsequent welfare of the woman with whom the sexual bargain is driven. With the woman this is not less the case. Not only are feelings of affection for her client absent, but often also there is on her side an absence of physical desire, her sexual enjoyment being simulated from mere commercial motives. Further, she is aware that she is held in contempt by the world in general and also by the very man to whose sexual pleasure she is contributing. As a result, her natural feelings of pity are perverted, and, far from concerning herself about the future health of her client, she may even take a fiendish delight in the knowledge that she is probably contaminating him with disease.\*

Prostitution thus being observed to contribute to venereal disease, the popular cry is raised every decade or so to suppress or at least to control it. We have seen that regulation is devoid of effect; and past experiences of attempted repression show the futility of any efforts in that direction. No attempts to cure the evil are likely to succeed which ignore the fact that prostitution in its present form is the outcome of centuries of Christian moral teaching. Christianity having put the ban on sexual intercourse, tolerating it only in marriage, the idea has been fostered that sexual pleasure outside the priestly or legal sanction is sinful. As a direct consequence, the women who lend themselves to men's sinful pleasures have been branded as outcasts and treated as such. Not only have they been allowed no social standing, but they have been subjected to the most shocking tyrannies and cruelties. As an instance the tribunal of August 1791 (the year of the adoption by the National Assembly of the Declaration of the Rights of Man) gave the

\*By no means do I wish to impute that all prostitutes are moved by these feelings. As a class they are not less amiable than the rest of the sex. But for their environment, which makes of them outcasts, they would probably be distinguished by generous rather than by malicious motives.

"The said Marie Louise Bertant, *veuve Desbleds*, condemned to be conducted by the executioner into all the squares and crossways of the city of Paris, . . . upon an ass, her face towards the tail, and on her head a straw hat, with a label before and behind, having this inscription 'Corruptress of youth'; to be beaten and scourged with rods on her bare back by the said executioner, . . . to be branded with a hot iron in shape of a *fleur-de-lys* on the right shoulder; this done, to be taken to the House of Correction of the general hospital of La Salpêtrière, and there detained and immured for the time and space of three years."

Not only were prostitutes thus punished but it was considered a crime to be venereally diseased. An ordinance of James IV. of Scotland, dated the 22nd of September, 1497, compelled persons infected with the "big pox" to leave Edinburgh on pain of being branded with a red hot iron on the cheek. At Strassburg it was at one time forbidden to innkeepers, publicans, surgeons and bath-keepers, to treat or receive venereal cases; the hospitals, even those assigned to lepers, were closed to them, and all communication with them was interdicted to the citizens; those that were without resources perished in the streets and in the open country in great numbers.\*

Even at the present day, venereal disease is not on the same footing as other disease. Neither the funds nor the medical services of English sick benefit societies are available for venereally diseased members. The hospital accommodation, both here and on the continent, has been lamentably inadequate. In what hospitals there are, the patients have been treated as criminals, with that kind Christian charity about which we hear so much in connection with hospital work.

Before any real attempt can be made to successfully combat the disease, the popular idea of its shamefulness must be destroyed. This idea induces the patient to conceal his disease as long as possible, and it often drives him to the residence of a quack instead of to the consulting rooms of a properly skilled physician. The surest method of combating the disease is to open all the general hospitals to venereal patients, and by kind treatment, not by compulsion, to induce them to remain till cured.

As for prostitution itself there can be little doubt that free love would considerably reduce its present gigantic proportions. When the ring-fence of the marriage system is broken down, and the youth is enabled to enjoy love relations unsullied by pecuniary considerations; and the adult may satisfy his desire for sexual variety with women similarly inclined, prostitution will be hard put to it to exist. The man who then purchased love relations would be universally despised, as one whose personality was not sufficiently attractive to gain the sexual love of women. Such a sentiment would do more to annihilate prostitution than all the scorn that could possibly be heaped upon the prostitute.

It is finally to be remembered by lovers of liberty that they are sanctioning a very grave danger in lending themselves to an agitation for the reconstitution of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Under a system of regulated prostitution the *police des mœurs* would possibly brand as a prostitute and condemn to undergo regular medical inspection, any woman whose sex relationships were not strictly monogamic. This would give the police a tremendous power, and, with the slackening of the monogamic tie, would place in the hands of the enemies of liberty, a very dangerous weapon. We must not forget how the state of New York suppressed the sexual experiment inaugurated by Father Noyes in Oneida Creek; in spite of the fact that venereal disease was unknown in the community. Under a system of police espionage and inspection no woman belonging to a group of free lovers would be safe. Any such woman would be liable to be seized by the police for registration and medical inspection. Nor should we find the Mrs. Josephine Butler saying them nay.

"Eternal vigilance," said some sage, "is the price of liberty," and it is as true in this respect as in any other.

\*Ann. d'Hyg. 2e serie, 1880, t. IV.



## The Legitimation League.

At the usual monthly meeting of the League, held at Holborn Restaurant, London, on Thursday evening July 1, Mr. John E. Skuse presided, and a good muster of members and friends attended.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre made her first public appearance in England, and bearing introductions from Lillian Harman and others, she received (on her own account and also on account of those friends of hers on the other side of the Atlantic) a most enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Skuse alluded to her work in America and expressed the pleasure that advanced reformers in England felt in welcoming her, and in the name of the Legitimation League, Mr. Skuse wished her every success in her coming lecturing campaign. After a few gracefully chosen words of appreciation from Miss de Cleyre, the meeting proceeded to the business of the evening.

Miss Wardlaw Best opened a debate on the subject "Which Sex is the Greater Sufferer Under Present Sex Conditions." Miss Best is a witty and eloquent speaker, and was followed with close attention by her audience, who delighted in the keen rapiers thrusts into the armor of the enemy which Miss Best gave. She exposed with logical severity, the fallacies of such poor philosophy as is contained in "The Heavenly Twins" and "The Woman Who Did," and established beyond cavil that while the present sex conditions press severely enough on men, women have to endure far greater and more galling suffering. It is only the *free* woman, concluded Miss Best, who can stand any chance at all of happiness.

Dr. Alice Vickery and Dr. Drysdale continued the discussion, the latter stating that in his opinion the English law was positively infamous and unique in its absence of machinery for the legitimation of offspring born out of wedlock.

Mr. Bedfordshire dealt with some minor points not touched upon by Miss Best. Mr. Evacustes Phipson introduced some novel theories of his own of a most amusing character, and Mr. St. John (of the Croydon Brotherhood) expressed the opinion that every evil in life can be traced to some restriction. Miss Hetherley made an interesting speech. Her view was that all the extra sexual duties of a wife, such as those of nurse, cook, etc., should be paid for, and that a man should not imagine he wanted a wife, when his real needs were a wife *and* a housekeeper. Miss Voltairine de Cleyre added an eloquent contribution to the debate, and urged on women the necessity for action as well as complaint. "Be independent if you want independence," "The Woman Who Did—did nothing" were two of her phrases which "caught on."

John Badcock, Jr., emphasized the value of force. "Women," he said, "have a right to all they can get." Mr. Rosenbaum was the only speaker who failed to appreciate Miss Best's splendid address. His criticism was listened to with great good humor by the audience, who laughed heartily at his suggestion that Miss Best was not sufficiently outspoken and that she had not often enough repeated certain expressions. Miss Best made a reply, answering various criticisms; and the customary votes of thanks concluded a delightful evening.

GEORGE BEDFORDSHIRE, HON. SEC.

## In the Arena.

BY NATADORE.

Mr. James has a certain kind of courage after all, but it is of that kind which moved the bull to try to butt the locomotive from the track. He has degenerated from a Falstaff to a common Dogberry. The bull is not worth killing after all. So after calling his attention to a few of his misconceptions, I shall open the fence and let him out.

In ten years reading, I now know of but six anarchistic writers who write intelligently and consistently on that subject. Mr. James is not one of them. It will be very discouraging to the few teachers of anarchism to learn that C. L. James, author of a work on "Anarchy," knows nothing of anarchism.

He confuses Individualism, a purely economic doctrine, with Anarchism which is a doctrine of no government. Anarchism means the entire absence of all government,—opposed to monarchism, democracy, aristocracy, etc. As an individualist, I define Individualism as the doctrine that, under equal privileges and opportunities, each person seeking his own personal welfare is most conducive to social progress,—opposed to communism and state socialism. One can be an Individualist and an Anarchist. Communism, when voluntary, is perfectly consistent with Anarchism also. Everyone but Mr. James can see this. He is not certain that individualists have any rights. He is not certain of anything. I know where I stand. I am and have been for fifteen years an individualist. If there were no invaders of the "rights of man" I would be an anarchist also; but as people still invade, I am in favor of some kind of restraint. I deny that, under the present social environment, human rights can be secured without some rule or guide in conduct. I am an "eliminator." I work for the gradual elimination of all unjust and invasive features from our present social system, recognizing the fact that progress is a product of evolutionary change. I can not see the sense in one's being a thousand years ahead of his time.

Mr. James' contention, for the element of force in his definition of prostitution, shows the mistakes one can make who rummages the dictionaries for Latin phrases to sandwich his articles with. Prostitution, Mr. James, means, if it means anything, the prostitution by a woman of her maternal powers and functions without love and for mere gain. It can and does exist within as well as without marriage. My use of the word prostitution-variety was irony. Sarcasm is lost on Mr. James, and I suppose he will still continue to use the words prostitution-marriage because he seems to have no regard for the feelings of those who still believe in marriage in some form. In Lucifer number 661, Mr. James made an ungentlemanly allusion to all who stand on what he calls the half-way ground. I do not believe in variety as taught by some writers in Lucifer, nor do I believe in law-enforced marriage. I am here again an "Eliminator." I think that all the regeneration, advocated by race-culturists, can be secured by evolving out of our present system all of the invasive features. Here is where I stand, and I do not propose to be abused by people who use invective instead of argument.

Mr. James did not answer my question because he does not know, not because he is a coward. His placing the greater part of the responsibility on the father, and then denying him child control, shows what fantastical conclusions may be reached by those who have no system. Should one lead Mr. James' nine or ten-year-old child away with its consent, Mr. James would say "good." He, or no one else that I have seen, places any limit whatever to such invasions. I stand to one fixed by nature. You are not certain where you are. According to your theory, you could lead my child away before she had reached the age when reason begins to play some part in willing and doing. You seem to sneer at the idea that one can be a victim of a weak organization. If this is not true, there is nothing in heredity at all. Lucifer may as well turn off the light. I am as certain, as one can well be, that there are persons so constituted that no amount of training and education will enable them to be anything else but victims for the designing and perfidious. Let us teach and train certainly, but we can not change the leopard's spots. Let Mr. James read Maudsley's "Body and Will" and "Body and Mind," and he will have a little more charity for those who differ from him on the so-called "age of consent."

Read up on Anarchism, Individualism, and the Free Moral Agency question; use less vituperation and invective; cultivate a kindlier spirit; and we will get along better in the future, and thereby prepare the way for Anarchism. Let him out.

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY 28, 97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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E. C. WALKER, Advertising Manager, 2089 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

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## Law the Cause, Liberty the Cure.

The series of articles entitled "Contagious Diseases and Governmental Remedies," contributed by our English correspondent, Orford Northcote, and which series is concluded in this issue, should be printed in pamphlet form and given a wide circulation. As such it would doubtless take its place as one of the best demonstrations of the futility of "State regulation of Vice" ever made to the English speaking public. Not only is the futility of such regulation demonstrated but the vastly more important fact that all such attempts at regulation and suppression really produce and perpetuate the evils they are claimed to be intended to mitigate or prevent.

When will mankind learn that "governments," state and church, are instituted and perpetuated not for the protection of the weak against the strong but for the protection of the strong in their schemes to rob the weak; not for the promotion of justice and equality but for the promotion of inequality and privilege; not for the prevention of vice and the promotion of virtue, but, first of all, to give employment to those who do not like to work and who want easy and profitable jobs of governing those who are willing to work; and secondly, to demonstrate the necessity, or the apparent necessity, for the perpetuation of their own existence.

In no way do governments by authority—church and state, secure acquiescence in or submission to the burdens imposed upon their victims so easily and so surely as in and by their invasive regulation of the appetite and the functions of sex, including, of course, the reproduction of the race. The evils of abuse and of misdirection in the realm of sex are apparent to the most superficial observer. Church and state, the priest and the judge, find in this abuse and misdirection their opportunity. They say, "Behold the evidence of human depravity. Men and women are too weak and too depraved to govern themselves in this most important relation of life. Hence the necessity of law and government."

For uncounted thousands of years mankind have been victimized by this specious reasoning. Slowly, very slowly, but it is hoped very surely, a few women and men are awaking to see that the evils of ignorance and misdirection are not removed but aggravated and perpetuated by church-state regulation, and that intelligent self-control is the only cure for these evils. In other words that

LIBERTY AND RESPONSIBILITY TO SELF-HOOD is the only salvation from the consequences of unregulated sex passion.

Macaulay's sententious saying, "the cure for the evils of

Liberty is more liberty," embodies a truth not less important to be remembered than that other famous maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

JOHN HAY, who now receives a salary of \$17,500 a year as United States ambassador to the court of St. James, finds that "loafing round the throne" is a "durned sight better business" than writing dialect verse.

JUDGE SMITH of Chicago censured a jury last week for failing to agree on a verdict in a burglary case. He said the evidence was as clear and plain as it was possible to make it and he was surprised at the action of the jury. The same day in the same city Judge Goggin discharged a jury for acquitting a prisoner whom the judge thought guilty, saying, "I don't want such a jury here." Trial by jury in Chicago seems to mean trying to guess the opinions of the judges.

JOHN CERWINSKA was fined five dollars and costs by Justice Sabath in Chicago last week for distributing anarchistic literature at a labor demonstration. The Chicago "Chronicle" in noting the fact says: "The wording of the circular is comparatively harmless and the fine was suspended later, as it was shown that the prisoner was a hard-working man." Comparatively harmless! In comparison with what? It is lucky for Mr. Cerwinski that he was not seeking for work instead of being a "hard-working man."

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

OVERPRODUCTION. Overproduction is usually only a relative evil, a smaller benefit than the labor promised to give. The labor is lost; it might have been better applied; but it seldom diminishes the value of the material used. If a farmer's crop of corn is too great to sell, he can at least burn it; it costs him nothing to get rid of it. If weaving mills produce millions of yards of cloth which is not needed, it can be kept until it is needed; and in the meantime the reduced price will benefit consumers. The loss of employment opens the way for other employment. The evil is not in the production, but in stopping production while the surplus is selling. It arises from the want of a systematic employment of labor. So new inventions which give us wealth without labor, often entail much loss upon those whose labor is made useless, simply because there is no constant provision for employment.

Suddenly accumulated wealth often stands in the position of overproduction; it is an apparent or relative evil, failing to produce the advantages which might be expected from it, because it takes time for the new holders to learn how to employ it; yet so long as it is not squandered it is a power in reserve, capable of benefiting the whole community.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Wallace, who was just partaking of his morning meal, arrested midway the cup which he was about placing to his lips and stared at his daughter as if he had not heard aright.

"Who? What is that you say?"

"Wilbur Wallace," repeated Edith with slightly trembling voice. Slowly the cup that was poised in mid air was again replaced upon the table.

"Do you mean to say that it is your brother to whom you refer?"

A slight inclining motion of the head was Edith's only answer. She almost feared to look at her father, and when she did so she found the strong man had turned deathly pale; his lips twitching nervously, and presently with a gasping sound came from his lips:

"Wilbur! Wilbur!" and his head sank upon his hand, in

which attitude he remained a long while, then slowly, without again speaking, he rose, donned overcoat and muffler and went out into the crisp, wintry, morning air. His manner was a mystery. The girls looked at each other and shook their heads.

In the evening when they again met at the family table he looked more like himself but was strangely quiet, not at all like the Elmer Wallace who was wont to carry himself with an air of such importance and assurance. Even his wife took note of the matter and inquired as to the reason, but received no answer for her pains.

Several days thus passed by. Regularly each evening after supper a span of horses with a dashing cutter drove up to the door; a youthful driver would spring therefrom and would carefully tuck the waiting girls therein and drive away, returning always a little before midnight. Then there was a change. Beside the boyish figure a more manly one had taken its place. Tall and well built, every movement of that form betokened health and strength. At such times the face of another and older man could be seen at the window, watching the figure of the younger man as he sprang to meet the girls. Eagerly he listened to catch the sound of the voice speaking words of greeting to the sisters, watched him tuck the robes closely about them, heard his deep-toned laughter mingle with their silvery ripples, and in a few seconds more they would disappear. Long hours would intervene, but when the tinkling bells announced their return, as though it had been watching for their advent, the face at the window was always there, until the good nights were spoken and the merry music of the bells was lost in the distance.

But Mr. Wallace never asked for his son; though deep down in his heart a longing was making itself manifest. Now that he knew that his first born was once more near him in the same city, to look into his eyes, to clasp him to his bosom, to have a share in his life, was a desire that was daily growing upon him. Yet he could not bring himself to sue for it. Day by day the longing grew stronger until it became almost unbearable. This longing was the more strongly felt when he glanced at his younger children, the result of his second marriage. All of them, the whole four, had not been sent, this season, to boarding school, as they were not at all well, and they had made life anything but pleasant for the rest of the household. The eldest boy, Homer, the father had hoped would soon have been ready to graduate, but the lad showed an unaccountable aversion towards his books. He was surly, sullen and irritable, with a languor of manner that caused the parents to fear that he might be breeding some fever. The others were no better. Elmer was hollow-eyed and nervous. The girls, Hattie and Aleda, were fretful and hysterical to a degree that made life a misery to those about them.

The parents were anxious and fearful, pampering them in mistaken kindness, thereby making perfect tyrants of them all. Only Edith and Hilda would not submit to the whimsical demands of the younger children, and when Mrs. Wallace complained and lamented about the ill health of her darlings Edith would reply:

"Insist on it that they all take exercise every day—exercise of a nature that will tax their strength, and ere long you will see a change."

"Yes, I am sure there would be a change. You certainly are the most heartless girl I have ever met. Compel my sick children to work? I believe it would please you if they should die, for that is what such a course would result in, I am sure."

Mr. Wallace would look at them, then at the bright and cheerful faces of his eldest daughters. Then he would remember the face and figure of the stalwart young man whose movements he had of late been watching from the window and would wonder how it was that the children of the delicate Erna should be healthy and robust while these younger children, whose mother was apparently so strong and healthy, should be so delicate, apparently candidates for early graves. More than ever he longed to be reconciled to his first born. But his



stubborn will would not bend. Had Wilbur come to him he would have welcomed him with open arms, but that he should go to Wilbur his iron will and stubborn pride would not permit. So he stifled the voice of his heart, only he could not cast out the longing therein, and day by day he grew more restless, dissatisfied and irritable while the state of affairs at home grew daily more unpleasant.

One day, it was clear and frosty, Mr. Wallace was on his way home to dinner, walking along at a brisk pace. Part of his way lay along the railway track, when at a short distance ahead of him he saw a boyish figure in which he recognized his son Homer. The boy was walking at a very slow pace with downcast eyes seemingly forgetful of his surroundings when the rumbling of the wheels of an approaching train was heard. The boy however, paid no heed. Mr. Wallace gave a cry of warning but the boy was so lost in thought that he never heard. The train was approaching at an alarming rate of speed.

"Homer! Homer!" the distracted father cried, but unconcerned the boy walked on. Mr. Wallace started on a run but despaired of reaching him. He repeated his warning cry when suddenly the boy tripped and stumbled, almost fell—recalling him to himself, but the nearness of the approaching train, the certainty of impending fate seemed to stun him and he stood stock still, with white set face, awaiting the coming shock. Mr. Wallace calling again, "Homer! Homer! quick aside," covered his eyes with his hand so as not to witness the dread disaster.

The next moment the train went speeding by, sending the icy chills through his veins. Dreading to look up, expecting to see only the mangled remains of his child Mr. Wallace with white lips and blanched face, opened his eyes to see a stalwart, manly figure, a face encircled by clustering dark locks, lit up by piercing black eyes, and in his arms holding the half fainting form of Homer.

The revulsion of feeling was so great that the strong man reeled, and when he saw and recognized who it was that had been the savior of his boy a film gathered over his eyes. He staggered as he made his way to where the stranger stood, still clasping the careless boy in his arms. Both hands were outstretched to clasp those of the rescuer but the stiff lips refused to articulate the words he would have spoken.

By this time Homer had recovered himself sufficiently to free himself from the firm clasp, and to say,

"All right, old man! No need of being so scared. I have not gone to 'kingdom come'—not just yet."

But not on the boy were the eyes of Mr. Wallace riveted. As if fascinated they hung upon that other young face while his own was working strangely.

"I presume you are the father of this young man?" spoke a clear, full-toned, manly voice.

"Wilbur!" came in husky, broken accents from the pallid lips of Mr. Wallace. "Wilbur, do you not know me?"—in a hesitating, supplicating manner, extending both hands to the young man.

Wilbur started and changed color, retreating a step and bending a searching glance upon the elder man. "You are—my—"

"Father!" interrupted Mr. Wallace. "Yes, I am your father, and the boy whose life you have just saved is your brother."

The boy, Homer, gave vent to a long drawn whistle,—  
"Say, Gov'nor! this is news. Where did you manage to have him stowed away all this time?"

The face of Mr. Wallace flushed darkly red.

"Homer, I am ashamed of you. You would please me much by being a little less ill-bred." Then turning again to Wilbur and again extending his hand,

"Will you not permit the past to be forgotten? Must I ask in vain that my boy, my first born, will lay his hand in mine?"

The husky pleading of the voice touched Wilbur. After a

few moment's hesitation in which the past seemed to confront him,—in which he seemed to hear the splashing of the icy waters of the Susquehanna river as they closed over the head of the hazel-eyed little mother, so many years ago—a shudder passed through his frame; then his eyes fell upon the boy, almost a young man, but with a sullen look on the otherwise fair face, thereby marring its beauty—the disrespectful manner towards his father, showing an equally marred character. Then his eyes turned to the face of the father who had so long been a stranger to him, and what they saw there again touched his better nature. No! it certainly was not the face of a happy man. There were lines in it that the flight of years alone had not traced. It looked careworn and worried. Slowly, involuntarily his hand was raised and laid in the outstretched palm whose fingers closed about it almost like a vice. Several moments passed ere Mr. Wallace had controlled himself sufficiently to speak, then hurriedly, anxiously,—

"You will go with me? I want you at home."  
Wilbur shook his head, but his father only held his hand the faster.

"I will take no refusal. For once I am going to give Edith and Hilda a pleasant surprise. Come, Homer, we will not keep them waiting at home for us any longer." Without answering the boy turned his steps homeward, while Mr. Wallace drew Wilbur's arm through his.

"You will come I know, and the girls will be happy."  
Half reluctantly and wholly longingly he permitted himself to be led away and almost ere he knew he found himself standing at the door of the well-known house before which of late he had so often stood.

*To be continued.*

WE HAVE received copies of the program of the Spiritualist Camp-meeting at Clinton, Iowa, to be held August 1st to 29th. Address the secretary, Martin H. McGrath, Fulton, Ill.

Also copies of program of the annual convention of the Kansas Freethought Association to be held at Clay Center, August 6th to 10th. Address the secretary, Laura Knox, Norton, Kan.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

John W. Pratt, West Hanover, Mass.:—I enclose fifty cents for my wife, and fifty cents for myself, to enable you to send Lucifer to the addresses of those whom it is desirable to reach. My wife earned the money by picking peas and beans.

L. Roser, Maysville, Ky.:—Enclosed find fifty cents. Please send back numbers of Lucifer from the beginning of "Hilda's Home."

[We have tried to fill all orders like the above, received up to this date. If any have failed to get the numbers they have ordered and paid for we will still fill them as per the old offer. But now that the supply of some of the numbers is running low, the offer at fifty cents is withdrawn, and until further notice the price will be one dollar for the back numbers to 613—the beginning of the story, "Hilda's Home." This is cheaper than the yearly price for Lucifer.]

H. A. Hart, Topolobampo, Mexico:—Enclosed find stamps for which send "Proceedings of the First Kansas Co-operative Congress." I have watched with much interest the controversy growing out of the Putnam-Collins tragedy and am surprised to find that some who have admitted that they believe in the theory of evolution now seem to think that the road has a terminus, that they have traversed the entire line, pulled up at the last station, and assume that all others should have reached there by the same train. The fact is they have been side tracked or ditched and are not conscious of it. A wrecking train may sometime get them on track again when their work will be much more effectual than now. The rightly constituted man or woman needs no external help to enforce compacts of

any kind, if not rightly constituted they will almost invariably call for a bayonet, a sheriff or a mob.

Paolo Lusana, Biella, Italy:—Having read and considered very deeply and carefully your paper, as a true defender of reason, light and thought, and consequently fighter against ignorance and superstition, I have the pleasure to say to you I am very satisfied with it, because it is according to my liberal ideas. These good reasons oblige me to subscribe for it. Please to honor me then with an answer, in order that I may know the foreign subscription price for six months and yearly, too, in Italian money.

[As English money is used all over Europe we say to all inquiries like the above that the price of a year's subscription to *Lucifer* is four English shillings and the postage is one shilling additional, if the paper is mailed every two weeks—two issues in one wrapper, or two shillings additional if mailed every week. International money orders can be bought and sent us at our risk, at the above rates. M. H.]

Geo. Morris Saul, Boston, Mass.:—On June 28th ult. I paid Mr. E. C. Walker one dollar for a year's subscription to *Lucifer*, but I regret to say that after reading the July number I must ask you to discontinue sending me the paper. I can't endorse its leprous policy, and I don't want its contaminating influence about my office, or my home. If I had known the nature of *Lucifer's* teachings my subscription would never have been given. I shall not ask you to return the subscription money, but please do not send me any more copies of the paper, or else they will find a place in my waste basket.

[One of the objects of the column, "Various Voices," is to show what the readers think of *Lucifer* and its teachings. Mr. Saul seems to have made up his mind after reading one number only. If we may judge from the experience of many others whose first impressions were adverse, if Mr. Saul had been patient and fair-minded enough to read the paper for a few months he would have seen that first impressions are not always reliable, and that instead of condemnation he would then have had only words of commendation and approval.]

Ellis A. Jennings, M. D., Masonic Temple, Chicago:—The picnic which I attended last Sunday at your request was a most enjoyable outing. It is some twenty-five years since I went to a picnic and the people who composed this one seemed to thoroughly enjoy the coming together of kindred souls. The most note-worthy incidents were: Not the least inharmonious among the children—there were about ten or twelve of them. Are freethinkers' children less quarrelsome than other peoples? Another point was the entire absence of unfriendly and unkindly remarks about each other, or in fact about any one or any thing; no criticism whatever. There were old school physicians and reform or new school physicians,—there were Eclectics, Hydropaths, Vegetarians and meat eaters; Socialists, Philosophical Anarchists and Agnostics; Materialists and Spiritualists; Individualists and Collectivists, all in one gathering, each respecting the right of the other, to individual thought and action. We discussed various projects, and while some thought revolution the only hope, others were equally certain that by educational evolution all the wrongs of our present civilization could be righted.

It was a positive treat to me, and I shall always feel grateful that I accepted your hospitable invitation and kindly escort to that memorable picnic. The people practiced their proposed beliefs and perfect liberty was accorded to all—even the children observed law and order as is rarely seen. Our hostess, Dr. Westrup, shed sunshine upon all her guests, and music, anecdote and song enlivened the hours, and before we knew it darkness was upon us. Peace, harmony and good will abounded and could some of the carping critics have been present methinks they would reverse their ungenerous judgment.

May *Lucifer* picnics come often, and may the genial editor

renew life's lease four score and ten upon the original four score or allotted time.

Tom Reece in "The Firebrand":—I had occasion to attend a meeting of the Legitimation League [in London]. The lecture was clever, pungent, ironical, but not connected. There was a splendid contrast between the halting, almost shame-faced, wooing of the present day, and the plain direct avowal of affection of the ancient Egyptian woman who did not scorn to invite her lover to lie with her. He dealt with the evils which had been fastened on sex-union by the law-mongers and moralists; the repression of love under asceticism and its consequent rebound to a state where, in the words of Zola, the "man dines with a brunette and sups with a blonde;" the suppression of spontaneity by calculation; and finally he made out a splendid case for full freedom in love as in all things, concluding with the line of Byron's, "Love is only for the free."

Miss Best, the chairman, made a plea for the ownership of the children by the mother, advocated complete liberty in sexual relationships and on the question of the support of offspring and mothers, believed that all men should support all the mothers and children, and not any individual man support any individual woman. Henry Seymour dealt with the physiology of love and spoke of the absurdity of punishing people for falling in love. He believed in the monogamic ideal but based upon careful, even scientific choice—the two parties should be physically complementary of each other. He thought that the physical requirement of sexual intercourse required study, and that the union of opposite temperaments produced the best offspring. The indebtedness of England to America for her literature of free love was emphasized by the fact that the three books quoted during the meeting were Rudenbusch's "Old and New Ideal," Sadie Fowler's "Road to Freedom," and Moses Harman's "Creed of a Free Lover."

[The correct title of Mr. Harman's pamphlet is "A Free Man's Creed."]

Leroy Berrier, Minneapolis, Minn.:—I am much pleased with Dr. Foote's articles. A thought comes to me on love and its endurance. We hear much of the necessity of physical affinity as the basis of lasting love. This is all right, and there should be psychical affinity also; but I believe the affinities are all right in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred where there is love in the early days of marriage. I do not think the endurance of love depends upon affinities alone. It is the ideal, the soul glories, that gives love endurance. It is the ability of man and woman to see ideal qualities and perfections in each other, that gives endurance and fervor to the "holy flame." The greatest and most lasting love accompanies an exalted character and soul. During the love of early marriage there is an exaltation of character and soul, and each of the lovers sees ideal perfections and qualities in each other. This is the blissful state, and the heart and soul cry out for its continuance, but, alas, in most cases it is fleeting; and why? Simply through ignorance and disobedience of the laws that make possible its continuance. When the most intimate love relations are intelligently regulated, and are the expression of the desire of two loving souls to intermingle, become one, and enter the realm of blissful harmony, their loves not only endure, but strengthen. How few lovers ever learn how to love and experience its bliss. Knowledge is the fountain of the elixir of love and life.

I value *Lucifer* because it is disseminating this knowledge. I hope the five hundred dollars can be raised. The expenses of a United States court trial and a fine prevent me from subscribing what I should like to give. I am also trying to get out some new revised editions of my pamphlets. The new edition of "Sexuality and its Functions," the pamphlet I was arrested for sending, will sell for fifty cents and it contains as much as the three pamphlets that a certain professor is selling for ten dollars each. If the *Lucifer* readers will purchase this pamphlet I will subscribe the proceeds to the five hundred dollar fund.

669.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 4, E. M. 297, [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 670.

### Paragraphs.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

It is now in order for the W. C. T. U. to pass a resolution thanking the Santa Fe railroad officials for issuing an order forbidding its employees from entering liquor saloons when either on or off duty.

Joseph Wilfkowski of Jersey City was fined last week for speaking his wife because she refused to obey him. Is it possible a man has no longer the right in New Jersey to do as he pleases with his own property?

James Max of Chicago, drew a revolver on his wife one day last week. The woman took the weapon from him and beat him over the head with it until he fled from the house yelling for protection. Make your own comments.

The Indiana supreme court decided that the law fixing street car fares at three cents was constitutional. Judge Showalter of the federal court has decided that it is unconstitutional. A corporation with money enough seems to have no trouble in getting a final court decision in its favor.

One of the fiercest antagonists of the Roman Catholic church is Justin L. Fulton, a Baptist clergyman. One of the most grievous offences the Roman church is charged with is the sale of indulgences. And yet the great Baptist University in Chicago was built by the sale of indulgences to Rockefeller.

Governor Tanner was hissed by a crowd of people as he passed the Masonic Temple at the head of his staff in the parade in honor of the unveiling of the John A. Logan monument in Chicago, July 22. But the people of Chicago are not losing their respect for government. They would vote for another governor tomorrow if it was election day.

Meddlesome Comstock has again caused the arrest of Book-seller George H. Richmond in New York City for selling Gabriel D'Annunzio's "The Triumph of Death." Richmond was arrested last April at Comstock's instigation and the state court decided the book was not immoral. Now the federal court is to pass on the question. If the friends of personal liberty had half of Comstock's zeal such outrages would soon cease.

Much indignation is occasionally expressed at the arrest of Salvation Army people on charges of disturbing the peace by holding street meetings. These arrests are outrageous and every lover of personal liberty must condemn the practice. But how many sympathisers with the arrested Salvationists would protest at the arrest of a person who delivered an address in the public streets in opposition to the sexual enslavement of women?

Monopolies created by the government are not always

profitable. A firm which had secured the exclusive privilege of selling mail boxes in Chicago from which carriers were to collect letters at private residences, sent out 200,000 circulars to householders offering the boxes for sale and after two months canvass sold only four boxes. Cheaper and better boxes might be purchased elsewhere, but carriers are not permitted to collect from any boxes except those furnished by the firm having the government's sanction.

### Variety vs. Monogamy.\*

BY E. C. WALKER.

This is an explosive question, and it argues much for the Catholicity and open-mindedness of this society that the subject was selected. And it is a hopeful indication that it is a woman's society which ventures to grapple with the problem—woman being deemed the conservative, the "saving" force, the one power capable of preserving civilization by preventing the acceptance of new ideas, the development of unaccustomed thought.

The discussion of "Variety vs. Monogamy" falls under two general heads.

a. A variety of forms of marriage or sex association *versus* an enforced, a proscriptive morality.

We have all forms, as a fact, but there is only *one* recognized, legal, "moral" form. Nearly all men sometimes violate the orthodox code, to the full limit, and nearly all women violate it in some degree short of the full limit, as in thought and in various caresses of look and touch.

The situation thus created is analogous to that in a state where all but one religion are proscribed. Persons believe variously but must ostensibly accept the creed of the state church, or run the risk of punishment. As the attempt to enforce uniformity in religious beliefs makes *religious* hypocrites, so the attempt to enforce uniformity in sexual relations makes *moral* hypocrites.

The penalties may be legal, social, or mobocratic. That is, uniformity may be enforced through the physical violence set in operation by the law, through the fear inspired by the society, political, business and professional boycott, or through the extra-statutory violence of the mob, or through the combined action of two or more of these powers.

But the wide diversity in development caused by geography, climate, race, education, and many other factors of growth render it as impossible to secure a real, a just and healthful uniformity, in the relations of the sexes as it is to secure a like uniformity in religious belief.

We contend, then, *first*, for variety in systems, so to speak, of sex expression. In other words, we contend for *free love*, for free love as against any form of state marriage, the recognized form here being monogamy.

\* A condensed report of Talks Before the Ladies' Liberal League, of Phila.

So far, then, this is a question of Liberty, primarily.

b. One love versus two or more loves.

The Catholic and some others stand for monogamy both now and hereafter, here and in heaven. Most Protestants admit the morality of remarriage, after the death of one companion, thus practically announcing themselves in favor of monogamy here but of polygamy and polyandry in heaven. And even of a tandem sort of both here, secured through divorce or death, with remarriage.

Most Freethinkers, rejecting the theology, but slavishly accepting the ethics, of the church, denounce contemporaneous polygamy and polyandry but look with favor on the tandem kind just mentioned.

After the attainment of liberty (of free love) the question will be one of variety versus monogamy in individual expression of love. This is a question of experience, (of experiment,) of taste, of health, of method. Profiting, as the wise individual must, by the experience of the past, yet it is his own life that teaches him most. The experience of no other person can be a sure guide for him. Much less can that other person's theories, his generally disregarded theories, furnish him with a safe chart of the ocean of existence. His taste may not be the best, it may be very deficient, but the taste of no other person can take its place and give equal satisfaction. In the matter of physical health, experience can give us better rules than all the moralists and panacea-brewers can lay down. It can never safely be assumed that what is best for one is best for any other man or woman. No one's method of seeking happiness can properly and advantageously be determined by one alien to his thought and feeling.

As to what I think may be under liberty, there probably will always be some individuals who will be monogamic. But, as a rule, it will be a peculiar nature that can be satisfied with that and attract one only. Still less frequently will the two complements meet. And, finally, perfect complements are practically unthinkable—the more complex the organism the more difficult to find the complement.

In the less differentiated organisms, almost if not any male of a given variety is acceptable to a female of that variety, and vice versa, and one at a time or during life satisfies all requirements. Increasing complexity renders this mating more and more difficult. Points of possible divergence are multiplied until it may take many individuals of the opposite sex to fully complement the finely organized woman or man. The conclusion, therefore, must be that monogamy represents a comparatively undeveloped physical, emotional, intellectual and social state.

To the probable objection that history shows that monogamy is surely supplanting polygamy and polyandry, and that a fair inference is that it will also drive out free variety, it is to be replied that economic development, under certain climatic and geographical conditions, is chiefly responsible for the change so far made, that the same influence is undermining monogamy in its turn, and that the legal dominance of monogamy has in no wise lessened the sum-total of non-monogamic relations.

The seemingly irresistible tendency is toward individuation. Unless a reactionary cataclysm sweeps us backward into barbarism, the individual is to be the social and sexual unit, as he is now, in theory, at least, the religious and political unit. Slavery in its many forms, the patriarchal family, the clan, the tribe, the monogamic family, denied and deny the common denominator, the individual. All these subordinated many or one to a few or to another one. Their units were always complex or fractional, or, rather, the social and political unit was a compound of fractions of individuals.

The extinction of superstitious moralism, and the complete economic independence of woman, sends monogamy into the same limbo with polygamy and other forms of female dependence and therefore of female subservience and degradation.

So much by way of explanation of the asserted and super-

ficially apparent tendency toward sexual monogamy. Now to repeat, in substance. No rule is applicable to all or to any considerable number, or to the same individuals for life or even for many years. I will now give some of the main divisions and sub-divisions of varietists.

Some are practical monogamists and theoretical varietists. Unfavorable environments and timidity of disposition are chiefly responsible for this contradiction between thought and life. Others are theoretical monogamists and practical varietists. These constitute the great army of the hypocritical Philistines.

Next we find contemporaneous varietists and consecutive varietists. Some alternate swiftly between variety and monogamy. Others are varietists in young manhood and womanhood and monogamists in later life. Feeling usually dominates in both periods, and cooling passions and lessened vigor are mistaken for increasing virtue and augmenting wisdom. From this class come many of the most imbecile and malignant recruits to the army of persecution. In sharp contrast with the sub-division last named, is that composed of those who were monogamists in the romance period of youth and varietists in the years of accumulated knowledge. In spite of all stumblings, these keep their eyes fixed on an ideal, but the ideal is transformed under the chiseling hand of experience.

Once more, we find some who are varietists in health and monogamists when ill, seemingly learning nothing from their own past. Next we have varietists loving two or more with an approximately equal affection. Then comes the varietist who loves one very much and others with far less intensity and persistence. Another has a central love with subsidiary loves at one time, with approximately equal loves at another.

Some varietists change lovers with moderate frequency, and still others perhaps not at all. There are varietists who ever remain the friends of their old lovers, while other varietists always or generally lose all interest in their lovers, after a time. Again, there are varietists who retain some old lovers as friends and comrades while forgetting others.

In short, there are as many kinds of varietists as there are classes of individuals.

Monogamy means possession, and possession means slavery, either of law, social restraint, or of habit. We are not happy when we are jealous and we are sure to be jealous if we believe in exclusive possession and love an object worth appropriating. Honestly accepting freedom of the affections, and variety, we realize that attraction is not within the control of the will, and that we can hold all that is ours and no more. So we shall cease to rave and murder. No matter what we may desire, equilibration means the cessation, for the time, and perhaps forever, of the attraction, and we must turn elsewhere or starve. Fretting will not help us, killing will not help us, despair is foolish.

Variety is the moderator, the assuager, the comforter. Whether our paths diverge while life remains to both or whether the scythe of death sweeps between us, the blade of grief is dulled and peace and joy come again to us in the hand-clasp and on the lips of lovers, old or new, one or many.

### From Morality to Savoir Faire.

Programme for a new chapter in White's "Conflict of Science with Theology."

BY C. L. JAMES.

[Continued.]

It is impossible to overrate the importance of that revolution in philosophy generally which was effected by Francis Bacon. That truth is, as assumed by other philosophers, the end of inquiry; but that the only evidence of having found truth is ability to do something; that this ability is acquired solely by observation and experiment; that observation and experiment, not speculation and controversy, are, accordingly the real business of truth seekers; these are those radically new

ideas, which, in physics, chemistry, biology, "sociology," nay, even in mathematics and religion, have displaced, or are displacing, dogma, declamation, persecution, and other familiar methods of theology by those of science.

Except theologians, no class of thinkers have welcomed the innovation so coldly as their nearest congeners, the moralists. Bacon advised them to discard such insoluble problems as the grounds of moral obligation and the freedom of the human will, —to attempt discovering what are "the actual effects produced by particular modes of education, by the indulgence of particular habits, by the study of particular books, by society, by emulation, by imitation." To a limited extent teachers, alienists and penologists, have followed this excellent advice. But professed writers on ethics have usually preferred to tread over again the old straw left by Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, Pyrrho and Epicurus. The Egoist and Aristocrat, like the Epicurean and Stoic before them, continue to repeat their hostile war cries, Virtue and Pleasure, with the old result, that one adds as little to the amount of pleasure as the other to that of virtue. The great progress made since Bacon's time, of which I shall now attempt a summary, has been made for the most part indirectly, by hygienists investigating the laws of health or economists those of riches; but it has been made altogether through the Baconian method above described.

A maxim in high favor with moralists has been that labor is wholesome to mind and body—a very useful maxim it was too, for those who wanted someone else to do the labor! But sanitary science has totally refuted it. Vital statistics show beyond all possibility of doubt that the amount of sickness among every class of laborers is in strict proportion to the amount of their exertion (with one reservation presently to be mentioned); that the death rate, though not quite so strictly conditioned by labor, comes very near it; that the rich, in spite of their luxury, are the longest-lived class, and beggars, in spite of their misery, the next, because they do not work; that labor is more injurious to the body than anything else—out of comparison more so than gluttony, semi-starvation, or the forced idleness of prisoners, who are also a long-lived class. As for the effect of labor on the mind, it is equally clear that bodily labor makes men dull and stupid. Mental labor is doubtless better for the mind than idleness. Statistics do not show that it is for the body. They do show that it is much less injurious to the body than muscle work—for the obvious reason that, though fully as foreign to many people's instincts, it requires far less expenditure of physical force. But educational science also teaches that there is a medium between idleness and labor, in which body and mind both are at their best. "The play-institut is the creative instinct." The blowing off of that surplus force accumulated in every healthy organism is not to be called work; but it is the most useful—the only original—exercise of power. It follows that labor is, as was always thought before there were moralists, a primitive curse, and not a primitive blessing. The end of work is to gain time for play by getting rid of work. That "fool's paradise" in which all necessary conservative labor is to be thrown upon machinery, will not be a paradise for fools but the true Elysium of mind.

An outdoor life was always recommended—for the edification of peasants, soldiers, sailors, and other slaves of plutocracy,—till vital statistics began being taken. That one exception they show to our rule of labor's being the chief cause for sickness and death is that exposure to the elements counts for pretty near as much as mere strenuousness of work. It is true, life averages longer in the country than in cities. But analysis of occupations shows that this cannot depend on outdoor pursuits. It depends on the poisoning of city air and water. Accordingly the comparison is much less striking than when sanitation was less heeded. The death rate in London is now lower per thousand than it once was through England, taking town and country together. As for the boasted innocence of rural life, police statistics show that there is more crime pro-

portionally to population detected in rural districts than cities, though the vigilance of the authorities is far less. A city with railroads, and other facilities, which mix *rus in urbe* with *urbs in rare*—"a cityless and countryless world,"—is the ideal of the future.

It is evident this ideal is inconsistent with the raving craving for a home and a fireside which makes such a tedious cadence in Colonel Ingersoll's lectures. The good wife who carded wool, spun, wove, cooked and brewed; the *atrium*, the "black room," the one smoke-blackened room of an Italian hut, which contained the Lares and Penates, the fire of Hestia, and the *lectum genialis*, was no doubt a pleasant ideal—in the days of Virgil's Georgics. But it is gone, never to return. It is going further every day. The new woman, who reads, writes, speaks, votes, follows a profession, lives in a boarding house, lives where she will, and owns her offspring, is a product of railroads, factories, telephones, ocean cables, and other such Baconianisms, who may decline if they do, but must increase if they increase.

And now comes Malthus to show us that legal chastity, early marriage, large families, mean slavery, mean inequality of ranks, mean grinding poverty, mean famine, mean war, mean infant mortality, mean everything opposed to all we are seeking, and what is more, are getting.

Moralists have poured unbounded abuse upon illicit trades—theft, gambling, liquor selling, prostitution—without diminishing them an iota. Economic science shows that they follow exactly the same economic laws as other trades. They are not diseases but blossoms on the tree of law-protected capitalism; and must grow as long as it does. And so of other wicked trades, as war. Parsimony is a virtue which intemperate and egoistic moralists have usually agreed to recommend—the former from prejudice against "luxury," the latter—never mind. But it does not require much reflection to see that hoarding money can benefit the individual only at expense of the world—that exchange causes production, and production wealth—that a penny saved is absolutely two pence wasted.

Charity was a virtue loudly praised till lately. Since Malthus and Darwin showed it to be "fostering feebles" against that law of natural selection which causes progress by eliminating them, a very decided reaction has occurred. It is now quite seriously proposed to assist nature by sterilizing "feeblies." But, behold! degeneration philosophy appears, to teach that feeblies have their uses. All geniuses are degenerate. To sterilize a possible parent of genius is to run a great risk of doing harm. The inference is obvious. We can recommend no one to "foster feebles," except as his own benevolence constitutes a call upon him to do so at his own cost. But neither can we venture, like Lysurgus, on suppressing them. They must take their chance with the benevolence and other conditions.

The propositions of this article are original in no other way than by being plainly stated, and put all together. Their data may be found in any encyclopedia. But on comparing them with the current dogmas of morality, I think it must be admitted that they make a pretty clean sweep. That absolute individualism indicated by the last one, sums up the essence of them all. Morality in every school and form amounts to forbidding people to do as they please. The fundamental maxim of that *savoir faire* into which we are passing from morality is, "Do as you please;—and hang me if I make any one get you out of the consequences."

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Marriage as a Study in Sociology.

That the marriage institution is one of the most important of all the factors that enter into the social problem will perhaps be admitted by all who have given the subject even a passing or superficial examination. The early history of marriage among all tribes and peoples, shows that women and their labor were considered of great value as merchantable commodities. Whether such was the case under the matriarchate it may be difficult now to determine, but ever since masculine man, by the aid of priestly authority and cunning, came to be considered the head of the family woman's person as breeder of children and her service as household drudge, and as all-around menial, have been considered proper objects of barter and sale.

Thus in the legendary history of the Hebrews—that wonderful Semitic or Arab tribe whose descendants are today the money kings of the earth—the acquisitive propensity is shown by Laban when he compelled his nephew Jacob to serve seven years as pay for his cousin Rachel, and then tricked the long-waiting bridegroom by substituting the ill-favored Leah. And Saul sold his daughter Michal to David, not for the usual dowry of cattle, sheep or asses, but for two hundred "forekins" of the Philistines. (For definition of this unusual commodity, see Webster's dictionary.)

But the acquisitive Hebrews were not by any means singular in thus making merchandise of their marriageable daughters. Read "Woman, Church and State," or any Encyclopedia on marriage customs of all nations and we find the same low estimate placed upon woman—catalogued with the husband's chattels, "his house, his ox, his ass, etc."

Among the thoughtful and earnest seekers for the root causes of the present unhappy, iniquitous and crime-producing conditions with which we are all environed is, Joshua K. Ingalls, author of "Social Wealth," "Economic Equities," "Land and Labor," "Work and Wealth," "The Unrevealed Religion," etc. In his latest work, "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," Mr. Ingalls thus speaks of the origin of institutional marriage:

"The existence of sex and the mutual attraction observed in its manifestations constitute the paramount interest of human life. And it is for this reason that the ecclesiastic and the civil ruler in attempting to guard it against the abuses and misdirections of ignorance, have seized upon it as a sure means of perpetuating and extending their authority and power. They have invested marriage with forms of law and sacrament of religion, which so far from proving a guide and safe-guard to the weaker and unwary, has resulted—through suppression of the natural impulses which they have decreed to be vile and unclean, and the denial of opportunity for scientific investigation, in the vilest and most filthy abuses of the sex nature, and which the severest penal laws and sanctimonious denuncia-

tions, have not only failed utterly to remove, but have incalculably increased and perpetuated them far beyond what would have proved their normal limitation. Their pretentious legal sanctification of the passion, has not elevated but degraded it."

After speaking at some length upon the subjection of woman in marriage and the deplorable consequences of such enslavement, Mr. Ingalls adds:

"With the passing away of legal polygamy the treatment of woman became less oppressive, but virtual polygamy still exists among the most monogamic people. According to statements made by the purists, the houses of ill fame are patronized largely by married men in all countries prescribing monogamy. And of the married Christian statesmen who voted to kill polygamy in Utah, many were known as patrons of the 'pleasure houses' of Washington or keepers of mistresses. So far as the Alpha and Social Purity movements are concerned, not only must the man and the woman be held to the same standard, but also the married and the unmarried, in all matters of sex relation, unless exception be made in the rare instances where offspring are mutually desired. This may not be acknowledged by the parties, but is the stern logic of their position. The effect should these views prevail upon the legal marriage is not readily conjectured. But upon voluntary and mutual love marriage its application is apparent. If mutual love is essential to marriage, when it ceases marriage ceases.

#### NO NEED OF LAW.

"That the monogamic marriage for life is the highest ideal of marriage is I think generally conceded, although the need of a law to make it more so appears an admission to the contrary. We do not need a law to make water run down hill, or the sun to rise at a particular hour. And we do not make a punishable offense of attempts to ascertain the truth in these respects. But we can never know whether the monogamic life union is the highest and best form of marriage until the despotic hand of the state and the dogmatic dicta of the church shall be withdrawn from the trial balance, and the interested parties left free to determine it for themselves. The pure monogamic marriage has never been generally observed in any Christian country. The question then is not what form shall be arbitrarily established, but simply will freedom or despotism secure the greatest number of life long, happy monogamic unions? Through conventional legalities, the failure is all too patent. Freedom will succeed better. To doubt this is to abandon the pretension, and deny the monogamic claim altogether. All those who would separate but for the law, are already divorced as to any true marriage.

#### FREEDOM OF INVESTIGATION.

"In reviewing these several forces which have already appeared in this controversy, I wish merely to forecast the trend which the reform seems likely to take. Had my voice weight I would plead for freedom of investigation, and well ordered experimentation, under scientific conditions and tests, not only of this but of all subjects involving human well-being. As a matter of opinion I think that the lovmaking which becomes intelligent and in accord with the golden rule of 'equal regard for others as for ourselves,' marriage would not often prove the grave of love, but continue sweet, helpful and healthful to the end of life and the sex force cease to be either crucified or recklessly squandered in the early years, leaving life thereafter a blank and desolate barren to man and to woman, who desires the carresses of love long after the ability to bear children has lapsed. It is the gentle bearing and fondling of the lover which wins and holds the affection of the true woman. It is only when the discovery is made that the husband cannot rise above what is low and animal in his love nature that there comes disappointment, repulsion and disgust. When her love and intelligence is unable to lift and hold him to her level, submission becomes so humiliating and depressing that life is made a burden. But the tables are turned sometimes and the woman becomes the aggressive force. Unless the man can now lift her from the pool of sensuality this works a degeneracy as unfortunate as the other.

She is not so constituted as to make physical force available, but by masterful will or hypnotic suggestion, she can work his ruin physically and mentally. There have been Antoninas in every age.

#### WOMAN MUST LEAD.

"It is a hopeful circumstance that the movements to which I have referred are chiefly under the direction of women. In the differentiation of refined intercourse and mating for life from the mere animal function of reproduction, woman must necessarily take the lead and by her higher spirituality and truer social instinct save her brother and herself from the false and misdirections, ignorance and long established habits have imposed upon their affection for each other."

The whole chapter from which these extracts are taken is well worth perusal by all who are seeking a way out from the social and economic wilderness, and a safe passage to the promised land of Justice, Equity, Truth and Righteousness. The entire volume comprises the ripened reflections of a well known writer, lecturer and humanitarian reformer. "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian" is a book of two hundred pages, stiff linen cover, with portrait of the author, price forty cents. It can be ordered from this office.

#### How the Happiness of the Sinful Grieves the "Good."

George E. Macdonald, in "The Truth Seeker."

An alien magazine called the "Adult" has reached me. It is printed by the Legitimation League of London, and is "a journal for the advancement of freedom in sexual relationships." In America the members of the Legitimation League would not be sought after to adorn an ethical basis. Leaving monogamy out of the discussion, the contributors to the "Adult" have the least prejudice toward the different forms of consensual life of any writers I have ever read after. They are prepared to hear arguments in favor of polygamy, polyandry, or variety, and will make such arguments the subject of deep, pregnant thought. The central purpose of the Legitimists is to break up the marriage trust, which is condemned as a conspiracy of church and state in restraint of commerce, refusing as it does the blue label of the marriage union to the products of industry carried on outside the combination. As viewed by the "Adult," marriage for life enslaves the future to an emotion of the present, and sacrifices actual happiness to an ideal rarely attained. There are many people who despise the doctrines of the men and women called Legitimists in England and Social Radicals in America. I heard the other day of a woman who took up with a married man, expecting that his wife would get a divorce. The wife said she didn't care, declined to appeal to the law, and went to work to support herself and children. The other one said a woman who would act that way must be a Freeloader, and cut her cold, refusing to allow her children to associate with those of the wife who was left, for fear they would get lax notions of morality. The people who despise the social independents do so not so much because such independence hurts anybody else as because it does not appear to hurt those who assert it. A man may ignore custom and get plenty of sympathy when he suffers and repents, but he will never be forgiven if he demonstrates that following the beaten path is not necessary to his enjoyment of life or his usefulness as a citizen. I think I speak for many good people when I say that the happiness and prosperity of the sinful grieves me more than all the misery of the virtuous.

#### A Critic Criticised.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

I am surprised at some of the criticisms made by E. C. Walker in No. 666. This, for instance:

"Inasmuch as man is part of nature it inevitably follows that if Mr. Kerr was in error, as Mr. Slocum asserts he was, then nature does make mistakes."

Mr. Walker must have known that by nature I meant the

order of the universe, not the acts of individuals. He shows that he knew this in his next sentence:

"It can only rationally be said that nature makes no mistakes when it is taken for granted that nature has no intentions, no plans, no schemes."

Exactly, and it is because I recognize this fact that I wrote, "nature makes no mistakes." I did not assert that Mr. Kerr was in error. On the contrary, I confirmed his statements, and merely suggested an additional consideration. Mr. Walker should be more careful in his assertions, lest he be the one "in error." He says:

"Looked at from the view-point of man, of his needs, his happiness, nature teems with mistakes."

Not so, Mr. Walker. Pain is no mistake. It is by pain that man is warned that something is wrong, and that he must apply a remedy. Mental suffering is no mistake—it not only had a cause which some one is responsible for, but it produces an effect, the law of nature being that through suffering comes refinement; through experience we gain knowledge. There is no mistake here.

A friend writes to me: "If I find two truths in my possession which seem to conflict I set it down that I have not received all of these truths, or that there is another truth, not yet received by me, which would reconcile them."

Usually Mr. Walker is a seeker after truth, but in this instance he seems to be a seeker for flaws, and I admit he finds a flaw in an inexact phrase used by me, viz.: "There will always be sustenance sufficient on earth for all the children of earth." The last word should be *men* instead of "earth," as I intended to include only the human family. The sacrifice of life among the lower orders is in accordance with the law of nature—one animal subsisting upon another—and this continues in lesser degree among men; but this fact does not contradict the other fact that as man becomes spiritualized his progeny decreases; nor does it militate against that other fact, that until then the supply of sustenance will be sufficient to meet the demand, and I may add this will be fully met, even without the use of animal food.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

Edith gave a gasp when she saw the stalwart figure of her brother enter the door at her father's side; but she welcomed him by laying her white round arm about his neck and kissing him. Hilda stood for a moment looking from one to another in a bewildered manner, then a bright light almost transfigured her face. Gliding to her father's side she surprised that individual by winding her arms about his neck and pressing her fresh dewy lips to his. Then laying her cheek to his whispered:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

What was it that arose in his throat and dimmed his eye? When had a sweet woman's kiss been pressed upon his lips before. He laid a trembling hand upon the back of a chair to steady himself while his eye followed the hazel-eyed girl—so like the Erna of long ago. For just one moment it had seemed to him that it had been she who whispered that "Thank you." That it had been her cheek resting against his. A sigh escaped his lips as he thought of how short duration had been their happiness. Why had it been so short? Even now he could not understand, but he felt a glow of satisfaction, such as he had not known in many a long year, as he watched the group of three. For the first time a feeling of conscious pride swelled in his heart at the thought that they were *his* children. Mrs. Wallace, when she entered the room in her sweeping robes was not exactly delighted when the guest of the evening was introduced to her, but had enough of good grace to tender him a kindly welcome when she heard of the service he had rendered her son. Besides this splendid young giant commanded

her respect, whether she would or not. She always did admire handsome men, and Wilbur was decidedly handsome. So once more—what he never believed would ever again be possible—Wilbur found himself sitting at his father's table, partaking of his bread, of his hospitality, and felt conscious that he was doing right; knew that his idolized sisters sanctioned it. Both were extremely happy and, conscious of that happiness Wilbur felt as though inspired, and talked as he had never before talked. His sisters were proud of him and his father was surprised and astounded at the store of knowledge he possessed, at the ideas that had possession of his active brain, and a new light dawned upon his mind.

It was, he now began to see, this brother who had been the teacher of the sisters, developing them into the splendid independent women that they were. Even Mrs. Wallace became interested, although most of that which he said was as so much Greek to her. It was of so foreign a nature to her. She found more to disagree with than agree to, yet she found herself listening to every word. Stranger than all, Homer was aroused; his senses were alert. Where had he ever heard such doctrines propounded before? Certainly not in such a strain. Yet he had heard them, and with his mates of the boarding school had jeered and laughed and scoffed at what they termed "would-be-reformers." Now he began to see how much superior were these thoughts when compared with the useless studies with which his head had been crammed, and with the teachings of the dime novels which he and his mates had devoured—inflaming their passions and leading to the formation of vile habits.

While Wilbur was speaking he had been watching the flushing and paling face of the boy. A suspicion of what made him languid and nervous and sullen forced itself upon his mind and he forthwith made up his mind to take the lad in hand. He also observed that none of the other children were possessed of a healthy color, but with this one he was, for the moment, most interested. He remained all the afternoon, partaking again of the evening meal, thereby causing him to draw still nearer to the slumbering heart and senses of Homer; at the same time winning his way into the hearts of all the others. So when after supper as usual a double seated cutter drawn by a span of fiery horses came dashing to the door, Wilbur surprised that young gentleman by inviting him to join them.

"It will do him good," glancing at his father.

Thus Homer made the acquaintance of this circle which was to influence all his afterlife. As soon as opportunity offered Wilbur drew young Arthurs aside and had a prolonged conversation with him, their eyes frequently resting on the pale face of the boy. Presently Mrs. Leland was also drawn into the conversation and when it ended all understood what was expected of them.

Mrs. Leland drew near the boy who was a stranger in their midst, and in a pleasant motherly fashion began to talk to him, gradually drawing him out, finding much intelligence stored away in the youthful mind but which had all been going to waste for the want of a guiding hand and skillful touch to turn it into proper channels. Edith and Hilda watched while a feeling of joy filled their hearts. Was there really something more than self-will, indolence and haughty overbearing in the nature of the boy, hidden beneath that repellent exterior? Presently it was Imelda's turn to exert her gentle influence on him in her bright, animated manner, and when Cora's voice filled the large room with a burst of song he felt as if lost in a new world. The two sisters knew he was taken care of, and in their turn devoted themselves to the invalid. Poor Frank! They had the satisfaction of seeing his face light up and the color come and go in the wan cheeks. He had learned to love this circle which nightly met here, where naught but love seemed to reign, while Mrs. Leland was almost worshipped by him. Was ever mother so kind to erring boy before? If his own mother—but here he stopped. She too had been erring, suffering. She belonged to his wasted past. She had been an



over-indulgent mother to him, in spite of her fretfulness and peevishness, and at this late day he felt that it would be wrong for him to throw a stone upon her grave. While Hilda toyed with his white hand Edith was standing at the back of his chair, smoothing back the clustering locks from his brow. A sense of peace and quiet came over him, such as he had not known in the olden days. Now and then a much meaning look passed between the young physician and the elder sister, calling forth a warmer hue to the fair cheek. Hilda enjoyed the same kind of play with Lawrence, to whom it seemed impossible to gain more than a few moments at a time at her side, while Mrs. Leland was more successful with her boy lover. When the goodnights had been spoken and our party was whirling homeward, Homer was very quiet. He was deeply impressed with all he had seen and heard, and his thoughts were busy.

Next morning, earlier far than had been Homer's habit to rise, two strong, young figures appeared at the door asking admittance, and sending the merry tinkle of the bell through the rooms. Wilbur and Osmond, ready for a hunting trip, had come to take Homer with them. The boy was tired from being out so late the evening before, and at first was not at all inclined to join them. It seemed he could not muster enough of will force to face the crisp morning air, while Mrs. Wallace objected with all her strength, being positively sure that her darling would take cold because he was not at all strong. But Wilbur carried his point. A half hour later, warmly clad and well equipped for their day of sport they set out, being soon joined by Dr. Arthurs, Norman and Westcot they formed quite a party of hunters. As they started away from the Westcot home a pair of dark eyes, watching them from the window of the invalid, grew dim and a pair of lips quivered in helpless longing. But fair woman's hands took him in tow and made it so pleasant and entertaining that he forgot the manly sports the others were following.

The hunters were out long hours. Up hills and down valleys, through woods and meadows, across rocks and frozen brooks they went. Warning to the excitement of the sport, sending the blood bounding through his veins Homer forgot he was weak and tired. The reaction set in, however, and when they returned he slept long hours, but when the evening came he was ready and anxious to go to the home of the Westcots.

Next morning another excursion had been planned and again they carried Homer with them. This time they managed to take Elmer also, in spite of the protests of the anxious mother who saw certain death in store for her pampered darlings—tramping about these rough mornings through the snow; and when she saw them return so tired they almost fell asleep on their feet she felt more anxious than ever. Soon, however, a change made itself manifest. They were less fretful and discontented. Their eyes were brighter and a more healthy color tinged their cheeks, while they ate with an apparent appetite.

Paul Arthurs now frequently called at the house. He also prescribed a new course for the younger children. He forbade sweetmeats, spices and condiments. A simple diet of bread, milk and grain foods, fruit and nuts, he told the mother, was far more wholesome than the meats and highly seasoned food they had hitherto been accustomed to.

"Give them a daily bath, then rub them until a warm glow shows itself; then plenty of outdoor exercise. The cold will not hurt them but rather benefit them. Let them go coasting, skating and snowballing until they are tired out; so tired that they scarce can keep on their feet, and my word for it, Madam, if you follow this course you will soon have the satisfaction of seeing the glow of health in the faces of your children. They need no medicine. They are suffering from a nervous debility that only wholesale exercise in the open air and healthy simple food will correct. I look to you," turning to Edith, "to see that these directions are carried out; you understand I am sure?"

Edith as well as Hilda did understand. The young doctor as well as the girls did not dare to tell Mrs. Wallace the true

reason of the delicate state of health of all her children—that the seeds thereof had been sown in the abominable boarding schools she would have considered highly improbable. At however slight intimation of the real cause she would have been liable, in her passion, to turn them all from the house and thus her children would have been robbed of the only chance of regaining their health. So they wisely kept the secret they had penetrated and insisted on a course of treatment that these pampered darlings thought extremely cruel. But soon the effect was apparent, and there was hope that the morbid cravings might be destroyed, and a strong and pure man and womanhood be secured to them in the future.

So it was that a new life entered this house, and in a manner scarcely noticeable. A better footing was established between the stepmother and the daughters. There was more peace and quiet. Once in a while the order was reversed and the circle would gather in the Wallace home, but not often. There were many reasons why it should not be the same. The visitors were made welcome, it is true, but the entertainers must at all times be guarded in their speech. They could not be quite themselves; and then Frank never gathered enough strength to bear the fatigue of the drive back and forth in the cold night air. One or the other would remain at home with him, as in spite of his protests his sisters and friends would not consent to leaving him alone.

Mr. Wallace had tried hard to induce Wilbur to take up his abode in his house during his stay in the city, but in this the son was obdurate. He had buried and consigned to oblivion much of the past, for the sake of his sisters and also for the sake of those other children who were also his brothers and sisters, and whom he would, as it were, snatch from an early grave, but he could not bring himself to lay his head on the pillow beneath the roof that should have been a loving shelter to his own precious mother; in the home of the man who should have loved and cherished instead of driving her with his criminal neglect to a watery grave. When such thoughts came to him it was all he could do to curb the ill-will that would fill his heart, and only by the force of his strong will did he succeed in banishing a feeling of hatred.

Meanwhile this son became more dear to the father, day by day, and his heart went out to the children of his first marriage as it had never done to the younger ones.

*To be continued.*

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W. W. Ludlow, Cleveland, Ohio:—I think you treat Mr. Green very well indeed. You can afford to do this, for he misses the point by at least a thousand miles. As Holmes says, "Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other and as soon as the breath comes back he very probably begins to expend it in hard words."

M. C. Shay, Mayflower, Fla.:—In Lucifer, June 23, I read of a colony on a large scale. I have been looking for a colony for a long time or for something that would benefit working people. I have thought of a plan to put my land in with this big colony to build a home for tourists—have it ready for winter visitors and let it be known the proceeds are for the cause. This is a rough sketch. I am not clever but would like to do something to better this disgraceful, this truly barbarous system.

Andrew Shearer, Frankfort, Kan.:—I fear I have neglected you. I must be a year behind with my subscription to Lucifer. I am not taking so much interest in your work as formerly.

## 670.

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You have converted me long ago, but I must admit that it was against the grain when you commenced your work on me some twelve or fourteen years ago. My family is growing up and I will continue Lucifer if thereby my boys may catch the inspiration also. My wife still reads Lucifer with interest. I am studying the Psychical, and might be called a "Mental Scientist." I think by that means to remain well and happy, and possibly to extend life's limit. I recommend it to your careful consideration. The spiritual is the real. Find enclosed two dollars to apply on Lucifer.

J. B. Elliott, 3515 Wallace St., Phil.—The enclosed stamps were given to me by Mr. Chas. J. Westrich for a trial subscription for Lucifer. I wish I could remit some at the same time. McKinley's adversity has got me yet. E. C. Walker did some good missionary work while here.

The only thing I can do is to renew my offer to send "Looking Backward" at twenty-five cents to those who are readers of Lucifer and who think nationalism a solution or a means to an end. I have only a few copies left. Also one copy of "The Woman Who Dares," by Mrs. Gesterfeld. Slightly used, but good for investigators in sex problems. Price, one dollar. It is now out of print. Give my kindest regards to Lillian and all Lucifer's staff, and if any of the friends of the cause should stray this way I should be pleased to show them the courtesy due to moral reformers and try to make them feel at home. Much pleased with Dr. Foote's articles.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 32.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 11, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 671.

### Ozymandias.

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Shelley.

### The Strike of the Strassburg Geese.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

The readers of *Lucifer* undoubtedly remember the sad story of the Strassburg geese, as related by Mr. R. B. Kerr, and if the heading of this article happens to attract their attention, they will surely exclaim: "What! The Strassburg geese on a strike? Impossible! We have seen them not long since, and the majority of them seemed to be perfectly satisfied with their lot. They said that to be made into pate de foie gras is the greatest privilege and blessing a goose can think of, and that they were very grateful to men for feeding them so nicely and thus relieving them from the necessity of hunting for food. How, then, can they be on a strike now?"

Well, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." It may seem strange, but it is a fact that the Strassburg geese are on a strike. Such, at least, is the news which I learn from the "Goosedom Illustrated Weekly."

"But what is the object of their strike?" the reader will ask. "What do they want?"

Well, they demand a very strange thing, in fact, a very unreasonable thing, and how they can be so impudent as to demand it is above my understanding. They want—what do you think?—to be their own masters; they do not want to recognize men as their owners.

"This is, indeed, a very strange and silly thing," the reader will say. "Do they refuse to be made into pate de foie gras?"

No, nothing of the kind; they simply demand that henceforth they should have the right to choose the men who shall make pates of them. They say: "To be made into pate de foie gras is well enough, but why should we not have a voice in the matter? What right have you, men, to catch us and make pates of us without asking our permission? If we are to give our livers to men, we claim the right to give them to those whom we like best and at the time when it suits us best. Away with your brutality and tyranny! We shall no longer be slaves to you."

I beg the reader not to hold me responsible for these words which, it must be admitted, are of an offensive nature. I have

copied the above utterance from the "Goosedom Illustrated Weekly," and as a historian I must give you the truth, regardless of what it may be. Of course, as a man I am not going to defend the geese and to admit the justness of their demand. No! geese are ordained by the gods to be the property of men, and to assert the contrary is to disobey the will of the gods and to destroy the order of the universe. The geese are wrong; they have no right to tell us men what we ought or ought not to do with them. But they are rebels and we must recognize the fact, whether we like it or not.

Some of the geese, it is sad to relate, not only do not want to call men their masters, but insist that they must have the liberty to give their livers to as many men as they wish, if they are inclined to do so. "The freedom to choose one man," they say, "is not sufficient. Many a goose likes more than one man. Why, then, should she keep her liver for one man only? If a goose wishes to provide pate de foie gras for several men of her choice, why should she not have the right to do so?"

Are you shocked, reader? Well, so am I. Such a demand is, indeed, revolting and outrageous; but fortunately not many geese approve of it. Bad as the geese are, the majority of them denounce the demand for absolute freedom as contrary to the laws of God and of nature, the principles of morality and the rights of private property. "We want freedom," they say, "but we do not want license. We claim the right to choose the man who is to make pate de foie gras of us, but farther than this we do not go."

And what are the men doing? How do they regard the strike and the strikers? Well, the men are very indignant; they swear by everything that is profane that if the strikers do not come to their senses, they will send the militia to shoot them. "We are not going to stand such nonsense," they say. "Shall we surrender our rights to the caprice of stupid geese? Shall a goose have the right to choose her eater and the time to be eaten? What an absurdity! Geese must obey and make no remarks. Think of the suffering which we would have to endure, if we cannot get pate de foie gras when we crave for it!"

To this the geese reply as follows: "Our livers belong to us, not to you. You can take them by force, but you are not entitled to them. You speak of the suffering which our freedom would cause you, but what about our suffering? Think of the suffering which we endure by being made into pate de foie gras when we are not ready for such an operation!"

Some men, to their disgrace be it said, are inclined to think that the geese are right. They say that when the geese get their freedom, they will look nicer and the pate de foie gras will taste sweeter; but such men are not very numerous and by the majority of men they are regarded as sinful wretches who are in conspiracy with the geese.

According to the latest reports, the strike shows no sign of abatement. The geese do not wish to make any compromises with men; they are confident that in the end they will win the strike. The men are of a different opinion; they are anxious to



put an end to the strike, but they have not called the militia out yet. Some men are in favor of arbitration, but up to date they have not found an arbitrator to suit them. I have very little influence with my brother men, but I will advise them to appoint Anthony Comstock as an arbitrator. He is the right kind of a man to settle the strike to the satisfaction of all.

### The Children of Plural Love.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

My generous friend, Dr. Foote, has been treating the readers of *Lucifer* lately to a somewhat rambling criticism of the ideals of love-variety. As near as I can get at his not very clearly defined position he favors single as against plural love and believes that the conventional home of the day is better for child culture than a free-love home could be.

Dr. Foote pays his respects to me personally, also, but quite vaguely. I am an "iridescent dreamer," and my plan has never been tried except by the Oneida Communists and they did not try it at all because they were against central loves. That is about the size of his case against me.

I consider it a compliment to be called an "iridescent dreamer." The ideal, the plan, the dream, must always go before every excellent action, and when Nature is ashamed of her rainbows I shall be ashamed that my ideals are iridescent. Until then I hope Iris will always paint my dreams.

In order to fairly judge any ideal it should be allowed to show itself at its best. I propose therefore to take Dr. Foote's ideal, as I suppose it to be, and state it in its most favorable form in fair comparison with my own ideal, stated in equally favorable form.

I will suppose, then, that we have a monogamic family of husband, wife and five children; that husband and wife are devoted to each other, and that the children are cared for as well as the love and intelligence of the parents can direct.

Let us suppose a second family of two central lovers, five children and two side lovers for each of the central ones; the mother having had three children by her central lover and one child by each of her side lovers. And let us suppose the same harmony pervading all the members of this second family as we find in the first.

Now looking at the children alone, which is where Dr. Foote wishes us to look, in what way will the children in family No. 1 be better off than the children in family No. 2?

In each case the children are with the mother. In each case they have love, food, care, education. In each case they have about them an atmosphere of refinement, harmony and kindness.

I can see only one argument that Dr. Foote can bring to bear, and that is that the two children by the side lovers will see less of their fathers than the others. This is probably true as according to my ideal the mother will give most of her love and time to her central love and he will be most in her presence. But if they see a little less of their fathers by blood they are by no means deprived of the father-love influence. It will be precisely the spirit of such a family to in everything break down narrow, selfish, exclusive feeling, and for one father to pick out his own child and give all his caresses to that would be to violate the central principle of broad, generous, human love.

It seems to me only reasonable and probable that in such a family each father will love all the children, without much distinction, and that the children will grow perfectly accustomed to the idea of several fathers just as to several uncles, aunts or cousins. The surest way to a mother's heart is to love her child, and a man would be a great fool who should try to keep her love while neglecting any of her children. I contend that in such a family a man will love a woman's children not because they are his, but because they are hers and because she loves them.

Assuming this point to be settled, and that the children in family No. 2 are not deprived of father-love, is it not plain that because they have three fathers they have more father-love

than if they had only one?—three times as much, perhaps?

If there is but one father, and he is absorbed in business, or buried in books, or sick, the children are deprived of all father-love for the time, but if there are more, then the second or third father can pet and entertain them while the first is occupied. Where one father has one taste, as for books, and another another taste, as for horses, and a third loves nature we will say, then the children get the benefit of all these various influences in balancing and shaping their lives. And while one child is being read to at home, another may be having a ride, and the others a walk in the woods.

Is not that better than the one father plan?

Sickness and death respect no ideals, and if the husband in family No. 1 gets sick or dies the children are deprived of the father's love and support, but in family No. 2 if one father sickens or dies there are two others to love and help the mother and support and protect the children. Which is better?

In family No. 1 if the wife dies the children have no mother and the father is in a lonely and difficult position. But if the mother dies in family No. 2 there are two more mothers to love and care for them, because they love their father, and he is aided and comforted. Which is better?

And, leaving out sickness and death, these side loves of the man are a great gain to the children in No. 2. Just the same advantage will accrue to the children from having more than one mother as accrues from having more than one father. For instance, if the central-love mother wishes to go to a picnic or a theater she may leave the children with a side-love mother instead of a servant or hireling.

Is there no advantage in this?

And is it not likely that all this breadth and generosity of sentiment, this absence of the narrow and jealous, will develop a nobler, broader nature, sweeter, kinder, in the children who experience it, than the close drawn lines of family No. 1?

Consider this point well.

But in real life there is no assurance of harmony no matter what the ideal. Dr. Foote wants a "lasting family," but if discord comes in such, how about the children? Does it improve them to remain in an atmosphere of quarrels, hatred and disgust?

In a free-love family if the parents cannot agree they separate and the children remain with the mother till old enough to choose for themselves. Which is better?

Again, no matter what the ideal, hearts will wander and new loves creep into them. If this occurs in family No. 1 there is total wreck. Fidelity to the ideal requires that in this case the parents shall cease to love each other, nay, more, that they shall hate each other even with a murderous hate. What of all this to the children? And what of the "lasting family"?

But if this occurs in family No. 2 fidelity to the ideal requires that all the old parties shall love each other as before, but that each shall open his heart to the new comer with friendship and sympathy if not with love.

What effect will this have on the children?

I submit all this to Dr. Foote, and claim that of a truth my "dream" is much more "iridescent" than his.

And to the readers of *Lucifer*, that they judge between.

### Love Relations.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

The continued article of E. B. Foote, M. D.,—"One or Many Loves," seemed to me exceptionally sensible, clear and unclouded in sentiment. But he begins with the claim that "the problem of love relations is a puzzling one." Is not the puzzle the idea of love? Is it not that an attraction which, whether momentary, or more or less permanent, affords a pleasurable sensation is called love?

According to Mr. Harman's definition of love as "the uniting, combining, organizing, creative force of the universe, . . . the refining, purifying, uplifting, glorifying, happyifying force of

the universe," love must be an attraction in which is stability, exclusiveness, mutual giving, loyalty, idealization, devotion, constancy. A combining organizing force cannot be desultory, fleeting, changeable. An uplifting, refining, glorifying force cannot be inconstant, and regardless of the consequences to all parties concerned of that inconstancy.

Such attractions as are evanescent and void of devotion, loyalty and stability have no quality that deserves to be called love. The conjugal love, that which truly unites man and woman, which is a blending of complementary qualities, is necessarily an exclusive love BECAUSE it is the agency of the organizing, creative force of the universe. Was ever an organization effected by elements that were continually seeking change, different direction, separation?

The "heat" of the brute animal when the reproductive forces are climaxing is not love. Neither is such a climaxing of the life force when a purely physical impulse in the human animal. There is only impulsion and sensation.

"He must be in love," said the comrade of a youth who had indulged in freedom—the physical impulse, when it was discovered that he had forsaken the habit, and that his comrade was devoting himself to one woman of well known worth.

There is nothing "uplifting" and "glorifying" in the animal life force. It is purely a propagative force in the human as well as in the brute.

The uplifting and glorifying of love is the exercise of the divine qualities of the human being, of benevolence, tender regard for the well being and happiness of its object, seeking to bestow as well as to enjoy delight in companionship. No sex relation void of these is love. When these nobler sympathies are active, unabridged freedom of person is lost sight of.

"Those who value unabridged liberty (freedom?) above all things, and wish to indulge every impulse without reserve, will not talk of the beauties of home life, or expect to enjoy the fruits of a constant and tender devotion necessary to the formation of a life companionship," says Dr. Foote. "Liberty, under any circumstances, costs something, and the question always to be met is, whether it be worth the cost, and whether there be not something else in way of comfort, well being or love that we would prefer at the same price."

The essence of liberty is opportunity. For what do we need or desire opportunity? Is a human being only an aggregate of impulses? Is man a butterfly or a bee? Is freedom to wander, to gather the sweets of pleasurable sensation and live on them the sum of human existence? If so, unabridged freedom is the great desideratum.

But if the development of worthy character, of nobler qualities, of aspiration and all that distinguishes the human from the brute is the opportunity needed and desired, it can only be fully enjoyed in the home life. And home life is a love center, a center of devotion, of offices of mutual helpfulness, mutual consideration and loyalty. It must be this center to two or more persons, and ephemeral attractions cannot sustain it. For the perpetuation of the race this love center must be man and woman, and for the organizing of the form, not only, but the "uplifting and glorifying" of the family and the race the center is one supreme exclusive love.

### Io Triomphe.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Since I have got out of the arena alive, it seems suitable to bestow a parting bellow on my anonymous friend "Matadore," who is evidently sensible of having been tossed. Some years since, I registered a vow never to be drawn again, as "Zeno" once drew me, into refuting an indefinite sequence of arguments *ad hominem*—a Latin phrase, familiar among logicians, for which I assure "Matadore" that I had no occasion to rummage any dictionary. The argument *ad hominem*, being a notoriously fallacious one, refutes itself; and "Zeno" taught me (what I might have known before) that there is no advantage in tackling such arguments separately, because they grow

like hydra's heads. Consequently, I shall make no further comment on "Matadore's" personal compliments than to say that I committed none of the mistakes he attributes to me; and that talk from him about making abuse do duty for reason is richer than an Individualist like Rockefeller. Whether this be so or not, I appeal to those who read our articles. If I were disposed to wrangle I might add that when "Matadore" says I did not answer his unintelligible leading questions, because I did not know, "not because I was a coward;" I humbly presume this to be "sarkasm," and would modestly ask why I should not be afraid of an opponent who understands English better than Webster, Spanish better than Cervantes, and Anarchism better than Anarchists? (Anarchists, always excepting one dogmatic Individualist in Boston, have taken a very different view of my qualifications to write on Anarchism from "Matadore's.")

When "Matadore" states his own position, however, he is worth answering; not because it is at all original, but for just the opposite reason. It represents a cant, by no means uncommon, and likely, therefore, to be very pernicious. "Matadore" thinks me like the bull which tried conclusions with the locomotive. He sees no sense in being a thousand years ahead of time—like me. He believes in evolution. He works for gradual elimination of injustice. Did "Matadore" ever hear of the "eliminator" who, having been stopped by a river, sat down and waited for it to run dry? This philosopher believed in evolution. It is very probable that a thousand years hence the Chippewa river will no longer divide Eau Claire. But meanwhile, I am so much in favor of revolution as to see many advantages in a bridge. Nay, I can see advantages in having two. I think race-culture has a function which cannot, as "Matadore" imagines, be effected by eliminating unjust institutions. I also think that intelligent race-culture is impossible without eliminating such unjust institutions as marriage "in any form." And, what I do not expect "Matadore" to understand, I can give reasons for thinking so which have nothing to do with any quibbles about the meaning of anyism or ism. The inductive method—the study of history and anthropology—teaches me that before institutions can be eliminated natural and sexual selection improve men up to the point of disliking them. The same method teaches me also that when institutions have become unpopular, their beneficiaries still make a sturdy fight for their perpetuation; and there is no such thing as eliminating them without a crisis of the revolutionary type.

Two hundred and forty years ago, almost all intelligent educated people appear to have believed in witchcraft. Two hundred years ago the belief, in England and America, had been given up for a vulgar superstition by all intelligent educated people except a strong minority of the clergy. This was pretty rapid progress. A long process of evolution lay behind. Millennia of race-culture, sorely hindered by marriage in various forms, had been necessary to produce a Bacon and a people who would hear a Bacon. Bacon himself believed in witchcraft. But his disciple Hobbes saw that Bacon's method cut away the foundation of this belief. And in forty years after being impugned, it had become powerless. "Matadore's" inherited belief that to prevent "invasion" we must organize professional "invaders" into a trust and call them a government is just as absurd as Bacon's belief in witchcraft. No one believes any such thing for any other reason than that he has always heard it assumed and never heard it disputed until lately. But now it has been disputed. Evolution has produced men who see through it.

"And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons."

In forty years more it will, like witchcraft just after the Salem object lesson, be defended only by a harmless minority of ministers, old grannies, Dogberrys, Falstaffs and "Matadores." I assure all interested that I have no unkind feeling, such as "Matadore" complains of, towards people of this sort—only that kind of pity expressed in the following dirge, which we used to sing in my school days at the end of a term.

"See those poor fellows, with Euclid before 'em,  
They'll never get over the pons asinorum."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BEARING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition—  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, August 17. There will be a discussion as usual. Subject not decided on as we go to press. All interested are cordially invited.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

Previously acknowledged,	\$238.75
N. F. Griswold,	1.00
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The object of this fund is to send sample copies and trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

THE WORST "trust"—the parent trust—is the marriage trust.

THE WORST "monopoly"—the parent monopoly, is the control of sex—the creative function—by church and state, by priest and judge.

THE WORST "government" is patriarchal family government, setting the pace for, giving character to, all other governments—of school, of church, of state, of nation, empire, etc.

THE BEST "strike," the strike of strikes, is the strike of mothers—a strike for self-ownership and for freedom of opportunity, by the working class—sex—who produce new human beings. All other strikes, by miners and other wage slaves, will fail of lasting success until this fundamental strike shall have been won.

THE BEST "revolution," the revolution of revolutions, is that which aims at the emancipation of woman from sex slavery. No political revolution—by ballots or bullets—will ever realize—"materialize"—freedom and justice for man until the battle for free womanhood and motherhood shall first be crowned with the laurel wreath of victory.

OUR PATERNAL government protects the coal lords from foreign competition under the plea that this is the way to protect labor. The situation in Virginia and elsewhere, as shown by the most reliable reports, demonstrates the utter insincerity

of this plea. This result of national legislation in the alleged interest of labor, is simply what all might have expected who study the history of human government. Lawmakers work for those who pay them best. The same of judges, lawyers and all other public officials, and it seems hopeless to expect any other result under our present social systems, beginning with the most unjust and inequitable of them all, our marriage institution.

## Play vs. Work

Says C. L. James, see his very interesting article in last Lucifer entitled, "From Morality to Savoir Faire."

"The play instinct is the creative instinct." The blowing off of that surplus force accumulated in every healthy organism is not to be called work; but it is the most useful—the only original—exercise of power. It follows that labor is, as was always thought before there were moralists, a primitive curse, and not a primitive blessing. The end of work is to gain time for play by getting rid of work."

The "moral" of all this would seem to be, Let work and play go hand in hand; or, perhaps better still, Let work be made so attractive that it will no longer be work but simply play.

This appears to have been the great secret of the success of the "Onedra Perfectionists," in making what they called "Heaven on Earth." To an extent almost unheard of before, these people practicalized the art of turning work into play. The chief means by which this was accomplished was by frequent change of occupation—change of employment and change of workfellows. "Variety is the spice of life." It is *monotony* that kills, rather than work, in itself considered.

Hence one reason why specialists, craftsmen, artists, professionals, etc., whose work is one continuous round of repetitions, so often resort to intoxicants to relieve the ennui of their lives, and also why they so often commit suicide—by violence sometimes but more often by slow and imperceptible methods.

Acting upon these suggestions Lucifer's scribe expects soon to take a summer outing. Work in office is very pressing, and little means of hiring substitutes in his absence, but some volunteer aid has been accepted, and the expense of the trip has been mainly provided for by those interested in Lucifer and its work. While it is hoped that change of employment, change of air and change of association will be beneficial to health of body and to sanity of mind, it is also hoped that the work of Lucifer can be even more efficiently carried forward by an occasional outing than by continuous stay in office.

Meantime our friends at home and abroad are fraternally requested to do what they can to hold up the hands of Daughter Lillian, who remains in charge of the office, and who expects to take her turn at the vacation business soon after the return of her paternal relative.

The first point to be visited is Cleveland, Ohio, where the said scribe expects to meet the "Franklin Club" and other reform societies of the beautiful "Forest City," thence a short sojourn will probably be made at the famous summer resort at Lake Brady near Kent, Ohio, returning to Chicago probably about the 25th of the present month.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVI.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

MILLIONAIRES. A man with an immense income from accumulated property, is not in a position antagonistic to the community. Whether he has come into possession of it rightfully, or, as in the case of the large landed estates in Great Britain, wrongfully, is a question of the past, which I am not now considering. The income results from the use of the property by persons who estimate its use to be worth to them all that they pay. So the collection of the income injures no one. If he invests it, he furnishes increased facilities, and thus benefits the community. If he leaves it idle in the bank, it is still loaned to



those who can make use of it, the banker enjoying the interest. If he keeps it in his safe, it can there harm no one. If he spends it, he furnishes employment to laborers. It is impossible for him to keep it or to use it in ordinary ways without benefitting the community.

The amount of the benefit conferred in spending it, depends largely upon the manner in which it is spent. If he spends it for articles which are destroyed, all that the community gets is the profit in producing those articles. But if he spends it for articles of permanent value, the community is also benefited by the addition of those articles to the world's stock of goods, articles which sooner or later will be distributed to others.

#### PER CONTRA.

From my viewpoint:

"A man with an immense income from accumulated property" is, necessarily, in a position very "antagonistic to the community." An immense income means immense power over the lives and welfare of other men, and "power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whatever it touches."

"Whether he has come into possession of it rightfully," or not, is not an open question. No man can come into the possession of an immense fortune rightfully! Legally he may, but law and right are often, if not generally, the antipodes of each other. Great fortunes are obtained and perpetuated by robbery, as in the case of landed estates (rent), or by taking advantage of the ignorance, the necessities, the imbecility or the improvidence of others, (interest and profits).

"The income" of the rich man does not "result from the use of the property by persons who estimate its use to be worth to them all that they pay"—except in cases where the users borrow for the purpose of speculative profits, in which case the user becomes, like the man from whom he borrows, a robber. The borrower usually pays interest, or rent, because he is compelled by his necessities, real or imaginary, to pay unjust tribute to the holder of accumulated "property," be this property in the shape of land, tools (machinery), or the product of labor upon land or other crude forms of natural wealth, or in the shape of that privileged aristocrat and licensed robber among commodities, known as legal tender money.

In brief, and with my limited vision, these lines embrace the main points of Mr. Parkhurst's "Lesson No. XXXIV." The natural and inevitable result of the working of the social system advocated in this lesson is seen in the condition of the miners now on a strike against their plutocratic lords, the mine owners and "operators;" in the condition of the operatives in the factories and sweat-shops of the country; also in the condition of all who perform really productive labor in any department of human industry.

It is well that we have all sides presented, so far as our limited space will allow, and Mr. Parkhurst is doing necessary reform work by putting in concise form the arguments of the monopolist and the plutocrat, with whom as individuals, I for one, have no quarrel; regarding them as victims of an abnormal and vicious social system, rather than as wilful wrong-doers.

M. H.

#### Again, "The Right to Work."

BY HENRY E. ALLEN.

H. M. Parkhurst says he admits himself an "ancient number" having outlived the socialistic community of "Brook Farm," fifty years ago. It seems that settled socialism with him. How do I know that the experimenters at "Brook Farm" were not the enemies of socialism, and made this failure simply to make a record against it? Thousands of socialists believe their plan of government is not practicable by any small, isolated community surrounded by competition. Why did not this gentleman who believes in the beautiful dog-eat-dog system of the present refer his readers to the post office department, our public school system and other socialistic

features of our government today? In fact this teacher of gold standard economics might have stated that every feature of our government today worth a fig is socialistic.

I will say in closing that my ideal of human government is ANARCHY. A civilized human being is capable of self-government, and when all become sufficiently civilized all should have the opportunity to govern themselves. I hold that socialism is the best school for such development. When the people absolutely rule themselves it will be but a small matter to lop off this law and that until there will be but one supreme law—the right to do what we choose so long as we do not infringe on the rights of others.

I feel as positive that the present competitive system contains the seeds of its own destruction as I feel sure that right will finally triumph.

If the present system will do, and is doing now, why is it necessary for Mr. Parkhurst to argue for its continuance? Haven't people sense enough to know that there isn't any perceptible difference between republicanism and democracy, and that the trifling remedies each party proposes could not possibly bring prosperity to the masses so long as the present system of private monopoly is allowed? I tell you, we are learning these important truths rapidly in spite of our Parkhursts and corporation-controlled politicians. I will leave the subject here and turn our economic teacher over to the tender mercies of C. L. James.

PREJUDICE and intolerance are the fruits of ignorance. Herbert Spencer, in the "Studies of Sociology," speaks of the surprise with which a monogamist first learns of the existence of other systems of marriage. "So unlike our own," says Spencer, "we cannot at first, imagine that they are practiced with a sense of propriety like that with which we practice ours." Yet Livingstone tells of intelligent Kandyan women who upon hearing that in England a man has only one wife were very much disgusted and expressed themselves as "perfectly scandalized" at the utter barbarism of the English. It was, they said, so like the monkeys.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY copied its system of free love marriage, or as the scientists defined it, "complex marriage," from the "primitive church" and the origin, example and teachings of Jesus. Rev. J. H. Noyes, its founder, proved this conclusively in his book "The Berean." No attempt was ever made to refute that work. The monogamous preaching and polygamous practicing clergy concluded that the only way to answer his arguments was to invoke the law to break up his community. It was the only Christian organization on earth that practiced the teachings of Jesus. They believed in and practiced freedom in love only among those of their faith or religion.

#### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER I.

Thus the weeks passed away and Christmas was drawing near when the mail brought a letter from Margaret to her mother. A cry of joy broke from her lips as she read its contents.

"What is it?" cried the girls in chorus.

"O, listen! It is almost too good to be true!"

"And now, dearest mamma, let me wind up this epistle by a little bit of news. By some strange and opportune circumstance we have no engagement for two weeks, beginning with Christmas morning, and now I mean to join that precious circle for a short time, of which I have heard so much. O, you don't know how impatient I am as the time draws near. I am longing, am homesick for you all. It is sweet, this thing called fame and homage, to be greeted and rewarded with applause, but the heartfelt affection of your loved ones is something different, and O, so much more satisfying."

This indeed was news and joy. Imelda knelt at Mrs. Leland's side, laying her head upon her motherly knee.

"O, I am so glad, so glad! for once our circle will be complete." Glancing up her eyes met those of Cora. The look of pain and silent reproach therein pierced to her very heart. Hastily rising, with a quick step she was at Cora's side, winding her arms about her she laid her face to hers.

"Porgive me, little sister, for a moment I forgot that we cannot be complete until one more noble man, your own Owen, shall have joined us."

Cora smiled through her tears.

"There is nothing to forgive, only sometimes I grow so hungry, so heart hungry, so love hungry. I know everyone here loves me, yet—"

"Yet the supreme love, the love of him who makes life's sunshine for you, is wanting; is not that so? But why, little one, do you not send him the word which will bring him to you?"

"I do not know; but I have the feeling that for some reason it would be useless. I will wait a little while longer."

So a few more days went by and at last Christmas morning dawned. A solitary watcher paced up and down the platform in front of the depot awaiting the arrival of the incoming train, his impatience not permitting him to seek the warmth indoors as many others were doing. Up and down, up and down, he paced, the dark eyes glowing in their suppressed eagerness when at last the whistle sounded on the clear, crisp air and a few minutes later the thundering train discharged its load of human freight, and was again puffing away on its eastern course. A tall, fair-haired woman was seen casting searching glances about when a pair of arms were laid upon her shoulders. She was gently turned about, almost at the same moment a pair of mustached lips pressing hers.

"Margaret, my rare, sweet Margaret!"

"Wilbur!" Another kiss followed, then quickly she was assisted to a seat in the waiting cutter, snugly tucked in with warm robes and furs and in a few minutes more they were speeding along over the frozen snow.

"My mother, is she well? and Imelda, and Alice, and her babies, and all the rest whom I have not yet seen, are they all well and happy?"

Wilbur laughed. "One question at a time if you please, my girlie. But as to each and all I can give the same answer, so will I answer them all at once with the one little word 'Yes,' and they have sent me alone to greet you, not but one and all are just as eager and impatient to greet and welcome my darling. Only they have kindly conceded the privilege to me to be the first to embrace my girlie, for which I certainly am thankful. For when that bevy of women once have you in their clutches—there now! I retract that word, but it is certain when they have secured you I may not hope to again speak to you in a hurry. For some time at least they will own you."

By this time they were leaving the turmoil and noise of the city in their rear and as the road was a quiet and deserted one the arm of the young driver gently stole about the slender waist of the woman at his side. Nothing loath the fair head rested against his shoulder while the blue eyes looked up into the black ones with love unutterable. Again their lips met in a clinging kiss.

"O sweetheart and lover, it seems so good once more to be able to nestle in your arms."

To press her still more closely was his only answer. Thus laughing and talking, loving and kissing, they enjoyed to the utmost that drive in the crisp, cold air, and soon they arrived at their destination, where many open arms were extended to receive the fair Margaret.

"My darling!" and

"My own mamma!" were the caressing words exchanged as Mrs. Leland folded her daughter to her heart. But not for long was she permitted to hold her there. Imelda's brown eyes were beaming with love and pleasure. Alice was eager for a kiss, her two pretty babies wanted to be made over by this

new auntie. Then Imelda drew her aside where the hazel-eyed Cora was standing with one arm laid lovingly about the shoulders of a pale-faced young man. Margaret needed no introduction. By letter she had long since known of the finding of both of Imelda's wayward ones, and a single glance told her all. She took the girl's face between her hands and gently kissed the cherry lips.

"I am so glad for your own as well as for Imelda's sake."

This was her greeting and Cora understood, for her eyes filled with tears. Frank's hand she took between both of hers and knelt at his side.

"And you are the brother I have so often heard her speak about. For Imelda's sake you must be my brother also, as my own brother has been absent for so long a time I can scarce remember him."

Frank's face became sad and his eyes misty.

"O, but your own brother is so much more deserving than I. Would that my record were as clean."

Margaret shook her head.

"Not so downcast and self-reproachful, my boy. We are so much the creatures of circumstances we cannot well help doing just the things we do. The past you have done with, only the future is yours, to make that what it should be will be your task, your duty, your pleasure."

In his turn Frank shook his head.

"No! not even that boon will be denied me. My bad deeds can't be undone; to atone for them will not be permitted me. My days, my hours, even, are numbered. No, no, please don't. I understand what you would say. Why should such a truth-loving woman as you seek to deceive me. I know it all, and I suppose it is best so. Look, there at your mother's side another waits to welcome you, one who is nearer and dearer to you than such a poor wreck of humanity as I could ever dare hope to be."

Following the direction indicated by Frank Margaret saw, standing at her mother's side, an arm thrown caressingly about her shoulders, a young man as yet almost a boy, fair sunny locks thrown carelessly back from a broad and open brow, a look of longing in the frank blue eyes, and suppressed emotion quivering about the sensitive mouth.

Slowly Margaret drew herself up to her full height, with her eyes fastened on that boyish and yet manly form. Was it—O was it—? Her mother's hand went up to his face and drew it close to her own, holding it there, the other hand she extended to her daughter. With bated breath Margaret crossed the room.

"Is it—"

"Your brother."

Then both of Margaret's hands were extended and both were clasped firmly and tenderly, and,

"Osmond!"

Margaret!—spoken in a breath, and Margaret knew that at last her mother had had her one heart's desire; her boy, her baby is once more her own, and the sister is clasped in her brother's embrace.

"O, this is indeed a merry Christmas, and you are the nicest Christmas gift I could have wished for. But how is it, mamma, that you have not written this to me?"

"Because I so sincerely hoped and believed that you would make it possible to spend a week with us, and I wanted to surprise you. Have I succeeded?"

"Indeed you have, my darling mamma. But is this boy always so tongue-tied, having just nothing at all to say?"

Osmond laughed,

"I believe you are a saucebox! But that isn't a bit nice of me, is it? to call you names in the first moments of our acquaintance—with the first words I address to you. I promise you to try and do better and say something nice. I don't believe you are easily spoiled and feel that I may tell you, that already I am proud of my sister. I think they have named you well—Margaret. A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair—"

"For shame, Osmond, to try to pay your sister compliments in such worn-out phrases."

A laugh followed and the ice was broken. Margaret felt and knew that she should love this brother. As the days of the following week glided by she gradually came to know all there was to tell and to learn. Osmond told her all about the father who so opposed his coming here, when by accident he had discovered that it was the boy's mother he daily went to see; of the battle he had fought and how he had come off conqueror; of how there had been much in common with them; but that of late he was daily drifting more and more away from his father; then of how he had come into this circle, and of how he had gradually come to hear and then understand their ideas; how he had come to know and understand what true womanhood and manhood were, what they meant, and that he now knew that his mother and sister were sweet and pure and true, notwithstanding the teachings of his father.

Then Margaret had come to know the sisters of Wilbur, and knew not which was the most love-worthy, the stately Edith or the sweet, gentle Hilda. She saw the lightened color in the cheeks of the former, when the young physician was holding her attention; she saw the sparkling light in the eyes of the latter and the answering light in those of Lawrence Westcott; the adoration in Imelda's glance as it rested on the splendid figure of Norman Carlton, who indeed she found to be all her friend had said of him. "One of nature's noblemen" was the best she knew how to define him. But to which, indeed, of the many faces and forms should she not have applied the same appellation? And O, how she enjoyed the society of this bright circle! how swiftly the hours and days flew by. How soon she knew her short vacation would be over and that again she must away to her work.

She loved her work but she could not help feeling sad that her visit would be of such short duration. She would nestle closer to Wilbur's side, and just a little more passion would creep into her kisses when she was folded against his heart, at the thought of the coming separation.

So the first week of her vacation neared its close, and all felt more than ever before the rapid flight of time, when one evening Norman joined the circle holding a telegram aloft.

"Look," he said, "this announces the visit of a friend of olden days, a college mate, a most precious fellow whom I will turn over to the tender mercies of our ladies; a splendid fellow, wholehearted and true. Maybe you girls can make another addition to our circle. He is well worth the winning even though he be a married man."

To be continued.

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Sarah C. Campbell, Roodhouse, Ill.:—Every day I am stronger in the belief that the emancipation of woman is the next thing in Evolution. Nature will bring it about. The writers and workers for Lucifer are a part of nature, impressed with the idea that this is their special work, and can have no peace of mind unless they do what they can. Therefore enclosed find fifty cents with the promise of more if needed when it can be spared. Your "A New Society" in late Lucifer is grand, as also is "Old and New" and "Proofs of Atheism."

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[The price of back numbers to whole No. 613—or fifty-six

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[Replying to the above and to many similar questions I would say that the pamphlets, "Motherhood in Freedom," "When Love is Liberty and Nature Law," "Love and the Law," "What the Young Need to Know," and "Discussion of the Social Question," give fairly good outlines of what is meant by Lucifer's writers when using the term free love. Also the article, "A Free Man's Creed," published in No. 653 of Lucifer. For larger works on this subject we commend such treatises as the "New Ideal," by Emil Ruedebusch, and the other books advertised under the head "Library of Sexology." M. H.]

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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 33.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 18, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 672.

### The Cloud Confines.

The day is dark and the night  
To him that would search their hearts;  
No lips of cloud that will part  
Nor morning song in the light;  
Only, gazing alone,  
To him wild shadows are shown,  
Deep under deep unknown  
And height above unknown height.  
Still we say as we go,—  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and dead;  
Named new, we name it the old;  
Thereof some tale hath been told,  
But no word comes from the dead;  
Whether at all they be,  
Or whether as bond or free,  
Or whether they too were we,  
Or by what spell they have sped.  
Still we say as we go,—  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate  
That beats in thy breast, O Time?—  
Red strife from the furthest prime,  
And anguish of fierce debate;  
War that shatters her slain,  
And peace that grinds them as grain,  
And eyes fixed ever in vain  
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.  
Still we say as we go,—  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know some day."

What of the heart of love  
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—  
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban  
Of fangs that mock them above;  
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,  
Thy hope that a breath dispels,  
Thy bitter forlorn farewells  
And the empty echoes thereof?  
Still we say as we go,—  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know some day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,  
Aweary with all its wings;  
And oh! the song the sea sings  
Is dark everlastingly,  
Our past is clean forgot,  
Our present is and is not,  
Our future's a sealed seedplot,  
And what betwixt them are we?  
We who say as we go,—  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

—D. G. Rossetti.

No man is wise enough to foresee the secondary results of any proposed restriction, and no history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon denials of liberty.—  
George E. Macdonald.

### Paragraphs.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

David Ellsworth Bates is under arrest in Chicago for the alleged crime of marrying seven women without burying or divorcing any of them. If marriage of one man with one woman is a good thing, why is not the marriage of one man to seven women seven times as commendable?

Rev. John Walstein, while conducting a revival meeting at Epsom, Ind., Aug. 4, shot at some wicked young men who disturbed the congregation. He missed the men he shot at but killed an innocent little girl who was sleeping in her mother's lap. If the Lord is directing Parson Walstein the Lord is a poor marksman.

According to the bible Jesus was never married; he was born out of wedlock; he never performed a marriage ceremony; he never expressed approval of marriage; he recognized no man as his father and no woman as his mother. He was an idealist and in his ideal kingdom he said "They neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Milwaukee clergymen, who are reaping a rich harvest from couples from neighboring states who go to Wisconsin to get married without a license, never inform the couples that the laws of that state do not require any marriage ceremony. The marriage fees in that state are merely tributes wrung from the ignorant.

When the ordinance taxing bicycles was recently passed in Chicago 4,000 patriots rushed to the city hall and paid seventy-five cents a piece for a nine months' licence. Within two weeks Judge Tuley declared the law unconstitutional and the city pockets \$3,000 of the patriots' money. Voluntary victims of a governmental confidence game deserve little sympathy.

A Monterey, Calif., clergyman has a boat in which he takes loving couples out into the ocean beyond the state's jurisdiction and marries them without a license. Some people refuse to regard marriage as a religious ceremony and others refuse to admit the necessity of a governmental license for the union, but few see the absurdity of permitting either the church or state to meddle in contracts of this nature.

"Would you not prefer sexual association with women whom you respect and have some affection for, rather than with professional prostitutes or any woman you might pick up in the streets?" was a question I put a few days ago to a conventional man of my acquaintance who had informed me he had "no use for the doctrine of free love." Note his answer: "I could not respect a woman who would let me associate with her sexually, unless she was married to me." This from a man

who makes no pretensions that he confines his sexual acts to his own wife. What better proof is needed of the debasing influence of the marriage institution on man's nature?

### The Spanish Inquisition.

The assassination of Canovas seems to have aroused even the plutocratic press to a realization of the horrible tortures inflicted by his orders upon the majority of the "four hundred persons of all shades of advanced ideas who were suspected of complicity in the Barcelona bomb throwing of last year, and immured in dungeons."

The Chicago "Chronicle" of Aug. 12, gives considerable space to pictures of instruments used in that torture. There are iron torture stocks, flesh hook, leaden scourge, thumb screw, Spanish collar, crushing cage, bone breaking wheel, and several varieties of flesh pinchers, knives, etc. The "Chronicle" gives a column to details of the tortures inflicted on the prisoners. It quotes from the letters of two prisoners, as follows:

"I could not bear the atrocious tortures of so many days. On my arrest I spent eight days without food and drink, obliged to walk continually to and fro, to be flogged, and, as it that did not suffice, I was made to trot as though I was a horse trainer at a riding school, until, worn out with fatigue, I fell to the ground. Then the hangman burned my lips with red-hot irons, and when I declared myself the author of the attempt they replied: 'You do not tell the truth; we know the author is another one, but we want to know your accomplices.'"

Another of the tortured prisoners wrote:

"Imagine the terrible aspect of the Zero at midnight, with two civil guards following and one going in front with a candle in his hand—a staircase that reeks of carbolic. Arrived at the Anti-Zero I am bound up like a sausage; one of them opens the door and lets in another unfortunate victim, who did not utter a sound and passed me like a ghost. I am ordered to undress, or, rather, I am undressed, my hands tied by the wrists and the arms taken backward by a strong cord to the height of the biceps, afterward bound tightly around so that the cord penetrates the flesh. The civil guard, with a stout whip in his hand, says to me: 'You do not want to speak Spanish? I will make you speak before you leave this place!' And, by heavens! he showers a quantity of lashes upon me, on the calves, on the knuckles, everywhere.

"At the end of five minutes I was interrogated and the flogging begins afresh, on both sides of the legs, each lash producing a fresh smile on the countenance of the official. Seeing that I do not speak, they put a gag into my mouth. I was then tied down and the torture recommenced—I cannot finish, the hangmen are coming."

The "Chronicle" adds:

"One of the jailers in the fortress testified that the prisoners were flogged, their nails torn off, their bodies compressed until the agony of suffering led them to sign whatever the inquiring judge wanted them to say. Among other methods used were feeding the prisoners on salt fish, with all water withheld. Eight men were sentenced to be shot; four were sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude; fourteen to nineteen years one month and eleven days; thirteen to nine years and four months; thirty-six to eight years eight months and one day, and the rest were acquitted, but really sent to Rio d'Ore, in Africa, for an indefinite period, and this was in order that none of the prisoners should ever reach their friends and betray the work of the inquisitors. One enthusiastic jailer exhibited a nail torn from the foot of one of the tortured. Then the news was brought from the far-away prisoners declaring that their confessions were false, and that they were made in agony of hunger, thirst, exhaustion, sleeplessness and endless beating, that part of their bodies had been crushed after the gag had been applied for days, as well as manacles and screws, lacerating the flesh by their iron spikes after their bodies had been burned all over with red-hot irons.

"People who saw these prisoners say that their appearance

was frightful. Deadly pale, with dull, sunken eyes, reduced to skeletons, with swollen hands and torn mouths, dragging themselves along the ground, unable to stand on their feet, which had been either broken or so tortured as to be unable to hold the weight of their bodies. . . .

"A party of twenty-eight exiled anarchists arrived at Liverpool from Barcelona July 30 and after a brief stay there under police surveillance they proceeded to London on the invitation of sympathizers there. The party included one woman, Teresa Claramunt, the Louise Michel of Spain. . . .

"Two of the men stated that a number of gendarmes under the command of an officer, lashed them to stakes, tied their hands to a beam, and then pressed open the nails of their fingers with a slip of thin wood. This torture was prolonged for more than an hour, and it was terminated by the gendarmes applying pinchers to the nails and dragging them from the finger ends. They were made to walk about the cell for four days and nights continuously, and whenever they showed signs of fatigue they were lashed brutally with a whip. A case was mentioned in which a man went mad under the torture, only to be promptly shot by the gendarmes. The refugees allege that it is the religious question only that has brought about the expulsion. Shortly stated, their explanation is: 'We are not Roman Catholics, but freethinkers.'"

The "Chronicle" fails to tell its readers what portion of the "bodies" were compressed, for fear of offending Comstockian "morality." Well may the prisoners of Montjuich exclaim:

"We wretches cannot tell all our wrongs  
Without offense to decent, happy folk.  
We must scrupulously hint  
With half-words, delicate reserves, the thing  
Which no one scruples we should feel in full."

Such events as these are enough to make us despair of human progress. The instinctive desire to torture seems ineradicable from the Spanish blood. The Inquisition of the Middle Ages was no more horrible than is this at the end of the nineteenth century. It is now conceded that only two or three of the four hundred arrested were implicated in the affair of which they were accused and tortured into confession.

Yet "our representatives," "our servants," at Washington use "our" money to cable "our" sympathy to the Spanish government. A common murderer may go hang, and justice is done; but when a tyrant who has laid waste the land of Cuba, who has caused the butchery of hundreds and thousands of men and women and helpless little children in their own homes, falls at the hand of a maddened "subject" the nations of the world must go into mourning! What a spectacle for gods and men!

L. H.

### A Call for Concerted Action.

To all believers in sexual liberty. GREETING:

A national organization is needed. The time has come when the friends of love, of free, responsible parenthood, should unite for defense and for propaganda. Combined, aggressive work is demanded alike by the constantly-growing revolt against the ignorance and cruelty of existing social institutions and by the necessity of protecting ourselves against the intolerance and consequent persecutions of the devotees of outworn religious and sexual creeds. The deep undercurrent of sane thought touching this vital question should be made effective for the sweeping away of the debris of dead dogmas and milled social conventions which now obstruct the normal flow of the stream of progress. Self-respecting free lovers refuse to be longer banned by the semi-religious "Liberals" who assume for themselves the unwon title of Freethinkers. Free thought is worthless without free action, and no priest can be permitted to limit the one or the other, in either the religious or the moral domain.

A national organization of social radicals is needed for these and other purposes:

1. To make the friends of full human liberty acquainted with each other.



2. To create a fund for the printing and free distribution of millions of leaflets and small pamphlets.

3. To systematically increase the circulation of papers and other regular publications devoted to sexual emancipation.

4. To devise and utilize ways and means for reaching the people through ordinary papers, magazines and reviews, and from the platform.

5. To establish bureaus at Washington and the state capitals, (a) to antagonize further invasive moral and sexual legislation, and (b) to agitate for the repeal of existing archaic and reactionary statutes.

We would suggest that there be two classes of members; first, the known, active workers, those who can afford to come out into the open and frankly take part in the struggle, and, second, the passive, contributory, friends of the cause, those who, because of family, business, or other considerations, cannot afford to align themselves in the division of public propagandists.

The membership fee is to be one dollar per year in each class. In the public class the payment of this sum gives the right to vote for the election of officers and upon all issues brought up for determination in the annual and other conventions. Contributory members are assured inviolability of confidence but may not vote. At any time, upon written notice, a contributory member may be transferred to the active class, or a member of the active to the contributory class. If deemed advisable, there may be a life membership, upon payment of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, the rights of life members to be the same as those of annual members, in the two classes, respectively, of active workers and contributors.

For carrying on the work, both propagandistic and defensive, free gifts will be most welcome. Mountains of ignorance and prejudice are to be dug down and blasted away.

The society should hold a convention each year. It will help us to meet and exchange opinions and compare notes of progress; the press can assist us greatly, even if unfair and abusive, for publicity precedes investigation, as investigation antedates acceptance. If we want our light to shine we must set it where it can be seen near and far.

Do you accept the fundamental principle of sexual freedom? Then it is to your interest to join hands with us, either as avowed fellow-workers or as unavowed but substantial helpers. The opportunity to choose the form of sex expression personally and mutually agreeable, the liberty and responsibility of the individual, these involving and guaranteeing free motherhood, and thus giving the best possible promise of an improved humanity, are first to be secured. Until we have sexual liberty there can be no real test of the relative merits of the various methods of sex manifestation, of the divergent systems of social and family life.

We hope that all who are in sympathy with the cause of sexual emancipation and with this proposed movement for its advancement will at once send in their names for enrollment in either the active or contributory class. A permanent organization should be perfected in the early autumn, and there is much preparatory work to do in the few intervening months. The names of active members will be published in *Lucifer* and in such other periodicals as may support the movement. The names of contributory members will, of course, be known only to the officers.

E. C. WALKER, 244 West 143 St., New York.

LILLIAN HARMAN, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR., 1 Lynde St. Place, Boston, Mass.

JAMES HAWORTH, Boston, Mass.

A. LOUISE MINCHEN, Stoneham, Mass.

"The number of our warships must be doubled and trebled," says Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt. "We want more ships and more officers and more men to man them. Battle-ships, armored cruisers and vessels of the torpedo class—the more we have the better." And so on and so on, with all the expansive volubility of a hare-brained, imaginative "boy-man" laying plans to squander other people's money.—*New York World*.

## Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

The New York "World" is of the opinion that the ninety per cent. death-rate among babies in the city's charge "can be reduced to less than thirty per cent. when officials who are responsible for it begin earning the salaries the city pays them." The "World" takes a very hopeless view of the matter, for when did officials ever earn the salaries paid them?

District Attorney Backus of New York says that "every kind of a show that endangers the morals of our women and children should be stopped." Why the morals of our men do not equally need protection I am unable to discern. Perhaps, however, the district-attorney thinks that the female couched-dancers, about whom he is complaining, have no effect upon the men spectators, their supposed degrading influence acting upon the women and children only.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clarke University, Worcester, Massachusetts, objects vigorously to the vows the Christian Endeavorers take. He says:

"For a young person to take an oath which extends for years into the future, and which is almost sure to be broken, is a very serious thing."

President Hall is right, but I wonder if he sees the application of his remark? The marriage oath extends not only for "years into the future" but to the end of life, and, as construed by the most orthodox sects, it is eternally binding. It is indeed, "a very serious thing" to take such an oath, an oath "which is almost sure to be broken," in wish if not in physical fact.

Rev. G. Emil Richter, Methodist, of Brooklyn, tells women to keep out of business life if they can, and in the next breath advises them to study the practical affairs of life so that they can talk intelligently upon them. That is the preacher's way of acquainting himself with everyday concerns—theoretically, from the outside, at a safe distance from danger, toil and contamination. Now we need not be surprised to hear Mr. Richter say:

If you must labor, let your occupation be a feminine one. Leave book-keeping, typesetting and the heavier occupations to men.

I wish the reverend gentleman would inform an ignorant world how he discovers that bookkeeping and typesetting are purely masculine occupations, while, presumably, believing that scrubbing, dishwashing and laundering are "feminine" pursuits, nature-decreed. No doubt there is good reason to contend that setting type is heavier work than cooking for the family, caring for half a dozen children, scrubbing the floors, washing, mending, darning, and doing the other light chores which from time immemorial have been regarded as distinctively "feminine" amusement, "light" and exhilarating. No doubt his reverence for the time-honored is greater than his capacity to think outside of a groove, but, really, it would seem that Rev. Mr. Richter should perceive the utter absurdity of his attempting to advise in matters of which he has no knowledge, as is proved by his utterances. Why cannot he see that a woman, like a man, will do that best which she finds most pleasure in doing? The free worker has always been found the most competent worker; the slave botches always.

"Letter to a Prospective Bride" is the title of a little pamphlet by Ida C. Craddock which contains many valuable suggestions sadly marred by an apparent approval of the institution of legal marriage. It is written in plain yet inoffensive language but with an evident attempt to please the superstitious by its references to the so-called sacredness of marriage. Aside from these faults, which must grieve the judicious rationalist, the pamphlet is well worthy of perusal by every young woman who has had no experience in sexual association. It may be purchased for twenty-five cents from Ida C. Craddock, post office box 2093, Philadelphia, Pa.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 18, '97.

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
European Representatives, Arthur Wastall, Cranbrook House,  
High Road, Chiswick, London. William Gilmoar, 73 Cedar  
st., Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin of Infection of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1304 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, August 17. There will be a discussion as usual. Subject not decided on as we go to press. All interested are cordially invited.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send sample copies and trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged, \$250.25  
S. R. Shepherd, 25.00  
M. E. Hibbard, 1.00  
Albina L. Washburn contributes, in labor tender money, \$5.  
Sada Bailey Fowler donates six copies of "Irene;" price \$1 each. This is a radical novel, and may be ordered of us.

## A New Outrage.

Albert F. Kent, editor of the "Item" of Newburyport, Mass., was arrested recently on a charge of "obscenity" for having republished in his paper certain portions of Mortimer Warren's "Almost Fourteen." Those of our readers who are familiar with Mr. Warren's book will readily see how strained and far fetched such a persecution is. Bigotry is running riot in these cases. In next week's issue we will give a detailed account of the case, from the pen of E. C. Walker, which article came too late for publication this week.

## In the Woods.

As per arrangement mentioned in last Lucifer I left Chicago Friday night the 6th inst, and at 10:30 on Saturday reached Cleveland, one of the most admirably located and most beautiful of cities, the home of many of America's millionaire princes, the home of Mark Hanna—the man who is said to have pulled the wires of the political machine that placed William McKinley on the throne of the falsely named "Republic" known as the United States of America. Besides the honor that is supposed to accrue from his successful management of the Republican campaign last fall, and from his later appointment to the position of United States senator, this man Hanna enjoys the distinction of being a rich and powerful coal baron, that is to say, an extensive monopolist of the surplus natural fuel that should belong equally to all.

Yes, Cleveland is a very beautiful city if we judge it by Euclid avenue, the public square, the Arcade building, the parks, etc., but unfortunately these beautiful features are exceptional;

they are not characteristic of the city as a whole. There are vast areas which, by contrast, are anything but beautiful. Among these unsightly areas are the slums, the abodes of the poor, the unprivileged, the disinherited, the submerged classes of human society. The "protected" millionaires of Euclid avenue and the unprotected denizens of the slum districts of the city are as far removed from each other in all that concerns outward environment, common sympathies, tastes, pleasures, culture, hopes, aspirations, etc., as are the alleged denizens of the orthodox heaven and orthodox hell, and, like the inhabitants of that fabled heaven we may reasonably suppose that the dwellers on Euclid avenue derive much of their happiness from seeing the contrast between their own condition and that of those of their own race who have failed to "make their calling and election sure."

An instance of the contrasts to be seen in Cleveland is noted by the "Recorder" of that city, dated August 7, in which some account is given of the "eviction" of certain families from Broadway and Orange streets and the tearing down of their homes and scattering of their goods. "These evicted people it seems had been occupying a bit of vacant city land, had been 'neither a charge upon charity nor competitors with workmen for a job,' but 'earning an honest living' and molesting no one. But the ground was wanted for a city park, and so these people were ruthlessly driven off, much as the poor people in the time of William the Norman were driven away from their homes to give room for a hunting park for the king and his courtiers.

If the ground was really needed for a public park it would seem these evicted people should at least have been allowed to move their effects to other unoccupied land. But this they are not allowed to do. The "Recorder" adds:

"The oppressive effects of such evictions could be avoided easily. There is enough vacant land in Cleveland for everybody's use. But in obedience to an evil custom some people who live here and others who never come here, are allowed by law to keep people who do live here, off the land except as they pay tribute to the so-called owners. For that reason the opportunity to use a little park land for homes and candy stands was a boon, and the eviction of the squatters seemed a hardship.

"It is not the eviction from that land, however, that really constitutes the hardship, but the fact that all the acres of vacant land in the city, to some of which the evicted might resort, are closed against them, solely for the purpose of making some people rich without work and with the effect of keeping hosts of others poor though they do work. To end this custom would be to avoid the oppressive effects of proper evictions."

The expounders of the "single-tax" gospel are doing excellent educational work in showing up the iniquities of the landlord system, also the iniquities of the mine-lord system (a branch of landlordism) by which wholesale evictions of working people can be effected for the benefit of other people who do not work, and who do not need the land from which they drive their less fortunate brethren and their helpless families.

The thought obtrudes just here—why is it that men born of women can be so heartless as to treat their fellow humans in a manner so much worse than brutal? Why is it, or how is it, that men can treat their brethren as Mark Hanna, De Armit and others are now treating the miners whose only offense is that they ask enough of their own earnings to enable them to feed and clothe their families, and to lay up a little surplus for sickness or for old age. Looking for causes of such cruelty, are they not found in a theology that hardens the hearts of men to human suffering by teaching the worship of a God who inflicts endless pain upon those who die impenitent, or who decline to accept a bankrupt plan of salvation for sins which they have never consciously committed? Is it not because of the narrowly selfish instincts generated, gestated into, bred into, the

victims of church-state marriage? a system built upon the doctrine of ownership of woman and her children by the male "head of the family?" and the doctrine of mutual ownership of wife and husband? the doctrine that each family is a close corporation whose interests must take precedence of all other interests? and that it is right and proper to lay up millions of money for the future use of the surviving members of these close corporations called families?

In other words, is not a barbarous theology and a barbarous marital system,—the "marriage trust,"—one and all responsible for the worse than brutal monopoly of the earth by the fortunate and cunning few?

Leaving Cleveland at 5 P. M. on Saturday I arrived at Lake Brady camp, near Kent, Ohio, some thirty-three miles south eastward of the "Forest City," at which camp in the woods, and along the margin of the beautiful lake, I am now sojourning—trying to gain strength for future work, and meantime doing a little business, taking subscriptions to *Lucifer* and selling books to the campers, the excursionists and visitors who come to this somewhat famous summer resort in search of health, pleasure, or to investigate what is known as "modern spiritualism" at the Spiritualist camp meeting now in session here.

On my return from this place I expect to stop a few days in Cleveland to meet *Lucifer's* friends and subscribers at that place. On Sunday the 22nd, I shall be pleased to meet all interested in our work at the hall of the "Franklin Club," at 2 o'clock P. M., corner of Champlain and Seneca streets, in the city aforesaid.

M. H.

#### A Reminder.

Knowing that hundreds of our subscribers are out of employment, and that all feel the pressure of our iniquitous money system—a system that rewards the parasites and robbers who live by the labor of others and punishes those who ask only an equal opportunity to labor and to reap the reward of their labor; knowing the general distress that has followed the adoption of "monometalism" and the granting of special privileges to the favored few, by our lords and masters at Washington and in Wall street and Lombard street, knowing all this, we whose business it is to look after the finances of *Lucifer* have said but little about arrears, or the money due to the paper on subscription. Believing that all who have given us their names as subscribers and who continue to take the paper from the post office intend to pay for it when conditions will permit them to do so, we continue sending until ordered to discontinue.

From the ordinary business standpoint, this will be considered very unwise policy, and if *Lucifer* were published to make money for its publishers then nothing but disaster could be expected to follow such financial management. But money-getting is not *Lucifer's* mission, but rather the overthrow of the superstitions upon which our money-getting system is built. This being our object we send the paper to all who approve its aims and who are doing what they can, in any and all ways to eliminate the systems that make possible the slaveries, the despotisms, the miseries, the crimes and vices that confront us on every hand.

In order, however, that we may know that *Lucifer* is read and appreciated, and that those to whom it is sent are doing all they can to help forward its educational work, it is necessary that we hear from those who have fallen behind on subscription. Once more, then, we ask that all those whose time has expired will write us to say whether they wish the paper continued to their address. And when writing to ask a continuance if a remittance can also be sent—if only a few postage stamps, it will be perhaps the best possible evidence to us that the paper is being read and appreciated. We are willing as ever to work on without wages, without pecuniary reward as such, but to do this it is necessary to know that those to whom

we send the paper that costs us our time, our labor and our money—or the money of our helpers, appreciate the efforts we are making for the common benefit.

Once more, then, to save time, labor and postage stamps in sending out statements of account, we adopt this method of reminding those whose subscriptions have expired that a remittance from them will be thankfully received, or, if that is not possible, then a few lines to say whether or not the continued visits of *Lucifer* are desired by the person so notified.

#### VARIOUS VOICES.

Fred H. McGowan, Safford, Ariz.:—The great majority of the folks here who are not Mormons have left the ancient land marks of orthodoxy, but many are still held by the superstition of "Holy Matrimony," and it is singular how few will read and investigate upon these lines. Still the *Lucifer* is working, and I do not despair of sending in a few subscribers. Enclosed find a dollar bill for a renewal of my subscription to *Lucifer*.

Albina L. Washburn, Loveland, Colo.:—Enclosed find \$5.00 in labor tender money for the *Lucifer* Extension; also find a few names to which copies may be sent. I have learned many vital truths from *Lucifer* the most valuable of which I consider is not to be ashamed of nature. It is hard to displace false education but it can be done and with the young we have every opportunity to preserve the mind uncontaminated with those false ideas of modesty which have prevailed so long to the utter ruin of many of our noblest sons and daughters.

Sada B. Fowler, Torresdale, Phila.:—Please accept a donation of six copies of "Irene, or The Road to Freedom" to the noble cause of increasing the circulation. Those who are now so earnestly studying the idea of variety in love will, in "Irene" find helpful thoughts thereon, leading to the spiritual plane of true and pure sex love. The book I am now writing, however, gives the key note above and beyond; and, through the mighty *Thought-Power*, teaches the true life; by listening in the *silence* (according to Quaker doctrine) to the still small voice. All questions of reform here find settlement. I am trying to teach the labor reformers in our city of brotherly love (who are now working for the Debs movement,) that in this way will be established the new order of society in the holy spirit of peace and love. I am performing healing by thought power. Do any of your readers desire my aid? They may aid me as they desire.

S. R. Shepherd, Leavenworth, Kan.:—Since *Lucifer's* work more vitally concerns the happiness and well being of human kind than does that of any other publication I know, I gladly subscribe to the five hundred dollars home missionary fund.

Give a man a chance to be scientifically and properly born—to be born according to the law of God—rather than waste labor in trying to make him outwardly presentable after already having been "conceived in sin and born in iniquity."

I bank more on first than on second births. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Instead of attempting to clarify the stream by filtration and rose water disinfection *Lucifer* goes to the root of things and seeks to purify the fountain head.

The old marriage fetich is no more sacred and no more exempt from the "higher criticism" of "modern scholarship" and rationalism, in this age of science and reason, than is the Christian Bible or any other relic of barbarism.

Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.:—"What the Young Need to Know" is a new book and full of ideas new to the average reader. It is written in the strong, terse, and all-convincing style that permeates everything coming from the pen of E. C. Walker.

Though in viewing the work from a Diann standpoint one must take exception to some of his statements, yet on the



whole, there is a world of needed information for the old as well as the young.

There is a whole library of sex knowledge in its forty pages. It commences at the origin of sex and unfolds problem after problem, plainly, simply, yet philosophically.

It advocates free love based upon a proper sexual education and surroundings. Few can read it without learning something new and useful. Few will commence its perusal without reading from cover to cover.

It objects to the idea of sexual satisfaction being reached by the average lover, short of sexual congress; while Dianism proves that, under proper conditions, there is no more need of wasting vital force in that relation, than in shedding tears or ejecting saliva for needless purposes. But on the whole the book is readable, useful and attractive, and the price is within the reach of all. The superstition of "the shame of sex" is extremely well handled. The closing sentence every reader of Lucifer must indorse. "We cannot be free until the sex taboo is taken off every fact and thought of life."

O. N. Bancroft, Gaithersburg, Md.:—I take pleasure in reading Lucifer and am rejoiced to know that through its perusal many can receive the free thoughts of free men, and of free women also. And how much in advance of the present would the world of humanity be today had women always been as free as men to speak and publish their honest thoughts to a needy world. Had such been the case I think no such folly would ever have found expression and belief as that "love is blind," "Love goes where it is sent," etc. The truth is, *passion is blind*. I hope some day the world will be able to perceive that difference between love and passion. It is my opinion that real love is always the result of respect for its object.

I do not believe true, genuine love can injure, maliciously, revengefully, its object. Love would rather suffer than cause suffering. Hence no person ever takes the life of the one really loved, notwithstanding the great mass of people think the contrary. I am also convinced that what often is mistaken as love is the action of a chemical law of attraction that is subject to change, as constituents of the physical body change. Then repulsion takes place. Of such nature are the majority of unions.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LI.

We must now retrace our steps for some months, back to the golden summer time.

In the great eastern metropolis, on the sunny banks of the beautiful Hudson, almost hidden within a grove of wild plum and cherry trees, stands a cosy cottage. Snowy lace curtains drape the windows. Creeping vines almost cover it like a heavy green coverlet. On the shady porches are arranged a profusion and variety of richly blooming plants. The grass plots surrounding the house are dotted with beds of rare flowers which fill the air with fragrance.

But in spite of all the tempting beauty of the place there was an air of desertion about it that one felt rather than saw. The sultry summer day was drawing to its close. Evening was casting its lengthening shadows across the paths. Many of the beautiful blossoms drooped their heads as if weary and sad, while every window and door was closely fastened.

There was not a single sign of life about the place, when suddenly the click of the garden gate was heard and a man with hasty steps came walking up the path. His face was pale and handsome, his eyes blue and his drooping, silky mustache a decided red. The hair of the head, however, was of a darker hue, a handsome brown. He was admitted to the house by an old negress whose face wore an extremely doleful expression.

"Hello! Aunt Betty, what's wrong? Your young mistress is well, I hope?" But not waiting for an answer he pushed by

her, and was half way up the stairway when the old woman's voice arrested his footsteps.

"No use, Massa Hunter. The young Misses is not upstairs."

"Not upstairs! Then where is she, pray? Tell me at once." For answer the old woman covered her face with her snowy apron and burst into tears.

"What is the meaning of this?" the young man demanded. "Has anything happened? Where is Cora? Don't you see how you are torturing me?"

"I don't know. Indeed I don't! She just put on her plainest dress and says to me: 'I is going away, aunty, you can keep dis as a present from me,' and she gi' me a purse all filled with gold. 'You is to remain here,' she says, 'until the massa comes and den you give him dis.' Then she gi' me a lettah, and dat is all I knows."

His face was ashy white and his hand shook as with palsy as the negress banded him the missive which he instinctively knew was a farewell from the one woman who was dearer to him than life. A deadly fear crept into his heart as he went into the little parlor and closed the door as if to shut out the glad sunlight while he read the words that had been penned with a breaking heart. Here and there a stain, a tell-tale mark had been left by a falling tear.

"You will forget," she wrote, "that such a one as I have ever crossed your path. It is better thus. It seems my destiny only to bring pain and suffering to those who love me."

"Do not fear I might sink again to the level on which you found me and from which you rescued me. You have taught me a woman's real worth and no degrading action or word shall ever again soil my life. I was reckless and daring to accept the priceless boon of your love without first inquiring if you were free to love. I did not know, O, I did not know, that law and custom had already bound you to another. I cannot permit you to make a criminal of yourself and when you return I will be gone. Don't seek to find me. What would be the use? The world is wide and somewhere I shall be able to live out this life which consists of so much more pain than joy. I am young and strong, and shall find work somewhere. Good bye! Farewell, my Owen, my lover, and reserve in your memory one little spot of green for your own unhappy

CORA."

The closely written sheets fluttered from his hand and fell unheeded to the floor. His head sank upon his arm where it fell upon the table. Thus he sat long hours. The day had gone out in the gloaming. The twilight hours passed and ushered in the dark night and still he sat there. Then he arose and dragged his weary footsteps to the pretty bed chamber which was to know her no more. There, where he had spent so many sweet and indescribably happy hours, he threw himself upon the bed and buried his face in the snowy pillows which her head had so often pressed.

At sunrise he left the sacred abode. He told the old negress to remain and take care of the little home just the same as if her mistress were there. Giving her a well filled purse he turned his back upon the place where love had been wont to welcome him and went straight to the mansion where dwelt the haughty Leonie, his wife.

"I will never give in! Never! never! I would scratch the eyes out of her white face first!"

The shrill voice almost shrieked the words and the black eyes of the angry woman fairly flashed fire as the white face twitched with fury which transformed it until it became almost hideous.

"I would murder the brazen hussy ere I would—"

"Not another word! I will not hear your vile tongue defame her whose shoes you are not worthy to wipe. You have driven my poor girl away. If sin there be, it is mine. She never knew I had a wife. She was content to give me her love until you drove her forever out of my life. So on that score

you can rest easy, but I repeat that I will not continue this farce any longer. I have crossed the threshold of the dwelling that you call home for the last time. I shall sever now and for all time every tie that binds me to you. You can retain this house if you wish it. I do not want it. I shall deposit a million dollars at my bankers to your credit. Then you can apply for a divorce just as soon as you may desire."

To be mistress of this lordly mansion was by no means a small thing. When he made the declaration that she was to retain it together with a princely fortune, an iron band seemed to loosen from about Leonie's throat but she gave no sign of her intense gratification.

Just then the tinkling of a bell was heard in the distance, a few moments later a servant appeared with a card. Before Leonie could step forward, Owen had already secured the card and as the man again noiselessly withdrew he cast a quick glance at the name inscribed thereon and a cold smile overspread his features.

"Wilson Porter!" Your name, fair lady, has lately often enough been coupled with this one, and as Wilson Porter is neither a fool nor a knave, to the best of my knowledge, I am sorry for him. He deserves a better fate than to be drawn in by a woman of the Leonie Hunter stamp. The immaculate woman who could hurl such withering scorn on an unfortunate sister really ought not to throw stones as she herself is the inmate of a glass house."

He turned and left her standing there, and as he opened the door to pass out he lifted his hat to Wilson Porter who had come to conduct Leonie to Mrs. Van Gorden's reception.

For days and weeks Owen kept up an incessant search for the missing girl but no trace could be found of her whereabouts. His face became haggard, his manner nervous and restless. Sleep fled his eyes, and as summer gave way to autumn, followed by dreary winter, the conviction slowly forced itself upon the mind of the lonely and embittered man that his dream of bliss had ended.

Never in all this time had he seen Leonie. His life with her had been a miserable failure and he never wished to see the dark passionate face again. And in reality Leonie cared very little for the doings of her truant husband. Now as before she seemed it in society. As a matter of course it was accepted that Wilson Porter on all occasions should be her escort. The society world had become accustomed to that fact; there was no longer anything new and strange about it.

But if Leonie cared little, Owen cared still less, and as on the clear frosty night of Christmas eve the clanging of the merry bells were calling the orthodox masses both rich and poor to commemorate the birthnight of a world's redeemer, he stood watching the surging masses with a scornful smile curling the finely chiseled lips, he murmured:

"I wonder how much Christian love and charity has done to make the world better. Bah! nothing but cupidity, sordid lust for gain, fills the hearts of one class, whilst superstition, prejudice and ignorance rule the other. The one class rivets the chains; the other hugs them. O how beautiful the world might be if poor groveling humanity would but be natural. Of all things under the sun possessed of life and motion the human family alone is taught it is wrong to be natural, that it is right to outrage nature's laws, even though death be the penalty."

"I wonder if, in all New York tonight, there is one who is more wretchedly poor and desolate than I am with my millions? Of what use are they to me? They cannot buy me happiness."

The heart-sick man paced the streets until they were wholly deserted. A restless spirit kept him on the move until the bells of the Christmas morn proclaimed "Peace upon earth, good will to men." Again the scornful smile curved his lips as he whispered: "Where is it? O, where is this chanted peace?"

As he was beginning to feel tired and was about to return to his hotel his attention was attracted by the movements of a man a short distance in advance of him who was staggering

along the street as if intoxicated. Impelled by some strange fascination Owen followed, never for a moment taking his eyes off the figure in advance. The reeling man soon came to Riverside drive, and thence to the Park which he entered and passed through the winding paths down to the river's edge. His movements became more and more suspicious. Owen quickened his steps almost to a run and just as he was on the verge of taking the fatal leap he reached the side of the stranger, and hastily grasping him by the arm he quickly drew him back. The man reeled and almost fell from the force of the impelling motion. When he regained his equilibrium he turned his white and stern face upon Owen who dared to interfere with his actions.

"Let go my arm," came in a husky gasp from his lips. "By what right do you compel me to remain where there is nothing but pain and sorrow, where all is cruel deceit, blackness and lies, while down there in the clear depths peace and rest await me?"

To be continued.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 25, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 673.

### One Woman.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

I thought to love you once; but now,  
Despite your wealth of sweetness,  
I see dark signs upon your face,  
And find great incompleteness.

I cannot love who make of truth,  
Ideals, dreams, above them;  
Who think great thoughts, yet live them not;  
They are not worthy of them.

### The Persistence of Evil.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Anthony Comstock is still active in the service of his master. When the publisher, George H. Richmond, was acquitted a few months ago in the court of special sessions, it was generally thought that the vice agent would give D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death" no more free advertising. But Comstock is a Bourbon, with the Bourbon's proverbial incapacity either to forget or to learn. The few who were keeping track of him have known all along that he was determined to prosecute "The Triumph of Death" in the federal courts. So they were not surprised when on July 21 Mr. Richmond was again arrested at the instance of Comstock, this time being taken before United States Commissioner Shields, by whom he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,500. The bonds were signed by J. J. Little, the publisher.

Inasmuch as the Messrs. Richmond have not sent D'Annunzio's book through the mails, how comes it that Mr. Richmond, Sr., is arrested under the federal statutes? Here is the explanation: At the last regular session of Congress the provisions of the Comstock mail law were extended to inter-state commerce through the express companies. The attempt to thus augment the power of the Vice Society and still further circumscribe the liberties of the people, was initiated years ago. The movement might have been thwarted had any considerable number of the people been awake to their own interests, for a few watchful men knew what the enemy were about and did all they could, with the limited means at command, both to hinder the progress of the obnoxious measure through Congress and to arouse their stupidly contented fellow-citizens. All their efforts were in vain; the bill became a law, and the prosecution of Richmond & Son is its first fruits.

The complaint brought by Mr. Comstock is specific. He alleges that he became acquainted with the fact that there had been deposited with the United States Express Company two copies of the "Triumph of Death," one addressed to Miss Ella Chambers, Bartlett's Female Seminary, Asbury, N. J., and the other addressed to Miss A. R. Ascalle, Asbury Park (N. J.) High School. He also learned that the Adams Express Company was in possession of a volume of the book, addressed to Miss Esther Seelye, of Baltimore, Md. Upon inquiry Mr. Comstock pretended that he was horrified to learn that all three of the consignees were young girls. This caused him to begin a rapid search for the consignee. He forbade the express companies to forward the books and calling into service several of his shrewdest and most indefatigable suppressors of vice, ultimately learned that the shipper was none

other than Mr. Richmond. Thereupon Mr. Comstock, remembering that the last Congress had by statute forbidden the sending of pernicious matter from one state to another by express under the same penalty as attaches to the transmission of such matter through the mails, waited until yesterday before posing upon the unsuspecting publisher.—N. Y. "Journal," July 22.

Of course Comstock's asseveration that he "became acquainted" with the fact that there had been deposited with the express companies copies of the "Triumph of Death" for transmission to certain alleged young women is merely another of his lies by indirection. His euphemistic statement covers the confession that he had written over the three female names to the Messrs. Richmond for the hated book. That is how he came to know that the books had been deposited as charged. Had the alleged consignees been real persons Comstock could have known of the shipments only in case the buyers were stool pigeons in his employ or he had received his information from a spy in the publishers' shipping room. But those familiar with the Vice agent's methods did not require the investigations of the "Journal's" reporter to tell them that "Miss Ella Chambers and Miss A. R. Ascalle are purely mythical characters." The reporter adds:

Mr. Comstock, it may be mentioned, lives at Asbury Park in the summer. The copy addressed to the high school was delivered at the school, but was never claimed. Mr. Comstock, when told of this, evinced no surprise, but said it mattered not whether the addresses were fictitious or not.

"The intent was there, and the purpose to debauch the morals of the young is only too patent," he said. "Why, only a little while ago I rode in a stage from North Asbury Park with a young lady who boldly displayed a copy of the vile book, and I said to her: 'Madam, excuse me, but if you will allow me I will destroy that book. It is unfit to be read.' The young lady unblushingly replied: 'No, I got it for a friend.' Now, what do you think of it? And that young lady lives in a prominent avenue in Asbury Park."

Naturally, the Censor "was not surprised" that the book was not claimed by the non-existent person whose name he had used, and we are not surprised that he insulted a young woman on the stage by impudently insinuating that she was incompetent to select her reading matter. He "unblushingly" confesses his shameful insolence. He says he began a "rigid investigation for the consignee," and "ultimately learned that the shipper was none other than Mr. Richmond," and then he "remembered" that Congress had forbidden the sending of "pernicious" matter by express from one state to another, just as though he had not engineered that measure through the national legislature, just as though he did not know all the time who the consignee was, and just as though he had not himself ordered the books to be sent by said consignee to said mythical girls! What a specimen of noble, truthful manhood this Anthony Comstock is!

We are told that the Censor forbade the express companies to forward the books to the asserted consignees. Where is his authority for stopping books in transit, and especially before they have been condemned by any judicial tribunal? If he did this, he had not a shadow of authority of law for his action. Leaving all general principles to one side for the moment, he knew that as concerns "The Triumph of Death" the only court that had passed upon its merits had flatly refused to brand it

obscene. The acquittal of Mr. Richmond by the Court of General Sessions was in effect a bill of clearance for D'Annunzio's work, good until some other court, a court of equal or superior jurisdiction, should affirm a judgment against it. Until such time, the taking of a copy of the book by Anthony Comstock without the permission of the owner would be as much theft as would be the like taking of it by any other person. The express companies were under no greater obligation to heed the prohibitive mandate of Comstock than they would have been to heed the prohibitive mandate of John Smith of Podunk.

I am surprised to find prevalent in New York, even among some Freethinkers, a suspicion that these prosecutions of the Richmonds are advertising schemes in the joint interest of the publishers of "The Triumph of Death" and of Anthony Comstock. I do not see the slightest reason for this suspicion. Those who entertain it are not of the old guard of Freethinkers, the men and women who know what a fanatic the Vice agent is and to what lengths he will go in the effort to crush heretical literature, and literature that runs counter to his notions of propriety. His non-acquaintance with letters and his desire to convince his supporters that his society has a cause for being, amply explain his repeated attacks upon the Richmonds and upon other publishers and booksellers. Were he not so intense a bigot he might be a blackmailer, but his bigotry is of so virulent a type, and his ignorance of the literature and art of the world is so profound, that to understand his acts it is not at all necessary to suppose him to be financially dishonest, in the common meaning of the term. Besides, no prudent publisher would for a moment think of fooling with the buzz-saw of the Comstock postal statutes. Not even Comstock could guarantee that the court would assist in a farcical trial.

The examination of George H. Richmond for depositing with the express companies three copies of "The Triumph of Death" for transmission to the fictitious addresses given by Comstock, took place before United States Commissioner Shields on August 2. The result was that counsel were allowed two weeks in which to submit briefs, and it is probable that a decision will not be reached before the early part of September. During the proceedings, Comstock admitted he had written the three letters and signed the names of the supposititious school girls for the purpose of entrapping Mr. Richmond.

"Then you wilfully told a lie!" exclaimed Mr. Fiske. Comstock colored and shook his head violently, disavowing any such intention.

"You disguised your handwriting to make your fraud more difficult to detect," insisted Mr. Fiske.

"I didn't," exclaimed Comstock. "Those letters are all in my ordinary handwriting."

"Well," responded the lawyer, "I'd a good deal rather believe my eyes than your word."

Commissioner Shields refused to permit the introduction of the record of the state court, wherein Mr. Richmond had been acquitted, saying that this case must stand upon its own merits. If this principle is sound, what becomes of those criminal laws that make each subsequent offense of a person punishable by a severer penalty than the last preceding offense? So far as the accused is concerned, as against the accused, the prevailing administration of law seems to be very much a game of "heads I win, tails you lose."

### Sundry Criticisms.

BY C. L. JAMES.

Lucinda B. Chandler says "The conjugal love, that which truly unites man and woman, which is a blending of complementary qualities, is necessarily an exclusive love because it is the agency of the *organizing creative force* of the universe. Was ever an organization effected by elements that were continually seeking change, opposite direction, separation?"

That is as lucid as a London fog. Mrs. Chandler confounds variety with short duration of attachment. It is surely super-

fluous to show that they are quite different. A lover of many may love them all through life. Love of only one at a time may turn—it often does—to indifference or hatred for the lately idolized object, after very short experience. But I am prepared to maintain something which is worth the trouble, *viz.*, that these two propensities—to variety in love and to discarding old flames—vary about inversely as each other. It is obviously rather natural they should. "'Tis good to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," follows at once from the premise that variety is awfully awful. And, of course, the varietist must reply "It is not good. Be on with the new love, if you will; but never be off with the old." The experience of history also teaches me that the propensity to variety and to discarding former loves vary inversely, not directly. Wherever marriage means anything else than female slavery, either divorce is tolerably easy or variety not much disapproved. And in all social states, from the lowest to the highest not absolutely anarchistic, we shall find that facility of divorce brings increased reprobation on variety. My personal experience also teaches me that the craving for an eternal mate who cannot be found, with the consequent rapid change from one temporary mate to another, is the reverse proposition of variety. Its pathology is simple. It is selfish. It is heartless. It is sensual. It is the feminine form of sexual vice (which means sexual weakness), just as the desire to wholly possess and own a woman is the masculine. Every charge it makes against the varietist can be retorted with excellent effect. I call it *alcinism* from its best representative in literature,—the wanton enchantress who, when the forty days of her fondness were over, condemned her lovers to expiate in loathsome shapes the crime of having pleased her too well.

And now I will repeat the observation which ruffled "Matadore's" plumes, that the masculine and feminine forms of morbid sexual irritability—satyriasis and nymphomania—the bull-necked brute and the feather-headed fribble—are the beginning and end of legal marriage. The bull-necked brute does not doubtless, propose to be "faithful" to his wife. But he proposes to have a wife. The feather-headed fribble usually ends by marrying someone she "wouldn't wipe her old shoes on" in the day of her attractions.

From their own standpoints, both are right. People can make shift to "lead an unhappy sort of life, wishing each other not divorced but dead, and living respectably as man and wife." It is impossible they can find their predestined mates, because there are none to find. Therefore, legal marriage, bad as it is, will do better for a steady thing than the accursed Alcina of affinity-hunting, whose only recommendation is having shaken the chains of legal marriage in her paroxysms until everybody heard them rattle. Our children's hope of deliverance from legal marriage is in the varietists, who love moderately, as long love does; love new loves without repudiating old; love their children more than the children's mothers; and love the mothers' children as much as the mothers, although not their own.

Let me remark, in conclusion, that there is nothing personal about all this, notwithstanding "Matadore." I have not said that Mrs. Chandler is Alcina—only that she repeats a cant which Alcina originated. Can she lay claim to similar temperance in controversy? Are not her allusions to the "heat" of brutes, and her anecdotes about the young man in love, aimed directly at the personality of varietists?

So Brook Farm killed socialism for H. M. Parkhurst! Brook Farm was a fatal place to many souls. Dana was there. But the victims of Brook Farm were all very easily convinced. It has been justly said, by one not a socialist, that the modern advocates of socialism are not to be disposed of by that easy stroke of the pen which identifies them with persons so curiously unlike them and one another as the Buddha, Plato, St. Benedict, John Ball, Joss Fritz, Campanella, Sir Thomas More, Babeuf, Owen, Fourier, Rapp, Ann Lee and J. H. Noyes. All these would doubtless have their place in a complete history

of socialism—itself a very vague term—but they had nothing in common beyond a more or less wholesome dissatisfaction with “things as they are.” Socialism, since Saint Simon, has been revolutionary. Its corner-stone is demonstration that “things as they are” simply cannot last—that the existing bourgeois system had a beginning, and is evidently destined to an end—that the merchant triumphed over the knight in the battle of life by aid of the proletariat; and that, having done so, he must either accept the rule of the proletariat (social democracy), or escape into no-rule (anarchism). One who knew this could have foreseen that Brook Farm would fail, without trying the experiment. He must have seen that religion, the inspiration of a few, is necessary to successful withdrawal from the world; and that the world is not to be changed by withdrawal, even when successful, but by the development of its inherent tendencies. One who did not know it was behind the age then, and that he should be so still is very natural.

### “Then and Now.”

BY WM. GILMOUR.

I am not sure whether gross physical cruelty keeps pace with or is a necessary accompaniment of piety and religionism, but in reading over some data on Scottish town-life before the Reformation I have been much struck with the tortures inflicted upon people in those good old days, for the most paltry offences. The fact that people are not tortured so openly nowadays does not prove that tortures are not inflicted; in fact, I am disposed to think that the social ostracism, the gossiping, the scandal-mongering of people for entertaining radical opinions on orthodox and tabooed subjects, may be as great a punishment to some men and women as were the modes of punishment in force in Scotland before the period spoken of.

To say openly that you are an anarchist, an atheist or a free lover is the best and quickest way of getting dismissed from your situation; of being spurned by your supposed nearest and dearest friends of being pointed at as a person who should be studiously avoided in almost all walks of social life; and, were it not for the fact that there are some men in good social positions holding similar opinions, and who are ever ready to come to the assistance of some poorer freethinker in the broadest sense of the term, and that the public press, even the most commercial of them, are, upon the whole, ready to defend the outspoken utterance of a bold individual, we would have the same old methods of bringing conviction to the stubborn-minded as in days gone by. I am not, of course, attempting to interpret the spirit of American orthodoxy, but rather that form of it which holds sway in Scotland. The Parish minister, in the real country district, is as tyrannical in his own sphere as any inquisitor, and I am credibly informed that the village vicar of the church of England is, in that country, much nearer to his ancient inquisitor brother-in-trade than the Kirk of Scotland man. He is boss at the school; in the home—when he goes there; at all social gatherings; salutes must be his when met by his parishioners on the highway, and all the boys must—at the risk of a sound thrashing if they don't—doff their caps when the lord's representative is met within the parish boundary.

Again, to come into a large city like Glasgow and look for a situation in an office or some such employment, ay, even in the liquor traffic, without “a line from the minister” is the worst fate that can befall you, and your chances of getting engaged will be increased if you have a note from your Sunday school superintendent and your secular schoolmaster. Then when you leave your native village, the one clergyman informs his town brother of your departure, and before you are properly settled in your new quarters the senior elder of his church calls on you to inquire for your welfare—but in reality to see that you join his church. If you refuse to go, you are reported at home, and straightway become a marked, a dishonored man.

So much for the condition of the God-fearing at the end of the nineteenth century in Scotland.

What of the past? Well, sixty years ago people were hung in Glasgow for robbery or house-breaking. It hardly seems possible—but 'tis true nevertheless. Still farther back, if you began to “flyte” (scold) a neighbor you'd be put in “stocks” or in the “cuck-stule,” which at a later date was placed in the church and was called the “stule o' repentance.” Someone has no doubt read: “Robin! come hither sir, and answer for't, yer blam't for jobbin,” and as he advanced he was made to get up on the “stule” to be duly admonished because he was no celibate. And if a child was born out of the orthodox marriage fold, the parents had to present themselves for a sound talking to from minister and elders, and many of them, doubtless, gay old sparks themselves.

For strubling Agnes Henderson, calling her slanderous names, and threatening to lay a pint storp on her “chaps,” Marion Ray was hung from the head of the Tolbooth building in a creel during the will of the provost and bailies. For a very small offense the culprit had often to go bareheaded, barefoot, and clothed in a white sheet carrying a candle of one or more pounds and present it during the public service in church. Other crimes were met by flogging, banishment, confiscation of goods, whipping, ducking, drowning, beheading, hanging or being nailed through the ear to a wooden post. To obtain acknowledgement of religious dogmas, and to exact confession of stubbornness and error from a man, the most stringent and forcible methods were brought into action. Thumb-screws for crushing the thumb bones; boot-jacks to crush the feet; racks, and many other torturing machines were utilized; sometimes successfully, and at other times to no purpose.

State, or communal, legislation was quite common—as common in the sixteenth century as it is becoming more fashionable nowadays. According to one writer “the town officials fixed the price of everything to be sold.” By the ale-tasters the strength was tested, and the price fixed of all ale brewed for sale. In modern times, the exciseman does the first named—the seller the latter. The judges of bread “fixed the price at which the bread was to be sold, and tested its weight and quality,” and no one could sell any article at a higher or lower figure than that fixed by the authorities.

That the wife was the husband's property was tacitly, if not directly, recognized. If a man had a talkative wife who used her tongue in miscalling her neighbors the husband, when occasion and circumstances required him to leave his town to go to another, would get his certificate, but not free from blemishes—all his wife's misdemeanors and faults would be inscribed thereon in order to warn the authorities, religious and civic, that he was careless of his domestic duties, and should be watched. So far as sexual relationships were concerned, I take it that they remain practically unchanged. The Holy Romish Church has never had any desire to liberate any of its members from the marriage bond, and to this day in Scotland will not sanction divorce. In extreme cases of cruelty a separation may be had, but 'tis distasteful in every sense to Mother Church.

I have been speaking of long ago: of those dark days of priestcraft, ignorance, misery and war. What of the present, or, prospectively, of the future?

Well, I think I perceive the dawn. Here and there one can find a few hardy souls, full of hope and energy. Let them not be dismayed—their numbers are daily increasing. Every man and woman, young man and maiden, who proclaims a love of freedom and lends his or her help in its cause, is hastening on the happy time.

Bold and original thinkers have pointed the way to liberty. On, then!

Lord Macaulay has remarked somewhere, and I close with this quotation (from memory). “The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and reflect the dawn; they are bright while the level below is still in darkness. But soon the light which at first illuminated only the loftiest eminences descends to the plain and penetrates to the deepest valleys. . . . The sound opinion held for a time by one bold speculator becomes the opinion of a small minority, a large minority, of a majority of mankind. Thus the great progress goes on.”



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Secology, or Secologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1304 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE evening has been changed from Tuesday to Thursday. The next regular meeting will be Thursday evening, Sept. 2, at 1394 West Congress St. All are welcome.

## Murdered by Sex Maniacs.

Infuriated savages, who pretend to be civilized and law abiding, riddled a fellow man's body with bullets, mangled it with pitchfork tines and bruised it with stones at Schiller Park, a Chicago suburb, last Thursday. Papers found in the victim's pocket after his death show that he was insane. His alleged offense was a violent assault upon a woman he attempted to rape. If such an offense by an insane man is worthy of ignominious death how much worse punishment is due to those men who rape their own wives without even the excuse of being demented? How many among those who shed his blood were guiltless of legal rape?

## Life at Lake Brady.

BY THE EDITOR.

The little lake called Brady—named in honor of a man who made a perilous leap in crossing the Cuyahoga river, at a point near the lake, while fleeing from Indians in the early settlement of the country—is not so well known in song and story as is Lake Geneva in Switzerland, Lake Genesaret in Palestine, or as some of the English and Scottish lakes that Wordsworth, Burns and Scott tell us of, and yet all who have had the privilege of floating upon its clear waters will agree that Lake Brady has charms not often found by one who would escape from the turmoil of city life and get into closer relations with Mother Nature.

The transition from the heat, dust and noise of a great city to the comparative coolness, quiet and repose of the wooded hills surrounding this beautiful lakelet, brings sensations more easily imagined than described, and yet very difficult of conception to those who have never had a similar experience. The purity of the atmosphere, absence of dust and smoke, absence of the many urban sights and sounds that suggest human misery and degradation, all combine to make one feel that he is, for the time, an inhabitant of another world. Added to these are the influences brought to bear upon one who cares to investigate the philosophy and phenomena of modern Spiritualism—Lake Brady being one of the noted "camps" at which, for some years past, have been congregated hundreds and thousands of the believers in and investigators of that philosophy, cult, or "religion," as some choose to call it.

As frequently before stated in these columns I prefer not to be labeled. I answer not to the roll-call of any sect or "ism."

And yet, as a conscious human being I feel a deep interest in all that concerns humanity. Prominent among human interests is the problem of continuity of life. "If a man die, shall he live again?"—or rather, does the human ego really die, when the breath leaves the visible body?—is a question that has interested the wisest as well as the most ignorant in all ages of human history.

That there is much of the fraudulent and deceptive connected with the phenomenal side of modern Spiritualism has often been shown. This fact need excite no surprise. In our commercial age, our mercenary age, the wonder would be if such were not the case; but after all due allowances are made for frauds—whether conscious or unconscious on the part of "mediums," there remains a large *residuum* that cannot thus be explained. At least such is the conviction of many thousands of honest investigators—of whom I claim to be one.

As stated a year ago, when visiting this camp, my chief object in coming to Lake Brady is not to investigate Spiritualism, but rather to extend Lucifer's work and, incidentally, to get a little needful rest and recreation for my own personal benefit. It is at the gatherings of Spiritualists that I find the most tolerant spirit, the most hospitable hearing for the reforms to which Lucifer is devoted. While no effort was made by myself or friends to secure such invitation I was cordially invited to the platform as one of the speakers on "Woman's Day," at Lake Brady this year, and also last; also at one of the few "conference" meetings held on the grounds since my arrival here. While the great financial depression makes it impossible to do much in the way of business my first week in camp has not been a failure, from a business point of view.

Among the noted speakers who have held the attention of large audiences since my arrival at the Lake, are Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, New York, Mrs. Anna Robinson of Port Huron, Mich., and Miss Maggie Gaulle, the famous "platform test medium," of Baltimore, Md. Week day audiences have not been large but on Sundays excursion trains bring crowds of people from Cleveland and other neighboring cities and towns. On Wednesday the 11th about six hundred of the patients at the "State Hospital" or asylum for the insane, with their attendants came from Newburg, Ohio, for a picnic on one of the hills overlooking the lake. Citizens and campers mingled freely with the patients, most of whom seemed to enjoy their outing quite as well as though sound and well. It was hard sometimes to distinguish between patients and visitors, or even attendants, except by their badges. Most of the patients with whom I talked seemed not to know that they were being treated as insane. One, however, whose history I knew something of, having met her a year ago at the camp—the bride of a few days, made something of a sensation by dropping out of the ranks and imploring her friends and acquaintances to "save her," declaring that she was unlawfully and unjustly held in confinement, and that she is not insane at all.

On the Saturday following, Mrs. Anna Robinson took occasion, in her address in the "Auditorium," to speak of the insane and of the utter lack of real knowledge of what insanity is and of its causes and cure. Also of the causes and cure of crime, which she designated as a form or symptom of insanity.

Lack of space and time prevent further report for this week, of what I have seen and heard at Lake Brady.

## Again the Inquisition Moves.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Quite a number of years ago, Dodd, Mead & Co., very orthodox and very respectable publishers of New York, brought out a little book called "Almost Fourteen." It was intended to impart necessary but generally neglected instruction to boys and girls approaching the age of puberty. They are very careful in regard to what they publish; it has been said that "literary men could not think of offering to them for publication 'Trilby' or 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' or any other work o

a realistic inclination." The publishers thoroughly approved "Almost Fourteen," as did Mrs. Mead, Rev. Lyman Abbott (who read it in manuscript), and other conservative persons. Nevertheless, when the work came out the "unco guid" were terribly shocked, whereat Dodd, Mead & Co., were "sincerely surprised." "The booksellers, some of the publishers' patrons, and some of the literary journals commented upon the work adversely until the edition was recalled and a revised one issued in its place." In the book shops the current question was "Can you imagine how Dodd, Mead & Co. were persuaded to publish such a book?" The author eliminated much of the "physiological and illustrative detail" and sent out the new edition.

But the concession was in vain. "The movement in favor of ignorance" bore remorselessly on, and now the New England Watch and Ward Society, a Massachusetts institution of the same genus as the Vice Society of New York, has pounced upon "Almost Fourteen." An antiquated numskull of the name of Chase is at the head of the Watchers and Warders, and he has just caused the arrest of Albert F. Kent, editor of the Newburyport (Mass.) "Item." Mr. Kent's offense is the serial reproduction of "Almost Fourteen." At the time of writing he is under bonds of eight hundred dollars, held to appear for trial in a week from the time of his arrest. Interviewed, Mr. Dodd says: "I cannot explain the action of the New England Watch and Ward Society in condemning the work, except by saying that this condemnation is the effect of an error of judgment. The author of 'Almost Fourteen' and the publishers of it stand by it, surely."

"The error of judgment" is more than a mere mistake of the Watch and Ward Society. The American people have been guilty of the stupendous folly of allowing a little group of hysterical and jaundiced men and women, who have no useful business to occupy their minds, to set themselves up as the censors of the literature, art and morals of the nation. But back of this immeasurable silliness was the primary colossal blunder of a sex-superstition that forbade perfect frankness between parents and children, teachers and pupils, and writers and readers, regarding the amative and reproductive glands and functions of human beings. Our Comstock and Chase surveillance is the legal expression of our individual and collective ignorance and cowardice where sexual facts are touched in our thought and experience. Sexology is under the taboo imposed by the medicine men of theology and morals, and the postal statutes to which Mr. Dodd's publication has fallen a victim are the political manifestation, by Act of Congress, of that taboo. Corruption and tyranny must run riot in any community where the processes of the reproduction of their kind are looked upon by self-styled rational beings with suspicion, aversion, fear, disgust and horror. Such an attitude toward sex, the fundamental fact in the perpetuation of Man, is utterly irrational, and cannot fail to be disastrous in every direction.

I should like to be sorry that "Almost Fourteen" has been prosecuted, but when I remember that Dodd, Mead & Co., Dr. Abbott, and the others of that caste are the passive when not the active sustainers of the Comstock despotism, I confess that I feel a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that they at last write under the sting of their own lash. It is just possible that the irritation and pain will induce some of them to do a little independent thinking. They may inquire why it is that honest teaching of needed truths is a crime in a "Christian nation."

## Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**PRODUCTIVENESS OF LABOR.** A very large proportion of the results of labor is due not to muscular exertion, or even to skill, but to the implements which are used. A farmer, wanting his garden dug, hires three men. A has no tools, but breaks off a limb from a tree and stirs the earth with that. B brings with

him a spade, with which he does as much in an hour as A can do in a day. He is entitled in equity to pay in proportion to the amount of work done. But nine tenths of it is done by the spade and only one tenth by himself. He is entitled to all, because he owns the spade. C is furnished with a spade belonging to his employer; so that he and the spade can accomplish as much as B; but he is only entitled equitably to as much as A, since he works no harder and contributes nothing but manual labor. Under the fundamental law that the result belongs to him who produces it, nine tenths of the results of C's labor belong to the employer who furnished him with the spade. These considerations show, when applied to labor generally, that the employer who furnishes buildings to work in, and machinery and tools to work with, usually receive very much less than his equitable proportion of the results of labor. This is largely due to a compromise, by which the laborer is allowed partial payment for the work done by the tools with which he works, to induce him to forego obtaining possession of such tools for himself, as he might easily do if he appreciated its importance. Probably at least half his pay, although nominally for manual labor, is practically a bribe, to induce him to remain in a position in which it is impossible for him to become independent.

## The Logic of Slavery

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

Professor Parkhurst in this issue of *Lucifer* uses the logic of slavery, not of economic freedom. Under freedom C would not use a spade unless it would increase the reward of his labor. D's spade will produce nothing unless it is used. If "the result belongs to him who produces it" then D has no claim to the product of C and the spade unless both are his tools. And so they are regarded under the present iniquitous system of exploitation. D retains all of the result of the labor of C and the spade except enough to keep his tools in repair. The so-called wages allowed C are merely sufficient to keep his muscles in repair and enable him to reproduce other human tools.

But the spade alone produces nothing. C alone produces one square rod of garden bed. C takes the spade as a partner and the product of C plus the spade is ten square rods. An equitable division then is five square rods a piece; and if C should receive such an equitable share he would soon have a spade of his own and D would have to dig, pay C more than fifty per cent. of the joint product of a man and a spade or starve.

Lois Waisbrooker writes that she is ill, and while she does not desire an appeal made for contributions for her aid, she would be glad to receive orders for any of her books, the titles and prices of which are as follows: "The Fountain of Life," 50 cents; "Perfect Motherhood," \$1; "Occult Forces of Sex," 50 cents; "A Sex Revolution," 25 cents; "Helen Harlow's Vow," 25 cents; "My Century Plant," \$1; "Anything More My Lord?" 10 cents. Mrs. Waisbrooker's trouble is malarial. She is confined to her room at present, but her doctor hopes to bring her out of her illness in better condition than she has been in for years. Her address is 1512 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal. L. H.

## Publisher Richmond Makes a Clear Distinction.

In the New York "Herald" of August 3, appears this letter from George H. Richmond, now in the toils of Comstock for selling D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death":

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'HERALD':—

"I would like to say a word in regard to my examination before Commissioner Shields this morning in relation to the publication and sale of 'The Triumph of Death.' I was asked if I had said I would not allow my daughter to read the book. I was only allowed to say yes or no, and was not allowed to give my reasons, leaving it to be inferred that I considered the book immoral. That, however, was not my reason. My

objection was general rather than specific. I do not believe that books portraying scenes in life so painful and so tragic as shown in the pages of this much discussed book should be put in the hands of children or young girls, and the same remark applies to my mind to books like 'Tribby,' 'Jude the Obscure,' 'A Lady of Quality' and a great number of books in circulation published and sold by firms of the highest standing in the country. I doubt even if a book so widely known as 'Vanity Fair' is just the book to give to a very young girl, whose mind is open to new impressions.

"The trouble seems to be that certain persons, whose intellectual horizon is very limited, seem to think that no books should be published that children and very young people may not read. It is certainly very strange that the only 'girls' who have written for the book in dispute are acknowledged to be the creatures of Comstock's own imagination, and this is a fair sample of his method of manufacturing evidence.

"GEORGE H. RICHMOND.

"New York, August 2, 1897."

### Are Bank Checks Currency?

BY ALBERT CHAVANNES.

I wish to refute Mr. Parkhurst's statement that currency includes bank checks. Bank checks do not pass current, and are not currency. If Mr. Parkhurst wishes to satisfy himself of that fact, let him try to pay his way to Chicago with the best of bank checks. He could not pay his fare with them to the Brooklyn bridge. If bank checks were currency, there would be no possible contraction of the currency, for they can be issued in unlimited number.

If Mr. Vanmeter should buy a railroad, and pay it with a check for one hundred million dollars, he would not add one cent to the currency of the country, but if the people of the United States should decide to print and issue five hundred million dollars of treasury notes, it would raise prices as soon as they got in circulation, and yet no change in the amount of the basis of the currency would have taken place.

The argument of the gold men last fall, that there was no lack of currency because its place was taken by bank checks, was in my estimation one of these arguments got up on the spur of the moment to stem the free silver tide, and like many others, succeeded for a time in misleading the people. But adversity is a pretty good teacher, and four more years of McKinley prosperity will probably find the Americans a wiser, if a sadder, people.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

CHAPTER LII.

Owen retained his grasp while he looked the other full in the face. He saw it clearly now. The man was not intoxicated; he was sick. The eyes glowed feverishly from their hollow sockets, his cheeks were sunken, what were to be seen of them, for the lower part of his face was covered with a handsome flowing beard.

"You are sick," said Owen, "and are raving."

"Sick? Yes! Raving? Ha! ha! ha!" The wild weird laughter made Owen think he was confronting a madman. "So would you rave were the bloodhounds of the law hunting, dogging your every step." Another chill crept over Owen. Was it a desperate criminal he had encountered? Had he made a mistake in attempting to interfere with the action of this stranger? Then again, when he looked closer, he did not believe it. By the bright light of the full moon the face before him showed not a single trace of what he would expect to find in the face of a criminal. Sick and delirious he might be, but nothing else. Speaking in an authoritative manner he said:

"Come with me. This is no place for you. I will see that you are taken home and cared for."

"Home! Ha! ha! What a mockery the world is. I wonder if any one ever has known by experience what the word implies?"

Owen was beginning to feel the effects of the cold. Here by the water's edge it was doubly keen and the standing still added still more to it. Once more he spoke. "Come, you can not stand here all night, and surely you have thought better of the rash action you contemplated. At any rate I shall not move from your side until you come with me."

A bitter smile for a moment rested upon the bearded face of the stranger, then he said:

"Very well, some other time will do as well. Lead. I will follow, and then explain why on this night of all others, when the world is rejoicing over the birth of a 'redeemer,' I came so near seeking and finding a watery grave."

Owen accompanied the staggering stranger to Seventh avenue where they had the good fortune to find a cab. Both men got in and were driven rapidly to the hotel where Owen was staying, arriving there just as the gray dawn was breaking. Having reached Owen's rooms the stranger sank exhausted into a cushioned chair. Owen assisted him to disrobe and placed him on the couch where he was soon sleeping soundly. Owen then stretched his tired limbs upon a lounge and in a little while he also was in the land of dreams.

It was almost noon when he awoke. He arose and walked over to the bed whereon the stranger was still sleeping. While he was debating the advisability of awakening the man before him the stranger opened his eyes. A bewildered look for a moment filled them, then returning memory brought with it recognition of the face before him and the circumstances which brought him into the present surroundings. A bitter smile moved the bearded lips as he half rose. Leaning his head upon his hand he let his gaze wander about the luxurious apartment and biting scorn was in his words as he spoke:

"It is not likely that you, who can afford surroundings like these, would ever attempt so desperate a deed as you prevented me from doing a few hours ago."

"Why did you do it?"

"Why did I do it? You cannot realize to what utter despair and darkness you have called me back. I will have all these battles to fight over again, and the struggle is not an easy one, I can assure you."

The bitterness that rang through every word betokened a despair that was deep seated, and Owen's heart was touched deeply.

"Tell me, and let me judge. But first, however, I think it would be advisable to take care of the inner man. So while you arrange your toilet, I will order some breakfast. It is somewhat late in the day for that meal and all the more necessity that it should be partaken of."

Accordingly a generous repast was ordered which was served in an adjoining apartment. After they had finished their meal they drew their chairs before the fire. The stranger leaned his head with its heavy clustering hair upon one hand and sat staring into the glowing coals. Owen did not disturb his train of thought but patiently awaited his pleasure, and by and by he was rewarded. The hand dropped and the head was raised.

"And now, since you have shown an interest in my case, I shall tell you my story briefly. For years I have been the only support of a widowed mother, an only sister and a delicate younger brother. My father has been dead quite a number of years and sad as is the fact, it was rather a relief to be rid of him. The more pitiful because of the fact that he was a very intellectual man once, but hard luck during the early years of his married life, when it seemed that there was no work for him to do, even though he offered his service for a mere pittance, had embittered him. He had loved the girl he married and bright were his visions of the future. But his misfortune made him desperate and he took to drink, which transformed the gentle-tempered, loving man into a veritable demon. Forgetting that unkind fate had already placed a much too heavy



hardened upon the slender shoulders of the delicate woman the demon of jealousy took possession of him. Discord dwelt where love and tenderness once held supreme sway.

"Only when at great intervals he let drink alone, long enough to clear his befuddled brain, would the intelligent mind assert itself. But the realization of his wretched condition and surroundings would then almost drive him distracted and he would return to his cups with a wilder abandon than ever. When in a drunken brawl he was struck down and they brought the livid corpse to the wretched abode he had called home, the unhappy family were conscious of a feeling of relief rather than that of sorrow.

"I was then but fourteen years old, but tall for my age and on me fell the task of supporting my mother and younger brother and sister. It was little, indeed, that a lad of my age could earn; but we fared better than hitherto. And as I grew older and was able to earn more our condition improved.

"As my education had been sadly neglected in my childhood and I began to realize it, I determined yet to master it, so my evenings were now devoted to study. My sister, a very pretty and charming girl, when she became old enough also added her mite by becoming a factory girl. Her beauty made her position a difficult one, and her warm love nature, which had been starved into a craving hunger, caused her to fall an easy prey to the handsome, wealthy young scoundrel who was the son of the factory owner.

"Her condition soon became apparent and when I questioned her she broke down and confessed the whole pitiful story. She had not even the tender words and caresses of her lover, now, to support her. He had tired of his plaything and cast her aside. I understood what arts are employed to lure to her destruction a poor loving creature and could only pity her from the bottom of my heart. Not so, however, my mother. She had been reared within the narrow confines of the church. Her standard of virtue was, 'touch me not,' regardless of what the circumstances might have been. So the mother who should have been her stay and comfort only cast reproaches upon the head of the despairing girl, driving her almost insane. My brother, too, could not forgive her for the disgrace she had brought upon him. He would not speak to her. I have often seen him draw back at her approach that her clothing might not brush against him.

"Of course he was very young then, only a boy, not yet fifteen, but it would cut me to the heart to see the blood mount to her face. When it became unbearable she would fly to me and I would try all in my power to pacify her; drawing upon myself the condemnation of the others, who could not understand how I could countenance such shamelessness.

"But even my sympathy could not sustain the breaking heart, and when the trying hour came her strength failed and with a little stillborn girl-baby folded in her arms my beautiful sister was laid out of sight.

"Although my mother wept bitter tears, I fear she felt much relieved that the matter ended as it did, for now grass would grow over the grave of Millie's shame. Robert, my brother, also seemed deeply affected. But her name was never mentioned now. I knew best what the poor girl had suffered, and it was a long time ere I could forgive either my mother or my brother. Robert was not very sweet-tempered at best. From his birth he had been delicate. A puny, fretful infant, he came at a time when the nightly debauches of my father set my mother almost wild, souring an otherwise gentle and loving nature.

"Notwithstanding his ailments, however, he was his mother's favorite. If his advent had been dreaded it seemed as though upon his arrival her heart went out to him with a spasmodic passion. She never refused him anything it was in her power to give, thereby showing a decided weakness of character.

"This was the worst thing she could have done, as it had the tendency to develop all the bad traits of Robert's weak character. As he was physically unfit for work the support of

the family rested entirely upon my shoulders. But as the years sped by there came a change. A saucy black-eyed maiden crossed my path and my fate was sealed. I loved her with all the strength of my passionate nature. To me she seemed perfect and I had no greater desire than to make her my wife. First, however, I felt it my duty to tell her of the sad history of my early life. She gave the black curls a saucy toss and said she could not see how all this should possibly effect us any. I caught her in my arms and strained her to my breast, my heart almost bursting with its overflow of admiration of the grand nobility of character, which I thought was exhibited in those words; never once dreaming that it was her very lack of character which prompted that declaration."

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Ralph E. Galbreath, Leetonia, O.:—I am highly pleased with *Lucifer*. I hope that we will not soon be without a paper which fearlessly attacks the popular evils of our times. Mr. Walker's tract, "Love and the Law" is to the point. I send \$1.15 for one hundred copies of it.

John Hildebrandt, Borden, Tex.:—Through the kindness of a friend I received a copy of *Lucifer* of June 23, and to say that I was pleased with it would but poorly express my appreciation, therefore I will enclose twenty-five cents for a three months trial subscription. I am a believer in free love, and would be pleased if I could find a few ladies to correspond with.

Wm. Duff, Glasgow, Scotland:—Please send two dozen copies of *Lucifer* every week until further notice, and twelve copies of "Our New Humanity." Regarding pamphlets, I will not take any at present. I will see how *Lucifer* and "Our New Humanity" go, and you can rest assured I will do my best to spread the truths we all have at heart, or perhaps I should say, in mind. "The Adult" here is a genuine success. It fills a long felt want, and I am sure marks a new era in this country, as far as progressive thought is concerned.

Walter Paulsen, Jamestown, Kans.:—Enclosed find one dollar for a year's subscription to *Lucifer* for myself. I have received "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs." The four half-tone portraits it contains are each worth what the book cost. Altogether it is a neat little book. I attended the Kansas Free-thought Association convention at Clay Center. The Kansas Free-thought Association is not narrow like the Oregon Secular Union, but seems to be truly liberal. I suppose *Lucifer* has done much in making Kansas Free-thinkers free and liberal.

Emma Goldmann, 50 First St., New York City:—I am about to make a tour through the West delivering lectures on free love and other important subjects in every city possible, and I would greatly appreciate it if you will kindly make the announcement in *Lucifer*. I intend to leave New York Sept. 3, first visiting New England states, and on my return from there to start out for the West. Comrades wishing to arrange meetings, I would request to correspond with me at once. I do not wish for any compensation, all I wish the comrades to do, is to contribute toward the rail expenses. I herewith send you a list of subjects I shall lecture upon: "Prostitution," "Woman," "The Aim of Humanity," "Marriage," "Free Love," "Why I am an Anarchist-Communist." Of course I shall be glad to speak on any subject the comrades may choose, if they will let me know a few days in advance.

## OUR NEW HUMANITY.

Of all rights, the greatest is to be born a *free*.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 35.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 1, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 674.

### Impromptu.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

As by lot God wot  
And then, you know, it came to pass  
As need like it was—Hamlet Act II, Scene 2

How strange a hedge-podge is this life!  
Like puppets at a country fair,  
Shown by a cunning mountebank  
And made to play fantastic tricks  
By putting slender fustian strings  
So we do act.

Free will's a thing does not exist.  
Our wills, our minds and all our acts  
Are set in grooves in which they run  
Like set scenes on a play-house stage.

Who can be free in such a cell?  
The daring mind that would explore  
The untold secrets in search of Truth  
Is pulled back like a wayward horse  
That tries to disregard the rein.  
The Known is ours, and that alone  
Our pleasure ground, our dwelling-place.  
"Thus far," our farsome brothers cry,  
"Thou mayst with safety venture, but  
Step not beyond Convention's pale."  
So are our actions circumscribed  
And, like unto dumb, tethered kine,  
We graze and graze and ruminate.

Who hath set up this boundary pale  
And hedged us in like kennelled curs?  
When we through Superstition's fog,  
Lured by the siren song of Truth,  
Would make our way a half is called.  
"Thou shalt not!" is the dread command.  
Who says "Thou shalt not?" I demand.  
"Thus saith the Lord," is the reply.

Who is the Lord's interpreter?  
Who are his deputies on earth?  
Those black-robed priests who pray and pray,  
Those far-gowned magistrates—I say  
Let them the Lord's credentials show.  
If there's a God, let him appear  
And say if these his vicars are,  
Let his errand majesty itself,  
His wisdom, love, perfections, grace,  
Be made a laughing stock for men.

### Another Official Incitement to Murder

BY E. C. WALKER.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Aug. 10.—There was filed with Clerk Clemens here this morning a remarkable document. It was from Governor Atkinson, and orders that the fine of \$100, imposed on W. H. Kimes for shooting Ben Hall, about a year ago, be remitted. The clerk is directed to discharge Kimes from all further responsibility.

In the course of the order the governor declares:  
"This is a remarkable case. The only regret in the matter is that Kimes did not kill Hall. He ought to have done it. He tried to do it, but his pistol missed fire and he shot the scoundrel four times and, unfortunately, did not kill him."

"Every man who has a soul in his body will agree with me that he ought to have killed him. Hall is yet at large. He ought to be apprehended and imprisoned for life. I hope he will be."

"If the prosecuting attorney of Wood County does his duty he will see that the scoundrel is apprehended, prosecuted and imprisoned for his natural life for breaking up Kimes' home. I remit the fine in this case, and all the

costs, with more pleasure than any word that the English language furnishes me can express.

"In this case Kimes did what every other man would have done under the circumstances, except that he ought to have practiced with his revolver or double-barrelled shotgun, so that when he aimed at the scoundrel he would have brought him down."

"A villain like Hall is unfit to live in a civilized country. Such a man ought not to be allowed to run at large in a Christian community. I remit this fine and costs with more pleasure than I have words to express."

With some feathers stuck in his hair, his face paint-daubed, and his hands dripping blood, Governor Atkinson could easily pass himself off as an Apache chief out after the scalps of peaceful settlers. There is nothing in his yell to differentiate him from any other savage. He would make the ideal Kurd of Christian artists and correspondents.

While men like Judge Falconer of Kentucky sit on the bench and men like Governor Atkinson of West Virginia occupy the executive chair, there is no hope for the South. Hangings, torturings and burnings will continue to disgrace her, to prevent fair trials of the accused, to make accusation or suspicion equivalent to sentence of death, to still further degrade her citizens, and to raise up a new generation more callous, cruel, vindictive and irresponsible than the present. So long as the idea of punishment, of vengeance, dominates the minds of a people, so long will crimes of violence continue, so long will law and mob be informed by the spirit of the vendetta.

From the viewpoint of the governmentalist, Governor Atkinson is a traitor to the state—he would substitute the vengeance of the private citizen for the orderly processes of the law. He would have the individual be judge, jury, and executioner, where his own interests are involved, where his prejudices and passions are most likely to blind him to all considerations of justice, to extenuating circumstances, to all questions of doubt as to guilt, whether guilt is imputed rightly or wrongly. Governor Atkinson has forsworn himself, he has trampled his oath of office, and become the disrupter of the civil organization he was chosen to conserve. So much for Governor Atkinson as estimated by his fellow believers in the compulsory state.

From the viewpoint of the equitist, of the humanitarian, Governor Atkinson disregards the fundamental principle upon which rests all genuinely orderly society. Anger, passion, hate, revenge, should have no part in the administration of social regulations. A fair trial for every person accused of anti-social acts is essential to the preservation of the peace, security and life of the individual, to the preservation of the peace, security and lives of all individuals. In a word, every man wants "fair play" for himself, and if he is to have fair play for himself he must grant it to all others. *Ex parte* trials, lynchings, personal reprisals, are alike and all inimical to the well-being of the individuals composing the society, and disruptive of the society itself. Canovas, premier of Spain, dead with three bullets in his body, should be an impressive lesson to such as Atkinson, governor of West Virginia. Canovas died by the



hand of an assassin because he had denied to the comrades of his slayer a fair trial in the open light of day, without intimidation and without torture. He sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind, and greater disaster hurrieth apace.

From the viewpoint of the equal liberty and responsibility of the sexes, Governor Atkinson talks like a antediluvian. One would suppose, judging by his frenzied utterances, that the wife is simply a piece of property, which is "stolen" if she give of her love to another man. The lover is accused of "breaking up the home"; he is credited or debited with being the only responsible factor in the transaction, the only one subject to the demands of law or vengeance; the woman in the case is nothing; she does not think, she does not feel initiative's, she does not choose, she is simply passed from one man to another—from her lawful owner, her husband, to her unlawful possessor, her kidnapper, her lover. She is a chattel, men only are persons. I wonder if the women of the South; if the women of America, are really proud of the position to which they are assigned by Judge Falconer and Governor Atkinson?

From the viewpoint of the rationalist, Governor Atkinson is unscientific, illogical, is lacking in good sense, and is, as yet, not even in the primer class in sociology. In the first place, it is better, as society now is, that a "home be broken up" if the wife love another better than she does her husband, or only as well as she does her husband, if the husband is not amenable to reason. No good can come of relations unsanctioned by love, and the hypocrisy involved in living with a man while loving in secret some other man is more disastrous than open rupture of the old relations. But, in the second place, there is no need to "break up homes," in so far as this phrase implies the dissolving of business associations and the scattering of children, if there are any. Men and women who are rational in sexual matters know that the affections cannot be forced, that very often one can love two or more of the other sex, that love ebbs and flows, that civilized persons do not think of murdering their lovers' lovers any more than they think of murdering their friends' friends, and, therefore, that the existence of another love or of other lovers of the husband or wife in no way necessitates the dissolution of partnerships other than the sexual, and very often not even of that. The state of society that prevails where the Falconers and Atkinsons bear sway and incite to slaughter must pass away in the course of development, as the blood of tiger and savage is slowly but surely drained from the veins of man.

### Items From Colorado.

BY ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

One of the meanest confidence games on record is that which was played by a well dressed man and woman upon clergymen of several towns in Connecticut last week. The couple first appeared in Bradford, where they visited the town clerk and procured a marriage license. Then they went to the house of the clergyman and were married. The groom after the ceremony handed the parson a \$30 bill and told him to take out \$5 for his services. The minister did so and gave the newly-wedded husband \$15 in change. The couple left on the next eastbound train, got off at Guilford, and went through the same performance there. In all they visited five towns between Clinton and New London, were married in each town, and worked off five \$30 counterfeit bills.

I clip the above from the Loveland "Register." If arguments against marriage were needed surely this strong one furnished by the much married couple and the long suffering clergymen ought to count heavily. "Marrying for money," this is, "with a vengeance."

I hope the time is approaching when it will be considered "bad form" to go to a strange clergyman to be joined together for life for better or for worse. And yet we used to think this "life sentence" was all right. We were single hearted then, the uses of married life had not been so universally supplanted by its abuses. Now the tax upon a woman's physical vitality in that relation, saying nothing of being considered legally and socially but the adjunct of a man, drives her to declare her independence. No wonder "the institution" has fallen into

disrepute, but as a commercial dodge for shoving off counterfeit bills—this, saith the preacher, is the unkindest cut of all.

Loveland has lately been honored by a visit from the "Co-operative Commonwealth Van" inhabited by our good co-workers James Hogan, V. P. A. R. U.; N. L. Griest, Marrian Socialist, and Wm. Holmes, editor of the "Labor Exchange Guide" of Denver. The boys are out on a propaganda tour of the state, for socialism, revolution, Debs' Commonwealth, Labor Exchange and everything the people need and must have.

These comrades left Denver and made direct for Greeley, where from the "rear platform" of their one horse "private car" they addressed the people, meeting with much sympathy and encouragement. Thence to Fort Collins where they were detained by heavy rain, and so gave three speeches awakening much interest and distributing thought-rousing literature.

Saturday evening brought them to Loveland where, being obliged to hasten on to Longmont and Boulder, there was only time to take tea with a certain sympathetic anarchist, to give one evening speech by the light of their flambeau and then after leaving leaflet and socialist books among a number of enquirers they folded their "van" unlike the Arabs and silently stole away in the soft moonlight across the country, past smiling orchards and ample hay fields where doubtless old Dobbin fared well, for says Comrade Griest, "We forage our way." The people ought to feed the revolution—but the name of the indifferent thoughtless and ignorant is legion. Yet now and then a seed finds lodgement in a fruitful mind and blossoms for the "generations following."

It is noticeable that the "Labor Exchange" so called and inaugurated by D. B. DeBernardi and now obtaining a foothold in every state, has some essential points of difference from the "Co-operative Exchange" instituted by myself some years earlier, viz., in February 1886, at Denver, then removed to Loveland, Colo. The Labor Exchange has organizations, officers, pledges, by-laws. The Co-operative Exchange has none.

The former use to some extent printed "checks" protected by all sorts of devices from any supposed enemies.

The latter uses entirely a money based on all labor and its products, past, present and future—including, of course, gold and silver—including in fact every thing. There is in the former a place of redemption. In the latter money "good for one dollar in labor and its products" is redeemable any where at any time any one agrees to use it and pass it on to the next—a universal medium of exchange which needs no banks, draws no interest, shows no partiality, but simply represents values.

There is room yet for more kinds of money although there are now incirculation to a greater or less extent, it is said, over six hundred kinds of money, aside from the vast amount of promissory notes doing duty (lamely) as money at all times.

Tell Mr. Debs for me that with my hearty sympathy and respect I will offer but one suggestion for the peace army soon to move to better conditions and a higher civilization. "Make your own money simple, universal, with which to buy every thing needful on your way. Thus you leave behind you a trail of money connecting the people with your colony."

Thus your products have a ready made channel when they come forth by which to flow back to those still in bondage. But if more is written this time it will, like the man's legs in the portrait, have to "hang over" from the sides of our brave little Lucifer paper.

LATER. I see Brother Holmes in his editorial letter to the "Labor Exchange Guide" gives me a hasty send off, naming me as not only the "head and front" of an exchange "similar to ours" but the "principal beneficiary." This I take it means the one principally benefited. Eleven years then of such devotion to "Co-operative Exchange" and the gradual descent to poverty which confines me now to one room for a home ought to have brought wealth instead! Thanks, Comrade Holmes, pass

up your dish for more strawberries—and let us hope you may stay long enough on your next visit to Loveland to learn the facts in the case with regard to Co-operative Exchange and its simple-minded manager.

Have you heard of the "Cincinnati Trading Company?" Incorporated—2,000 shares at five dollars each. Fifty members. Stock bought with either labor or merchandise. A residence for one of its members nearly finished, material to be paid for in labor or products.

So every now and then and here and there "the superstition of government monopoly of money issue" is punctured and business goes on without it. And the people go marching on.

[The above letter from Lucifer's faithful friend and co-worker was overlooked—fared the fate of many other good and useful communications, for which seeming neglect I sincerely ask pardon. Much that is written for Lucifer's columns fails to appear simply because of lack of room for all. M. H.]

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**INTEREST ON MONEY.** The principal part of production is by tools or implements, and not by labor. Nature works for those who ask it. Tools are the result of past labor, and can be bought for money, which is also the result of past labor. When money is borrowed, the owner forgoes its use in the purchase of productive implements, while the borrower is enabled to purchase them and receives what they produce. Interest on money is compensation for the advantages which the money might procure for its owner and is expected to procure for the borrower. If a farmer is plowing, and his neighbor wishes to borrow his horses to plow his own garden, it is manifestly equitable that compensation should be made. If the farmer wants to plow, and intends to buy a horse to help him, it is manifest that for the same reasons it would be equitable to compensate him for his loss, if that money is borrowed from him.

### The Logic of Monopoly.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

Last week it was the logic of slavery and this week it is the logic of monopoly with Professor Parkhurst. Without monopoly of credit there could be no such thing as usury, which Parkhurst calls interest. A person who borrows money at interest must give security exceeding the value of the money he desires. Under freedom the possession of such security would enable him to issue his own money and let the usurer work or starve. Benjamin R. Tucker in "Instead of a Book," page 178, says:

"Interest and house rent exist only because the state grants to a certain class of individuals and corporations the exclusive privilege of using its credit and theirs as a basis for the issuance of circulating currency. Otherwise credit would be free to all, and money, brought under the law of competition, would be issued at cost. Interest and rent gone, competition would leave little or no chance for profit in exchange, except in business protected by tariff or patent laws. And there again the state has but to step aside to cause the last vestige of usury to disappear.

"Usury is the serpent gnawing at labor's vitals, and only liberty can detach and kill it. Give laborers their liberty and they will keep their wealth. As for the Somebody [the usurer] be, stripped of his power to steal, must either join their ranks or starve."

I regret I have not space for further comment. I advise Professor Parkhurst to read "Mutual Banking," by William E. Greene, and to subscribe for Comrade Fulton's able paper, "The Age of Thought," published at Columbus Junction, Iowa.

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

Chauncey McGovern and Janet B. Montgomery met in New York and in two months were married. They call theirs a "scientific" marriage, and propose to "scientifically" reform the world by means of a statute law! Two persons must be firmly grounded in science to dare sign a contract of life relationship after having known each other only two months. The firm of Montgomery-McGovern has organized the "Society for the Perfection of the Human Species. It is eminently scientific to dream of the "perfection" of a perishable organism or of the aggregate of such organisms! This "perfection" is to be brought about through the electrocution of all children born idiotic or deformed, of all incurable lunatics, of all persons who have permanently lost the use of three senses; through the supervision of marriage by a board of state-appointed physicians—diseased, and "immoral" men and women to be forbidden to marry; through the enactment of laws abolishing "all existing absurd customs." Verily, this is a scientific programme! And what fun Montgomery-McGovern will have abolishing custom by law! The legal extirpation of religious beliefs would be a summer day's frolic compared with this task which our "scientific" friends have set themselves to perform. Another "scientific" measure of reform is to be the incarceration for life of all murderers and their daily flogging. "Electrocution is too merciful," lisp the gentle and scientific Mrs. Montgomery-McGovern. We must all admit the pre-eminent scientific qualifications of persons who cling to the barbarous conceptions of "punishment" which characterized the animistic stage of human development. Assuredly, such persons should be given full legal control of the property, persons and lives of their fellows. Of such has ever been the kingdom of the Inquisitor.

The wealthy friends of Brown University have forced Dr. Andrews to resign the presidency of that institution because his views on the financial question do not coincide with their own, or, more accurately, because he will not promise to be silent regarding his views. It is not claimed that he is not a good educator, or that his character is open to reproach. Simply because he exercises the right supposed to belong to every American citizen to say what he believes to be true and to advocate such measures of public policy as he deems good, he is shooed out of an educational institution that lays claim to the honored title of university. It may be asked what a college president knows about business that he should meddle with financial questions. To this it might be answered that a college president in these days is expected to know a great deal about business, for upon his shoulders is placed a large portion of the burden of raising money for the institution. Again, it might be answered that it probably would not have been thought that Dr. Andrews was getting out of his "sphere" had he taken the other side of the current political quarrel over finance. Dr. Andrews was frankly told that his opinions as expressed were endangering the revenues of the university, just as, only a few years ago, professors inclined to accept the teachings of Darwin were told that rich pietists would no longer give to the schools with which they were connected if the heresy of natural selection was taught therein, or even publicly sanctioned elsewhere by members of the faculties, and just as, in the ante bellum days, the financial interests of church schools and of the churches themselves were wielded as admonitory clubs over the heads of professors and ministers inclined to deny the divinity of slavery. If the price of the presidency of or a professorship in a great university is to be the mental independence and the freedom of utterance of the man who accepts the position, it will not be long before the great universities get down to the level of the ordinary denominational colleges. No Freethinker can favor proscription on any ground; above all others, the educator should have complete immunity from the menaces of priest and politician, of mob and millionaire.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-MAKING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege—

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1304 West Congress Street, Thursday evening, Sept. 2. Jonathan Mayo Crane will address the meeting.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send sample copies and trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science:

Previously acknowledged,	\$276.25
A Friend, Cleveland, O.,	10.00
Mary Smith,	1.00
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## The Social Evolution.

Middleton, O., Aug. 24.—The case of William Hunter, an employee of the Reynolds works, in this city, who was charged with bigamy, was compromised by wife No. 1, who hailed from Chicago, accepting seven acres of land near Hunter City, Ind. Hunter will continue to reside here with wife No. 2.

But what will the lawyers and the judges, the clergy and dear old Mother Grundy say to this? Will the guardians of public morality and purity be content to let Mr. Hunter and his two wives settle their own affairs in their own way without demanding tribute in the way of fees? and will Mr. Hunter and "wife No. 2" be allowed, by the people of Middleton, Ohio, to live in peace without a divorce from wife No. 1?

The news item just quoted is headed "Bigamy Case Compromised." It is significant that the compromise is effected by the surrender of "seven acres of land," by Hunter to wife No. 1. Thus, in our commercial age, our mercenary age, affairs of the heart, the love relations of women and men, are made matters of money or of property. As some one has pithily said: "In marriage contracts man bargains for the person of woman; woman bargains for the purse of the man."

But why should any one wonder at this? The instinct of race-preservation, of race-reproduction, is fundamental in the social structure; is the most powerful of all the human instincts, desires, or passions. By this instinct, this desire, this passion, man is irresistibly impelled to seek the companionship, the association, of woman, and likewise woman the companionship of man. But while the desire of companionship is mutual the needs of the sexes are not the same, nor equal in kind or degree; and this because their powers, duties, or functions are not the same nor equal. While most men have the parental instinct—the love of offspring and the desire to help to care for children—it is easy to see why this instinct and desire should be characteristic of woman rather than of man, and why woman should seek for permanence in love-relations,

and for the protection of home and of money or of what money brings, in order that she may be able to do her best work in building and caring for her children.

It is, therefore, quite natural, proper and right that woman should see to it that a suitable place, and means of support, be provided for her use before she takes upon herself the responsibilities, the fearfully heavy responsibilities of motherhood.

What is needed, then, in the social evolution, is not less solicitude on the part of woman for a home, and for the support and companionship of man, but that to woman shall be conceded the right to seek these, and to demand and secure these without in any way compromising her personal independence—without in the slightest degree forfeiting the right of control over her person, her time, her conduct, children or her home. How to practicalize this demand, this new declaration of independence is today the question of questions, the problem of problems.

## On the Wing.

Leaving Lake Brady Saturday the 21st I returned to Cleveland. Met the Franklin Club Sunday afternoon. The attendance was quite as good as could reasonably be expected to hear a radical discussion of the "Causes and Cure of Our Social and Economic Ills." Spoke about one hour at the opening, endeavoring to show that the real causes of "strikes," and of the injustice against which labor is now in open revolt, lie much deeper than would appear to the superficial reader, hearer and thinker. I tried to show how interrelated are all slaveries, and especially how modern wage slavery is related to and ingrained with that older and more basic slavery, the sex enslavement of woman, as wife and mother, and that real and lasting solution of the labor problem can be reached until woman is freed from man's irresponsible domination over woman in the marital relation.

The subject was much too large for one address, and such seems to have been the opinion of the reporter for the Cleveland "Recorder" which paper said next day that the "editor of Lucifer spoke two hours, touching upon nearly every question now agitating the public mind," or words to that effect.

Comments and criticism by members of the club and by visitors, followed the opening address, and for an hour and a half the arena was a very lively one—the chief speakers being Joseph Lee, S. G. Lanham, Howard Dennis, Rose Bedford, Ann Purkin, John Jacobs, R. G. Holt, Fred Schuller, Claude Taylor and Ed Dykins, all of Cleveland; also by the president pro tem, Mrs. Mary Smith, of Newburg, Ohio, and by W. C. Pomeroy of Chicago, most of whom agreed in all important points with the opening address. One noteworthy exception was Howard Dennis; formerly prominent as a lecturer and leader in the Free Silver agitation, also as an Agnostic or Free-thinker, now quite as earnest in defending the Republican policy, Christian theology and the orthodox codes of morals Mr. Dennis, while giving the speaker credit for ability and good intentions, could not find language severe enough to express his condemnation of the sentiments and arguments he had listened to. He said the Bible foretells that in the latter days false prophets would arise and would deceive many, and that the editor of Lucifer is doubtless one of these false prophets. Said he was glad to see that the speaker's head is blossoming for the grave, indicating that soon an end will be put to his power to lead his fellow men into the paths that end in destruction to body and soul,—and much more to same effect.

Harsh, cutting as was the criticism of Mr. Dennis, who I learn is now a Christian preacher, it was mild when compared with that of W. C. Pomeroy of Chicago, who, if I mistake not, is prominent as an "organizer" and agitator for better conditions for the poor and disinherited wage-earners. He began by saying he was pained to see the Franklin Club, whose fame was nation-wide, waste its valuable time in hearing tirades such as that to which he had unwillingly listened. Said it was simply amazing to him that men would persist in making



ing asses of themselves in the way he had just witnessed. Thought no denunciation could possibly be too severe for men who would defend common prostitution, and try to drag woman down from her present high and honorable position, and thereby send mankind back to barbarism and savagery. These are not his exact words, but the substance thereof.

A few applauded the terrible castigation administered by the labor orator from the "Windy City," but before the club got through with him he was quite willing to apologize, and to confess that he knew but little of the subject under discussion.

And such I have reason to believe is the mental condition of most if not all of those who denounce social radicals and the movement for absolute freedom, in all human relations including the sexual.

On the evening of the same day I had the pleasure of meeting some twenty or more of Lucifer's friends at the home of Mrs. Lee and of Joseph Lee, in that part of Cleveland known as Brooklyn. The object of the meeting was the formation of a club similar in purpose to that of the "Lucifer Circle" in Chicago, and after the pattern outlined in the "Call for Concerted Action" published in No. 672. This "Call" was read and commented upon, also a paper that had been prepared by Mr. Fred Schudler, advocating organization for mutual instruction in regard to the principles and facts underlying the problems of life. After discussion it was agreed that such a club should be formed in Cleveland. The times of meeting, with other preliminaries were then settled to the apparent satisfaction of all present.

Altogether the two weeks outing, though not a very pronounced success from a business standpoint, was a most enjoyable one, and, if I may judge from indications, the meetings held and acquaintanceships made will hereafter be productive of good results.

Returning to Lucifer's sanctum Wednesday evening, the 26th, I find everything moving on so smoothly and successfully that I have concluded to accept the cordial invitation sent by the president of Mississippi Valley Spiritual Association to visit the encampment of that organization at Clinton, Iowa, hoping to meet there, as in former years, many of the faithful friends who for many years have helped in all possible ways to build up a public conscience that will tolerate and welcome the radical truths to the dissemination of which Lucifer is and has been devoted.

M. H.

Since my preceding comments on the Newburyport case were written, the trial in the police court has taken place and Mr. Hunt (instead of "Kent," as first reported by the dailies) has been found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100. I understand an appeal has been taken. According to Mr. Hunt's description of himself, he is a sort of compound of Editor Fink of the "Voice" and Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, having been engaged in making it uncomfortable for all classes of persons in his town whose ways of life do not have his approval. He says he has always been a "pure" man, and hence he finds it exceedingly difficult to understand why he has been attacked by other "pure" men who, like himself, are engaged in the propaganda of injected righteousness. He can understand it only on the supposition that some of the persons in Newburyport whom he has been stirring up the officials to persecute have instigated the prosecution in a spirit of "spite," and I should not be surprised if his surmise is the right one. The man of violence is quite apt to get some kicks and cuffs in the course of his life. Mr. Hunt may not have forgotten that the scriptures of his own church declare that "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

But, of course, the meddlesomeness of Mr. Hunt in other matters does not excuse the act of the Watch and Ward Society. The principle of freedom of speech and press and mails should be vindicated regardless of the unworthiness of the person in whose name it is assaulted. There is no excuse what-

ever for the prosecution of "Almost Fourteen," and the Liberals of the country should do all they can to encourage Mr. Hunt to make a stubborn fight.

E. C. W.

### The "Great Woman Question."

A. F. Tindall, in "Liberty, Political, Social, and Sexual."

Let us look at social questions squarely in the face, and they all cluster round the great woman question. We will discuss them as freely as we dare, for, to our shame be it spoken, in free England we dare not discuss such questions fully. This restriction alone bears more weight than a hundred articles or speeches on this question. We see a hypocritical assent to established social customs, an assent which all must give or be ostracised. Also a servile press which ever, parrot-like, repeats the old stale moral axioms, however effete, and has a set of sermons ready to blast the fame of anyone who gets outside the pale. This false morality and apparent virtue exists on the one hand, mixed with a fearful amount of sorrow and female degradation on the other. Our puritans are ever preaching against this latter side of life. They call for fresh state enactments; they form their spy societies; they stir up the smug followers of Mrs. Grundy to goad on magistrates and police to ever fresh tyranny; they are full of devices to make vice difficult. So they drive the disease inwards, and make it more loathsome. They preach from their pulpits sermons to young men, though they do not understand human nature, or, if they do, dare not speak the truth about it. And what is the result? Espionage, disease, misery, and people of any means being the sport of blackmailers. For though society is rotten to its core, none dare be thought anything but immaculate, so deception becomes deeper, and the blackmailers and spies have a happy hunting ground. Without discussing for a moment the question of our rights, does the method succeed? No! And men of the world can only sum up the failure of our puritans by saying, this has always been and it always will be, and there is an end of the matter.

Shall then a large number of the fairest of creation always be thus degraded? Is there no remedy? Why does the social evil appear hopeless? Because the efforts to remove it are wrong. They are based upon the false notion of human nature, taught by religious asceticism, and on the idea that Governmental law can regulate the most powerful of human passions. The first step is to allow free discussion, both in speech and writing, on this question. The second step is to lay it clearly down that the State has no right to inter-meddle with the relation of the sexes, except to see that money contracts entered into of their own free will are carried out, and that the children of their unions are provided for till they attain maturity. Just as we have arrived at a stage in which it is admitted that the State has no right to dictate to a man his religious or political opinions, so it has no right to prescribe for him the form of his sexual relations. In Greece and other ancient countries, though marriage was honorable, the *hetairai* were not considered the social outcasts which puritans consider them to be. In this they do not follow their Master. How beautiful is the story when the erring woman is brought to Jesus that he may pronounce her doom. He said, "Let him without sin among you cast the first stone;" and legend further has it that he wrote upon the ground the particular sin of each one of the self righteous standing round. Would that this could be re-enacted in our law courts or churches now.

As a partisan of individual liberty I am not offering an opinion whether marriage as at present enforced is right or not, whether it should be more free, whether divorce should be easier or not; but, as an individualist, what I am striving for is that those who do not believe in marriage should have the same liberty as those who do. The State and its police have no right to treat them as social pariahs, to hamper and watch them, to spy into their actions and trip them up if possible. It has no more right to do this than the State in Turkey to keep women prisoners in harems. Let us remember that many may sin-

cerely dissent from the received views. They may have studied physiological science; they may even have read the forbidden literature of Malthusianism; they may have seen that heaven does not always follow marriage; that to separate many of these life-long partners would be to the advantage of both; that two young people are not always right in their choice of each other, and that to give them no opportunity of reversing their mistake is a cruel tyranny. It may be just possible that people there are who have such opinions as these. These people may be filled with the purest motives if they write or speak these opinions, and if they translate them into acts are they to be held up to social ostracism by a double-faced press, and treated as *suspects* by the police? Social freedom has yet to be conquered. How many scapegoats do you want, oh, society? How many must you imprison, oh, socialistic state, before it will be won? As the force age departs woman will rise to be equal with man, having her vote, her property, and earning her own livelihood. The unions she will contract with man must then be on an equal basis; as she advances we can dimly see her salvation from her present state of bondage in marriage or infamy in vice. Her unions will then be the result of affection, not for money or to be kept. Such is the true marriage, but to obtain this salvation we must renounce the methods of the puritans, and struggle for social and sexual freedom.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LIII.

"In a short time we were married. But my dream of happiness was short lived. My wife and my mother had little in common, and often the passionate red lips would utter words that wounded the elder woman to the very heart. I soon saw how matters stood but was unable to control them. I pleaded with Annie, I reasoned with my mother; but the two beings whom I loved better than any others in the world had no love for each other. Several times I spoke sharply to Annie and to my surprise Robert sided with my wife against me and the mother who worshiped him. This seemed to break her heart and it was not long until she closed her eyes in her last long sleep.

"When all was over I again sought to reason with my wife. I folded her to my heart whilst I could scarcely repress the sobs that would well up from its depths. It seemed to me that she at first shrank from me, but I thought it must be only imagination.

"She now often treated me to perfect storms of passionate caresses and I was as wax in her hand. No request could I deny her, and I found myself rapidly sinking in debt. But I should not blame her. Poor child! she knew no better. She had been left an orphan at an early age; cuffed about from place to place, her heart always full of longings which were never satisfied. When she married me she believed all that would be at an end. What one man could do for his wife another should also do for his. That this was impossible she could not understand.

"Sometimes I felt like cursing her, then overwhelmed by a rush of tenderness I would almost crush her in my embrace and again she would win the victory. But the time came when I felt the waves closing over my head, and I surely must have been mad or I would never have done what I did."

The voice of the man broke and a suspicious moisture could be seen in his eyes. For a moment, he laid his hand over them ere he proceeded:

"I robbed my employer's safe of ten thousand dollars. I knew I would be received with a storm of kisses and caresses which would outweigh everything else. Let come what would, for once she should be perfectly happy.

"With the stolen treasure in my pocket I hurried home, a full hour earlier than usual, in a state of delirious excitement

bordering upon insanity. I found the door locked, but having my latch key with me I did not ring but quietly let myself in.

"The little parlor was deserted; so was the dining room and kitchen. The soft carpet deadened the sound of my footsteps. I went from room to room and in Robert's room I heard voices. The door stood slightly ajar. Touching it lightly it opened several inches wider and the sight that met my eyes broke my heart. Clasped close in each other's arms, their heads pressing the same pillow, were Robert and my wife. A quick movement opened the door wide with a slight creaking sound; the two heard and both started up as if electrified. Annie screamed and clapped both hands to her face. Robert's face was a study. Hate and defiance were written in every line of it. With a sudden movement he took a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at my heart. But quick as was his action I forestalled him. With a single bound I was at his side and gave his arm an upward blow sending the bullet into the ceiling and the revolver into the far end of the room.

"Madman!" I cried. "What would you do? Have you not enough upon your conscience that you would commit murder?"

"The sullen, defiant look upon his face deepened.

"I hate you!" he almost hissed. "You are a constant har to my happiness."

"Unjust as I knew this accusation to be I made no comment upon it but asked:

"Tell me one thing, and without prevarication, *Do you love Annie?*"

"Quick as a flash came the answer

"I do!"

"And you, Annie, do you love Robert?"

"But Annie sobbed and would not give an intelligible answer, until I sternly repeated the question, and then, between broken sobs:

"O, I cannot help it. Indeed, indeed I cannot help it."

"Staggering as beneath a blow I steadied myself for a moment against the table, then, with a mighty effort of will recovering myself, I took the stolen money from my pocket and threw it on the table.

"Take it," I said, "and make the most of it. I have now no use for it. Be happy if you can, I shall no longer stand in the way. You are free in every sense of the word to do as you choose."

"I turned to leave the room when Annie threw herself sobbing in my way. She clung to me in passion and despair, asserting again and again that she 'could not help it.' Almost forcibly I loosened her hold and pointing to the money on the table I said to Robert,

"See to it, that you handle the money wisely, and remember that this girl now depends upon you for the comfort of life. I have done with both of you!"

"Overcome by a sudden impulse I once more caught her in my arms, clasping her close to my breast. I pressed a last kiss upon her lips, then putting the half-fainting form from me I rushed out into the cold night air. I surely need say no more. You now can understand what drove me to the verge of desperation. To find the woman who had driven me to the verge of ruin, untrue, was more than I could bear. A day or two and I would stand before the world exposed. The shame, the disgrace and the walls of Sing Sing loomed up before my mind's eye. I had been a slave all my life to adverse conditions. And now to lose the one boon that I prized above all others—my liberty! No, I would die first! And yet I had it not in my heart to wish any ill to those two. True, I felt bitterly towards my brother, but for some reason the fact of his actual helplessness was more clear in my mind than ever before. Have there not been countless cases wherein this very defect has appealed to the heart of some strong, healthy woman? and her pitiful 'I cannot help it' kept ringing in my ears. I knew never loved her more dearly than in the moment I gave her up or ever felt more tenderly towards him.

"Many conflicting thoughts surged through my brain; while constantly I questioned, 'Why? why?' And you may think me mad, sir, but the more I thought the more I blamed not them, the chief actors in this life tragedy, but the system from which such abnormal conditions could arise, and in one day make criminals of us all."

Owen listened as if entranced. The excited man had arisen and was pacing the room with hurried strides, wildly tossing the masses of dark curling locks. After a few moments he continued:

"Often and often I had gnashed my teeth in helpless fury when the few paltry dollars were laid in my hands that constituted the remuneration for work which I knew was worth more than three and fourfold that which I received. I knew if justice could be done I had only taken my own. But that was not law."

"Now my mind wandered in another direction. I knew Annie and Robert had been thrown long hours together in my absence. His weak, delicate condition first awoke her sympathy, and 'pity is akin to love.' The frequent squabbling during the life time of my mother helped develop these feelings in her heart. So the weakling, who all his life had been scorned and shunned by health and strength loving maidens, suddenly found himself the object of tender and sympathetic glances, and what wonder that his starved heart became inflamed? I could see the whole proceeding was but natural. But oh, the shame of it. No one else in all New York would look at the matter as I did, when it became known. But then the thought struck me, 'Was it necessary?' and must I fill a convict's cell? I answered 'No! No! No! Never!' Thus for many hours I walked the streets, thinking, thinking, thinking, until I found myself at the water's edge about to end all the maddening perplexities, when your hand stayed my movements. So now you are in possession of facts which I had expected to take with me into my watery grave."

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

W. Irving Lincoln, Beechwood, Mass.:—Enclosed find one dollar for *Lucifer*. If any of your friends have any literature for missionary purposes to send me I think I could use it to advantage.

J. M. Clarke, Henryville, Tenn.:—Find enclosed fifty cents for which send "The Old and New Ideal." Will you please save me a copy of Proudhon's "What is Property?" I will get it soon I think. You can not know how we both (my mate and I) enjoy reading *Lucifer*. It is utterly useless to attempt to reform the world so long as we force people to subservience—whether it be to law, government, marriage, education, church or state. I received books Aug. 12. I hope to get soon "Red Heart in a White World," "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs," "The Prodigal Daughter," "The Adult," "Bar Sinister," "A Free Man's Creed." Am going to travel soon, lecturing, canvassing, etc., and, rest assured, will do what I can for *Lucifer*.

John Foulds, Morecambe, Eng.:—My last subscription expired with No. 666. I ordered it on account of seeing it mentioned in "Natural Food." I little thought how invaluable and helpful it would prove to be to me. I have never yet been able to look very hopefully on that state of "Too-much married-dom," in which most of my personal friends exist. In *Lucifer* I have found a host of intelligent friends (most of whom I shall probably never see face to face), who are not afraid to use their reason and intelligence to change customs and modes of life that observation and experience prove to be unsatisfactory to those more in accord with spiritual progress. I would rather be cut off from the majority of my friends than cease taking *Lucifer*, which I should miss far more. I enclose six shillings for which send *Lucifer* and enclosed list of books.

J. G. Truman, Lemon City, Fla.:—In the writings of E. C. Walker we find many expressions that are grand and noble, but coupled with them are others that seem to me, if I am allowed a sailor's phrase, "to take all of the wind out of their sails." Of such is an expression in "Plumb-Line Paragraphs" in No. 666 of *Lucifer* as follows, "It can only rationally be said that Nature makes no mistakes when it is taken for granted that nature has no intentions, no plans, no schemes." Did I, and many more would-be reformers, believe that assertion, we would find ourselves lost in the woods without a compass or guiding star, and would either wander aimlessly, or we would seek the nearest bush or hollow tree for shelter and cease to progress entirely.

But I believe that Nature has intentions and plans and in her general principles and plans that she makes no mistakes, although individuals make great mistakes, and of this latter saying Mr. Walker is no exception. But these individual mistakes are a part of Nature's plans. Without them we could not have the experience that is necessary to give us true wisdom. To be so formed that we should always act right would be to lose individuality and become mere automata unworthy of the name of men. Even the "fetish God" cannot make the impossible, as Mr. Walker would require him to do, to make wise men without the means of obtaining wisdom, or to make a two-year old colt in one minute.

But Mr. Walker further refers to other forms of life to show the failures of Nature. He says that "Not one in ten thousand of the fishes born reach maturity." Really, but I never learned that any fishes were born in the sea, I always thought that they were all hatched. But can Mr. Walker tell us what the grand consummation of the plan would be if all of these fishes reached maturity? What would be the result if all of the plants in the woods obtained full size? Or otherwise, what better would it be if but few were started to grow? If I read Nature rightly the object of these lower forms of life is to gather the crude atoms of earth and to work them over and prepare them to sustain the higher animal life.

I am told by scientific men that such work is necessary. And is it not better that they are numerous and do their work quickly and pass soon away, rather than to drag out a long dreary existence alone.

So we can see Nature everywhere working out grand plans, but those who lack the comprehension to understand them charge Nature herself with want of sense. And we can farther see the great law of compensation in Nature. Individuals who suffer that individuality may be developed. If right acting and consequent happiness were compulsory there could be no individualized thought or life; but now individuals are allowed to bring trouble upon themselves and others in order to start new sensations and thought. But foolish individuals think themselves wiser than Nature and try to make laws to compel people to obey their rules and all do alike in certain matters. But is it not better to take Nature as a guide and let individuals learn for themselves?

I believe with the editor of *Lucifer* that as sex seems to be the foundation of individual life it is of the greatest importance that it should be free, that we may learn more of its action that the world may be benefited by it. But then I do not assume to know more than all the rest of the universe combined, so I am willing to learn something more than I now know. And yet I prefer Puritanism to the unrestrained, thoughtless licentiousness that atheism would give.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 36.

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WHOLE No. 675.

### From Patriotism to Humanity.

Programme for a new chapter in White's "Conflict of Science with Theology."

BY C. L. JAMES.

Man is a gregarious animal. The instinct which impels him to herd with his kind takes effect at an earlier stage of evolution than that which produces marriage and family life, as was shown in a former article of this series. The system mongering sophists who defend existing institutions commonly represent them as created to protect relations whereby "solitary savages" became social; but that study of barbarous customs which evolutionary philosophy has made usual teaches that there are no solitary savages. Apes, and all species of simia go in troops, which often number thousands. Men appear living together in hordes before they have any other institutions. The earliest represent that attachment to the horde which is thus the oldest and crudest phase of love. Living on game or such products of nature as can be secured with very little knowledge, the hordes generally hold their land in common among their own members, but are always vigilant against trespass by outsiders. Their normal condition is war with one another. They bear tribal names indicative of their martial qualities—children of the Stone, Wolves, Eagles, Snapping Turtles. Their dawning poetic faculty represents them as actually descended from a rock, wolf, eagle, turtle, etc. Before this totem, or ancestral deity, they offer sacrifice. To this divine ordinance they attribute the tribal customs, which thus become associated with all the sanctity of religion. So unflinching an element is totemism in the creed of every country that learned mythologists have endeavored to find in it the basis of all dogmas. And though this view can scarcely be maintained, it is certainly true that the great theological conception of a supreme good spirit and an evil one did originate in the antithesis of one's own totem to the enemy's. Thus patriotism, in its oldest as in its latest forms is bound up with hatred of what is against the tribal usage. We do not apply the name of patriot to the benefactor of his own people—to a Howard, a Bacon, an Edison, a Peter Cooper. He is a philanthropist, a philosopher, a scientist, a man of public spirit. The prouder title, patriot, is reserved for the destroyer of his country's enemies, foreign or domestic, for a Hannibal, a Brutus, an Arnold von Winkelreid.

Patriotism, a sentiment thus proper to the barbarous state, was evidently destined to decline before the progress of knowledge, which always tends to reveal the solidarity of human interest. But the process has been extremely slow. Marriage, as shown in a former article, fused neighboring hordes into nations and reduced them to clans. But outside the circle of mutual female capture, other hordes were coalescing in like manner, and hereditary antipathy, as it waned among the clans, waxed hotter between the nations. Slavery superseded cannibalism; slaves were sought with more systematic cupidity

than victims; and freedom herself, like a vestal bound by vow, became devoted to the drudgery of feeding the flames of patriotism. In vain did Homer and Hesiod portray with matchless power the horrors of war. No people can learn from their instructors a lesson which the more radical culture of events has not prepared them to receive. The wrath of Achilles struck a responsive chord in every heart. The sorrows of Chryses or Andromache seemed only reasons for taking arms against similar calamities. A later and more didactic literature systematized these one-sided interpretations. When the Roman Empire had become a tyranny from which the multitude welcomed the barbarians as deliverers, her philosophers were still able to use the same language as Prodicus or Pericles, and to "cant about the duty of sacrificing everything for a country to which they owed nothing."

This trick, once learned, served perfectly the turn of those man-eaters who could still gain something by making nations fight, though those days when the people could gain anything by doing it, or lose anything by refusing to do it, had long since passed away. Patriotism was the spell-word by which the sorcerers of policy sent British bowmen to slay and French serfs to die at Crecy. It drove the Russian moujiks to slaughter in the trenches of Zorndorf; and the hosts of united Europe to perish in the snows of Moscow.

Political economy, in the hands of Adam Smith and his successors, is entitled to credit for ample demonstration that, upon utilitarian principles, patriotism must be considered very foolish. But it is the original sin of political economy to reason from the capitalist's point of view. The capitalist is the successor of the noble in that grand, old trade of anthropophagy which during all the ages has distinguished the aristocrat of each. That patriotism means wholesale mutual destruction by which neither side any longer profits, was nothing to him if this passion could be made to line his individual pockets. And it could, as long as those who had to bear its burdens associated it with terms like Duty or Glory. After thirty years' uneasy peace, necessitated by the exhaustion of the Napoleonic wars and the mutual fears of despots whose thrones tottered, the demands of British capital called Europe once more to a new slaughter house in the Crimea. The experiment once tried successfully, the despots themselves went heartily at it again. In quick succession followed the butcheries of Solferino, Dybol, Sadowna and Sedan. "You will never deter men from war," said Oscar Wilde, "by showing them that it is unprofitable. Make them feel that it is vulgar, and you really will have done something."

The time came, and its product demonstrated the sagacity of his erratic but positive genius. No superstition becomes harmless till it has become ridiculous. Many an one has been killed by satire, though its advocates appeared to have altogether the best of argument. While the Turks and Russians were last cutting each others' throats, and the proprietors of India stock were anxious to guard against possible deprecia-



tion of their dividends by bringing England into the *meler*, the latter clique put forth a song which they expected to fire the English heart. The chorus ran thus: "We don't want to fight"—oh no!

"We don't want to fight; but, by jingo! if we do  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

Some advocate of peace derived from this lyric the happy idea of calling the war-spirit "jingo." The new term "took." It stuck. It was heard in the House of Commons. The demand for war was jingled down. The sublime expression which had saved a million lives, went forth conquering and to conquer. "Jingo!"—how expressful of the war-spirit, arrogant, boastful, silly, flippant, vulgar! Henceforth, every howl from the dying tiger, whether it were Armenia, Venezuela, Cuba, or Hawaii, has had to reckon with the hollow echo "jingo!" Twenty-seven years have passed since any enlightened state has engaged in war with another. None can again without overcoming the feeling of the suddenly awakened masses that to fight is "vulgar." Blessed forever, therefore, be that unknown sage upon whom descended the holy inspiration of calling patriotism jingo!

### Reply to Dr. Foote's Criticisms.

BY F. W. C.

Dr. E. B. Foote, in *Lucifer*, questioned the practicability of New Idealism in the following terms: "Those who really value and desire the benefits and joys of a life companionship, or even a few consecutive years of family comforts, will generally find it necessary to do more in the way of binding their liberty than Mr. Ruedebusch admits, and include among their deprivations of entire freedom the right to encourage and indulge entangling love alliances." And in another place the doctor says: "The libertarian in love will roam at will in such fields as are accessible to him, enjoying the privilege of satisfying spontaneous impulses and form no burdensome attachments, but when his day is spent and the long, dreary blight of disease, settles over him; he must do without the tender hand, the sympathetic word, and unfaltering devotion which comes only to those who have cherished the fond love of a life companion and built up a true home."

Dr. Foote is here talking of the "libertarian" or libertine of today—one who upholds marriage but hypocritically seeks indulgence wherever it is "accessible to him." His words do not apply to the members of a New Idealist association. The true New Idealist is not a mere pleasure seeker who takes no joy in the comforts and happiness of others. On the contrary one half his joys will come from the privilege of giving happiness to others and the other half will spring from the willing efforts of others to give him happiness. Love with the New Idealist is a different thing from mere self-indulgence. It includes friendships and warm-hearted devotion to the welfare of friends.

The "entangling love alliances" which the critic thinks must be dispensed with in order that we may enjoy the comforts of home and family life, will be the foundation of many life-long friendships. And when "the long, dreary blight of disease settles over him" the New Idealist will not be left to the uncertain care of a marital slave or owner, he will not be dependent upon one pair of weak and perhaps unwilling hands to provide for, protect, soothe and comfort him; but he will have dozens of sturdy friends of both sexes, including some with "tender hands," "sympathetic words" and "unfaltering devotion" whose attentions will be all the sweeter because given freely in memory of the past or for love yet existing. Who would not prefer the service of love to that of duty? Who would not rather accept the voluntary kindness of a dear comrade to the matter-of-course attentions of a comrade in law who possibly would be glad to evade the service?

Is this voluntary love service merely theoretical and not a thing to be relied upon? I pity the doctor's experience and narrow observation if he thinks so. I could cite him to cases of

poor men, yes and unmarried men, even in this greedy, dog-eat-dog society, who if they were stricken helpless by disease today would have no fear that they would lack kind attention and good care; but would only fear that dear friends and relatives might over deny and over exert themselves.

Again the doctor says, "Will it not invalidate the contract if she, being enamoured of another Lothario, dines out with him and fails to prepare a dinner for her comrade? Or will it be fair for him to take his latest flame to a champagne supper or a box at the opera, and have a night off, while his home comrade is tending their baby through the measles, and their home really needs a few extras for comfort that could be had for the cost of his outing?"

Suppose a man was providing for his widowed sister and a little niece or nephew, and she was keeping house for him. Would the sister neglect her brother's dinner and go off with a beau? Perhaps—and he would get his own dinner or grumble about it according to circumstances and his own temper. Would the brother leave the sister alone to care for a sick child while he devoted his time and money to a sweetheart? Perhaps—and she would bemoan her brother's selfishness or rejoice at his opportunity for pleasure according to circumstances and her own disposition. It would all depend upon the willingness of the brother and sister to discommode themselves a little for the sake of each other's happiness. It would depend also upon the urgency of the love affair, the seriousness of the child's illness, the importance of the extras for home comfort etc. But in any case comrades in partnership would treat each other like brother and sister.

The critic adds: "The comradeship contract, or varietist's home life, would often be reduced to a mere housekeeping with too little of the value and beauty of a home companionship to make it deserving of being so called." Doubtless it would be if the comrades could not treat each other like brother and sister when other love failed them. But what of it? In the case of a husband and wife having "too little of a home companionship to make it deserving of being so called," one or both must be "untrue," hypocritical, or suffer for the want of companionship. When, however, the provision-supplying and housekeeping is simply a business arrangement between two friendly comrades, neglect of duty on the part of one or the other would be neglect of a business contract which, while it might be annoying and necessitate endurance or re-adjustments, would not be a heart-breaking affair; and neither of the home partners being held by any sense of duty to marriage vows, neither would have to be hypocritical or go without the pleasure of loving companionship when it could be had elsewhere. And as for home life, what is that home life which must be held in place by force and which one or both of the partners secretly rebel against? To my thinking it is not preferable to a home of free associates where you are not obliged to turn a cold shoulder to every dear friend but one, and where you must be a very unamiable person if ALL neglect you in your hour of need.

Again I quote: "Was there ever an instance where the butterfly, or common housefly, quality of sexual attraction was responsible for any inspired creation, continuous self-sacrificing effort, or really unselfish service?" There may have been such instances; there may not have been. At any rate it has nothing to do with the point at issue. Because a person believes it is possible to love more than one, that does not destroy his capacity for loving intensely and devotedly. Was there ever a more inspired love poem than Burns' "Highland Mary?" And yet Burns loved his Jean, and indeed his affections seemed comprehensive enough to take in a good many of the lassies. How much the butterflies among New Idealists or among old idealists may be inspired, I don't venture to guess; but earnest devoted lovers among New Idealists will doubtless be as much inspired as they could possibly be if persuaded of the sanctity of marriage. Is it to be assumed that a marriage ceremony will inspire "self-sacrificing effort" and "unselfish service" and that love in freedom would not do so?



"The purest, sweetest, most inspiring joys of love, necessitate some exclusiveness. . . . If it be not a mutual admiration society, abolishing all thoughts of others, the course of true love is not smooth, and the god of love does not bestow supreme union." No doubt "all thoughts of others" will be abolished at certain happy interviews between two lovers, even among New Idealists; but that does not destroy the latent affection which exists for others and which may be aroused into activity at other times, whether one is a New Idealist or not. Exclusiveness for the time may be admitted but exclusiveness for all time is a demand that human beings accede to, often at a bitter cost, because of a widespread and tyrannical superstition. But does marriage abolish "all thoughts of others"? And if a couple do love each other devotedly and exclusively for a time and the love wears out or "sours on them," will it add to their happiness if they are bound together?

"There seems small prospect of success of efforts to devise any new ideal for the regulation of human love relations that shall insure uniformity and happiness." Well then suppose we don't seek uniformity and suppose we concede the right of every human being to do his or her own regulating in such matters. I fancy if we were all free to do as we liked, some of us would avoid regulating devices which have been proven by thousands of examples to be conducive to unhappiness and would experiment with ideals and customs which would at least have the merit of being comparatively new and not yet convicted of miserable failure.

One more quotation: "Personal happiness has not been and cannot be the sole factor by which to judge of what is best for humanity." This is an old question and I believe the doctor is on the wrong side of it. Humanity is made up of persons and the happiness of persons constitutes the happiness of humanity; but that happiness which is found by seeking to benefit the race through free-born, love-conceived children, by seeking to promote the pleasure of your companions that you may be surrounded by happy friends, and by seeking to place yourself among free people where you can attain personal pleasure only through the contemplation of the joy of others or through the voluntary efforts of loving friends to make you happy,—this is a very different happiness from the personal gratification sought and the meager joys obtained by the person who seeks possession of another in marriage.

Is Dr. Foote really in the service of conservatism, or is he merely spurring up the New Idealists?

### Ideals, Old and New.

BY A. WARREN.

I have not read Mr. Ruedebusch's book. The advance in the price of wheat has not enabled me to buy all the books I would be glad to read. Through *Lucifer*, I learn that he has written one; that it is entitled "The Old and the New Ideal;" and that it deals with the problem of the relations of the sexes. From the comments of Dr. Foote, and the author's reply, I conclude that the proposed new ideal differs little from that of E. C. Walker and others of the so-called Variety school; and upon that point I think there remains somewhat to be said, which I hope to say, without subjecting myself to the charge of assuming to criticise a work before reading it.

The idea of sexual variety is not new. Its open advocacy, as a basis for social reform, is new; and so, in the estimation of its advocates, it is, unquestionably, a new ideal; but so long as other new ideals are offered and entertained, to christen it THE new ideal would seem to be premature. There is a new ideal abroad, which all real reformers accept; and which is, therefore, entitled to be designated as, par excellence, the new one. This ideal is graphically expressed in the single word *freedom*. This is the new, which is coming, and coming to stay.

But whether, with the advent of freedom, plurality of loves will prevail, more generally than hitherto, is a question upon which ideals will, no doubt, continue to vary. To dogmatise, therefore, either way, is to crucify the world's real savior, while

pretending allegiance to it. Let each present his ideal, with or without reason. That is all right. But let us not forget that the highest, to which we all aspire, is freedom; and that freedom is not for ourselves only, but for all, for the old, as well as the new.

So far as I have followed the current of this controversy, no facts have been adduced, on either side. We are cited, in a general way, to the prevalence of variety, even under the restrictions of the present established system; but such general facts prove nothing, until we ascertain their cause. If prostitution is the product of enforced monogamy, may not male irregularities be attributable to the same conditions? Why do not our varietist friends give us the benefit of their observation and experience? Let us hear from the Imeldas and Hildas of actual life. Has there ever been a case of plurality without discord? A few facts, detailed and definite, would weigh more than whole reams of ideals.

I am not denouncing variety. I am not going to crucify freedom in the name of freedom. I believe in freedom for varietists, as well as, but not more than, for others. Ideals vary; and if one passes through a phase of development, while aspiring to what he regards as higher, that fact is not to be taken as evidence that he is deluded, and that what he considers transitional is really the final goal of progress. The undeniable fact is, there is no progress without experience; and the more genuine, honest experience, the higher the ideal; but it does not follow that plurality of loves, at one and the same time, is the highest ideal.

A celebrated clergyman (I have forgotten his name) was asked by his wife if he believed they would recognize each other and love each other in heaven. He replied that he expected to be so enraptured by the glory of God, that he would be unconscious of even her presence. That was a Christian ideal; but who will say that such absorption is impossible? So long as men are without love, they are apt to crave its manifestation from many women, and often with little discrimination. Some men never learn anything of love but this. And the same, to a degree, is true of women. But at last, perhaps, comes genuine love, comes a love that satisfies the heart. There may still be "side loves," whatever they may be, and friendships, and attractions of all sorts; but the desire for love's sweetest sacrament, with any of these, has vanished, like the stars with the rising of the sun.

It is not a question of morals. There is no obligation about it. It is simply an option between stale bread and the sweetest of cake. The best love ever known to the human heart is nothing if not spontaneous. If the divinest manifestation of love is to be reserved for expression of only the divinest love, it will be because to do otherwise will be recognized as profanity, as uttering or acting a lie, and not because variety, in itself, is wrong. Nevertheless, that it will, in the happiest state, be so reserved, is my cherished ideal. In that state, if I ever attain it, I expect to be so enraptured by the charms of the one, select, and precious above all others, as to forget the existence of my side lover, altogether; to forget the need of substitutes of any description, in the realm of sexual manifestation.

Is this being "still in the grasp of the old?" Possibly so. We never see ourselves as others see us; but opinions, even of new things, are subject to change. I have been acquainted with some hundreds of varietists, during the past forty years, but I have never known of a case of plurality without pain. It is noticeable, too, that nearly all the old experimenters, those who enjoyed the most experience, have slunk back into marriage, and are no longer heard from. Variety was their school. We are all children, learning to walk. Let us not assume that the new has all been discovered.

Gwendolen's opinion of marriage: "Her observation of matrimony had inclined her to think it rather a dreary state, in which a woman could not do what she liked, had more children than were desirable, was consequently dull, and became irrevocably immersed in humdrum."—George Eliot, "Daniel Deronda," Ch. IV., p. 35, vol. I.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## OUR NAME.

"Lucifer: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1204 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 West Congress Street, Thursday evening, Sept. 16, Dr. Wahl will open the discussion. The subject will be, "Might is Right."

## Home Again.

With the last day of August the three weeks vacation of Lucifer's scribe came to an end, and now resuming his place at the desk he wishes to return sincerest thanks to all who have contributed to make this vacation enjoyable. While not an unmixed pleasure he looks back over this brief summer outing as one long to be remembered for the helpful co-operation received in a multitude of ways. And now, once more, putting his shoulder to the wheel, with renewed energies, physical and mental, he asks all who feel an interest in Lucifer's work to give him the benefit of their best thoughts, telepathically sent, and also their best co-operation in all other ways, to the end that the educational work of our Light-bringer may now receive an impetus such as it has never before experienced in its checkered history covering a period of seventeen years.

## Plurality vs. Duality.

For many months past in the columns of Lucifer much has been said upon the merits of plurality, complexity or "variety" in sex-associations, as compared with the dual or monogamic code which, by law and custom, has been attempted to be enforced upon the people of Western Europe, and upon their descendants in America, for many centuries. The interest in the story called "Hilda's Home" seems to turn mainly upon the question as to whether duality or plurality (complexity) in the sex-life of human beings, is the more truly moral, the more truly normal, healthful and happyfying to the persons immediately concerned, and also the better adapted to make the oncoming generations moral, healthful and happy.

The recent publication of the book called the "Old and the New Ideal," by Emil F. Ruedebusch, has given a fresh impetus to this investigation. Among others Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, J. William Lloyd, Lucinda B. Chandler, C. L. James and others have contributed thoughtful and helpful articles upon this most interesting and, perhaps, most important of all ethical questions now agitating the minds of humanitarian reformers.

This last statement may perhaps not be clear, may not be self-evident, to all the readers of Lucifer, but to those who look for bottom facts, for bed-rock causes of the prevailing unrest, the unhappiness, the crimes, the vices, the miseries—the fear, fully wide and deep chasms that separate the favored few from great masses of our common humanity, it is not hard to see

that something is radically wrong with the foundations of our social structure.

The foundation stone, the chief corner stone of this social structure is the sex-relation, based, in turn, upon the most powerful of all human appetites or desires, the amative, the sex-desire or passion. Phrenologists tell us that "amativeness" is by far the largest organ of the human brain, and when we consider its office or function in the evolution and perpetuation of the race we can easily see that it should be so. The life and happiness of one individual of the race or species is of small importance compared to the life, happiness and development of the race in its wholeness.

Everything, then, pertaining to the mating, to the intimate co-operation, of the sexes—the two halves into which, for reproductive purposes nature has divided human beings, must be of moment in determining how to reach and practicalize the highest and the best.

In this issue of Lucifer "F. W. C., A. Warren and others have something to say upon this much discussed but still unsolved problem. It is not my purpose to sit in judgment upon the merits or demerits of the arguments used by these writers. The duty of an editor, as I take it, is much like that of a chairman at a public meeting. It is his duty mainly to see that justice is done to each and to all—to see to it that all phases of the subject in hand be allowed a fair hearing, and that the speakers or writers do not wander too far from the main points at issue. Lucifer's methods have usually been to allow pretty wide latitude in discussion, not wishing to decide what points, facts or arguments, are or are not, germane to the subject. What seems to one pertinent and germane may not seem so to another.

Granting to all the honesty of purpose claimed for myself I wish briefly to state here some of the difficulties, as I see them, that surround the investigation of this subject of the "Old and the New Ideal," and some of the more common errors into which we are all apt to fall.

First. It is simply impossible that any of us can approach the discussion of the right relation of the sexes with wholly unbiased minds. We are all handicapped with an artificial conscience on all ethical questions, and upon none more so than upon the sex or mating question. This conscience is a composite element, or force, in our lives.

It is partly religious, or built upon what we think "God" thinks.

It is also "statutory," or refers to what we think "the law" or the judge thinks.

We have also our "Grundy" conscience, made up of what we think our neighbors think, or what "they will say," about what we think or do.

Conscience is chiefly a matter of education, of environment or geography, but it is also to some extent hereditary, and is never a safe guide until completely under control of our own rationality or educated reason.

Unfortunately for us all, this composite thing called conscience is not yet in our own keeping. We allow the priest, the judge and our neighbors—or what we regard as the "consensus of the competent," to be the keepers of our conscience, and all these keepers tell us that the standard of morality in the sex-relation is not now an open question. They say there is but one side to it and that side is "duality,"—the union of one woman and one man, and that union for life; or at least until the keepers of our conscience think best to allow us to re-adjust our sex-relations, but always on the same plan of duality.

Second. Added to the disadvantage under which we all labor in not having an impartial conscience, a rational conscience, is the disadvantage imposed upon us by civil law. Free, candid, earnest, honest investigation of the problem of sex ethics is very liable to bring penalties in the way of fines and imprisonments, which penalties are to most of us anything but pleasant. Hence sex-reformers are obliged to use tact, policy, strategy, in these investigations, and especially so



they would test their theories by or in the crucible of practical experiment.

From this view-point A. Warren's criticisms upon the advocates of plural relationships, are, it seems to me, not quite fair, as when he asks:

"Has there ever been a case of plurality without discord? Let us hear from the Imeldas and the Hildas of actual life," etc.

If Mr. Warren would remove the ban of civil law, and the fear of social ostracism, so that the Imeldas and Hildas of real life could relate their experiences in this regard as freely as they relate their religious experiences or their experiments in flower culture, chicken raising or in dairy farming, there would be more fairness in his criticism.

Mr. Warren says he has "been acquainted with some hundreds of varietists, but has never known of a case of plurality without pain." It is the "wounded bird that flutters." May it not be that it was only the failures that came to the notice of Mr. Warren,—and because they were failures, whereas in the same territory and at the same time, may there not have been thousands of experiments, on a small scale, that were not failures, but very helpful and happy? The happy and the successful do not usually "wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at." And may it not be that our critic has been simply unwise, or unfortunate, in selecting his acquaintances or associates? "Birds of a feather," etc.

That "nearly all the old experimenters, those who have had the most experience, have slunk back into marriage, and are no longer heard from," is not at all strange, or proof of false premises. Nearly all experiments in "co-operation" on industrial lines, have also been failures, and yet the principle of equitable co-operation has more advocates and believers now than ever before. Most reformers get tired of the struggle, and compromise principle for peace, or for a mess of Grundy pottage.

Our critic says he is "not denouncing variety." Nor do I denounce duality. On the contrary my cherished "ideal" is very nearly his own. But I would not limit nature. I would not "crucify freedom in the name of freedom." Whether plurality or duality is highest and best can only be determined in freedom. If, as many of us think, duality is the highest and best the only way to demonstrate this fact and to practicalize that ideal, is through natural selection, through freedom to experiment, through liberty to know and to grow. Only in this way can full-rounded human beings be produced. Only in this way can women and men be created that will fully complement and satisfy each other, so that there will be no longer a desire for plurality.

No foe to duality like law-enforced marriage. Law kills love, and when love is dead the expectant mother's fancy constantly wanders,—strays hither and thither in search of a resting place, with the necessary result that her child is born a rover, in its amative or affectional nature, and thus plurality, "variety," becomes self-perpetuating.

With most that Mr. Warren says I am in hearty accord; also with most that is quoted in "Voices" column from the letter of Col. Baylor. Unlike Mr. Baylor I do not fear free discussion. I do not fear that the advocacy of "variety" will "pollute the temple of motherhood." Only in the widest and freest discussion can Truth, Justice and Purity be evolved. Not until church and state cease their meddling can it be demonstrated whether duality is "the law of Nature," or not.

M. H.

We have received No. 2 of "The Adult" the organ of the Legitimation League of England. The striking title of an article by the well-known writer, John Badcock, Jr., is "Go to the Butterfly, Thou Slave." Orford Northcote writes of "The Mutability of Sex-Love." "Sexual Freedom in Relation to Woman and Economics" is alone worth more than the price of the magazine. E. Wardlaw Best replies to the article on "Our Troops in India," which appeared in No. 1. The editorials and the contents of "Our Letter Box" will be found interesting.

The motto chosen for this magazine is the following from Max Nordau:

"The truth is, that amongst ten thousand pairs of lovers, there is barely one in which the man and woman love each other throughout their entire lives, to the exclusion of all others, not a single couple who would invent the perpetual, single marriage to answer to their own requirements, if it did not already exist."

"The Adult" may be ordered from this office. Price, 5 cents.

### The National Propaganda Work.

The responses to the "Call" published in No. 672 of *Lucifer* are very favorable. With one exception, all expressions of opinion, oral or written, that have reached me, are heartily sympathetic with the movement. The commendation is even more earnest and extended than I had anticipated. Some names have been sent to Lillian Harman, some to James Morton, some to myself. From a few of the first letters written to Mrs. Harman and to me, I quote the sentences that follow:

The morning after the "Call" reached this city, I received this from Mrs. A. S.:

"Please find inclosed \$1 for active membership in the new free association. (Why is it called organization?)"

Charles B. Cooper, of New York, referring to the subject, of which I had spoken to him before the "Call" was printed, wrote:

"By all means carry the idea out—it is what is wanted. If at first it has to be a small affair—no matter—even the appearance of organization is a power, and so, useful even if there is nothing back of it stronger than an array of a few names analogous to the Three Tailors of Tooley Street."

A. G. Lengberg, of Florida, writes:

"I see by last *Lucifer* that you and a few other Social Radicals intend to form a national organization with the worthy object in view of promoting the development of a new human society, not merely the reformation of the old. I wish to say that I am heartily in sympathy with the movement, and wish its success. I also wish you to enter my name on the list as a member of the organization, and I herewith inclose my membership fee of one dollar. I have nothing to hinder me joining the active class if I can be of any use. I hope all of *Lucifer's* readers will take a hearty interest in the movement and contribute their aid freely, and that those best able will assist you in getting the organization in working order, which no doubt will require a great deal of labor."

One of the clearest thinkers among Liberal women, writes:

"Mr. Walker: Associated free lovers will undoubtedly do much more in proportion to their numbers than they can when working separately, only, as this gives them two methods of work instead of one. Put me down as a contributory member. Should I sign as an active worker, my 'Freethought' employers might deprive me of work. Of course they believe in free thought on the lines along which they are free. So does the Christian."

A devoted Western worker, now in the East, and who has sent the membership fee for herself and a friend to another signer of the "Call," writes to me:

"That this 'Call for Concerted Action,' will be to 'strike the nail on the head' I have no doubt. But, in order to 'strike while the iron is hot,' it seems to me the convention should soon be called."

From some who go into the contributory class, or whose letters leave us in doubt as to the class in which they desire to be enrolled, I quote:

"I herewith inclose \$1 as membership fee in the national organization that you and a few other friends of freedom purpose establishing. The Call for Concerted Action is opportune, and I trust the response thereto will exceed your greatest expectations."—From Wisconsin.

"Count me a willing member of your national organization for Sexual Freedom."—From a Philadelphia woman.



"Concerted action is a good move; I will help all I can to forward the matter."—From Colorado.

"I inclose \$5 as a mite toward the promotion of some of your noble purposes as outlined in your last issue."—From N. Y. City.

When I met him yesterday, that untiring disseminator of light, Edw. W. Chamberlain, said: "Of course you can count me in, in the active list."

In regard to the call for convention, I will say that it will be sent out when the number of responses is such as to warrant the expense. Probably we will be able to meet in the late autumn. In the meantime, let the names come in in a flood; the earlier those who intend to join in the work *sometime*, do so, the better it will be, the sooner we can begin the leaflet work, the first movement in the campaign.

The growth of the idea of whole human freedom is most encouraging; in both Europe and America the tide of thought is setting our way. It is for us to take advantage of the currents of agitation set in motion by the pioneer workers in our cause. The time has come to reap some of the fruits of their labors. Spread the light. Live liberty.

B. C. WALKER

244 West 143 St., New York City.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LIV.

The strange recital was at an end. Wearily the narrator flung himself into his chair and leaned back, white and exhausted. The bitter but musical voice was hushed while Owen Hunter sat with his head resting on his hand, lost in thought. Was the life of every good man a wreck? For that the man who sat before him was a good man he had not a single doubt. Aside from the bitter experience of his own life he had never thought of the struggling, suffering masses of humanity. Ten thousand dollars! He had no doubt that the sum seemed an enormous fortune to the man before him, while to Owen it seemed scarce worth mentioning.

"What salary," he asked, "did you receive?"

A bitter smile curved the lips of the other.

"Fifty dollars per month."

Fifty dollars! How often had Owen thoughtlessly squandered as much and more in a single evening; and here was a man who with his family had to live a whole month on it. For the first time in his life the question arose why it was that those who were the producers of all wealth should have so little of it to enjoy; for the first time he asked himself, "Have you a right to control so much money, while so many others are suffering for the actual necessities of life?" What had he ever done to alleviate human suffering? In memory he saw large figures heading long lists of charity. "Charity!" Suddenly the word seemed to him the most cold and heartless in the English language. To offer charity where justice was due! In that instant he resolved that the sons and daughters of humanity, the many poverty stricken little children, should reap the benefit of the money he controlled. He did not yet see his way clear, and for the moment very wisely left the selection of methods to the future. The present hour belonged to the deeply stricken man who had permitted him to read the pages of his sad history.

"Will you not tell me your name?" he sympathetically inquired.

"My name?" With indescribable bitterness he spoke the word. "Why should I not give it you? All New York will be rising with it in a few days when it will be known that the assistant bookkeeper of the firm of Hunter & Co. has proven false to his trust. My name is Milton Nesbit!"

As if electrified Owen turned upon the man before him.

"Repeat the name of the firm by which you were employed! I am not sure that I have heard aright."

"Hunter & Co."

With a gasping sound Owen sank back, pale to the very lips. Surprised, Milton Nesbit turned inquiringly to him.

"Why, what is wrong; are you ill?"

Owen shook his head.

"No! no! It is not that, but— Well, why should I search for empty words? My name is Owen Hunter!"

It was now Milton Nesbit's turn to gasp with surprise. He had been holding his position some two years and in all that time had never seen the senior member of the firm. He had been told it had not always been thus; but for several years Owen Hunter no longer took an active part in the business, and most of the newcomers had never seen the man for whom they were coining and piling up money.

Milton Nesbit felt a strange thrill as his eyes rested upon the man who now was to be his judge. An unspeakable bitterness vibrated through his voice when he again spoke.

"If you are the Owen Hunter of Hunter & Co. and if I were a good Christian I should say that the workings of an Almighty God could be traced in the events of this most fatal day; that he so willed it that it must be just the man whom I have robbed whose hand should stay the action which would have freed me from an accursed fate. But this just God who is all love will not have it so. Earthly justice must first be satisfied; the almighty wrath must first be appeased by giving man a chance to avenge himself upon his fellow man. I simply call it cruel, relentless fate, which has pursued me so many years and which dates from the earliest recollections of my childhood. Very well! pass the sentence which I know lies in your power to enforce, for 'money rules the world,' you know. Hand me over to the guardians of the peace and let the law take its course. It matters little what becomes of me now. I may as well sleep behind prison bars as anywhere else. The sunshine of happiness has long since forsaken me; it is lost in the gloom and darkness of despair."

Oh, the bitterness, the hopeless misery in the strong man's voice. He had arisen and walked back and forth the full length of the room; then with his elbow resting upon the mantel, his hand supporting his head, he stood glaring into the glowing coals, awaiting his sentence. But Owen now no longer calmly sat enjoying the comforts of the room. As the other ceased speaking he stepped to his side and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Will you look me in the face?"

Silently Nesbit turned and faced Owen. For some minutes they stood thus face to face; then Owen's hand was extended.

"May I ask you to give me your hand in friendship?"

Surprise was depicted upon Nesbit's face as he looked at the outstretched palm, and then inquiringly into the face of the man to whom it belonged.

"Friendship?" echoed Milton Nesbit, while he nervously passed his hand over his forehead as if he would dispel the mists which seemed to him to be gathering there.

"And why not? Am I selfish when I ask it? But with my many millions a true friend is something which I have not, and now I am waiting to feel the clasp of genuine friendship. Do I ask in vain?"

Milton Nesbit's face was a study. Queer little quivers were stirring the muscles. Sinking once more into his chair he buried his face in both hands. For some time neither spoke, then the deeply moved man raised his head and looked the other searchingly in the eye.

"And how about the criminal?"

"Do you feel yourself one?"

The flash in the dark eye answered him even before the firmly spoken words:

"No, I do not!"

Then once more I extend my hand and ask, will you be my friend and brother? I might be able to give you an insight into a life that would verify the words, 'All is not gold that glitters.'"

There was now no hesitation, and in that hand-clasp a lifelong friendship was sealed. A Christmas morn it was to these two, that all their lives stood out clear and bright.

All that afternoon the two men sat in that quiet comfortable room, and as Owen had first listened to one of the saddest of life histories, so now, in turn, he opened his heart to his new friend and in the first hour of his new found friendship he proved it no idle phrase, for in this hour he claimed Nesbit's trust and full confidence. If Milton could not at first give his sanction to an affair like that of Owen, who having already a wife, however unworthy, could take to his heart another woman, and finding her as he had found her, should hold her above all other women—this, certainly, should excite no surprise.

Remembering the woman who, though false to him, he still loved, Milton could not sit in judgment upon and condemn this other woman who had given the wealth of her love to Owen without first asking leave of some third person or persons. Just at present he could see nothing clearly. He could feel, but was in no condition to reason. Owen saw and understood, and knowing that in his present condition the best thing for Milton was change—change of scene and of mental occupation, he at once decided to put into execution a long deferred plan of his own. He would travel; he would take Nesbit with him as traveling companion; and just then he remembered an old college mate whom he had not seen for many years. Why not begin the proposed journey by making a call upon this friend of his youth?

Accordingly a dispatch was at once sent to announce their coming and in a very few days the two friends, who had become such in a way so strange and unexpected, were comfortably seated in a luxurious Pullman car while their train slowly pulled out from the great city towards its western destination.

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

J. L. Kibler, Winchester, Va.:—I do not believe in Lucifer's free Love theory, but go ahead and ventilate the sex question—that is what the world needs. It is the grandest subject for man's study. Man should study man—his own self.

Garcia Leao, N. Y. City:—As I am going to Brazil and desire to continue reading Lucifer please send it to me at 57 Rua do Rosario, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, care of Dr. Irene Machado. If I can be useful to you in any way while in Brazil, I shall be glad if you will address me as above in the confidence that I will gladly do all in my power for Lucifer. I entirely agree with you and fully appreciate the value of the propaganda which I hope will soon wipe out from the flag of liberty the stain of sexual superstition.

C. S. Crass, Lexington, Ky.:—Enclosed you will find \$1.25 for which please continue my subscription to Lucifer. If there ever was a need for the teachings of Lucifer, it certainly must be now, for over population is now forcing thousands of honest and hard-working people to go almost starved and naked. If at any time during the four years of McKinley's prosperity a train of Goldstandard Confidence comes through the Blue Grass region of Central Kentucky, and will switch off a few cars at Lexington, it may be that I can help more to aid you in some time of future need.

Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.:—"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." While our good editors are doing so much to free woman from wrong, injustice and oppression it is meet that she herself should do her share towards her own enfranchisement.

This diffidence, shyness and mock modesty that holds her back must be overcome; she must come out of her shell and leave the chimney corner for the great arena of progress and thought.

I have been thinking for sometime of doing a little more myself in the line of introducing liberal men and women to each other pen-wise.

We are so scattered we cannot, in isolated homes, find those whose aims and ideas coincide with our own. We are so alone we feel the need of the cheer and encouragement of co-workers.

I have, within two or three years, three times put notices in our Lucifer asking for names of women who are willing to talk to men with the pen. But half a dozen men have responded where one woman has done so, and thus it is all one-sided and up-hill work. I see that "The Firebrand" has about the same experience in getting women to come to the front.

Some women tell me they feel hurt and insulted by what men write them. Others are owned by husbands who oppose their seeking comradeship in this way. And others lack the stamps it would take for the correspondence.

But "we cannot have our cake and eat it too." We must sacrifice many things for the greater good. Men are what women make them. If they are not pure and clean a good woman can help them to become so.

In the forty or more years that I have had correspondence with men, I have found them far kinder, better and more worthy than I have expected. Out of my own experience, therefore, I can safely advise this correspondence as useful, helpful, pleasing and instructive.

For the first time in my life I tried this year to help a woman get an office. Our acting post master for four years was a woman, and the only post master here of whom no complaint was ever made. So a great many of us did our best to have her appointed as real post master, and had it gone to the vote of the clientage of the office she would have become so by an immense majority. But half a dozen men were trying for it, and just at the last, news came that the shoemaker had won. He had a vote and she had none. She was educated—he could hardly read intelligibly, and boasted he had had no book or paper in his hands but the Bible, for a year. Do you wonder I ask woman to work for herself?

I wonder how many woman readers of Lucifer will write me in regard to this article. I hope twenty-five or so at least will do so; and I'll answer all letters enclosing a stamp.

I would gladly pay postage both ways if I were able. In December I'll be seventy years and so must economize or be left dependent in my old days. I am just as "work-brittle" as I was in my youth, and rejoice that I can speak an advisory word to others in this way.

[The following letter was sent me by Col. Chas. Gano Baylor of Kentucky, now resident in Providence, R. I. I think it deserves a place in the reform press of the country.]

AUNT LYDIA.]

Woman is the moral regenerator and spiritual illuminator of the race. Man is not. Woman is man's conscience.

The status of every nation, in all the past of man's struggle with animalism, was an enslaved and degraded womanhood. It was not the Alexanders and King Davids and Solomons and Aristotles and Platos who have regenerated the race,—so far as it has been regenerated.

Mere reasons, or economic forces in themselves, will not regenerate the race. The status of a self-reverencing and revered womanhood must first be established before the race can be regenerated.

A spiritualized humanity, therefore, depends potentially on a spiritualized womanhood and motherhood. Woman, in her complex organism, holds in custody the sacred law of heredity. An animalized womanhood will inevitably brutalize the race. Marriage, the one to the one and only one, is the law of Nature and should be held to be a sacrament in nature, absolutely free from the interference of either Church or State,—for it is infinitely more sacred and more grand than either. Beware in discussion of the sex question—which is the basic question, the vital question, the life question—beware in discussion



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of what is known as "variety," that you do not pollute the temple of feminine sanctity,—the temple of motherhood.

The economic emancipation of womanhood is the foremost question in the labor propaganda; because it lifts woman above the degrading influence of poverty, and thus leaves her perfectly free to fulfill her divine mission as the High Priestess of the race.

Hence the unspeakable infamy of the foul and damnable conspiracy between Republican Capitalism with the Papacy, under which the "protected" factory harem and the tenement-hell of law-created poverty—in order to manufacture millionaires—has clasped hands with the Convent and the Confessional for the degradation of woman.

It is the woman feature of this infamous alliance which marks the decay of liberty in the United States, and which deserves the execration of every liberal mind, without regard to creed. The man who will countenance this infamy, or remain silent before it because Holy Church has decreed it, has no right to stand within the ranks of Labor. The woman question is, after all, the foremost question in universal civilization. You cannot strike woman or degrade her without beating down the race, for she, if degraded, will drag the whole structure of society with her to a common ruin.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 37.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 15, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 676

### The Angel of Discontent

When the world was formed and the morning stars  
Upon their paths were sent,  
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named  
The angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hill,  
Where the crested serpent stings,  
And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls,  
And he told of better things.

And he led men forth to the town,  
And forth to the fields of corn;  
And he told of the ample work ahead,  
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees  
In the blush of the misty west;  
And they look to the heights of his lifted eye—  
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold  
A hope that is high and brave;  
And the madness of war comes into his blood—  
For he knows himself a slave.

The seeds of wrong by the light of that eye  
March with victorious songs;  
For strength of right comes into their hearts  
When they behold their wrongs.

Tis by the light of that lifted eye  
That Error's mists are rent,  
A guide to the fable-lands of Truth  
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,  
And his glance is far away  
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills  
Of a diviner day.

—Sam. Walter Foss, in "Yankee Blade"

### "Poor Old Massachusetts!"

BY H. C. WALKER.

As will be seen by the exquisitely satirical editorial from the New York "Journal" of August 4, included herein, the authorities of the Boston Public Library have made another high bid for the leather medal of asininity. In the interview published in the Boston "Globe" of August 1 (from which the "Journal" has quoted), Mr. Lindsay Swift, editor and cataloguer, says:

Outside of the Anarchistic and Socialistic works of course there are many other books which are unsuitable for general circulation. These we have gathered together in a certain section of the building which we have termed "The Inferno." Among the works here are Boccaccio's Decamerone unabridged, the Heptameron of Margaret of Navarre, and the unexpurgated editions of the earlier English and French dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Racine, and so on.

Mr. Swift does not say that the Bible and Shakspeare have been banished to this inferno, but there is no reason why they should not be if honest frankness of expression is cause for such banishment. Mr. Swift graciously informs us that these books can be read by persons of suitable age and discretion, Mr. Putnam and himself being the judges in the premises. That is, the applicant can spend from half an hour to an hour and a half in pursuit of the book before he runs it to earth in the "Inferno."

That was my experience in trying to find Burton's translation of Catullus, a work which the authorities of the private Astor Library in New York hand out without question as to the age and soberness of mind of the inquirer. But here is the "Journal's" delicately cutting castigation of the Boston censors:

"Mr. Putnam, the librarian of the Boston Public Library, has withdrawn from general circulation the more extreme French and German books, papers and magazines, advocating anarchy and socialism. Such writers as Henri Rochefort and Louise Michel are to be strictly confined to their reservation hereafter. The new policy is thus lucidly described by Mr. Lindsay Swift, the editor and cataloguer of the library:

"In the opinion of the librarians no good can be gained and much harm may be done by allowing works of this extreme character to be generally read. It may be asked why are these books placed in the library if not to be read? They are in the library for that purpose and they may be read, but Mr. Putnam and his assistants reserve to themselves the right to choose the readers, and most common sense people will agree with Mr. Putnam in such a decision. The average man of anarchistic or socialist tendencies that frequents the library is not qualified by education or judgment to read the works I refer to, and estimate them at their proper value.

"Mr. Putnam recognizes the fact that as physicians must be allowed access even to the most virulent poisons, so there are certain persons—physicians of the public mind—who must be permitted to read the most pernicious books, if only to know what heresies are percolating among the masses, and to be able more effectively to combat them. The only apparent difficulty is in distinguishing between persons who can safely be trusted with revolutionary literature and those who cannot. Who is to tell whether an applicant for the privilege of reading La Lanterne is 'qualified by education or judgment' to make a safe use of its dangerous contents?

"But that difficulty is only apparent. 'Mr. Putnam and his associates reserve to themselves the right to choose the readers.' They take the responsibility of keeping this perilous reading matter out of improper hands, and they are confident that they can spot a disguised Anarchist as easily as a Treasury clerk can detect a counterfeit bill.

"Of course, if some unbalanced radical like President Andrews should succeed in eluding the vigilance of Mr. Putnam and his assistants and getting hold of some of this incendiary literature should be impelled by it to throw a bomb into a bank, the consequences would be unpleasant for the librarian. Having assumed the duty of classifying the patrons of the library according to their fitness to be intrusted with certain writings, Mr. Putnam is of course morally, and should be pecuniarily, responsible for any damages that may result from the faulty performance of this function. In view of this increase in their responsibilities we should think it would be only common business prudence to require librarians hereafter to furnish heavy bonds from some substantial surety company to secure the payment of any liabilities incurred through a failure to discriminate correctly among the applicants for risky reading matter."

Perhaps Mr. George Schum or Mr. W. D. Forrest, who spend a good deal of time in the Boston Public Library, may kindly consent to tell Lucifer's readers something about that terrible group of Russian, German and American Anarchists and Socialists who foregather in the "northeast corner of Bates Hall," and read incendiary works on "political economy, exact science and philosophy," to the infinite horror of Mr. Putnam, Librarian, Mr. Swift, cataloguer, and the solid residents of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay district. The Boston "Globe" has a characteristic newspaper cut of some of these awful men, engaged in the nefarious occupation of reading ponderous tomes of political economy and the exact sciences. Among them is supposed to be a Russian who has acquired such a classical English diction that the degenerate Bostonese are astonished, and a "Yankee through and through, the possessor of one of the oldest and best-known names in Massachusetts, and one intimately associated with the settlement and earlier history of Boston. Up to a few years ago the homestead of the family was still in existence near Bryston station, and not a few of the older and wealthier citizens of Jamaica Plain and West Roxbury are connected with his family by blood or marriage." This gentleman, we are informed, "furnishes the 'balance wheel' for the remainder of his associate Anarchists and Socialists." I do not know whether this "American" is an Anarchist or a Socialist, and I presume the reporter is in a like state of ignorance, as no doubt also are Mr. Putnam, Librarian, and Mr. Swift, cataloguer, who presume to select his reading matter for him. "The never-ending audacity of elected persons" receives fresh illustration every day, but the authorities of the Boston Public Library may be permitted to go up very near to the head of the class.

The police silly season is undoubtedly on. A Washington officer claims he had the right to stop a cab and ascertain if the young woman it contained had a proper escort. — *New York Journal*.

The police silly season lasts every year for three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days, on an average. But the Washington officer did not transcend the spirit of the law—is a cab more sacred than a bedroom?

Charles E. Butts and Nellie Turner, a white man and negro woman who married each other recently in St. Joseph, Missouri, have been sentenced to two years each in the penitentiary for violating the law prohibiting miscegenation. And this barbarity was perpetrated by Christians, the worshipers of a god who committed miscegenation with an Israelitish woman, and the blood of whose son, the fruit of this cross-breeding, is supposed to have the incredible virtue of washing clean their cruel little souls!

### "Hear the Other Side."

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

[The following communication was written in May for the "Free Thought Magazine." Mr. Green wrote me that he was pleased with the article and he promised to publish it in the July number. However, it was not published, and Mr. Green returned it to me stating that he had no room for it in the last two numbers and that it is too late to publish it now. Thinking that the article may be of some interest to the readers of Lucifer, I send it to you for publication. C. W. C.]

In an article on Civilization and Free Thought in the May number of the "Free Thought Magazine" Mr. Edward W. G. Dobson says: "Free thought includes the unreserved examination of all questions, no matter what the nature of those questions may be." Those are true words which should be the motto of every man who claims to be a Freethinker. We should remember that free thought cannot be limited to a mere denial of the Christian religion. Free thinkers cannot afford to be narrow-minded and bigoted. But is it not a fact that many of our freethinking friends cannot stand opposition to their views and do not welcome new ideas? Is it not a fact that

some Free thinkers are no less bigoted than are the followers of the Pope or of John Calvin? People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Why, then, should we accuse Christians of bigotry when we ourselves are bigoted?

We say that the reason why so many people believe in the absurdities and impossibilities of the Christian religion is because they do not want to hear the other side. But how many Free thinkers wish to hear the other side? And yet the man who knows only one side cannot be sure of being right. We must also remember that the man who always harps on one subject often makes himself ridiculous. Free thought should be a wide field with plenty of room for all questions that, as Mr. Dobson says in the article mentioned above, may affect the happiness or welfare of mankind.

What is the mission of Free thought? Is it not to make the world happy? If not, why do Free thinkers want to destroy the Christian religion? Is it only for the mere pleasure of destroying? If so, Free thought is of no use to the world and it might as well cease to exist. If Free thought cannot improve the condition of mankind, is it worth our while to be aggressive Free thinkers? Why not leave the church people alone, if by converting them to our views we can do them no good? But of course such is not the case. Do we not say that the Christian church is a detriment to the intellectual development of the people and that when the people become intelligent enough to throw away the old myths, there will be more happiness and prosperity in the world? But do Free thinkers really think that to destroy the church is sufficient to make the earth a paradise? Is there nothing else to be done? And is it not a fact that the rejection of the Bible does not always make men good and kind? Take our millionaire Andrew Carnegie. He is said to be somewhat of a sceptic, but is he a just man? Does he treat his workmen with kindness and consideration? Let us then try not only to destroy reverence for "God's Holy Book," but also to civilize and humanize man, and this can be done only by a free discussion of all questions that can be of interest to humanity.

Why is it that our Free thought publications are afraid to discuss social, political and economic questions? Why is it that as soon as someone dares to discuss such questions in a Free thought paper, we hear the angry voice of some subscriber saying: "Stop my paper"? The "Free Thought Magazine" dared to publish an article on marriage by Moses Harman and for this "crime" the editor has been severely condemned by many of his subscribers. It is true that Mr. Harman's article was printed for the purpose of proving his views to be "pernicious," but the fact that the editor has allowed such a "vile" article to "mar" the pages of his "pure, lofty and able publication" was enough to make some Free thinkers think that the world is coming to an end. Now, Moses Harman's critics are, undoubtedly, honest men; but let them not forget that Mr. Harman is also an honest man and that he is fighting for what he believes to be a just cause. He is convinced that marriage protected by law, tends to the enslavement of women, and therefore he wants to have it abolished. It is not my business to discuss the question, whether Mr. Harman is right or wrong. Let us admit for argument's sake that he is entirely wrong and that the realization of his ideas would ruin the world, but what of it? Are the readers of the "Free Thought Magazine" obliged to agree with Mr. Harman? Can they not think for themselves and refute his arguments, if they think them to be wrong? Why should they adopt Christian methods and ask that the magazine should print nothing which does not accord with their own views? The bigoted Christian says: "Christianity is a divine institution, and you must not attack it." The bigoted defender of conventional marriage says: "Marriage is a sacred institution and you must not let any one attack it." In what respect is the latter better than the former? Does a bigoted Free thinker deserve more respect than does a bigoted Christian?

Brother Free thinkers, we must learn to be broad and liberal.

is our views; we must welcome new ideas and thoughts, and we must give to every honest man a hearing. If upon examination we find that another man's views are better than are ours, we must have courage enough to accept them. If, on the contrary, we come to the conclusion that other people's ideas are erroneous, they can do us no harm. Let us banish the spirit of bigotry and let us be true Liberals.

### Philanthropic Stupidity.

BY ADRIANE CHAMPNEY.

Dr. Tarnier of Paris in 1888 first put in use at the Maternity Hospital of that city an invention known as the Baby Incubator, by the use of which forty-five per cent. of the prematurely-born children may now be saved, and the death-rate among delicate infants reduced some thirty per cent. This invention is now used in the hospitals and Dr. Lion, a philanthropist, is establishing incubator nurseries where the fragile mites of humanity, many of them weighing less than two pounds at birth, may be carried and nursed into sufficient vitality to sustain their feeble lives.

To the incubator, which is a very simple and effectual affair, I take no exceptions but I should like to ask some philanthropists to suspend their enthusiasm over the saving of the dear little babies long enough to answer a few questions.

What proportion of prematurely-born and delicate infants are likely to develop into strong, healthy children? Is not the cause of their frailty generally some disease or weakness of the mother which the child is likely to inherit? This incubator will largely be used, of course, in hospitals; who are the women who go to the maternity hospitals? Are they the cultured, the refined, the advanced women of the day? Are they women with fine qualities to transmit to their offspring and leisure and means to develop them through a happy childhood to a useful manhood and womanhood? Do women with comfortable homes go to the hospitals for confinement? Very rarely, but women with drunken husbands; women who walk close to the brink of poverty and want; women with large families dependent on them; betrayed women struggling to keep their self-respect and resist degradation;—these women have no other resort than the hospitals in their hour of need. It is the children of such, born to poverty and woe, undesired children, too feeble to live without artificial heat—these children are to be saved from the death which their birth-conditions would naturally cause, are to be coaxed into life and launched into the world. For what?

How many of these will be life-long invalids, sapping the lives of those who love them, requiring luxuries that deprive others of necessities, always a burden to hands and hearts already over-full? How many of them will be thrown upon the care of indifferent or cruel parents in homes where no love is, to be scorned, abused, neglected; hated for their helplessness? How many will grow up in bitter poverty, through a loveless childhood, a lawless youth, to a manhood of crime and violence? How many will be saved at birth to cry in later life—"Would I had never been born!"

How many of them will grow up to be happy and to help their fellows, thus fulfilling the "chief end of man" which is twofold—individual happiness and race progress?

Yet is this a pretty charity, a beautiful philanthropy, over which we wax sentimental. We conceal all understanding of the laws of sexual activity, cultivating ignorance, condemning and punishing knowledge and prohibiting all attempts to gain knowledge. We use all restrictive measures to prevent the rational control and regulation of reproduction. Under the compulsion of ignorance women must bear children in sorrow, men must toil to support them, but—O great charity!—when toil and privation have done their work and the woman at the hospital gives birth to a puny, half-dead child, modern science will save it for her and modern philanthropy restore it to her helpless arms.

By all the gods, let us call things by their right names!

Philanthropy? I say stupidity; short-sighted, narrow-minded, self-destructive stupidity.

### Nature and Pain and Man.

BY E. C. WALKER.

I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Slocum that pointing out flaws in arguments is not, as he seems to think, inconsistent with the search for truth; on the contrary, it is one of the methods by which we ascertain the truth and make it known.

The attempt to differentiate the "acts of individuals" from the "order of the universe" is futile, and may well be monopolized by theologians. Man is a growth out of the universe as a whole, one of the results of its processes, and anything he does is as much a part of its order as is the belching of a volcano or the revolution of a planet.

Yes, pain warns us that something is wrong; in the evolution of organisms those most readily escape their enemies which are most keenly sensitive to pain—the fittest survive. It is the "something wrong" that is the primary mistake, from the view-point of man, not the sentinel that warns us. And when we are unable to avoid the danger of which it gives warning, our suffering is increased in the ratio that the sentinel is faithful and acute. The "something wrong" is the *fer de lance*, not the accumulated experience which tells us that its bite is quickly fatal. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Yes, again, I have before heard that "through suffering comes refinement"; but from the viewpoint of man there is certainly "something wrong" when it is so. And after all, none of us is anxious to go to school to this teacher. Upon the whole, we prefer the condition of the healthy man, of the free man, to that of the invalid, or of the tortured prisoner or slave. I surmise that even Mr. Slocum would manage to worry along without the refinement if thereby he could escape the affliction of the cancer. In other words, there is a great deal of flub dub talked about the "refining, spiritualizing," influence of agony. But it is generally the agony of the other fellow.

### "If I were God."

BY MARGUERITE L. HAMILTON.

"Never a heart should be broken on earth if I were God."  
"Never a heart should be broken on earth if I were God."

These beautiful words of Kenneth Lamar have echoed and re-echoed through my mind all day, and all day I have been thinking of the stanzas written by this man of tender, compassionate, loving nature who would not that human souls should suffer one throb of anguish, and of the countless burdened ones crushed by the commands of God.

"Never a heartache should follow our mirth," he cries, remembering the life-time of bitter regret after the few short hours of pleasure, forbidden by our God.

"Never should longing be vile or vain." The words are sweetest music to my heart, for I know that not always shall longing be "vile and vain." When we have thrown off the chains that have bound us lo! these many years; when we have listened to the loving voice of Nature, instead of the sepulchral tones of long dead prophet and priest; when the royal heart of man and the tender love of woman have proved strong enough to defy the decrees of savage law makers; when we have grown strong and free and noble; when love reigns, and bitter jealousies and heart aches are no more; when a race of kings and queens with beautiful children born of love shall walk the earth in the place of the sneaking, fearful, trembling law-breakers, who cringe and crawl and fawn at the feet of law-executors, who in turn tremble before the crowd that has placed them in power; when man dares be true to his nobler, better self; when woman dares be true to her own heart; yea, when the man dates of God are no longer obeyed; then, and only then, shall the pure longings of our hearts cease to be "vile and vain."

"Never be pestilence, famine or chain, never be poverty, farewells or pain, if I were God."

Beautiful, daring, loving words. Words worthy our deepest thought.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 West Congress Street, Thursday evening, Sept. 16, Dr. Wahl will open the discussion. The subject will be, "Might is Right."

Lillian Harman is taking a vacation in Missouri. Her address is this office.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,	\$288.75
Larose,	.50
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## Strikes and Trusts.

Whatever is, is right—right and true to the causes that produce it.

Whatever is, is wrong—wrong to the ideal; wrong to the possible—under ideal conditions.

As illustrations, take the "strikes" and the "trusts" now so common in the industrial and commercial world. Looking for causes we readily see that these social phenomena are the natural, the legitimate results, or outcome, of causes dating back hundreds and thousands of years, and, reasoning from analogy, we conclude that until these underlying causes are changed or removed it is irrational to hope for results different from those we see—and deplore—today.

"See and deplore." This phrase indicates discontent. It indicates that we—some of us at least, are not satisfied with the social status of today. Discontent implies desire for change. Intelligent discontent implies inquiry, investigation, into causes of the conditions, the environment, that gives us discontent, unrest, unhappiness. Intelligent discontent, rational unrest, implies hope that conditions, environment, may be made better; and by better we mean more pleasurable, more happy.

Assuming that our discontent is intelligent; that our unrest is rational, let us ask,

First. What are some of the social conditions that give us pain, and against which we protest?

Second. What are the causes of these pain-giving conditions? and,

Third. How can these causes be removed?

Prominent among the social conditions, the contemplation or endurance of which causes us pain, are, (a) The accumula-

tion of wealth—the products of labor—in the hands of those who do little or no work, and the consequent poverty deprivation, of those who work, or those who would work if opportunity were allowed. (b) The monopoly of nature's opportunities—including soil, mines, discoveries and labor-saving inventions—by the fortunate and cunning few, and the consequent exclusion of the great masses of mankind from equal participation in these rights and privileges.

The causes that produce these unequal conditions—conditions that bear their fruit in abnormal development, in diseases, in crimes, in vices, in insanity, imbecility, premature old age and premature death, may be summed up in two words, Ignorance.

Superstition.

Of these two the first is the elder, and the parent of the younger. In fact we may sum it all up in the single word ignorance. "Ignorance is the only darkness." "Ignorance is the only devil."

From this parent source spring a numerous brood of superstitions that enslave and debase mankind. Prominent among these may be named,

First. The religious, or the god superstition—putting upon the throne of the world a monster fashioned after the image of barbaric man; that is, a vain-glorious, jealous, revengeful, clannish, partial, hating and hateful being. What wonder that the worshipers of such a god can with a clear conscience monopolize the earth and complacently see the masses suffer, when they know their god can sit idly by and witness the suffering that he could now prevent, and the endless suffering hereafter that he himself inflicts?

Second. The "statute" superstition—the state!—the superstition that makes it right to rob—by tariffs and other forced levies—to give to a privileged few what they do not need, and makes it very wrong to steal a loaf or a coat to satisfy a real need. What wonder with a "legal" conscience, our standard of right as to "property" and the sacredness of human life becomes confused and unreliable, when we are educated in the belief that to be a good citizen is to support a system, a fetish, built upon robbery and murder!

Third. The most baneful of all our inherited superstitions; one that keeps life in all others—the marriage superstition. The superstition that tells us to regard as vile and sinful the most important of all human passions and functions—the creative—until it is sanctified by permission of a priest of God or State. A superstition that enslaves the creator—woman—in loveless union for life, and compels her to be the mother of unwelcome children—disinherited, defrauded children, compels her to be a mere breeder of the unfit—so that "God and State," priest and law-maker, may have a perennial supply of obedient slaves to do their will, and to make their own offices and privileges necessary to "society."

Here, then, as some of us see it, is the first and most important work of reformers; of those who would do away with "strikes and trusts." So long as the public conscience is dominated by these three superstitions, and especially by the last named, the work of the reformer, whether political, industrial, religious or what not, will make little real headway. It is simply the old, old story of fighting effects while the root causes remain untouched. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree, and woman, upon whom nature has placed the burden of responsibility in the creative realm, must first be awakened to a realizing sense of such responsibility.

Alas for us! this our awful baggage in the rear of humanity, these women who have not moved on their own feet one step since the primal mother taught them to suckle, are perpetually pulling us backward on the march. Slaves of custom, forms, shows and superstitions, they are slaves of the priests.—"Beauchamp's Career," ch. 58, p. 197.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions.—James Russell Lowell.

# Selections from "The Adult."

Among noteworthy articles in the September number of the "Adult" is one entitled the "Mutability of Sex Love," by "Orford Northcote." This writer is already known to our readers as the author of the series of articles on the "Contagious Diseases Acts," by which legislation it is sought to lessen the dangers to health of men from association with diseased women. (For man's benefit, of course; the woman's welfare is not considered.) In his opening paragraph in the current issue of the "Adult" the writer of that series says:

"It is curious that, notwithstanding the universal agreement that passionate love never lasts long past its physical consummation, men and women of even advanced views still believe that it is possible for a married man and woman to continue to stand to each other in the relationship of passionate lovers throughout the sexual life, to the exclusion of all other sexual attractions. The prevalence of this belief may easily be traced to the deep-seated ignorance of the fact that sex love has invariably a physical basis. If it were recognized that the male and female sex cells were solely responsible for the sexual attraction, and that the secondary sexual traits, whether of body or mind, which differentiate men from women, are merely the means to the end of guiding the sex cells in their search for other sex cells of suitable character for the ultimate purpose of union, the mistake would not be made of supposing that sex love is due to a mental or spiritual affinity, which, unlike physical attraction, may, it is supposed, be of a permanent character. I have, elsewhere shown at some length, and, I believe, incontrovertibly, the truth of the thesis that sexual love is based absolutely on the activity of the sex cells, and, starting from this position, I will endeavor to show that a long continuance of passionate sex love, of the character that is supposed to be spiritual, is impossible in marriage; impossible, that is to say, where there are frequent opportunities of physical union."

By many of our readers this view will be regarded as "materialistic" and degrading to the instinct or passion called love, but it is not so much a question of what we would prefer to believe as "what are the facts?"—as shown by human observation and experience. The time was, when the "evolutionary" theory, as taught by Darwin, Huxley and others, was regarded with much the same kind of aversion by all who held to the divine or supernatural theory of man's origin. "Evolution" was called materialistic, atheistic, cold, brutalizing, unsentimental, degrading, etc. Now, however, with few exceptions even theologians are compelled to reconstruct their creeds to fit the hated Darwinian, or as some call it, the "monkey" theory of man's origin. And so likewise, it is probable that our ideas in regard to the origin of love will have to be reconstructed, to conform to the facts of anthropologic and physiologic science.

I should like to insert the whole article, did space permit. The treatment of this "occult" subject is clear and very convincing. Two more brief selections will show the author's manner and animus:

"If we could read the sexual history of those persons who suppose that passionate sexual attraction may last throughout married life, we should probably find that in every case the men and women who held such an opinion had, at some time or other in their career, been violently in love with some person of the other sex with whom they had never enjoyed sexual intercourse. The married woman who flatters herself on her good fortune in her husband holding to the view that the limits of a passionate love are only bounded by its inception on the one side and the grave on the other, would flatter herself less if she knew the genesis of her husband's opinion. As it is, she imagines that it is for her that her husband has this passionate regard. She little dreams that while he admits to himself in the privacy of his own self-communings that this never-dying, passionate love is impossible for him so far as his wife is concerned, it would have been possible had he been able to marry

that other woman he had loved, but whom circumstances had assigned as the sexual property of some other man, or whom death had removed from his ken forever. So do husbands and wives, in this age of sexual hypocrisy, deceive themselves and each other."

"The oft-quoted lines of Tennyson's 'The woman's cause is man's' have a broader application than is usually given to them by their readers. Not to the poet, even, is it always given to understand the true significance of his message. And nothing will be gained by merely ascribing to reformers, whether men or women, the bias which is due to sex. Such bias there undoubtedly is, and enlightened ideas of sexual sociology will only become general when the inaccuracies of thought due to such bias are subject to that mutual correction which the frank interchange of ideas between men and women on this subject would make possible."

Another article of nearly equal length and importance is that on "Sexual Freedom in Relation to Woman and Economics," by "Sagittarius." A few brief paragraphs will give the reader a glimpse of the direction of this *archer's arrows*:

"In every phase of thought, the breakdown of authority, making way for the advent of rationalism, has made it possible to ventilate ideas with such (relative) freedom that heterodoxy of any sort can hardly excite the same degree of horror as in the days when mere opinion, if rationalistic, was combatted with the prison, the rack, or the stake. And, by the natural law, under which disused functions become atrophied, much of the desire to coerce has passed away with the power."

"This comparative immunity for rationalistic propaganda is enjoyed less by the advocates of sexual freedom, doubtless, than by Protestants of any other sort. For two reasons. First, it is newer, and the 'innate conservatism of humanity' is always opposed to change; and, secondly, the marriage laws and customs are the last citadel and bulwark of authority, both from the religious and the economic standpoints."

"There are two barriers new to sexual freedom—public opinion and the economic enslavement of five-sixths of the people under our wage system. While there is economic dependence there cannot be complete sexual (or any other) freedom. So obvious is this that its statement is seen to be a platitude. The majority are dependent on the wage-paying minority. Dependence and freedom are mutually exclusive terms."

The closing article of this number of "The Adult" is a criticism upon the "Troops in India" question, by E. Wardlaw Best, who seems to be the only woman contributor to this month's bill of fare. She takes issue with Victor Martell, who in No. 1 had, if I understand the matter, defended the "Contagious Diseases Acts," of "Parliament." Miss Best handles the matter without gloves, and seems to have the "best" of the argument. Her article closes thus:

"The whole subject is disgraceful in the extreme, and our marriage system is at the root of the whole matter. Women are divided into two sets, trained to detest each other; sets whose interests are diametrically opposed. The prostitute, the blackleg of the marriage system; while marriage, on the other hand, is held up as the market price of women. These sets are kept apart—by interest, and by the man who has created that interest. The one set used as a public harem by men, whilst the second set is starved of its natural sexual rights, excepting those chosen in marriage by the man for breeding purposes, to produce a family which is to belong primarily to him, and whose mother is to be kept handy for his sexual desires. This is the plain truth. Those not chosen, or who refuse to be used under this system, or to help to degrade their sex, are sexually starved, whilst their unfortunate sisters of the public harem are so disgusted and replete with the horrible life they lead, that suicide is common amongst them. Other women just manage to hang, like Mahomed's coffin, between the two principal sets, and lead, as best they can, something resembling a free life. The Church, meanwhile, continues to prate of 'sin'; the State

to oppress women; and the medical priesthood to reap a rich harvest."

Vol. I. No. 2 of "The Adult" is for sale at this office, price 5 cents.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXIX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**RISK OF LOSS.** Interest on money can never equal the expected advantages to the borrower, for two reasons. First, the person who uses the money must give physical and mental labor in order to obtain the benefits, and is entitled to compensation for his own contribution; and second, there is always a risk of loss; tools may break, or the production may prove of little value; and the user of money is entitled to compensation for his risk. It is almost wholly a question of risk which makes money worth in some places ten per cent or more, and in others only two or three per cent. Where the rate of interest is high, there is either danger that the borrower will be unable to keep his agreement and return the capital borrowed, or else that he will not be honest enough to return it. Even the danger that he will take advantage of legislative enactments, and while nominally returning the borrowed capital will return it in a depreciated currency, increases the risk and the rate of interest. This explains why the rate of interest is so high in the "silver" states.

#### REMARKS.

From the viewpoint of privilege—a privileged commodity and privileged men, there is little to be said against the reasoning found in the above "Lesson". But under equal freedom for all commodities, and for all men, there would be no place for "interest," as such, and no place for robber "legislative enactments" such as that which changed the standard of legal currency from silver—or silver and gold, to gold alone. Then "silver states," gold states or corn or sugar states would not look for special legislation in their favor. Risk of loss would be guarded against in a natural and rational not an arbitrary or artificial manner.

M. H.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER LV.

And thus it is that the threads of our story once more unite. Again the figure of a man is pacing up and down the platform, awaiting the incoming train and, as at last it comes thundering in and makes a brief halt, Norman's eyes rest upon the stalwart, manly figure of the companion of earlier days, and the clasp of the hand that follows is almost painful. But even in that first quick meeting when joy lights up the eyes of both, Norman sees the change in his old time friend; sees the lines that the flight of years alone has not engraven on the handsome face.

"What is it, Owen? There is that in your face which tells me all is not well. Have you been sick?"

"Heart-sick—yes! to the extent that life sometimes seems but a burden."

"Why should a man of almost unlimited wealth, such as you possess, speak in such a strain?"

"Why, indeed! You speak as though wealth could buy happiness."

"And can it not? Do you not know what untold, what inconceivable misery could be turned to joy with the assistance of wealth?"

"In thousands of cases, yes. In my own instance, no! Wealth cannot heal a breaking heart, cannot buy the happiness which has fled."

"I believe I possess a panacea for an evil such as yours. The society of sweet women will restore you to life and love."

"Don't speak of woman and love to me. I have done with em!" Norman smiled.

"O, I have touched the right cord, have I? But that is a bold assertion which you have just made—that you have done with women forever. Yet I assert that you must—you must and you will be won."

"Don't you know that I am a married man?"

For a moment Norman looked him searchingly in the face; then, as if satisfied, replied,

"And what if you are? Are you sure that that fact should prove a barrier to future happiness?"

Owen Hunter in turn now looked Norman searchingly in the face—

"How am I to understand you? That the Norman I once knew, and who I know possessed such high-strung ideas of honor, should express himself thus?"

A slight flush rose to Norman's brow. Hastily he opened his lips to answer but as quickly checked himself—

"No more, now! This is scarce a proper place to discuss the sort of topics we are drifting into. Without doubt ere we part there will be moments more opportune for thorough discussion. At present I am eager to introduce you into a most charmed and charming circle."

Owen shook his head.

"I have come to you for quiet, Norman. My heart is sore, and needs rest. I would rather not meet strangers. Besides I have with me a friend whom I wish to introduce to you; also to ask your forbearance for thus imposing on your hospitality, as that is what I am about to do. Another storm-tossed soul in need of rest and quiet; one who has drained the bitter cup of sorrow to its very dregs." Turning he approached a man who had hitherto stood motionless at some little distance. A man well worth looking at. Tall, well proportioned; dark, heavy beard and clustering hair; with an unspeakable sadness in the deep, gray eyes.

"I claim your hospitality for Milton Nesbit, as well as for myself, and promise that neither shall be too great a burden on your kindness, if you can secure us the welcome of your mother and sisters. I know it is much I ask of you, as our intimacy in the past years can scarcely be called by the name of friendship—but permit me, Mr. Nesbit, this is the friend of my college days, Norman Carlton, of whom I have been telling you."

Extending his hand and firmly grasping that of the stranger, Norman said:

"Permit me to welcome any friend that Owen Hunter may introduce. You are worthy, or he would not ask it. As for our being friends in the past, do not let that worry you. If we have not been intimate friends it has not been for lack of mutual attraction but rather that the ties that bound us were not close enough, and it is not too late to make them closer. I always felt the most profound admiration for the sunny tempered youth I knew as Owen Hunter."

"Thank you, for your generous welcome," replied a grave, musical voice. "I am but as an instrument in the hands of Mr. Hunter. I follow where he leads. Later I hope you may bid me welcome on my own account."

"Spoken like a man. I feel that already I may speak the words of welcome in your own behalf. But come, dinner will be waiting, and in a well regulated household, as you both understand, to the good housewife that is an abomination, and my mother knows what good housekeeping is. But set your minds at rest; she will tender you the welcome I ask for my friends. Formal and precise she may be but she is also a most gracious hostess. My sisters also you will find pleased to meet you. But they do not belong to the charmed circle to which I insist on introducing you. No protests! I will have my way. You are already announced, and in this instance I mean to be firm. You would scarcely be a man if our many charmers cannot succeed in dispelling the clouds, and a man must be of flinty hardness who could listen to our song-bird, sweet, winsome Cora, without being moved."

Owen started.

"Cora! did you say?—Cora? But pshaw! why should I excite myself over a name. There are hundreds of Coras in the world. But lead on. We are ready to follow."



So they piled into the cutter and as they dashed over the snow quite forgot their sorrows, and as events of their college years were gone over they soon felt better acquainted than they had ever done in the olden days. But Milton Nesbit was quiet, very quiet. He only spoke when spoken to, and Owen now realized that it would be better for him to mingle more with others in order to awaken again in that crushed and bleeding heart an interest in life—to deaden the pain that was ever gnawing at his vitals, and though at first Nesbit refused to join the two friends when evening drew near, preferring to remain at home, and although Owen, too, would have much preferred to remain in the seclusion of his room, he feared to hurt the feelings of his kind host, and therefore sacrificed his own desire to that of Norman's. As for Milton, Owen believed it absolutely necessary that he should accompany them, and insisted on his doing so.

Unwilling to seem boorish, with a sigh Nesbit prepared to make a martyr of himself. So when Norman's cutter drew up to the Westcott mansion he brought two guests instead of the one expected, but both were made equally welcome. For some reason Norman had not mentioned the name of his intended guest. No intentional oversight, I ween. He had never heard the name of Cora's lover and therefore could not have known the link binding these two, so when the name of Owen Hunter was announced, each of the girls started. Owen must have thought, for an instant, that they acted strangely, but quickly recovering themselves they extended a hearty welcome. Soft white hands were clasped in the manly ones; rosy lips were wreathed in sweetest smiles. But as Norman's eyes went about the room he missed Cora, and asking Imelda where her sister was,

"I believe she was telling baby Norma a story and when that was finished Meta wanted a song, so when she gets through entertaining the little folks she will no doubt make her appearance."

Owen again started—upon being presented to Imelda Ellwood, and the two names kept forming themselves into one. "Cora, Ellwood; Cora, Ellwood!" Surely he must be going mad. It was only a coincidence, thought he. To find his own sweet girl here would be too good to be true. So he devoted himself to Imelda and soon found himself admiring the intelligent, gravely sweet girl who was so well informed on whatever subject might be broached. Milton Nesbit had been passed round, so to say, from one fair maid to another, and all were struck with the sad beauty of his manly face, but unable to pick many words from him, as his thoughts were many miles away with the fair woman he had left behind him. But now it was Alice who was talking to him. That incessant little chatterbox did not give him much time to talk or to think, even if he had been so inclined,—she had so much herself to say. It was said in a way so quaint and sweet, and as she was the mistress of the house and a married woman he felt himself more at ease and more free in her society, and ere long she managed to hold his attention, and soon he found himself admiring the dainty color in her cheeks, the pearly teeth gleaming from between rosy lips, the mischief sparkling in the clear blue eye, while her voice sounded like tinkling music. The large room was pretty well filled with ladies and gentlemen, but as she pointed each one out to him it was with a word of praise and love for some peculiar trait, attraction or accomplishment. Not one disparaging word, and as his eyes followed her indications he thought he had never found so much harmony.

While his eyes were roving from one to another they rested on Cora who had but just entered the room. Was it that he had not seen her before, or was it that she possessed some feature more attractive than the others? His eyes followed her every movement as she gracefully found her way to the piano and seating herself thereat began a prelude, and soon the rich, full voice filled the room with its rare music, while the sweet tones slightly trembled as the words dropped from her lips:

Across the sobbing sea of doom  
The weary world is slowly drifting.

Eyes wet with tears peer through the gloom.

Yet see no sign of rest or rifting.

Still angels bright from some far height,

Repeat through hours of weary waking—

"Hope's starlight shines through darkest night,

To keep the world's great heart from breaking!"

Listening to the words they all knew there was an undercurrent of meaning attached to the simple strain that a stranger would not be apt to detect. And yet Milton Nesbit understood it well, as if the story had been told him in so many words, that the gifted singer had known sorrow, and slowly his gaze sought Owen Hunter. What was it? Owen had risen from Imelda's side, evidently unconscious that he was acting strangely, that he was, to say the least, impolite. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything else but the fair singer. As if fascinated the song drew him to her side. He repeated the words:

"Hope's starlight shines through darkest night"—

whispering them close to the pink shell ear,

"O Cora, my own, is not the night over? May the morning now at last dawn?"

Quick as a flash Cora whirled about on her stool, and with the one glad cry, "Owen!" cast herself into his arms, regardless of the many eyes resting upon them, and was held by him in an embrace so close as if he meant never again to let her go.

To be continued.

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L. Larose, Montreal, Canada:—I am sorry to have to tell you to not send me Lucifer any more. I agree entirely with the opinions expressed by your collaborators, but as I am not rich, and having very little time to spare I prefer to read books that I can pass to my friends. Will you please for the dollar I send you in this envelope send me "The Old and the New Ideal" by Emil F. Ruedebusch, fifty cents. The balance use to send trial numbers of Lucifer to others. Accept my thanks and best wishes.

[The above are specimen replies we are getting, in answer to our late request to be informed whether the weekly visits of Lucifer are longer desired by those whose paid up time has expired. If all would respond promptly it would relieve us of much embarrassment in deciding the question of whether or not to continue sending the paper.]

Dr. Cora A. Morse, San Francisco, Cal.:—I have just returned from a nine weeks sojourn in Southern California. While there went to see James G. Clark, the dear old veteran in the cause of human rights, and found him almost at death's door. He has been ill for eight months. Spent all his energies singing for the campaign for human freedom, and fell at last in the battle. On his marble brow the sunlight of hope and prophecy still lingers, and one can almost hear the sweet voice vibrate the "O yes, 'tis coming," the chorus of a song he has sung to thousands, telling of the good time yet to be. Will you mention these facts in your paper and ask your readers to send one dollar to James G. Clark, 154 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal., for a copy of his "Poetry and Song," and thus help defray

## 676.

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his expenses and keep his sensitive soul sheltered from the blast of charity as a means of sustenance. We who are yet in the ranks must try to bear the cup of cold water to the wounded who fall at our sides. Have missed Lucifer much, but found piles of them here on my return and am reading them greedily.

[The above appeal needs no second from this office, but the second is heartily given, and from this office the dollar will soon be sent for a copy of his almost unequalled poems. Having had the pleasure of a visit from this veteran in the work of breaking the chains from the souls and bodies of women and men, and having heard that wonderfully sweet voice, and felt the inspiration of his exceptionally noble and venerable presence, I earnestly hope that this appeal from Dr. Morse will be promptly responded to by hundreds of Lucifer's readers.

M. H.]

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I, No. 38.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 22, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 677

I am convinced that those societies which live without government enjoy in their mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, restraining morals as powerfully as laws ever did anywhere.—  
*Thomas Jefferson.*

### Ideals, Old and New.

BY EMIL F. RUEDEBUSCH.

After reading *Lucifer* No. 675 I concluded that, to prevent further misunderstanding, the readers should be informed that, although my book has been mentioned in many articles, my theory has not been discussed in *Lucifer* by any one so far. Furthermore I wish to say to my worthy critics: An intelligent discussion of my subject is absolutely impossible unless you begin by answering clearly and definitely the following questions: What is your ideal of love? Is it the Old or the New Ideal? (See lengthy definition of the terms in the respective chapters of my book.) Or is it something between the two extremes?

If you still hold to the Old Ideal, then note my claim that "more tyrannically than legal law, more effectively than any moral feeling, it forces mankind into slavery in love, into mutual possession!" (p. 112) and that, therefore, with such an ideal, real freedom in love would be absolutely impossible, even after every priest and every lawmaker had left the country. As long as you hold to this I advise for you good, true Christian marriage (without the priest, of course, and without the interference of the state wherever that is practicable), a union for life, to be sustained by the sense of duty and responsibility, in which, for the sake of a valued relation, you guard yourselves against any and all dangerous "outside attractions" and in which you try to get as near as possible to your ideal by persistent exertion in "mutual idolatry." The "free union," however, in which the parties live together as in marriage, but which is entered into with the understanding that, on account of their "new ideas," they may retain their freedom of love and that the union may be dissolved at any time by the wish of either party, I declare to be but "a farcical imitation of Christian marriage" in which the good points of the latter are discarded and the bad ones are retained. I hold therefore that the so-called "practical experiments" in, and the agitation for "Free Love" are not advisable until you have emancipated yourselves from the Old Love Ideal and have fully accepted the New. For this very reason I, as the only exception, according to Mr. Walker's statement, have declined to sign the "Call for Concerted Action." I am with you once and forever in the opposition against any and all compulsory legal laws, but when it comes to love- and sex-relations as a special field for agitation, I believe only and exclusively in the concerted action of New Idealists.

Here then are some points worthy of serious discussion

between us: severe criticisms of the theory and actions of "Free Lovers" on which I dwell at great length in my book. After its publication I was impatiently awaiting their answer. How would they defend themselves? Imagine my surprise, yes, my bewilderment, when I found that not one dared to try, and that every one of them who enjoyed an occasional "side love" seemed only anxious to make me out a "dear comrade in the cause of Free Love!"

If, however, you have completely discarded the Old Love Ideal (which I consider the most ludicrous as well as the most pernicious ideal which has ever entered the human mind) and have fully accepted the New Ideal, then you will oppose "dual" (monogamic) as well as "plural" (polygamic or polyandric) relations for the simple reason that you want no sexual "relation" whatever, and will detest the idea of ever being labeled as the sexual mate or partner of any one. As a necessary result you will never share your bed with an adult person of the opposite sex as a matter of course, will desire to enjoy private interviews with every one of those of your male and female friends in whom you have found or expect to find some beautiful complement to your own nature, which can be appreciated best where you are safe from disturbance or interference from outside. This may result for you in no sexual embrace whatever, it may lead to sexual enjoyments with many, or it may so happen that but one person shares such pleasures with you, but, whatever it may be, you will see no reason to give any notice of it to "society" and there is no reason why society should or could know of it. And in case of the last named result you could hardly commit a more foolish or more harmful act than to pronounce it to the world and brag about it.

The acceptance of this, the New Ideal, means a complete revolution in the social intercourse of human beings, and grand results could be achieved immediately, if but one tenth part of the Free Lovers of today could be won for it. I claim a great many things to be the inevitable result of the reign of the New Ideal. Every claim is substantiated by logical reasoning and I still defy you all to prove a defect in my argumentation. The only defense left to my opponents in the debates and discussions of the past was the final remark: "But it is impossible to get rid of this old ideal," which may be true of the speaker in each case (although I generally doubted whether they had tried), but which certainly can have no more weight as an argument than when the pious Christian says: "It is impossible for me to give up the idea of going to heaven and singing with the angels."

In the foregoing I have stated the pivotal points of my treatise. They have not been argued upon in *Lucifer* and the few allusions to them were incorrect and misleading. Hence I am justified in asserting that my theory has not been discussed and Mr. Warren may find some excuse for his queer notion of criticising an author before reading his book.

One man has indeed entered upon this important subject of love-ideals, J. William Lloyd. His ideal is to have one "central



BY C. L. JAMES.

lover" and a number of "side lovers," but his definitions are too poetically vague to be in order in a philosophical discussion. Let us try to get a little nearer to the meaning of his terms by testing them as to their relation to the sexual: If the "central lover" is meant to be the exclusive sexual partner, then this ideal is in fact exactly the same as what good Christians preached for the last 1800 years and is simply clothed in different words. If, however, Mr. Lloyd's ideal permits that the "side lover" may be considered good enough for an occasional sexual embrace, then his ideal is far too low to suit me, as I hold that for a truly beautiful sexual co-enjoyment the two should be exclusive "central" lovers for the time being. And furthermore the idea of classifying the human beings we love in such a manner appears absolutely useless and exceedingly harmful to me. I do not believe that any man or woman would relish the idea of being called a side lover and I can see no reason for such an uncalled-for depreciation. Well, unless Mr. Lloyd is a Tolstoinian, he must mean the one thing or the other. And this he naively offers to Lucifer's readers without deeming it worth while to discuss my ideal in a single sentence. In a previous article he wrote a great deal about my book, but, unfortunately, made the serious blunder (like Dr. Foote) of discussing a number of my propositions without being conscious of the fact that all these actions are proposed only to New Idealists and that I have plainly stated that these actions would be impossible or at least extremely dangerous to followers of the Old Ideal.

I hope that these remarks will suffice to show you that we New Idealists have good reason to object to being "mixed up" with the "Varietists" of today. We do not care a fig whether your sexual relations are "dual" or "plural" or whether you have none whatever. All we want is to induce you to remove the obnoxious label, which makes freedom of action an impossibility. Show us that you have and intend to retain the right and the chance to enjoy whatever you find worthy of your love in any human being, then we will ask no question as to how, when, where, in what manner, with whom, with how many, etc., you intend to enjoy sexual pleasures and I will certainly not care to give you any advice on this subject as I do not claim to be an authority of sexual hygiene. But as long as you are so anxious to voluntarily brand yourselves as the sexual possession of another by "living together" in or as in Christian marriage, you do not belong to us, and the fact that you consider it the right thing or would like to change partners once a week, brings you no nearer to us than if you intend to remain "true" to your partner for life.

And furthermore I hope and trust that the time will come when your active propagandists will condescend to pay attention to the most important part of my treatise, Chapter XII, pages 112 to 139, "The Old and the New Ideal" (from which the book has derived its name.) As a gentle reminder I will quote the closing paragraph of this chapter:

"To be perfectly explicit, I must state that by discarding marriage I mean of course the discarding of any and all sexual 'living together' (which in fact is the essence of marriage,) and I herewith challenge all Freethinkers to show me the least advantage in such 'living together.' Discard this, accept the new love-ideal, and you have the perfect solution of one of the most important of all social questions!"

What country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. What signify a few lives lost? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.—Thomas Jefferson.

It is the habit of moral philosophers, when speaking of government, to argue from a vision of government as it ought to be, and to hide the disagreeable sight of government as it actually is.—M. M. Trumbull.

On reading A. Warren's article, I meditated a pretty vigorous reply; but I see Moses Harman has anticipated me on at least one of the most important points. Clearly, as things are, it would not do for most varietists to give a satisfactory account of their personal experience. If, for example, I should say that I had been a varietist in practice many years, but that I never knew two variety women to pull caps about me nor about any other of their lovers, and never had a quarrel about a woman with a variety man, but, on the contrary, always found the love of the same woman a bond of friendship, A. Warren might not believe me, and to give proof would certainly be improper.

But a larger induction is quite possible; and what it teaches is, I think, that variety is much more common and successful in practice than most people suppose. In the southern countries of Europe, Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, Bavaria, it has notoriously been rather the rule than the exception ever since the later days of the Roman republic. So it is, consequently, throughout the Spanish-speaking states of America. In Peru, particularly, there is said to be practically no such institution as marriage, notwithstanding the church's teachings. The same is alleged of Paraguay and of Abyssinia—one of the newest and one of the oldest among Christian countries. The customs of these lands are furiously denounced by Puritanical bigots in ours; but it is the customs themselves which furnish occasion for all this silly rhetoric. That the customs do a particle of actual harm is in no way proved after twenty centuries' trial. But, besides, variety is well known to be rather the rule than the exception among the aristocracy of other countries, such as England and Germany. And in these, also, those who really know the proletariat, or largest class, assert it to be also general among them. It is only the bourgeois who condemn it with any sincerity; and accordingly in that great Anarchistic and Socialist movement which unites the progressive aristocracy with those proletaires who have never been through the bourgeois or Philistine stage of evolution, regard for dualism is commonly treated as a mere middle-class prejudice. Like orthodoxy, it has actually but few advocates; though those few, being noisy and dogmatical, are able to impose on most others some degree of that hypocrisy which is not "the tribute vice pays to virtue," but rather the blackmail indifference pays to bigotry.

In some countries, for example, England, Germany and the United States, they are strong. But these countries, though less addicted to variety than those others mentioned, have very liberal divorce laws. The real truth of it is that, marriage being simply female slavery, every people who have emerged from the most primitive state, escape it in one way or the other. The romantic seek affinities through frequent separations and remarriages; the more constant resort to variety without separation.

The evils attributed to variety by those few who can get off their dogmatical stilts long enough to allege any, are, I think, the fruit of artificial regulation. Under the restraints of community life people quarreled, just as husbands and wives quarrel, because they are irksomely tied together; and they quarreled more than husbands and wives usually do because there were more of them in the same coil. In Italy jealousy sometimes causes a murder, though such murders are not approved, as they are here. But it must be remembered that in Italy variety, though very common, is contrary to the law of both state and church. If it were not, I apprehend that jealous murder would be quite as rare as any other kind of murder. Liberty, therefore, is the true remedy, as A. Warren says. But when he accuses varietists of crucifying the world's real savior by dogmatism, it certainly seems pertinent to ask him who, except perhaps some advocate of the obsolete community-building craze, ever proposed to make variety obligatory on anyone? As to Colonel Baylor, he has no notion where he is.

"Woman is the moral regenerator and spiritual illuminator of the race. . . . Woman is man's conscience." This is nonsense—the peculiar nonsense of the nineteenth century truly; but, none the less, unmitigated rot. Woman, being man's conscience, it is very bad if she be enslaved and degraded (that's true enough); therefore, she must be emancipated and spiritualized (whatever that means) through setting up for her worship a standard of virtue invented by men! Oh Logic! thy name isn't Baylor! That standard is (truly said) marriage, the one to the one and only one. It is a law of Nature (then why not let it enforce itself?) Well, says Colonel Baylor, it should be absolutely free from the interference of either Church or State. But it should be "held" to be a sacrament in nature (more unmeaning verbiage). It should be so held by what, since Church and State are both ruled out? By public opinion doubtless. It does not apparently occur to Colonel Baylor, but it does to me, that church and state are merely expressions of public opinion, to which, when restrictive, it resorts at once, by instinct. And we must beware how we even discuss variety, lest we pollute the temple of feminine sanctity! Woman, being man's conscience, must not be free, even to discuss, because an enslaved and degraded womanhood will play the devil. Oh logic, logic! For my part, I affirm, and will maintain whenever required, that sexual anarchy has always been the emancipator of woman, and that she never was degraded or enslaved by anything but a standard of virtue which men set up for her, whose nature, during many past ages, Colonel Baylor has stated quite correctly.

Every man and every woman who has brain of a superior quality is a visionary. It is only the dull, senseless clod who has no visions of a higher-fed humanity; of an international brotherhood wherein there shall be no soldiers and few policemen; of a holier church, purer judges and a better law. These were some of the visions of Jefferson.—M. M. Trumbull.

#### A Palpable Misapprehension.

In "Observations" in "The Truthseeker" of September 11, the usually accurate George E. Macdonald has seriously misinterpreted the Social Radicals' "Call for Concerted Action," printed in *Lucifer* of August 18. Quoting from that Call the affirmation that self-respecting free lovers "refuse to be longer banned by the semi-religious 'Liberals' who assume the unwon title of Freethinkers," Mr. Macdonald remarks:

"This I construe to be an intimation that the social radicals can no longer work harmoniously with the religious radicals for the objects of the latter."

I submit that this construction is warranted neither by the quoted words nor by the context of the Call. If a group within an association finds itself subjected to ostracism because of the opinions that draw its members together, it may protest against such banning and it may enter upon distinctive propaganda work without the secession of its units from the larger association. This is precisely what is happening today in the case of the social radicals. Two at least of the periodical representatives of Freethought and Secularism and a larger number of prominent adherents of religious liberalism have lately been loudly calling from their sentry posts for the drumming out of the free lovers from the camp of the Secularists. Some of the free lovers have replied, in effect: "We refuse to longer tamely submit to this ostracism of ourselves by men and women calling themselves Freethinkers but who are so little Freethinkers in fact that they will not consent that we think freely upon the marriage and sex questions as well as upon religious beliefs, *per se*. We will organize, that we may more effectively put our views before the people, Christians and Freethinkers alike."

In this there is no intimation that those of us who have been active in Secular work intend to abandon that work, to withdraw from the Freethought Federation. Such abandonment and withdrawal would in itself be exceedingly displeasing to us, besides pleasing altogether too well the

narrow-gaugers who want the Federation entirely to themselves. For myself I may say, I stand with all my fellow Secularists for civil justice for all men and women without regard to the opinions they may hold on the subject of religion, and at the same time I stand with some of my fellow Secularists for civil justice for all men and women without regard to the opinions they may hold on the subject of the relations of the sexes. And in each case I affirm that freedom of belief implies freedom of action. The fact that the Freethought Federation does not endorse all that I believe true and necessary will not prevent me remaining in the Federation and doing all I can to help advance the reforms it does believe true and necessary. For the rest I will work outside.

If men belonging to an agricultural society which refuses to take up good roads work, decide to form an organization for the improvement of the highways, does it logically follow that they must withdraw from the agricultural association, that they must decline to help in the work concerning which they and the other members of the association are in agreement? The question answers itself, and its pertinence to this discussion is self-evident. Because I think forest preservation an important sociological problem, and a certain sociological society neglects its study, it by no means follows that in going outside that society to use my influence against deforestation, I must also decline to longer avail myself of the advantages the society can offer me in pursuing investigations in other fields. These are two of many opposite illustrations I might present.

E. C. WALKER.

244 West 143 St., N. Y. City.

Societies exist under three forms: first, without government, as among the Indians; second, under governments wherein every one has a just influence; third, under governments of force. It is a problem not clear in my mind that the first condition is not the best.—Thomas Jefferson.

#### Two New Books by Ida C. Craddock.

"Helps to Happy Wedlock" is the title of another little pamphlet by Ida C. Craddock whose "Letter to a Prospective Bride" was recently noticed in this paper. "Helps" is written especially for prospective husbands. It consists of two short anonymous essays on male continence and magnetation, followed by Miss Craddock's comments. The pamphlet is written in plain language and emphasizes the importance of the husband giving due consideration to his wife's desires in their marital relations. It contains sixteen pages and its price is 25 cents.

In an entirely different vein is written Miss Craddock's little 67-page book "The Heaven of the Bible," published by J. B. Lippincott Company. In this book a careful collation is made of all the references to heaven which are found in the bible. From these Miss Craddock makes some curious deductions. She opines that there are trees, mud, chemicals, metals and precious stones in the world she believes exists "beyond the border" and that the inhabitants pursue vocations similar to those followed on earth. She argues that sexual relations exist in heaven and that children are begotten there. The book is a curious contribution to speculative theology. The price is 50 cents. Miss Craddock's address is P. O. box 1093, Philadelphia, Pa.

Blackstone, in his definition of law, tries, like Jefferson, to evade the principal evil of the state. He says: "Law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power in the state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." He did not like to say "commanding what shall be done, and what shall not be done," because that would imply that the law-making power might deny right and establish wrong; yet nothing can be plainer than this, that all acts of the legislature are equally laws whether their character be good or bad.—M. M. Trumbull.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition;
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 West Congress Street, Thursday evening, Sept. 30. M. Harman will read a paper on the "Ideal Home."

Lillian Harman is taking a vacation in Missouri. Her address in this office.

THE PARAGRAPHS which appear in this issue of Lucifer attributed to Thomas Jefferson and to M. M. Trumbull, are taken from General Trumbull's admirable little pamphlet entitled "Thomas Jefferson, the Father of American Democracy: His Political, Social and Religious Philosophy." General Trumbull says: "Of the millions of idolaters who claim Jefferson as the saint of their party, nine out of every ten know absolutely nothing about his work, his character or his principles." This little pamphlet gives a concise and well-worded review of Jefferson's political, social and religious beliefs. It can be ordered from this office at 5 cents a copy.

## Crimes of Government

The public conscience is so dormant, so callous, so thoroughly seared by the frequency and magnitude of the crimes committed in the name of law and government that it requires something quite out of the usual to arouse the stupid citizen long enough to take a little thought of these crimes. The wholesale butchery of the Hazelton miners by the riotous guardians of "law and order" is far enough out of the usual and regular grind of "legal" crimes to make even the most devout worshiper of government of man by his fellow man to seriously ask himself, "what next?"

The death by violence of a score or two "mudsills"—workers in mine, in factory or on the farm, is, in itself a small matter, seen from the economic or commercial standpoint. Human life is cheap, a very drug in the market, and hence a few score or a few hundred more or less miners, foreign or native, is a matter scarce worth a moment's serious consideration.

The mine lords evidently take this view of the matter when looking after the personal safety of the brutalized, half-human, operatives, who, for a pittance, delve in the bowels of the earth for the benefit of their employers. A very little forethought and a few dollars taken from the profit side of the ledger, would often save the lives of hundreds of these wage-slaves, but knowing so well that thousands of the unemployed would gladly take the place of the killed or maimed in the mines, or of those who die prematurely on account of bad ventilation underground or of bad housing and poor sanitation above ground, the mine-owner and operator is justified, from the viewpoint of

civilized commercialism, in regarding the killing of the Hazelton miners as a very trivial matter.

And so likewise would the general public view the late tragedy at Hazelton were it not for the exceptional or unusual way in which these men came to their death. If they had been asphyxiated in an ill-ventilated mine, drowned by a sudden and preventable influx of water, or crushed by falling rock from lack of timber-supports, the circumstance would have been regarded as one of the many casualties to which the occupation of coal-mining is always subject, and with a feebly uttered protest against the cupidity and carelessness of mine owners the loss of life would very soon have been forgotten.

But when a body of miners marching peacefully along a public road, unarmed, molesting no one, threatening violence to no one, when these men are set upon by the alleged guardians of the peace and shot down like mad dogs, or as though they were a band of marauding brigands, the indolent, stupid public conscience is roused just long enough to ask whether this sort of thing is to become common, whether this butchery is to be made a precedent in like cases all over the country, and whether the average unarmed and peacefully inclined citizen has any rights whatever as against corporate monopolists and their obedient tools, the courts, the sheriffs, the state militia and the federal or standing army.

As I see it, some of the utterances of labor leaders in reference to the late butchery are wise and some otherwise. While all see that a terrible wrong has been done but few seem to see that the real, the underlying cause is in government of man by his fellowman. So long as such system exists just so long will crimes of government continue, and perhaps with this view of the matter it is well that we have an occasional object lesson, out of the usual and regular, to show the inherent barbarism and savagery of all governmental systems, whether called monarchies, republics, democracies or what not.

## The Call for National Organization.

In this week's issue, and in recent issues of Lucifer, considerable space has been devoted to the subject of a national organization for those who advocate abolition—or reform—of the ideals and customs relating to the sex-life of women and men. Hitherto but little has been said editorially, in Lucifer, touching this matter, and now, lest my continued silence should be misconstrued I propose briefly to define my own position on the organization question.

First. Let it be understood, most distinctly, that I am heartily in accord with the objects of the call printed in No. 672, dated August 18. These objects, if I rightly understand them, are identical with the main contention of Lucifer, as expressed in the program or general statement of principles printed in each issue at the head of the fourth, or editorial page. They are also identical with the views advanced in the pamphlet entitled "Motherhood in Freedom," issued from this office nearly twelve months ago, and for the practicalization of which views I have spent considerable time in the effort to form clubs or circles of workers and thinkers in this and one or two other cities of the United States.

It will probably be asked why, if there is no difference in objects, why is it that the name of Lucifer's editor does not appear appended to the "Call" aforesaid?

Briefly in reply: First, and negatively, because I saw no real need that it should so appear. My attitude on these questions is sufficiently known to our readers without making my personality still more conspicuous by placing my name at or near the head of the list appended to the call.

Second, and affirmatively—because, on general principles I fight shy of "organization", or of the idea implied by that term when applied to associations for mutual helpfulness. "In union is strength" expresses a truth of vital importance to all who would help themselves or the race of which they form a part, but more vital still is the truth expressed by the motto "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Union of the world



be free is necessary to the attainment of liberty, but union may defeat liberty by introducing inequity or inequality. Organization, as such, means inequality, and inequality is the negation of freedom. Organization implies "organs"—head, eyes, mouth, hands, feet, etc., some to command and some to obey. If by this term is intended simply voluntary co-operation, free and equal association, then the latter term would better express the aim of the projectors of the Call aforesaid.

But right here I wish to say that because organization restricts liberty this is not sufficient reason, always, to reject organization. Sometimes a temporary and partial surrender of liberty may promote the cause of liberty—as in military and industrial organizations. But the question always arises, is this temporary and partial surrender necessary to success?

This question each must decide for him or herself. To him or her who can do most effective work for liberty by such surrender, to join an organization is the right thing to do. For him or her who can do most effective work outside of organization, voluntary co-operation is the plan to adopt.

To sum up in few words, then, let all who approve the objects and methods of the "Call," join the organization and help to make it a grand success, and let all who approve the objects but not the methods, co-operate in all possible ways.

Among these ways I would respectfully suggest the forming of groups, for educational helpfulness, in every city and town; with no rules, passwords or stated dues, but let the members of these groups be the judge as to how much each can contribute to the fund for local expenses, or for the "printing and free distribution of leaflets and pamphlets," and for the other objects suggested in the "Call."

Second. Since co-operative helpfulness is impossible without knowing the names and addresses of the co-operators, a "Bureau of Information" seems a prime necessity. The work of this bureau can be managed through an organization such as that proposed in the Call, and also through such voluntary associations as Lucifer's subscribers and workers are supposed to represent.

M. H.

#### Lois Waisbrooker.

Last week's Lucifer contained a brief note concerning the needs of the poet-singer, James G. Clark, of Pasadena, Calif., and now I wish to say a word for another and not less deserving veteran in humanity's cause. Lois Waisbrooker is now in her seventy-second year, and if any one of our many reform writers and lecturers deserves to retire from active service on a life pension it is she.

Mrs. Waisbrooker does not ask this, however. All she asks is that her friends order her books, for themselves and for others. In a recent letter she says, "I seem to be in that stage of life that comes to many people of my age, when it is for a time a question of going down or going on. If I can have two or three months free from anxiety as to the means of living, I feel, and all signs indicate, that I shall rally and do good work, perhaps the best of my life; otherwise it is a doubtful question."

Readers of Lucifer who have read her books do not need to be told that "Helen Harlow's Vow" is a pioneer work, and one of the very best yet written, to show what woman can do to free herself, and to conquer opposition when she resolves that she will not be crushed by man, nor yet by her own sex. This book has passed through several editions and has now been issued in cheap form, only twenty-five cents. For years it was sold at \$1.50 in cloth. It can be ordered of the author, at 1512 Howard St., San Francisco, Calif., or from this office. Catalogues and prices of Mrs. Waisbrooker's books, seven or eight in number, will be sent on application.

M. H.

The democracy of Jefferson was not so much a form or method of government, as it was a political principle opposed to government. It was a code of restraints upon sovereignty and mastership; a system of limitations upon public power.—M. M. Trumbull.

#### The Lamb-Like Gentleness of the Moral.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The account of the performances of a mob of Michigan purists escaped my eye in the news columns, but the New York "Journal" of September 4 editorially condenses it as follows:

At Harrieville . . . on Tuesday night a band of virtuous citizens called on Mrs. Haws, who had left her husband to live in sin with one McKinna. She answered their knocks in her night dress. They inaugurated their reform movement by "beating her severely," and then "forced her out of doors." Next "they drove her down the road, barefooted as she was, constantly applying their whips and switches to her back," the honey! Several times during the march "Mrs. Haws fell to her knees, but was compelled to get up and move on." Once when the exhausted woman fell one of the reformers "grabbed her by the hair and with his knife cut it off close to her head." McKinna was met in his buggy, disarmed, pulled to the ground, and he, with the woman, was marched three miles to the railroad station. There they were tied to telegraph poles and left to reflect on their inferiority to their neighbors in all that goes to make up desirable residents of Michigan.

That is what the "Journal" calls going "beyond the law" in testifying "esteem for female purity." McKinna succeeded in releasing himself and he then untied Mrs. Haws and they returned to their home, from which McKinna the next day disappeared. The New York paper hopes he went to the county seat to get warrants for the arrest of the "reformers." The editorial concludes with these sentences:

The cowardice and barbarity of this Michigan method of testifying disapproval of vice are infinitely more revolting than the vice which it punishes, and a community in which such deeds of horror are possible is a good place for people with hearts in their breasts and a liking for civilization to keep away from.

There is no evidence that the relations of Mrs. Haws and Mr. McKinna were one whit more vicious than those of their persecutors, and the "Journal" should have said so, but, taken altogether, Mr. Hearst's paper has behaved quite creditably in this instance, much more creditably than the average newspaper does on such occasions.

I wonder if the fact that disapproval of "vice" generally assumes the form of cruel outrage has duly impressed itself upon the mind of the ordinary reader of Lucifer? Why is it that the "moral" are so often the heartless? What is there in conventional "purity" that makes its devotees usually utterly impermeable to the suffering of their victims? Why should callousness and "virtue" be almost synonymous? I would say that the habit of invasion must inevitably tend to blunt all the more delicate sensibilities, that supervisory meddling cannot fail to deaden all generous human feeling; that therefore the spy and censor grow to be cruel if not cruel in the beginning, and, on the other hand, the naturally cruel often become spies and censors. Hardness and domineering are eminently congruous. The "tender mercies" of the self-lauded "good" have filled the world with suspicion, hate, torture and murder.

In passing, it may be remarked that the Michigan episode again emphasizes the futility of attempting to live free live openly in the pagan districts. Where population is sparse, and means of transit and communication are in consequence limited as compared with the cities, it must be much more dangerous to disregard convention than it is to do so in the centers of population and thought-interchange. As in the transition from the old to the new religion, after the introduction of Christianity, the cities first came over to the Pauline faith, while the villages (*paganis*) long remained loyal to the ancient gods, so today, in the villages and country proper, Christianity dominates thought and action to a much greater extent than it does in the cities. In a word, Christianity and its adjuncts constitute the paganism of our time, while science and rationalism are more at home in the larger towns and the mighty aggregations of men and money known as cities. In the nature of things, the innovator is safer in the metropolis than in the village; it is better for him, so far as security is concerned, to be a man of the city than a *paganus*.

Referring to the attempt to enforce in Atlanta, Georgia, an ordinance against high hats in theaters, the New York "Journal," in the same number from which I have just quoted, while

rightly characterizing the high hat as a nuisance, says that the remedy is education in the principle of equal freedom, not law, which merely arouses antagonism and so shuts the mind against improving influences.

The less the law meddles with such matters the better. Every such meddling encourages the small boyhoods who can find happiness only in interfering with the business of others. . . . If the Rev. Mr. Daniels who made a scene at Ocean Grove the other day because a reciting lady wore a décolleté gown, had his way, no doubt a low-necked dress would be a penitentiary affair. Mr. Daniels is worse than many décolleté gowns, but there is no need for a law that would cage him, or a charity fund to purchase bandages for his chaste eyes. When he is advertised to exhibit his mind no one is under compulsion to attend, and the intelligence and taste of the time are more efficacious in such cases as his than statutes could be.

When women of refinement and social position set the example of appearing without head covering at places of public entertainment, as they now so generally are doing, it is only a matter of time when their sisters of lower degree will imitate them.

That is sensible, Mr. Hearst; be consistent and stick to that gospel right through.

You must lay aside all prejudices on both sides, and neither believe nor reject anything because any other person rejected or believed it. Your own reason is the oracle given you by heaven and you are answerable not for the rightness, but for the uprightness of its decision.—Thomas Jefferson.

### "Sexual Freedom only a Detail."

The question of sexual freedom was up for discussion the other evening at a meeting of economic reformers in a large Eastern city. While there was some opposition to liberty in love, in itself considered, the chief contention of the negative side was that the subject was not germane to the general issue of freedom, as represented by the speakers and the club of which they were members. It was said that without economic and political freedom it would be impossible to realize sex freedom; that it was only a detail and a very small detail, of the question of human freedom; that it was useless to discuss it until the fruits of his toil had been secured for the toiler; that Lucifer and other papers of like character continually harped on the one string, giving to the world nothing new, and that the consideration of it now was a positive hindrance to the progress of the cause for which the objectors assumed to speak.

The spirit manifested on this occasion by our friends of the opposition was one distinctly characteristic of many economic propagandists. Their fundamental error consists in the conception of the reform of social conditions as something to be brought about solely by a rearrangement of the factors of production and exchange. In a word, it is the old delusion respecting a universal panacea that blinds them to the truth of the situation. As a matter of fact, man has many needs, he is the victim of many hallucinations, and he is oppressed by many tyrants. Progress is not along any single path. Men and women will do the best for enlightenment and liberty when they are free to work where the peculiar characteristics of each can have fullest play. All that we can rationally ask of any school of reformers is that it respect the basic principle of equal liberty. The work in which we are engaged will naturally appear to our vision as the most important that needs to be done; if this were not so we would not be engaged in it. But in our eager championship we should not forget that there are other sincere people in the world, that their work appears to them about as ours does to us, and that we are not much more likely than they to be infallible. Of course we can not abandon our work to join with them in theirs, and no more can we expect them to drop theirs to buckle to with us in ours. If we are informed by the scientific spirit, it will not be difficult for us to sympathize with them, to co-operate with them, to often, times most effectively work together with them for wider knowledge and larger liberty. The sensible miner does not sneer at the farmer, nor the well-balanced farmer ridicule the miner. Each has his place and work. So, similarly, the reasonable economic reformer does not jeer at the sex liberator, nor the rational sex liberator assert that economic reorganiza-

tion has no appreciable importance in the general programme of freedom.

To the amusing objection that Lucifer and its co-educators present nothing new, it is difficult to reply at once seriously and with perfect good nature. What do the critics expect? In their own chosen field, what have they lately given us that is not stale with constant repetition? In the nature of things, in either case nothing can be new but the rearrangement of arguments. The arguments themselves and the foundation for them are old, old, old. Generation after generation, century after century, epoch after epoch, man repeats his history. Age succeeding age, the hand of tyranny is heavy, and age succeeding age, comes the inevitable reaction, when men plead and fight for the opportunity to breathe, to grow. The picture of human wants, and human misery, and human struggles, is ever substantially the same; it varies only in the details of the setting, in the deepening or lightening of the tints and shades.

So long as those who do not sow reap the larger part of the harvest, so long will economic agitators tell the old story and make the old demands. So long as the politician enslaves, so long will the Anarchist repeat the old arguments in behalf of liberty. So long as priests peddle superstitions and exact unwilling tribute from dissenters, so long will the Freethinker and the Secularist reiterate the old axioms of reason and the old demands for the total separation of the civil and the sacerdotal, and so long as freedom of choice in love and parenthood is denied, so long will social radicals continue to present the old reasons why men and women should be free to live their own lives in their own way at their own cost. When superstition and despotism turn over a new leaf committing suicide, it will be time enough to ask us to quit talking about their idiocies and crimes.

LYSON BARDISKY.

Shake off the fears of servile prejudice, under which weak minas are servilely crouched. Fix reason firmly on her seat and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion.—Thomas Jefferson.

### National Work—Important.

I apprehend some of our good friends do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of promptitude in correspondence. Quite a number, in sending in their names for enrollment in the national propagandistic association, forgot to state whether they wished to go in the Active or the Contributory class. Written to in regard to the matter they are slow in responding, and this slowness may seriously retard the work of organization. I trust this word will be enough to secure the necessary dispatch.

E. C. WALKER.

244 West 153 St., N. Y. City.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER XVI.

As if in that one glad happy cry all her strength had been spent Cora lay back faint and white in her anxious lover's arms. Had the sudden joy killed her? He strained her close and kissed the white cold lips; then hearing her to a cough he began chafing her hands, helplessly looking about.

"She has fainted; can no one help me restore her?"

Quickly an anxious circle gathered about her, but Paul Arthur soon reassured them.

"It is nothing—only the reaction. She will be herself in a few moments."

Taking a small vial from an inside pocket of his coat he forced a few drops between her lips and in a few moments had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes.

"Take her away where she can have rest and quiet for half an hour; then she will be quite herself again."

Winding her arm about her, Imelda was about to conduct her away when Owen laid his hand detainingly upon her arm.

"Will you not permit me?"

There was so much pleading in the manly voice and clear blue eyes that Imelda could not refuse him.

"You will take good care of her?" with a smile.

"Will I?—as of my life! May I, Cora?"

For answer Cora quietly laid her head against his shoulder, smiling into his eyes, and thus he led her from the room. What if instead of the half hour they remained two long hours? and what if they thought it such a very little while and that they had not had a chance to say anything at all? Who would blame them? Doubtless it was true that they had said very little. Their hearts were too full to speak; too full of unutterable love and happiness, and certainly none in that room thought of blaming them. And when they returned it was Imelda and Norman who were the first to meet and to greet them. Cora's arms wound themselves about her sister's neck while the men clasped hands with an undercurrent of feeling such as they had not felt before.

"So this is your charmed circle?" asked Owen Hunter in a husky voice, and smilingly Norman made answer:

"Don't you find it so?"

There was a suspicious moisture in Owen's eyes and his voice visibly trembled when he again asked,

"And no censure meets us here?"

"Why should there be?"

But the man of the world could not understand. His friend knew that he had left a wife, that his love for this girl was an illicit one; yet here he stood clasping his hand in a manner that seemed to indicate to the fortune-tossed Owen that Norman was proud to do so. So he drew him aside and asked the meaning of it all.

Nothing loath, Norman devoted himself for the next half hour to answering his eager queries, seeking to initiate him into the sweet love-laden theories of the new doctrine to which he himself only a few months ago had been a perfect stranger. Leaning against a pillar Owen stood half hidden in an alcove, lost in amazement and wonder; his eyes following every movement of the girl he so madly worshipped.

But still another was watching and waiting for a solution of this mystery. Milton's sad gray eye saw the happiness of his friend; had seen him catch the fainting figure in his arms; had seen him press his face against hers and kiss the white lips. He could only guess that in some unlooked-for manner he had found the woman for whom he had so long been vainly seeking, and in the excitement which followed he for a time was over-looked and forgotten. But soon the merry peals of laughter, sweet music and soft strains of song again filled the room, and then, at the urgent request of Wilbur, Margaret read some strong dramatic scenes from various plays, holding her listeners spell-bound with the purity of her voice, the strength and clearness of the rendition and the depth of feeling which she exhibited. So, as the evening passed, Milton Nesbit became more and more puzzled as to what it was that made this circle so charming—so delightfully entertaining that all his perplexities were for the time forgotten, and that caused his sorrows to be dispelled as mist in the sunshine, and his heart to grow warm once more.

As he was one of the handsomest of the finely formed men in the room it did not take long for feminine eyes to detect that fact. Many were the admiring glances bestowed upon him. But there was something in the sad face which forbade intruding. Only Alice—airy, fairy Alice, was not backward. She again sought his side, showing him books, etchings, engravings and albums filled with selections of art gems. Her sweet airy, manner, the soft tender vibrations of her voice, acted like a charm upon his over-wrought nerves, and he soon found himself thoroughly enjoying her.

Lawrence, Wilbur, the young physician and the Wallace sisters had formed a little circle and were discussing economics. Imelda was devoting herself to her brother; making the evening pleasant for him; answering his questions as to the meaning of Cora's strange demeanor in connection with this handsome and refined looking stranger. Frank had already learned

much, was learning every day, but all was not quite clear to him yet as to what it was that made these pure minded women and men so different from others he had met and known in his reckless and checkered life. She told him that it was a lover of their sweet and lovable Cora, who, like himself, had once been reckless and wayward. Margaret, her mother and Osmond formed another group to which still another was attached. Homer had found a seat at Mrs. Leland's feet, resting his head against her knee, her hand gently toying with the clustering locks. The boy said scarcely a word, only listened. Mrs. Leland also had very little to say, only now and then a casual word. The brother and sister, however, who until a few days ago had been as strangers, had much to tell, and were opening their hearts, one to the other. Margaret was delighted with the gems she found stored away in this boy's mind. While in this quieter mood they were surprised by a sudden burst of melody from the piano, evoked by the touch of a master hand. Nesbit having confessed to Alice that he was musically inclined, that bewitching morsel of humanity had so importuned him that, unable to resist, he soon found his heart swelling with emotion as he evoked the rich strains. This burst scattered the groups, and once more they formed into one whole circle. Nesbit's music was followed by singing and then by Margaret's selections, then in what seemed a very short space of time, Cora and Owen were again of their number, and, finally, when the good-nights were spoken it seemed there never had been quite such a feeling of content lodged in the innermost recesses of every heart then and there present.

The following day brought back the two newcomers at quite an early hour. They did not now protest against coming. They were there every day and evening, until the hour of Margaret's departure drew nigh. How brief the time allowed them had seemed. Wilbur drank in the glory of the blue wells, kissing the dewy lips again and again. Mrs. Leland folded her child close. It seemed almost harder to let her go now than it had been the first time. Osmond's eyes grew dim.

"I did not know how dear a sister might be. It will seem like a dream, if I must give you up so soon." And although Margaret's heart was sad she tried to hide it under a smiling exterior.

"Never mind," she said. "It will not be for long. A few short months will soon pass by, then a long summer will be ours to do with just as we see fit—a long delicious summer of enjoyment and planning. Listen! they are planning now. We are in that, and must hear all about it."

Slipping one hand through Osmond's arm, the other arm about the waist of her mother she drew them to where the others had drawn a circle about Hilda who, having been importuned, was explaining and trying to make plain that vague sweet dream of her future co-operative home, and none so attentive, or none more so than Owen. She spoke of the spacious halls where the ardent searchers after knowledge of any kind might find their teacher. Of the library stocked with volumes from the ceiling to the floor; of the lecture hall and the theater; of the opportunities where every talent could be cultivated; of the liberty—the free life—where every fetter should be broken. Of the dining hall where they would partake of their evening meal midst flowers and music; of the common parlor where every evening should be an entertainment for all wherein love and genuine sociability should always preside; of the sacred privacy of the rooms where each man or woman should reign a king or queen—the sanctum of each, closed to all intruders, consecrated to the holiest and divinest of emotions and self-unfoldment. She spoke of the grand conservatories filled with choicest flowers—the sweet-scented blossoms, the trailing vines, the exotic plants; of the spacious gardens, the sparkling, everplaying fountains; of the delicious, health-giving baths; of the life of unconventionality,—of the abandon; of the nursery rooms where baby lips were lisping their first words and little toddling feet taking their first uncertain steps; of the things of beauty surrounding the prospective mother; of the



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unutterably sweet welcome that awaited each coming child; of the full understanding that would be taught to woman of the responsibility of calling into life a new being; of how man would revere her, how he would wait and abide her invitation; of the sweet co-operation and planning how all should be worked to keep up the financial part.

"O," said she, "it should, it would be paradise!—this my dream. But ah me! it is only a dream."

To be continued.

In religion Jefferson was a free thinker; in social theory he was an individualist; in politics he was a democrat; in theories of government he was called an anarchist.—M. M. Trumbull.

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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 29, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 678

We have faithfully tried the experiment for ages; have dealt kindly and charitably with our prodigal sons, and harshly and cruelly with their wayward sisters; now let us carefully compare the results, and see if we are acting wisely in thus discriminating against our girls.—"Prodigal Daughter."

### Liberal Thought Among the Jews in New York.

BY E. C. WALKER.

There has long been a very considerable element of Liberal thought among the Jews of New York, as elsewhere in America and the world. In the early years of the life of "The Truth Seeker" in this city, Mr. Bennett received much sympathy and substantial assistance from Jewish Freethinkers, and today it reckons many of that race among its most active and helpful friends in various parts of the country. But it is my purpose to write here chiefly of the Russian Jews on the East Side, a class of citizens very largely augmented within a few years by the bitter persecutions of the Jews by the government of the Czar. This element of our population is composed mainly of workmen and workingwomen, including many in trade and manufacture in a very small way.

Before proceeding to describe the organized progressive work in the ranks of this people, I wish to say that they generally have the reputation of being unusually industrious, and to mention a fact not so well known, viz., that they are serious and studious far above the average. I am informed by a woman of education and keen powers of observation, who is in a position to know whereof she speaks, that the Jewish patrons of the libraries on the East Side read the best kinds of books obtainable. Comparatively few works of fiction are called for, and these mostly classics and historical novels of permanent value. Books of history, biography and law; works on science, political economy and sociology in general, are the ones most often taken out by the Jews, old and young. This bent of the mind may well account for the much greater interest taken in vital social problems in the part of the city of which I speak than in some of the more aristocratic sections.

In 1888, as Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement) approached, a few Freethinking Jews conceived the idea that it would be a good plan for them to get together on that day for social recreation and mental improvement. A small hall was hired, the meeting was advertised among themselves, and the little group of fifteen or twenty men and women had a most pleasant reunion. Quite a number who were outside of this society of "The Pioneers of Liberty" participated in the meeting, enjoying with their more advanced compatriots the pleasures afforded by the recitations, music and dancing. Thus the propaganda was inaugurated. The next year Clarendon Hall was hired and the advertising begun by the circulation of an explanatory four-page leaflet, in which it was stated that the Freethinkers did not meet to antagonize their orthodox neighbors but to affirm that which they regarded as the truth,

especially concerning the subject of religion. Through the influence of the police, as is generally believed, the proprietor of the hall broke the contract and closed the doors in the faces of the Liberals. Then the latter joined forces with the Socialists and met in Labor Lyceum in Fourth Street.

In 1890 the meeting was advertised to take place in Labor Lyceum in Brooklyn, but a wholesale butcher induced Mayor Chapin to prohibit the assemblage. Two hundred policemen with patrol wagons were sent to the hall to set themselves in array in defense of religion and order as against a handful of thoughtful Jewish Freethinkers. The adjourned meeting took place the next day in a small hall in Avenue A, in New York, and was a success. In 1891 a meeting was held in Clarendon Hall on the Eve of Yom Kippur and meetings and dancing took place in the same hall during the Day of Atonement. A park in the outskirts of the city had been hired for use should the police close the hall. A similar programme was carried through in 1892 and 1893, while in 1894 there was one meeting only, on the Eve. No meeting was held in 1895. But in 1896 the gathering was a most pronounced success. There was speaking both on the Eve and during the Day of Atonement, and recitations and a musical entertainment enlivened the occasion. Six hundred persons were present.

This year there will be one meeting, on the Eve, October 5. Clarendon Hall has been secured and addresses will be made in Jewish (Yiddish) by Dr. Solotaroff and M. Kass, and in English by John Edelman and others. Progressive literature in the English, Jewish and German languages will be on sale. Music will add its charms. It is expected the attendance of last year will be surpassed.

In this Liberal work numbers and interest have constantly grown from the beginning. Politico-economically there are two schools of thought, the Communist-Anarchist and the Marxian Social Democratic. Only the Communist-Anarchists take part in the meetings at Yom Kippur. Of the four dailies in the Jewish language, two are Socialistic. At present the Communist-Anarchists have no newspaper organ, but at one time they had a monthly and at another a weekly representative. The "hard times" have had their depressing effect on the East Side as elsewhere. It is thought the Anarchist-Communist propaganda is now proceeding at a relatively greater speed than the Socialistic.

As regards marriage, both divisions, the Socialistic and the Anarchist-Communist, resent the interference of either church or state. The predominant sentiment is in favor of monogamic free union, but the varietistic view has some adherents, while inquiry concerning it is evidently more and more prevalent. Regardless of economic divisions, the Jewish Freethinkers stand together for the equality of woman with man, politically, industrially and socially.

Altogether, the outlook for clearer thought and larger liberty is bright in the "Jewish quarter" on the East Side in New York city, and it is daily growing brighter.

## "What Are the Men About?"

BY C. L. JAMES.

Some twenty years have passed since I gave the Movement in Favor of Ignorance a name which appears to have stuck. During those years the movement has made very considerable progress. That the dissemination of physiological knowledge by means of express companies as well as by means of the mail has come under the ban of Federal criminal law; that "legislation by judges" has drawn private letters as well as mail matter of an inferior class within the purview of Comstockian jurisprudence; that "good government" in cities has become that fad of which boodlers avail themselves to direct attention away from their own misdeeds to those of women so unfortunate that they prostitute themselves for bread;—all these things are but superficial symptoms of that toxin cultivated by the nasty nice. It is much more significant that works of art are rejected by cities like Boston, and organizations like the management of the World's Fair, because too realistic; that prohibition extends from vulgar obscenity, physiological instruction, and reform literature, to social studies such as the "Kreutzer Sonata"; that liberal journals, like the "Truth Seeker" dare not issue nude illustrations, even where any other are absurd; that publications designed for intellectual people, like the "Cosmopolitan," seriously propose a regular censorship as something better than the lynch law of Comstocks and Wanamakers.

So far as power can effect it, America, during this last decade of the nineteenth century, is degraded, in art, science, literature and reformatory activity, to the level of Scotland or Norway during the seventeenth.

The Movement in Favor of Ignorance has also found new and important fields for action. The Movement in Favor of Ignorance has two inseparably allied factors, the Knaves and the Pools, each of whom, without the other, would be as useless as half a pair of scissors. It would be most unjust to charge all promoters of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance with hating knowledge. Among them are scientific physicians who hate, not knowledge, but quackery; new women whose pet aversion is masculine tyranny; humanitarians who hate only cruelty; and among all these, unbelievers without number.

These good people do not know that they are tools of the priesthood. So much the worse. The trouble is that they are many, all open in riding of their respective hobbies, while the clerical conspiracy which manipulates them is one, and is secret about its own designs. Anybody who has a prejudice will serve the turn of this new obscurantism. One wants to promote temperance; and forthwith school text books on physiology are filled with one-sided dogmas about the pernicious effects of stimulants, teaching error for science. Another wants to discourage pretended methods of treating venereal disease—and lo! a statute against all practitioners not "regular." A third has a conviction fit after reading the "Pall Mall Gazette"; and so all girls under twenty-one must be babies, though many could "set the murderous Machiavel to school." Another has shivered over Magendie's and Monteggia's vivisections; therefore England, really the most liberal of countries about such matters generally, ordains that a physiologist wishing to experiment on a living animal must obtain special permission from politicians, interested not in the lives of the next generation, but the vote at the next election!

Still another regards with just abhorrence impositions on the imagination of bereaved parents, children, lovers; and absolute laws are invoked to punish every investigator of spiritual phenomena as a "rogue and vagabond." Freethinkers afraid of not being "respectable," or jealous of more advanced and successful freethinkers, applaud. Property owners who have read of the *petroleuse*, think it necessary to check the increase of Anarchism, and support ordinances for trying anarchists in secret—by electricity. Thus the movement in favor of ignorance moves on, drawn by all who would have

knowledge stop at the point they individually consider safe, like Timur by his captive kings!

But "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The increase of radicalism has fully kept pace with that of reaction. The abuses of power have made innumerable anarchists and no conservatives. When I published my "Law of Marriage," twenty-seven years ago, such liberals as Warren Chase were astonished at its boldness. Now we should not think any one much of a liberal who was not for nudity, variety, and the Three Words. Bloomers, bicycles, woman's suffrage, equality of the sexes in education and the professions, are all of course. The bull-necked brute and the feather-headed fribble cleave to easy divorce as to the only way of heading off variety. Socialism is seized on by Bismarcks for a foil to more dreaded anarchism. The Legitimation League has made attacks on legal marriage respectable; and I have dropped them, as I always do anything which has become respectable. As for infidelity, it took its place among respectably uninteresting *religieuses leitae* so long since that I forget when. At the very time when that well-meaning mattoid, Mr. Bergh, was identifying himself with one of his four-footed clients by abusing Jenner and Pasteur, vivisection achieved its most glorious triumph through giving birth to bacteriology. The mortality after surgical operations fell from twenty or thirty per cent to two; and "diphtheria, as a dangerous disease, exists no longer!" Meanwhile, spiritual phenomena, under the new name of hypnotism, conquered recognition; and the prudence of science confesses that only one doubtful step divides us from the veritable discovery of "another world!"

Such is the *resumé* of twenty-seven years, coincident with my own active life. I was moved to write this by one of E. C. Walker's articles, which reminded me that there used to be an association for defense against Comstockery. I want to know what that association is about? Has it become respectable and subsided? Mr. Walker may be right in saying that Comstock and the Richmonds are not working together to advertise the "Triumph of Death;" but I am sure he is mistaken in thinking Comstock a fanatic above mercenary considerations. When Comstock seized *thirty million* copies of a circular issued by the Hop Bitters manufacturers, and then dropped the prosecution he had begun against them, was not that blackmail? When Comstock openly acknowledges that his society receives money from the publishers of the "Police Gazette," the most "immoral" periodical in American, which in never interfered with except under the local laws of some few southern states, will any man in his senses say that that is not blackmail? There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Comstock gang are open to prosecution upon evidence which a lawyer like Chamberlain should be able to find. Why does he not do it? These are not methods with which Anarchists can themselves have anything to do. But Anarchists are the reserve of the progressive army. It does concern them to see that the advance do their duty; and to withdraw support from any division which may be convicted by its actions of prolonging, for what there is in it, a conflict which might be pushed to a decisive result.

No good reason can be given why the door of reform is ever held invitingly open for a boy, and bolted and barred against a girl.—"Prodigal Daughter."

## The National Propaganda

Since I made my last report in Lucifer, the membership has doubled and still the names are coming in in an undiminished flow. I quote a few sentences from some of the letters, taking first those whose writers go into the Contributory class, or who have left me in doubt as to their proper classification. A Pennsylvania friend writes:

As to the "Call for Concerted Action," you may enroll my name in the Contributory class. I will send you one dollar next week. I hope you will be encouraged in this action.

This comes from Florida:



## Free Woman Legally and Economically.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Give two dollars to the work of organizing the Social Radicals as per Letter No. 672. This will pay for my membership for two years, provided I do not have the means to spare to send more another time.

That was a good idea—our friend knows how to make his "calling and election sure." The next is from an earnest woman of Massachusetts:

Of course the "Call for Concerted Action" is the leading interest in No. 672 and of course I can but desire all that it hopes to attain. But Contributory member is all I am equal to, more's the pity! The article shrewdly describes the situation of thousands who "cannot afford to align themselves," and the writer ought to be thanked for so doing. I have not the teacher's humility, and so do not feel myself of much good, unless the suffering of a lifetime does impress itself on the ether and incorporate itself as natural law.

The Contributory class was devised for those who cannot afford to stand out against the Philistines and for those who do not feel that they have the "teacher's faculty," but who are anxious to do what they can to help disseminate the ideas which they accept. A man of the Green Mountain state adds his word of encouragement:

I should be pleased to join any organization that would give free thought, free speech, free love and free action, and will help all I can to forward such an organization.

We cross the continent, and from California, where they have not entirely forgotten to call a spade a spade, we bring this:

I want my membership in your national legitimization league. I wish we could abolish the hellish marriage practice. I cannot send the dollar today but think I can at the end of another thirty days.

Among the "Actives," I find A. Warren, of Oklahoma:

Of course I want to join your propaganda club. As you know, I would be proud to be included in the Active list.

Ambrose Sorenson, of Wisconsin, speaks right out:

You can count upon my name (and dollar) as Active member of the proposed organization of the friends of sex freedom. I will send the fee necessary to you, or whoever else is appointed for the work, as soon as wanted.

From Florida, Adeline Champney writes:

When the "Call" came out in Lucifer, I wanted to send immediate response, but the necessary dollar was not to be had. I delayed in hope of obtaining it, but now I can wait no longer to express my interest and my desire to co-operate in this movement. The most earnest wish of my life is to aid in the work of sex reform. Were I relieved of the bread-and-butter necessity to labor, I should give all my energies to reform work. As it is, I have no money to give, only myself. Or that part of myself that has not to concern itself with the "thoughts for the morrow." Count me among the Active members. The time will come when I can help the cause.

It occurs to me that there are many men and women of thoroughly radical views who are financially well situated and who need only the suggestion to lead them to join forces with such as Adeline Champney by putting into the treasury the means necessary to enable these good workers to scatter far and wide the "thoughts that burn" which it is the purpose of the Propaganda to embody in leaflets and tracts. There is a place and work for every one who is willing. No man or woman should for a day be kept out of the Propaganda because of the lack of a dollar.

I must again repeat the request that those friends who have forgotten to tell us in which class they wish to be counted, the Active or the Contributory, send me the desired information at as early a date as possible. Refresh your minds as to the distinctive features of the two classes by re-reading the "Call" in No. 672 of Lucifer.

If all who intend to join with us before the beginning of the New Year will write to me at once it will greatly facilitate the preliminary work of organization. In after years it will be a source of justifiable pride that one was a "charter member," as it were, of this initial organization for the concerted, systematic, thorough and wide-spread inculcation of the principles of social freedom.

E. C. WALKER.

244 West 143 Street, N. Y. City.

A woman may be amiable, truthful and generous, but, however well endowed otherwise with womanly excellence, it will avail her nothing if convicted of loving "not wisely, but too well." The door to honest industry is effectually barred against her; no one may walk with her, no one may talk with her, no one may give her employment. This is the verdict of society, and Mrs. Grundy is commissioned to execute the sentence.—"Prodigal Daughter."

Perhaps, as Lucifer's columns are so seldom occupied by women upon the various aspects of sex relations which is Lucifer's specialty, it may not be intrusive to come again with some thoughts from woman's standpoint.

Our good editor in No. 675 has made some excellent statements. He claims that we "have not a conscience in our own keeping." Possibly there may be a lack of courage and boldness to act according to a "rational conscience."

Now I want to make some suggestions to the brethren who are so diligently advocating the freedom of variety. You are proceeding in the same manner as the brethren of the past have done. They fixed up a code, and a standard of sex morals, and not only failed to consult woman in regard to her ideals, but absolutely extinguished the legal personality of the wife.

Today you are fixing up ideals to suit your desires, and pressing them upon attention, and do you know that these ideals are acceptable to, and endorsed by women?

As man-made laws have robbed the wife of her personality, and as men are still the only law-makers, I would respectfully suggest that the most effective work men can do to secure freedom for woman, is to seek the abolition of the law of coverture. An agitation to accomplish this would command the respectful consideration of thousands of men and women who will give no heed to discussions upon "variety."

The order of human events is tending to secure the freedom of woman economically, which is the most important requisite for her freedom sexually. But the brethren are beginning to howl and whine about it for women are depriving them of the monopoly of "remunerative occupations!"

Uphold the economic freedom of women, i. e., the same poor kind that men have, a possible opportunity to obtain some kind of livelihood; and besiege the legislatures with demand for restoration of personality to the wife, legally.

These movements would be in the line of evolutionary tendencies now operating, and would most speedily work the emancipation of woman from sex slavery. When woman is free legally and economically, she will need no tutoring in regard to her choice of duality and plurality.

A man who was very warmly advocating the freedom of woman was asked if he was able to make one woman free. Could he let his wife be free? That is the great question for man to put to himself.

If the ideal of those men who claim to be reformers is that polygamy is the only solution of freedom in the sex relation, it is not probable that woman will be freed very speedily. The evolution of progress in human character is not in the direction of mixed and plural sex relations.

Abolish the law of coverture, and restore legal personality to woman, and "law" will not "kill love." There are a considerable majority of unions now in which love is not killed by law. There are many in which love is killed in the wife because the husband makes her the slave of his passions. The law does not compel him to do this.

Man would be far more manly and ennobled every way by mastering his passions and making one woman free, for whom he has love and respect, (and if he has not, and if it is not mutual they should go apart,) than by providing himself with several women to indulge them in variety.

A woman, to be virtuous, must live a celibate, or else become a legal wife; something she cannot be without a personal surrender of herself into the keeping of a husband, and an agreement to serve him sexually for the rest of her life according to the law of marriage,—a law, by the way, so constructed and administered that there is no phase of sexual abomination that may not be practiced with its full sanction. It justifies mercenary marriage and gives a license for excess and debauchery. The most cruel outrage and abuse will receive its benediction if they bear the semblance of monogamy and the seal of law.—"Prodigal Daughter."

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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High Road, Chiswick, London. William Gilmour, 73 Cedar  
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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 West Congress Street, Thursday evening, Sept. 30. Mrs. H. S. Lake of Cleveland, O., will make the opening address.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,	\$295.25
Stephen Stiers,	20.00

## "The Prodigal Daughter."

In this issue of Lucifer appears a number of paragraphs excerpted from Rachel Campbell's powerful essay, "The Prodigal Daughter." No more scathing arraignment of the present infamous marriage customs than this gifted woman's essay has ever come within the ken of the editor of this paper. It should be read and circulated by every reader of Lucifer. Yes, it should be written in letters of gold and circulated by the million among the honest and humane people of the world who believe in the accursed marriage institution merely because they have been taught to believe in it and have never had pointed out to them the fearful price we pay to sustain this tyrannous and barbarous fetish.

Lucifer has perhaps one thousand copies of this pamphlet on hand. They should be put in circulation in the shortest possible time and a new edition should be published. It is a tract of permanent value and there is no getting around its arguments, many of which are from the writer's own experience. Besides the essay the pamphlet contains selections from the personal correspondence of the author with Mary Florence Johnson, which are replete with personal reflections showing the infamy of the marriage institution.

The sex problem will not down. It is the most important of all human problems. It will flaunt its hideous visage in the face of society until women are freed from sexual slavery. In her essay on "The Prodigal Daughter" Rachel Campbell says:

"We are told by those who deprecate all agitation of the social question that it will inevitably destroy the home, and that the home is essential to the best interests of children; that to make home what it should be there must be one lawful wife who is the mother of the children and the mistress of the home. They grow eloquent over the advantages and excellencies of monogamy; besides investing it with a great deal of religious sanctity, which they somehow would gather to themselves and absorb as they proceed until they seem to glow with goodness. The question of prostitution they shun, if possible; but, if

pressed, they solemnly say it is inevitable and must be tolerated as an escape valve for the passions of men that would otherwise make it unsafe for our wives and daughters to walk the public streets. It is the price of virtue, and virtue must be protected at whatever cost. In other words, prostitutes are the mudsills upon which the home is built, and without them monogamic marriage would fall in ruins."

The pamphlet containing "The Prodigal Daughter," together with much other interesting sexologic reading matter, will be sent from this office to any address in the United States or Canada for 25 cents, or five copies for \$1.

## Evolution of Marriage.

The article of Mr. Chavannes champions reform in marriage, or rather the evolution of marriage, instead of its abolition. This seems also to be the object of our English friends, members of the "Legitimation League," from whose "Protest and Declaration" we quote in another place. Whether it is better, avowedly to work for abolition or simply for reform or amendment, is a question that each worker must decide for her or himself.

Mrs. Chandler, also, contributes a very readable article on the pivotal question of Ethics of Sex, under the head, "Free Woman Legally and Economically," but the question seems pertinent, does she rightly comprehend the views she appears to be combatting? Do the advocates of the New Ideals in Love and Marriage advocate "polygamy as the only solution of freedom in the sex relation?" Do they ask that all should be "varietists," or that any should be varietists? What they demand, first, last and all the time, is Freedom—freedom to choose and to refuse any or all methods of association and take nature's penalties, or rewards, for so doing.

"The law does not compel" the husband to make the wife the "slave of his passions." No;—the law, itself, does nothing whatever, but the superstition, the wrongly educated conscience, upon which marriage law is based, allows him, encourages or trains him, to "kill love" through the abuse of power over her person, and this is tantamount to saying that law kills love; and hence, as some of us see it, to rightly educate the conscience that underlies the law of marriage is the first and most important thing to do. To "free woman legally and economically" will fail of desired results so long as woman herself accepts as moral and right the standards laid down for her by conventional society—by power-loving priests of church and state.

## Conventional Marriage Arraigned.

This office is in receipt of copies of an admirably executed—mechanically and otherwise—brochure, entitled "A Marriage Protest and Free Union Declaration," by Emma Wardlaw Beal and Arthur Wastall, and dated London, September, 1897. On the first page of this document appear the portraits of the persons just named, with a brief but clear statement of some of the reasons which induced them to "discard the marriage ceremony and form an antinomistic alliance."

The subsequent pages are devoted to a concise yet powerfully worded protest against interference by church or state in matters pertaining to the sex life of women and men. A part of this arraignment reads as follows:

We resist all external coercion whatsoever in the affairs of the heart, and particularly marriage:

BECAUSE any bond on the woman establishes a double moral law.

" It undermines the nation's sense of justice and morality between the sexes.

" It is the mother of prostitution.

" It directly fosters child murder and baby farming.

" It is the enslavement of woman.

" It is the root of caste.

BECAUSE based on property (sale and purchase) it is an upholder of unjust economic conditions.

- " It is the bulwark of Church and State, and the aggression upon which they are founded.
- " Through its commercial basis it defrauds children of their inalienable right to be well born.
- " It approves the unfairness that some should have love and recognition and others not.
- " It approves the infamous word "bastard" as applied to innocent children.
- " It keeps thousands of women sexually starved.
- " It keeps thousands of women sexually disgusted.
- " Under its rule male virtue has become a jest.
- " Under its rule the lower the man goes in his choice of woman the less his condemnation; for has he not served the higher for the marriage market? REFLECT.—Reverse the sexes and see what this implies to the wife.
- " It holds that legal ties are more sacred than those of love.
- " Under its rule the word honor is wrested from its meaning, and the woman is supposed to be the guardian of the honor of both sexes.
- " Under its rule numerous epithets are applied to women who use their sex functions without reference to Church or State. No corresponding epithets are known for men—a direct proof of the double moral code.
- " The male sex claiming with pride to be morally inferior to women, it is paradoxical that Church and State (bodies of men) should form the moral and social laws.
- " It places a stigma upon the naturally beautiful and inspiring subject of sex love and relationship.
- " It induces women, if "marriage" and "maintenance for life" be promised, to take, without shame, as husbands, men who are the leavings of the female criminal classes.
- " It encourages legalized prostitution and rape with the hypocrisy of virtue added to the crime.
- " It is no safeguard that only women fitted for the "public harem" are there, and only those fitted for the "home" are in the "home."
- " The woman who of her necessity sets a price on her person is infinitely less degraded than the man who without her necessity pays for her to see his shame.
- " Marriage is the direct upholder to the contrary.
- " It sets the interest of women at variance, and forces classes of women apart and hand against hand.
- " It divides women into classes for public and private use.
- " A female witness is discredited for any sexual act not covered by legal marriage, while her accuser may be the participator with her in that act.

In next issue of *Lucifer* we shall probably give the rest of these indictments against this worst of all the enemies of social and sexual purity, and of human progress and happiness—institutional marriage, and will add the constructive side, or the "Free Union Declaration," which according to the view of these very bright and progressive people is the next practicable step to take in the social evolution in the department of sexual co-operation for mutual benefit, and for the benefit of the possible offspring resulting from such co-operation.

It will be noted by the reader that the name of one of these marriage reformers is that of *Lucifer's* London representative. The price of the booklet is not given but until further information we will supply orders at ten cents each.

## Organization is only Co-operation.

There are many, who, seeing the great and terrible evils that a powerful organization, like the church or state, can do, declaim fervently and sincerely against all organization. But organization is simply association, co-operation, and may well serve the cause of human liberty. If it be objected that organized activity gives the same opportunity to invasive that it does to defensive men, it is to be answered that while this is true it is not a sufficient denial of the wisdom of organization by defensive men. If it were, then the fact that invasive individual action is as possible as defensive individual action would be a sufficient denial of the wisdom of individual activity on the part of defensive men. The objection proves too much and hence proves nothing. The fact of sometimes abuse is not a valid argument against use.

Organization is a useful tool and its possible injurious effects can be kept at a minimum when the men and women who use it know enough of human nature and appreciate the need of vigilance in safeguarding personal liberty sufficiently to hold themselves always in instant readiness to revolt when the tool threatens to become a manacle. The voluntary association differs from the state in that while the resident of the country must submit to the laws of the state, while he cannot secede, but the member of the voluntary association can withdraw when he becomes dissatisfied with its management. If the subject of the state is a slave, he is such often because he has not the physical strength to obtain his liberty. If the member of the voluntary association is a slave, he is such because he has not the moral strength to free himself, and the chances are that he would be a slave anyway, regardless of that particular organization.

The proposed organization to carry on the propaganda of social freedom is, of course, to be a voluntary society. Those who wish to join can do so, and they can just as readily withdraw when they grow tired of the organization, if they do. We know that the dollars of a large number of persons, put together, can pay for the printing and distribution of a vast amount of radical literature, and that the manager of the propaganda can do much more economically a great deal more missionary work than could be done by the scattered men and women who employ him or her, and this without lessening their capacity for individual educative work in their respective localities. The names of those to whom it is desired to send leaflets and papers can be forwarded to headquarters, and wasteful repetitions thus prevented. Concentration of effort and of our scanty means can most effectively supplement our individual exertions in behalf of sexual liberty and of free and responsible parenthood.

Judging by the responses to the "Call" that reach me, I am glad to be able to say that a large proportion of our most earnest workers heartily agree with this view of the question of organization in general and of the organization of sex radicals in particular.

E. C. WALKER.

244 West 143 St., N. Y. City.

When "the truth comes uppermost" it may show us that society is the real culprit, and that the Magdalen is "more sinned against than sinning."—*"Prodigal Daughter."*

## Can There be Only One "Logic of Life?"

BY AMOS K. SMITH.

J. G. Truman, quoting E. C. Walker's assertion that "it can only rationally be said that Nature makes no mistakes when it is taken for granted that nature has no intentions, no plans, no schemes," says "Did I, and many more would-be reformers, believe that assertion, we would find ourselves lost in the woods without a compass or guiding star, and would either wander aimlessly, or we would seek the nearest bush or hollow tree for shelter and cease to progress entirely." This is merely another way of saying what the Theist has so often said to the



Atheist—"If I believed as you do, I would have no aim in life except to get sensual enjoyment out of it; I would lie, steal, rape, murder; I would pay no attention whatever to the rights, liberties and happiness of others." The old Infidel farmer, when his Christian neighbor talked in this way, coolly surveyed him from head to heel, then looked him calmly in the eye and said: "I really believe you would." I do not make this retort to Mr. Truman, who is undoubtedly much more rational, self-respecting, and respectful of others than he appears to think he is, but I desire to direct his attention to two very large and insistent facts: First. The most monstrous scourge of mankind—the bloodiest despots, the most ruthless robbers and enslavers, the cruelest inquisitors—have been devout believers in design. Their acceptance of this dogma did not give them a logic of life that in any commends them to our reverential love. They are the "horrible examples" to whom we continually point in reproach and warning. Second. Many of the most earnest, consistent and hardest workers for improved conditions for humanity have been in the past and many more are today, rejectors of the theory of design, whether design be attributed to a god or to nature. They do not seem to have needed, they do not seem to need, that belief as a logic of worthy and useful life. They neither wander aimlessly, nor "seek the nearest bush or hollow tree for shelter and cease to progress entirely." And has it not occurred to Mr. Truman that he might find himself just as ready to labor for what he believed to be right were he to pass through certain mental changes and cease to believe in design? Might he not discover that from the new viewpoint he surveyed the universe under a new light, that with the non-Theistic belief came a logic of life just as forward-impelling as was the old?

Those who claim we could not be happy in heaven, knowing that our friends were in hell, must have failed to notice how cheerfully righteous (?) women turn away from friends and sisters when guilt and shame overtake them.—"Prodigal Daughter."

### A New Ideal in Marriage.

BY ALBERT CHAVANNE.

I have been interested in the discussion which has been going on in *Lucifer* about a New Ideal in Love. Many of your contributors have taken part in it, and now I would like a little space to say a few words about another new ideal, which is slowly but steadily making its way in the social world, and which I call a New Ideal in Marriage.

I would define this new ideal as a leading to, or as a tendency to base marriage upon the mutual agreement of the parties concerned, instead of upon law and ceremony; to a decrease of the idea of the joint ownership of the bodies of the married couple, and a corresponding decrease of the feeling of jealousy. And this new ideal is growing, not only among persons of progressive minds, but is slowly influencing even conservative persons.

According to my belief, all new ideals are the result of the acquisition of new knowledge, which slowly changes the point of view of the individuals, and I will briefly point here the changes which have taken place in our knowledge, and are responsible for this new influence in society.

The first and probably the most important is the general diffusion of safe and healthy methods of preventing conception. Sex freedom, as advocated by free lovers and varietists, is nothing new. In all ages there have been persons who have claimed they had a right, in and out of marriage, to dispose of their persons, but so long as illicit intercourse was liable to result in pregnancy it offered a great check to such indulgence among married people. There is among right minded persons of both sexes, a feeling that it is a mean action to fasten upon an unsuspecting man the responsibility of the maintenance of a child because he believes it is his own.

The knowledge that conception can be prevented at will

has removed that barrier, and besides has changed the popular view as to the real meaning of the marriage relation. Before this new knowledge became disseminated, marriage was really a procreative association, while now it is just as much an association for mutual advantage and sexual satisfaction.

The next knowledge which tends to change the ideal of marriage is that of the law of evolution. Under the old belief there were many persons who paid little heed to the teachings of the Bible, but the fact that evolution makes the attainment of happiness the true standard of conduct, has naturally changed the accepted views upon the sexual relations. It has robbed them of the sanctity which they derived from religious teachings, and is gradually placing them on a line with all other actions. This new influence is slow in making its way, but there is no doubt that marriage is not looked upon with the same reverence it obtained twenty-five years ago, and that there is an increased tendency to look upon a violation of the marriage vows as a breach of a mutual contract, instead of a crime against the will of God.

Another cause which is changing the marriage ideal is the growing independence of women. I shall not state here what are the causes of this greater independence, but only state it as a fact that any one can recognize, that they no longer marry with the idea of placing their lives in the entire control of their husbands. They realize as they never did before, that whether married or single, their happiness is in their own hands, and are gradually extending the circle of those actions which they claim, even after marriage, to keep in their own individual control.

The result of this increase of self-assertion on the part of women, is a recognition that even after marriage each party can keep their bodies under their own control, and a corresponding diminution of the feeling of jealousy, and I think it can be truly said that the foolish idea that there cannot be real love without jealousy is slowly dying out. I acknowledge that it is dying hard, even among free lovers, if I judge from the discussion in your pages about the New Ideal in Love, but it is dying all the same, as can be easily ascertained by careful investigators.

The growth of this New Ideal in Marriage has been so slow and gradual that many persons would probably deny its existence, but I have for years been persuaded that it was the direction taken by sexual progress, and I have watched it until I have no doubt that there is a general change in that direction.

Like all evolutionary changes, it embraces all degrees of progress. Some married couples have advanced so far as to claim and practice the greatest individual liberty, without its causing any diminution in their mutual affection. Others find that they cannot remain united without placing some restraint upon their individual actions, and for the greater portion of society the progress consists in only showing more leniency in their judgment of those who advocate and practice greater sexual liberty.

So far as I am able to judge, this evolution of the New Ideal in Marriage is greatly helped by such discussions as you have published upon the New Ideal in Love, and by the teachings and practices of the free lovers, and sometimes I am tempted to believe that the free lovers do the work and that the New Ideal in Marriage reaps the benefit.

How far will this New Ideal in Marriage travel, and to what extent will it transform the marriage relation, is not for me to say, but I believe that it will not stop until it has gathered to itself all the benefits claimed for freedom by the New Idealists, for it aims on one hand to hold on to all the advantages that in the past have accompanied a voluntary union for life, and on the other, to add to it all the benefits that experience will show to follow the teachings of the advocates of greater freedom in the sexual relations.

The great cause of revolutions is this—that while nations move onward constitutions stand still.—Macaulay.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER LVII.

As a being transfigured Hilda stood among them, her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, her bosom heaving, looking far beyond them into space. A feeling came over Lawrence Westcott as with bated breath his eyes rested on her, of how utterly unworthy he was of the love of a creature so grand, so superior. A still, small voice whispered, "Make yourself worthy!"—and then and there a high resolve was formed in his mind that he would surely do so. A solemn vow rose as a silent prayer from the depths of his heart that some day he would realize that sweet invitation. With him every man in the room became conscious of a feeling of inferiority, but not an impulse to bow in humility. Rather each head was crested higher with a feeling of lofty aspiration. Owen Hunter answered the closing remarks of Hilda's dream picture:

"Why, my dreaming maiden, should your dream be but a dream?"

A sad smile played about her lips.

"You forget that it is such an expensive one. It would take a fortune, an almost limitless fortune, to build us such a home. Of course we could be very, very happy in our little circle, as it is, in a much smaller and less expensive home, but I would have it large, so that we might welcome all who possess the same lofty thought to our circle, so that we should be able to give to the world an object lesson in the art of making life worth living, so grand and so glorious that the whole world would want to imitate our example."

Owen smiled.

"What an enthusiast! Take my advice, little one, and until this grand, this glorious home can be ours, help us with your lofty aspirations, and help us not to despise our more limited advantages and privileges. In the meantime we will try to become more worthy of so perfect a home—as some years must of necessity elapse ere it can be completed."

"Have I not said it is only a dream? How can I dare to hope it could ever be realized; and when I come to this home, day after day, and realize what privileges are ours the feeling sometimes comes to me, how wrong-headed I am to be constantly sighing for still more."

Owen shook his head.

"You are mistaken, Miss Hilda. Your sentiments and aspirations are not wrong. Harmonious and beautiful as is the life that has been granted you through the mutual understanding and sympathy of our kind host and hostess it is by no means complete. So dream on, plan on, and if there is an architect in our midst he shall transfer these plans to paper, and, as soon as practicable, we will look about us for a suitable site, and when the spring sunshine calls all nature again to life, work shall begin, and what has so long been only a vague dream shall, all in good time, bloom into a living reality."

All eyes hung upon the lips of the speaker. All ears drank in his words. Could such a thing be possible? Only Cora seemed to understand. Pressing close to his side, she drew with a caressing motion to her smiling lips. With a hasty movement he withdrew the hand to lay it on the head covered with the soft fluffy hair; he pressed it close to him. Hilda drew a step nearer and extending both hands,

"You mean—O, Mr. Hunter! do you really mean that it can be done? that the home can and shall be ours? But how? how?"

Cora slipped down upon her knees at Hilda's side and caught both those hands in hers.

"Did I not tell you long ago, when I told you that story of my heartaches and my noble lover, that he possessed almost limitless wealth? He could not be one of us did he not consecrate some of his millions to the happiness of others. It is in his power to lay the foundation stone for the future ideal society, by showing to the world an example of how people

should live. Don't you see, my Hilda? Owen is wealthy, and he is going to build us our home."

To be continued.

A boy sows his "wild oats," as a matter of course, and then settles down into a sober, industrious man, and becomes a good husband, a fond parent, and perhaps a distinguished citizen; and there is no reason in nature why the girl who was his partner in the wild oat business should not become a good wife, a loving mother and a valuable member of society.—*"Prodigal Daughter."*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Henry C. Roberts, Bennington, Kans.:—I highly approve of "The Call for Concerted Action." I wish to join the movement as an active member, and as soon as the organization is perfected will forward to the person authorized to receive it, one dollar as membership fee. I am not a writer nor speaker, but will do what I can to help on the propaganda work of such an organization.

Stephen Stiers, Houston, Tex.:—Church members give about twenty-five dollars per year on an average to propagate superstition, and liberals ought to be equally self-denying and faithful to their convictions. For one I confess I have come short of the glory of God—that I have not done my duty. My conscience has been accusing me of late and telling me I ought to give something to the fund to aid Lucifer in its struggle in spreading light and knowledge. I will give twenty dollars for this purpose.

Phillip Pipher, Hagerstown, Ind.:—Am receiving your very interesting paper, the Light-Bearer. Cannot get along without it. If the philosophy taught in Lucifer were studied and put into practice it would not be long until the era of universal liberty would be inaugurated. It will take lots of hard work to remove the mountain of ignorance and prejudice, to clear the way for intelligent investigation. Go on with your grand work, and little by little humanity will learn the cause of their bondage and oppression and will learn to apply the right remedy.

David W. Gilmore, Chanute, Kans.:—My time for Lucifer expired some time ago, and I have neglected to write you because I had neither "sound" nor "unsound" money to send you. I appreciate the Light-Bearer none the less, however. When I wish the paper discontinued I will let you know. There is need that your work should be greatly extended, so long as Anthony Comstock is allowed to meddle with the affairs of honest people. A man who will stoop to such low performance as does Comstock, to get an excuse to prosecute people, should not be allowed to hold a public office. How can he expect people to be honest when he resorts to such dishonest practices to get evidence against those he wishes to prosecute? I enclose twenty-five cents, and hope to be able to renew soon.

Virgie C. Moon, Louisiana:—Enclosed find twenty-five cents. Please send me Lucifer. When the thirteen weeks are up I'll try to find some way to renew. I have known of your good work for a long time and have often felt that I would like to aid you. For the last year Aunt Elmina and others have sent me many copies of Lucifer and I have read them, and at once handed them out for others to read. But this is a very Christian country, and free thought, especially on love matters, is not popular to say the least. But the world "do move," and good (truth) may find rooting place, even in the Louisiana Lowlands. I must tell you how much I enjoyed "Motherhood in Freedom." That pamphlet points the way to baring a better race. It is only a free mother that can produce a truly free child. The race will be slaves to customs till the mothers are free.

678.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so, your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

The coarsest, filthiest and most sensual animal in the human form may associate with a woman, so he be her husband, may treat her in the most shameful and brutal manner that woman was ever treated by man, may infect her with sexual disease until her whole system teems with rottenness without any damage to her virtue.—"Prodigal Daughter."

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 40.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 6, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 679

The divine right of man to rule over woman is no longer accepted as a theory, and in good time all the old statutes in accordance therewith will be numbered among the "blue laws."  
—"Prodigal Daughter."

### The Two Sides of the Shield.

I am not going to try to argue with Mr. Ruedebusch that would be profitless. He is a gentleman of wide reading, of superb aspiration, of strong thought, but he has the defect of a class; in argument he fails to see the bearing of his opponent's reasoning upon the subject at issue, because he is utterly preoccupied with his own idea. One's words pass him by ungrasped. After he reads this he will simply reiterate his former assertions, without in the least perceiving that he is talking about one thing and another. So I am not trying to argue with him—I am essaying to make the matter plain to others, if there are any who share his delusion.

I do this because he has said his devotion to the "New Ideal" led him to refuse to sign the "Call to Concerted Action." And right here, in passing, a misconception of his should be corrected. He was not the man I had in mind when I said I had found one dissident, and, furthermore, I did not say anyone had refused to sign the Call. I said only that all but one expression of opinion, oral and written, that I had received had been favorable to the movement. I had received no expression whatever from Mr. Ruedebusch. This illustrates what I have just said concerning his inability to analytically hear what is said on the "other side."

But to return to the real issue: Did Mr. Ruedebusch perceive the clear distinction to which I am now going to call attention he would find nothing antagonistic to the "New Ideal" in the "Call for Concerted Action." The Propaganda has been inaugurated to spread the light of sexual freedom. It is to engage in the work of disseminating arguments favorable to the liberty of choice in love relations. The "New Ideal," on the other hand, is a theory regarding the methods of love and sexual expression. The Propaganda stands for the principle of liberty. The "New Ideal" pleads for a certain method of enjoying liberty. The Propaganda says that neither the state nor society nor any individual "owner" should be permitted to interfere between lovers. The "New Ideal" says that lovers will best enjoy their mutual affection when they assume a certain attitude toward each other and toward society. Whether that attitude is or is not the best one to assume, does not concern the Propaganda. The Propaganda simply affirms that the right and the opportunity to practice the "New Ideal" should not be denied, nor the right and the opportunity to practice any other ideal not antagonistic to freedom, that is, not invasive. If Mr. Ruedebusch could set his preconception aside long enough to sense this vital distinction between a principle and a method, he would see that he could help the Propaganda without in the slightest degree weakening his loyalty to the "New Ideal." The Propaganda intends to send

out literature in favor of selfhood in sex life. This literature will not be in the interest of the "New Ideal" nor against it; it will not be in the interest of Dianism nor against it; it will not be in the interest of variety nor of free monogamy. It will be in the interest of liberty; it will be against compulsory monogamy. In a word, to repeat, it will be written and sent out in behalf of the principle of freedom of choice; it will neither antagonize nor favor any particular method of enjoying that freedom of choice. First get liberty; then we can begin to form rational conceptions of what will be "natural" under liberty.

Put it in another way: Mr. Ruedebusch does not believe in extraneous compulsion in love. The Propaganda is opposed to extraneous compulsion in love, and its work is to bring others to this way of thinking. Then, why should Mr. Ruedebusch decline to encourage the Propaganda? Surely, he does not fear that general acceptance of the principle of freedom in love would be detrimental to the "New Ideal"? That would be absurd.

Now for a few brief remarks on particular points,—but in the beginning I must say, as I have often said to Mr. Ruedebusch in private correspondence, his "New Ideal" is anything but new. This will be seen by all when we examine two statements made by our critic. He says: "As a necessary result [of the discarding of the old love ideal] you will never share your bed with an adult person of the opposite sex as a matter of course." Certainly not, but that axiom is not original with the author of the "New Ideal"; it is true, but not new. Years and years before Mr. Ruedebusch was out of the swaddling clothes of orthodox morality, many of us were enunciating the same truth with all possible emphasis. Again: "You will see no reason to give any notice of it [your sex choice] to 'society'." Precisely, but how does the reiteration of an idea familiar to thousands make it the personal property of the repeater? how comes it to be a constituent of an "Ideal" which he claims to be exclusively his own?

Mr. Ruedebusch calls frantically for radicals to cease their "living together," by which "living together" he means a relationship of real or apparent mutual possession by the husband and wife or by two lovers. An amusing practical commentary on this is furnished by Mr. Ruedebusch himself. While many of the men and women whom he regards as sadly deficient in radical thought and action because they have not seized upon the so-called "New Ideal" as a universal and original panacea, do not "live together" at all in pairs and absolutely repudiate the notion of exclusive possession and of monogamic love, he himself is a respectable married man! And it is perfectly safe to say that if he could convince the Mayvillians that he was not legally married he would find the village too hot to hold him. His telling his neighbors that his relations could not be known to them ("there is no reason why society should or could know of it") instead of being a defense against prosecution would be an additional incitement to it, because a delict-

ate denial of fundamental orthodox dogmas, and hence a decided aggravation of the irritation of the orthodox mind.

In conclusion: Let us all take hold in the work of education; let us do all we can to show that individual initiative is as necessary and salutary in love relations as it is in other spheres of human life. We are the champions of a principle, and no matter what we may believe to be the best method of enjoying existence under the domination of that principle, we can work together for the principle. Emil F. Ruedebusch, then, should be as much at home in the Propaganda as

E. C. WALKER.

No thinking person, who is also a philanthropist, will willingly accept the theory that prostitution is inevitable, or rest satisfied until a social system is evolved so completely in harmony with our human nature that there will no longer exist in man a demand for the prostitution of woman.—"Prodigal Daughter."

### A Woman's Protest—and Appeal

BY ADRIANE CHAMPNEY.

As a woman I come, speaking in behalf of woman, the free woman. Not the "New Woman," emphasized by capital letters and a satirical smile, half-contemptuous, half-indulgent. She is a feeble imitation of man, declaring a belief in her own inferiority, for we imitate our betters; otherwise she is a shortsighted man-hater, putting herself in opposition to the other sex,—as if the true interests of men and women could conflict! Not for her do I speak, but for the "free proud woman" of the twentieth century.

For her, man, rational, radical man, has no satirical smile, no bitter antagonism. He waits to welcome her with strong, helpful hands and loving heart, but oh! how little does he understand her.

Some, accustomed to regard woman as a pet, a toy, a treasure to be cherished and guarded and tenderly cared for, look upon the free woman as a new sort of plaything. Her claims to intellectual consideration amuse them. They will give her all care and kindness, but she is still inferior. Perhaps they find her charm so great, her attraction so sweet that they will even humor her demands, grant her liberty of choice and await her good pleasure, but she is still the "weaker sex."

"Sometime or other, somehow or other" writes one man, "the man must give way to her weakness—new woman or old woman—if she be a woman at all. For it is always her weakness, as in the end she cannot resist the man. Such is the destiny of woman. Only in this age of improvement and good feeling we wish to rationalize it; that is, to make it more comfortable for her."

Such men are flattering and gallant in their manner toward "sweet ladies." They think to please them by outward deference and a seemingly suppliant attitude, but all the while feeling a superiority and a right to dictate which will appear in almost brute force when the obsequious mask falls. Their ideal of womanhood is sweet submissiveness, receptivity. They feel they have a right to expect this and take credit to themselves for the freedom and initiative privileges which they grant.

O man! It is not gallantry we want. It is not indulgence, petting, flattery we ask from you. We seek no rights, no privileges which you can grant. We ask for understanding. We ask that you will see us as we are, equals with men and entitled to the freedom we assume.

There are others who misunderstand us as greatly, though in a different way. They exalt woman into a veritable angel of light, before whom they worship. Reacting against the long period of ownership and enslavement of woman, they would almost reverse things. The mere fact of womanhood, to them, renders her sacred, and the fact of motherhood may make her a ruler, a despot. They abuse their own sex, declaring man to be a mere animal until sanctified and uplifted by the holy love

of woman, whom they reverence as the fountain of human spirituality and purity.

Unfortunately many women are pleased with this worship and encourage it, but it is a false ideal. A man may be spiritualized and uplifted by a true woman's love; he may even thus be lifted from the mire of perverted sensuality, but this is equally true of woman, in ennobling response to the love of a true man. The inspiration springs not alone from the superior goodness of the lover, but from the purity of love itself which cleanses and beautifies the heart that opens to it.

O man! It is not worship we want. We are not goddesses, stooping from our high plane to bless and redeem degenerate man. We would be revered only with the same reverence you give to yourselves, for our place is beside you, not above you.

The woman of the twentieth century, looking at life with clear eyes, sees the race in its growth from ignorance to knowledge, from knowledge to wisdom. She sees in the whole course of evolution from the monad to man the process of the differentiation of sex, a constant drawing apart and organizing in separate forms of the masculine and the feminine qualities, forces, powers, until today man stands the highest attained expression of the masculine in nature, and woman the fullest embodiment of the feminine.

In the light of this truth the little distinctions, customs, usages of a few thousand years appear in their true light as experimental mistakes; and woman, seeing her true position, fulfils it. Henceforth she will stand beside man in all the walks of life. His need of her is no greater than is her need of him. His delight in her finds full response in her delight in him. She is his companion, his counterpart, his "other self." Body, mind, heart, soul—in all things man and woman are complementary, and through mutual interchange develop themselves and the race, bringing strength, power and joy to each other and to all.

This is the true "sphere" of woman and we of the new day, free women indeed, arise to fulfil our destiny. O you free men, for whose appreciation our whole being is calling, see you not also with the clear eyes? Will you not also answer the summons to co-operation in freedom?

I would like, above all things, to see this hitherto impassable gulf between the wife and the courtesan,—dug by jealousy and hate and kept open by prejudice and ignorance,—so effectively bridged over that each would regard the other as a sister and co-laborer instead of a rival and enemy.—"Prodigal Daughter."

### Similar Results Follow Similar Causes.

BY L. T. P. F.

"The Torch of Reason," organ of the Oregon Secular Union, which aims to shut free lovers off its lecture platforms, and to bar out all speakers whose personal habits are not what the masters of the organization think they should be, is delightfully innocent at times. For instance, it quotes this from Colonel Ingersoll: "Orthodox religion is a kind of bon-constrictor; anything it can't dodge it will swallow." And the Oregon Secular Union, finding very soon that it cannot dodge free love, will either swallow it or be swallowed by it, the end being the same. "Of course the churches are going to endeavor to meet the demands of the hour," again quoting Colonel Ingersoll. The "Torch of Reason" is making the same attempt. Just at this moment, it thinks the demand of the hour is for orthodox anti-scientific morality, and so it is making a desperately brave effort to put the new wine of Freethought into the old bottles of supernatural authoritarianism, but if it lives long enough—and it will not have to live very long—it will make the discovery that the demand of the hour is for something less antiquated than the sex ethics of the Catholic church. "The Torch of Reason" is grieved almost beyond ex-  
 p-

sion that all free lovers do not proclaim their views from the house-tops, and it mournfully complains:

Some of these people have been drilled in deceit until they conceive it to be a virtue, and an unsuspecting person may associate with them and not know that they are of that belief, but be subjected to a small dose at a time, as the crafty free-love priest or doctor may think the patient able to assimilate it. This deceit must be wrong, and we who are trying to build up secular churches, should be careful to have lecturers and teachers define their position before taking too much stock in their work.

"Secular churches" is very much in place here! Is it possible that "The Torch of Reason" does not see that the deceit of which it complains is the result of persecution, actual or feared? Does it not see that its rule of exclusion of free lovers makes the Oregon Secular Union the direct promoter of hypocrisy, the very father, so to speak, of deceit? When it says to every Freethinker who is interested in the work of Secularism and who desires to take part in promoting it, "You must 'define' your position on free love; if you are tainted with this heresy you can not speak for the Oregon Secular Union nor for the principles for which it stands," does not that organization do all that it can, in the absence of a physical Inquisition, to make every aspirant for the lecturer's or the teacher's position a liar and a coward? Was not the identical course pursued by the church the cause of unlimited hypocrisy, and does it not account for the fact that less than one-third of the Freethinkers in this country dare proclaim themselves such? If the Oregon Secular Union will stand beside the Church as it looks in the mirror of History it will see twins. But here is the most laughable of the "breaks" of "The Torch of Reason":

What to us is ancient was modern at one time, and people thought the same of their then modern ways as many do of ours, and anyone who tried to reform what seemed radically wrong were called by hard names, even as the crank is in our time; but looking back upon the crude ways of antiquity, we wonder how they could have thought their ways were all right, and there is no doubt that in twenty-five years people will look at some of our modern methods and systems as very crude indeed.

Now, how would that look in the "deadly parallel column" beside the rule excluding good Secularists from lecturers' and teachers' work just because they think there is something "radically wrong" with our sex institutions?

The laws claiming to regulate prostitution have no kindly consideration for the poor prostitute. They were made by men for the convenience of men; the secrecy and safety of men in the pursuit of sexual pleasure being their only end and aim.—"Prodigal Daughter."

#### "Little Freethinker."

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am deeply grieved to have to inform you of the death of Francis Graves and consequently of our "Little Freethinker." He had the grip for months, but hoped versus hope that he would finally recover and be able to continue the little pet paper. But fate determined otherwise, and the world has lost a good man and a useful worker for liberalism.

He published "Plain Dealer" for twenty-five years and commenced publishing "Little Freethinker" over four years ago when he had not a dollar in the world, and only a hand press and a little worn type. Kind friends encouraged and helped us so we struggled along, and just as light was breaking in upon us, his light of life went out.

Promise of help came and I think had he lived "Little Freethinker" would in one year more, have been on its feet, as a paying publication. I feel as if one half of my life is gone out with the death of Graves and the "Little Freethinker."

I gave the paper four years of work and nearly two hundred dollars in money. But I do not count it lost. I'm sure it was well invested, and the harvest will prove worthy of it all.

I hope to hear from each subscriber of the little paper, and will answer each letter that encloses a stamp.

Lovingly and sadly,  
ELMINA DRAKE SLENNER.  
Snowville, Va.  
Sept. 24, 1897.

Passionate women are not a product of our present civilization,—a fact that husbands whine over most dolefully.—"Prodigal Daughter."

## Sociologic Lesson. No. L.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE BASIS OF MONEY. Value being a matter of estimation, can not be measured absolutely by a physical standard; for the selected standard may be more or less desired at different times and by different persons. A standard varying inappreciably for an indefinite period can be adopted as soon as the agents of the people can be trusted to carry out the requisite plan honestly and intelligently. It involves two elements, which I shall consider separately. The first, the mode of causing money representing value to be more or less desired by the community. I reserve for the present, and confine my attention to the establishment of a standard with which the money shall be kept constantly in agreement.

What is required is such a standard that if money is loaned for a term of years, its purchasing power shall not be less when it is returned. Every article constantly fluctuates in value, and the articles most desired at one time are liable a few years later to be comparatively valueless. Nickel plating and galvanizing have largely taken the place of gold and silver for preserving metals from oxidation. Steam and electricity have largely displaced the use of horses. The crusade against alcoholic liquors, tobacco, tea and coffee, may at any time destroy their market value; and it is impossible to predict what other articles now commonly desired will be displaced by new discoveries or inventions.

### Let Nature Dictate.

While it is interesting to look down from a safe perch in the upper tier and witness the war of the ideals now raging in the Luciferian arena it is to be regretted that all this good ammunition could not be spent upon the common enemy in obtaining that liberty without which all ideals are alike impossible of realization.

If your "ideal" is better than mine present if so that mine will suffer by contrast and fall and perish of its own unfitness. The fallacy of beliefs and arguments may be exposed if necessary without acrimony or personality. If my talk in Lucifer strikes some intolerant dogmatist as nonsense what is gained by calling me a fool? On the plane of the ultimate—the universal—who can say, "This is nonsense," "This is wisdom"?

At the imminent risk of getting my mug thumped I, too, will set up an ideal and proceed to bow down and offer unto it incense and oblation. As in my youth I had a three-cornered ideal—father, son and holy ghost—so now I have a trinity ideal—Nature, Liberty and Woman, the greatest of which of course is the climax—Woman! Her I declare into you and Her only I worship! Not in the ideal merely but in the real as well. Woman is a good enough divinity for me.

Let us work for liberty and not quarrel about chickens before they are hatched. Given Liberty, marriage will take care of itself. Individuals will adjust their own sex relations. It is not a question of logic but one of science—of individual preference.

It is well enough for us in friendly gossip to express to each other our choice in dress, food, flowers, sex relation, etc.; but why should those of opposite tastes seek to convince each other that they are wrong? Simply because they do not know any better. Let all live out their nature in their own way. No dictation.

S. R. SHEPHERD.

Leavenworth, Kans.

The practice pursued by society of weeding out the ardent, passionate girls, and selecting for motherhood only the cold and passive ones, has produced its legitimate effect in giving us a race of passionless women, so poorly endowed sexually that their husbands feel justified in seeking pleasanter relations elsewhere.—"Prodigal Daughter."

The make-believe monogamy we have among us is a hideous sham, bought with prostitution and clothed with hypocrisy and lies.—"Prodigal Daughter."



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition;
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

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THE ADDRESS of Mattie E. Hursen, late of Battle Creek, Mich., is now at Lucifer's office.

A FEW more paragraphs from the writings of that brave and true woman, Rachel Campbell, are given prominence in this issue. See combination offer, on last page, to those who would like to read and circulate this very remarkable essay upon the saddest of all the sad features of our miscalled civilization.

LUCIFER CIRCLE, at its last meeting, was addressed by Emma Goldmann of New York, instead of by Mrs. Lake, as advertised. About one hundred persons listened to one of the best lectures ever delivered before the Club. Her theme was "Prostitution," its causes and cure. Miss Goldmann is on a lecture tour that will last several months and will extend to the Pacific coast. She will lecture before our Circle again, Thursday evening, Oct. 7. For the present she can be addressed in care of this office.

## The Inquisition Again at Work.

The following letter explains itself:

"Cell 3, County Jail, Portland, Oregon, Sept. 29, 1897.

"Dear Friends:—This is to inform you that on Friday the 17th, upon my depositing 'The Firebrand' in the post office, for Sept. the 19th, the United States marshal, under guise of friendship, pumped out of me that I was one of the publishers of the 'Firebrand,' so had me up before the commissioner, heard my story, and he, or they, committed me to jail in failure to find bail in the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000). The marshal would not allow me to go home and make arrangements to get some one to care for the cow, chickens and cats—all the group, excepting myself, having gone hop-picking to get funds to live on and run the 'Firebrand.' They have indictments for A. Isaac. Later—21st. H. Addis is in the same cell with me. I send clipping from the 'Oregonian' of Sept. 18. With love and hope,

A. J. POPE."

The clipping from the "Oregonian" alluded to, is headed: "An Anarchist in Jail. A. J. Pope, of the Vile 'Firebrand' under Arrest. United States Authorities Also Hot After Henry Addis and A. Isaac, his Associates." In describing the arrest of Mr. Pope the report says, among other things,

If the meantime Postal Inspector Robinson had secured a copy of the paper, mailed by Mr. Pope, and finding that it contained a lot of matter which he considered indecent and obscene, at once made complaint to United States Attorney Murphy, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Pope on a charge of mailing obscene matter. About 1:30 P. M. he was brought to the United States Attorney's office. On being questioned by Mr. Murphy, he acknowledged that he was one of the proprietors of the "Firebrand," and that he had mailed a packet of these papers shortly before. The papers

mailed by Pope are dated Sunday, September 19, and the issue is No. 30 of volume 3.

Next week's Lucifer will probably contain later and more definite information concerning this latest assault upon the freedom of publication, this latest attempt to muzzle the press and stifle investigation in regard to the crimes committed by authority of church and state.

## The Old, Old Story.

Under the heading, A "Problem for Idealists, Old and New," a correspondent writes,

"A girl of nineteen (C), graduate of a high school, who had commenced a successful career as teacher; refined, gentle, good looking; familiar with liberal ideas but who has heretofore lived an entirely conventional life among the 'Philistines'—has succumbed to the 'attraction that is stronger than gravitation,' and is now pregnant.

"The prospective father is an amorous young cus—tomer who has sported so many 'side loves' incidentally, that C. has lost all her illusions about him; the town has become too heated to hold him and he is presumably seeking 'other worlds' to conquer."

"Now, what is C. to do,—having no wings for heaven and no status on earth?"

"Happily it is not 'a question of bread and butter,' as her mother is able and willing to care for her physical comfort.

"Don't all speak at once, but write to

MRS. DORA BOSS,

Amherst, Wis."

A very good text from which to preach a long sermon on the home training of girls and boys; on the criminal failure of a "high school" education that teaches nothing whatever concerning the physiology and hygiene of sex—the uses and abuses of the procreative function; on the barrenness, or the unsatisfied longings of a "conventional life among the Philistines;" on the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood, and when where the responsibilities of each come in; on the duty of the "town," or the community, the law, in this matter, etc., etc.

The object of this brief comment is not to answer the query of Dora Boss, but rather to call the attention of our "Idealists" thereto, and to ask them to write short answers for publication in Lucifer. Whether published or not a "symposium" upon questions involved in, or suggested by, the object lesson herein presented, cannot fail to help clear the social atmosphere, or to disperse the fogs of superstitious moralism—cannot well be otherwise than very interesting to all who participate therein. For "Mothers' meetings" and for "Lucifer circles," the papers written in answer to the query of our correspondent would be very appropriate and useful, as subjects of discussions for an evening or for a series of meetings. Perhaps some of these papers, prepared for and read at such meetings, would find a hospitable reception in the columns of "society" journals,—a secular or religious press.

## Conventional Marriage Arraigned

Under this head in last Lucifer were given part of the reasons why Emma Wardlaw Best and Arthur Wastall, of London, England, members of the Legitimation League, refused to comply with marriage law and custom. Here are some more reasons why they "resist all external coercion whatsoever in the affairs of the heart, and particularly conventional marriage:"

"Because while the legal wife may be the mistress of her husband's affections, the illegal wife must be the mistress of her lovers' affections.

"To be kept by obligation in a dishonored position.

"It stamps by the nursery term 'Miss' thousands of women, while the man leaves 'Master' behind with his childhood.

"It fosters jealousy, each partner claiming property in the body and mind of the other.

BECAUSE it affects that the male commences sex intercourse later than his partner, whilst everyone is aware to the contrary.

"It affects that the mother is the sooner prepared for her dangerous and difficult task of generation.

"It reverses—based as it is on purchase—the natural condition, and demands that woman should bring young flesh to the marriage bed.

"Its infamies force many a good and faithful woman to entreat a bad and faithless man to make "an honest woman of her."

"Whatever the character of the man "honor and obedience" to him are demanded of her at the "altar."

"It makes woman abdicate her right to her own person.

"It ignores that strength of passion and desire, virtue and vice, do not depend on sex, but upon individual temperament.

"It supports the claim of men, voiced by Tennyson, that—

"Woman is the lesser man, and a l... the possessor match'd with mine

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as wax to a candle," which has an obvious self-interest, and is, in reality, an insolent male assumption of superiority and license.

"It forces women to pose as Pharisees and hypocrites towards men and the "other women."

"Under its rule on the one hand women disown and lie about their natural desires, whilst on the other men rarely admit, and are ashamed of "chastity." So much for morality as inculcated by marriage!

"Under its rule parents who consider it the greatest wrong to their son to hide the faintest rumor of "incontinence" in his proposed bride, hold it no shame to deceive their daughters to the very foot of the "altar" on the whole matter of sex.

"The contemptuous insolence of women of the public harem towards men in general is not compatible with male assumed dignity as "heads of the household," nor with the honor of the "wife."

"It relaxes the efforts of lovers to be at their best towards each other.

"It encourages pre-marital ignorance—a fruitful source of suffering.

"It denies the exercise of the purely amative sex function, and prefers to be surrounded by a festering mass of prurency.

And finally because it blights innumerable lives."

And here is a copy of the "Declaration"—the affirmation that naturally followed the Protest already quoted:

"We, the undersigned, desire to set forth to our friends some of the reasons which have induced us to discard the marriage ceremony and form an autonomistic alliance.

The decision not to enter into a state which is but too often one of legalized prostitution is of long standing with us both, and was consequently arrived at quite independently of one another.

We hold ourselves entirely free of any bond in this relationship save that of love, and that failing at any time our union will be dissolved. We, however, enter it with the intention of a life-long partnership.

We hold that the freedom of the mother is essential to the well-being of the children, and even were it not so her freedom is not justly sacrificed to the possible wrong to be done those not already in existence. If the mother is to enter legal bonds for the benefit of offspring the girl children will gain only to the

extent of legitimacy, and will in their turn be sacrificed to the same fetish of matrimony, being no freer than were their mothers before them.

We hold that marriage is companionship, and reject the ecclesiastic dictum that it is primarily intended for purposes of procreation.

We hold that nature has given the child to the mother, the father's control over it being obtained through their mutual affection. A mother who lives her natural term of life is able to see her children attain their maturity, whilst the father may procreate when old and feeble.

Under current inequitable social conditions the support of the children could be made the subject of contract prior to conception, though we fully realize that this might impair the complete freedom of the woman."

The above declaration, while open to objection from the standpoint of many "New Idealists," shows a very interesting phase of evolutionary progress from the old standards of morality, or of sex ethics, towards the plane of absolute freedom, or complete abolition of all contracts, vows, sacramental or secular, "in the affairs of the heart." Whether this intermediate step or individualistic contract is better than absolute freedom, under existing conditions, is a question that every woman and every man must decide for themselves.

The power that "regulates prostitution" is heard in the voice of the policeman crying "Move on, move on! don't block up the way. Make room for others. MOVE ON!" And if she does not move on, and quickly too, she is arrested, dragged before a police court, fined and perhaps given a few months in jail.—"Prodigal Daughter."

### Basis of Money.

In this week's "Sociologic Lesson" Professor Parkhurst says, "What is required is such a standard that if money is loaned for a term of years its purchasing power shall not be less when it is returned." That is like saying "What we need is a thermometer that will regulate the temperature instead of one which is affected by the temperature." He shows the impossibility of securing such a standard as he thinks is "required" when he says "Every article constantly fluctuates in value." Value, in the economic sense, is measured by desire and not by quantity or specific material. Hence the futility of any attempt to fix value either by establishing a monetary basis or enacting legal tender laws ought to be apparent. Under liberty-free contract would determine the payment of debt. An agreement to return a certain quantity and quality of a borrowed commodity—whether that commodity be gold or something else—does not imply the return of exchange value equal to that possessed by the borrowed article. The element of chance, which effects exchange value, cannot be eliminated by any human laws, but the legal devices which can and do create artificial value can and should be abolished. S. H.

### "Some Mistakes of Moses."

BY A. WARREN.

I do not mean that Moses who was so ably criticised, some years ago, by the immortal Robert G. Any person bearing the name Moses is liable, like the balance of us, to make mistakes. It is therefore with no feeling of disrespect for either the ancient or our modern Moses that I adopt the above title, or that I venture to point out what seem to me to be errors, in the editorial of the latter, in *Lucifer*, No. 675.

That our beloved Moses is ever otherwise than fair and impartial, it would be ungracious to affirm; for if there is one thing, more than another, upon which he bases his hopes of happiness in life, it is this of his reputation for fairness. I have sometimes wished that he were less sensitive in this particular direction; for it seems to me that too much modesty tends to obscure one's position on the question under discussion.

This remark, however, is not intended to apply specially to the editorial alluded to; for while he labors therein, as usual, to mystify his opponent by concessions, his argument is not in itself ambiguous. The evident intention, in the article, is to prove that a plurality of sexual loves, at one and the same time, if not his highest ideal, is at least "helpful and happyfying."

It is not my aim, in this reply, to prove that he is mistaken in this opinion. What I advocate is freedom; and I do not propose to handicap the investigator at the outset, by any effort to enforce my ideal, or my theory as to what freedom may bring. But I do think our editor is mistaken in charging that those who oppose him are handicapped by an artificial conscience. It is true, he says all, thereby including himself; but in that very word lies his mistake. I protest that all are not so handicapped. That we all are biased on moral questions, I do not deny; but in my former article I distinctly assumed that the question of plurality is not a moral one. We do not all view it from the clergyman's point of observation. A few of us, at least, consider it purely a question of good taste and good social policy; and in these realms of thought, conscience usurps no authority.

Having made this fundamental mistake, he forced himself to concede that he himself is biased. Had he stopped at that limit, the need of this reply would not have been so obvious.

But why thus handicap even himself? Has he not placed himself on record as opposed to all government of man by man? And does not this demolish the old moral standard of human conduct? If men and women are to be really free, what has conscience to do in determining their relations with each other? What ultimate good is there, outside of happiness? Where does the ought come in?

One practical objection to this habit of viewing social questions from a religious standpoint is, that it develops antagonism and unkind personal feelings. I cannot help imagining that his remark that "It is the wounded bird that flutters," is attributable to this old habit. It had no relevancy, but on general principles it seems disrespectful. If he meant to intimate that my views were based on my own unhappy experience, it was both unkind and illogical. If my experience was against his theory, how could that fact strengthen his argument? I stated facts, and called for further testimony, and in reply he makes this fling, and alleges that his party are not permitted to relate their experience.

This is clearly another mistake; but under its influence he asks, "May it not be that it was the failures that came under Mr. Warren's observation, and because they were failures, whereas, at the same time, in the same locality, may there not have been thousands of experiments, on a small scale, that were not failures, but very helpful and happyfying?"

No, there could not have been a thousand such instances of unrevealed plurality. Had Brother Harman been there, he would not have asked such a question; for he would have realized that those people, at least, were not restrained from relating their experience, and that, so eager were they to profit by each other's experience, that there was no disposition to keep love affairs secret, nor hardly any possibility of doing so. There may, indeed, have been a few such cases, in which plurality may have been helpful and happyfying. That was the subject of my inquiry. If there ever was such a case, what law is there prohibiting any one from saying so?

In conclusion, I wish to certify, in the most earnest manner, that so far as I am informed, and as I sincerely believe, from personal acquaintance with those early experimenters, not one of them ever sold out for a mess of "Grundy pottage." If they have renounced their faith, in any particular, they have done so from honest conviction, and not from any unworthy motive. If my brother's ideal is nearly the same as my own, as he affirms, perhaps he will explain why he came to indulge these harsh reflections upon his own party, and to outdo himself in judicial fairness, by giving his best efforts in support of the opposite one.

Whether Moses or Aaron—M. Harman or A. Warren—has made most "mistakes" I leave others to judge. I am certainly not conscious of having made "flings," or of having "indulged in harsh reflections." When I said "It is the wounded bird that flutters" I stated what I believed to be an axiomatic truth, capable of universal application, and the same when I said, "Birds of a feather flock together." If, in my reply, I had reference to the writer of the criticisms upon the so-called "varietists" it was because his own utterances could not be fittingly answered in any other way. I am quite willing to be measured by the same foot-rule that I myself use in measuring others, and I presumed the same of Mr. Warren.

First, then, and briefly,—for it seems useless to continually reiterate the same arguments—I maintain that A. Warren discounts or discredits his own moral honesty when he accuses me of laboring "as usual to mystify his [my] opponent," etc. To try to mystify another is not candid or honest, if I know the meaning of these terms. In judging of the motives of others we can never get away from ourselves. I have not accused Mr. Warren of "unworthy motives," as he has accused me. When I say, "most reformers get tired of the struggle and compromise principle for peace, or for a mess of Grundy pottage," I speak from the acts and words of men themselves, and, to a certain extent, from my own personal experience. The time has been when I dared not to speak my inmost convictions, lest I lose my hold on the means of supporting a young and helpless family.

Second. The rational explanation, as I see it, of the fact that "nearly all the old experimenters, those who have had the most experience, have slunk back into marriage and are no longer heard from"—quoting Mr. Warren—is, besides the factors already mentioned, the persistence of early impressions, or the force called conscience. The rebel against conventional marriage—sacramental marriage, theologic or superstitious marriage,—is a kingdom divided against itself, and in time this abnormal conscience gets the better of the fight, and forces its victim back into conformity to conventional marriage, just as an early formed religious conscience forces many a rebel against irrational dogma, back into the church. I am not assailing the honesty of the backslider, in either case. I judge from experience and observation—the only "lamps for my feet," as Patrick Henry said, that to me seem safe or reliable.

Third. As to the comparative number of successful and unsuccessful experiments in "plurality."—Mr. Warren has lived in many states, and his observations have extended over a period of half a century or more and hence I maintain that in "the same territory there may have been thousands of experiments, on a small scale, that were not failures," etc. Again I say, remove the ban of invasive law and of intrusive meddling by self-elected censors, and there would be some chance for candid and rational comparison of results.

Finally, in reply to his last question, I would say I have no "party."—I belong to no party, creed or class, but try to deal fairly by all; and while, as I have often said, the exclusive or dual relation in sex is my ideal, I am not at all sure that this ideal is highest and best for all, or even for any. I am even inclined to take the ground that in our transition state of development this ideal is practicable for a very few only. As in all fields of human investigation, so in the realm of sex-association, sex ethics, I claim to be only an investigator, only a learner, not a teacher—at least not a dogmatist. Put all theories on a plane of equal right to life and liberty of expression, then the fittest will survive. That there are honest, noble, pure and good men and women who advocate and practice plurality in sex-relations I verily believe, just as I believe that there are honest, pure, true and good men and women who advocate and practice monogamy or dualism. "In things essential, unity; in things unessential, diversity; in all things, LIBERTY."

M. H.



## HILDA'S HOME

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

From that day forth a new life entered the charmed and charming circle. Lawrence proved to be the architect required, though he had never called his talent in this line to a practical account. Guided by Hilda's vivid imagination, inspired by her enthusiasm and aided by the practical suggestions of Owen, the plan grew, and by the time the first green of the young spring appeared upon the landscape they were ready for action. Margaret had left them at the call of duty, and could only from afar share in the excitement and enthusiasm. Every heart was beating high with hope, and with the advent of warmer weather, Owen, Wilbur, Lawrence and Norman kissed their loved ones good-bye and started on a prospecting tour.

Mrs. Leland was importuned to remain with the girls. Why should she return all alone to her western home?—though the probability now was that the west would be where their new home would be located. Just at this time, too, came the change that caused the sisters' eyes to grow dim with tears and a feeling of sadness to pervade every heart. Frank was daily growing weaker, his cheek more hollow and white, his hands more waxy, and intuitively the girls clung to the more mature woman. On a bright sunny morning in the early part of May the tired lids closed, never to open again. Although almost every day brought a letter from some one of the absent ones yet they were still far away when the death angel made his entrance into the midst of this happy circle, subduing their spirits with infinite sadness when they realized so well what had caused this painful result. So Frank's body was laid away to sleep beneath the daisies, and Imelda's and Cora's tears mingled as they knew that another bond was broken—only they two remained, united by ties of blood, but they also realized that it was better so. At best he had been to them but a wreck of what he might have been. Margaret had joined them just in time to lay a flower upon his pulseless breast and was now with them again for a brief time.

The young physician, Paul Arthurs, and Milton Nesbit had settled close by, and Paul was beginning to have quite a practice as he was fast becoming known. For some time, however, something seemed to have been secretly gnawing at his heart, and when his manner had been warmest towards the stately Edith he would suddenly and abruptly leave her, until his conduct became quite an enigma to her. One morning he laid a pack of written papers in her hand and told her to read, and—ah, well! why dwell upon a sad story longer than absolutely necessary? He loved the queenly girl but was conscious of such a lack of worth on his own part that he felt it would be best to give her up. Some where under the green sod slept a woman whom he believed the poison of his own body had murdered. Having first made a wreck of himself, almost, by early transgressions, the meaning of which he had been ignorant of, he had later contracted the germs of a loathsome disease. In his unpardonable ignorance he married a sweet, confiding, loving girl whom he loved with all his heart but whom he irreparably wronged by permitting his poisoned manhood to mingle with her pure womanhood; and when her baby girl was laid in her arms her eyes closed in that sleep which knows no waking, and the baby slept with her—under the circumstances the very best, probably, that could have happened. He was quite young when all this occurred—in the early twenties, a period of his life he never liked to think of. It was after that experience that he gave himself up to the study of medicine, and then he underwent a most rigid course of treatment, including very stringent rules or habits of diet, bathing and open air exercise.

"I can now look a pure woman in the eyes and know of a certainty that no harm can come to her through me, but for all that, the past is a blur upon my life, a stain which nothing can ever wash away. One word from you, my heart's queen, will send me to my place and keep me there. I could not accept the

sweet love shining in your eyes when I know so well my utter unworthiness, without laying bare the past, the memory of which follows me like a mocking fiend. Sweetheart, say but the word and I will never become an inmate of that home which now is being planned—if you deem me too impure, too unworthy to associate with the unsullied whiteness that will congregate there. But O, my darling! I love you as only a man can love when his manhood's strength is most fully developed; but I must abide the verdict you may render.

Yours suppliantly,

PAUL."

And what had been sweet Edith's verdict? When next they met it was in the garden, under the blossom-laden trees. Paul was sitting with his head resting on his hand unaware of her approaching footsteps. From the rear she approached until she stood close to his side, when without a moment's warning two soft warm hands drew his head back, two warm, dewy, clinging lips were touched to his bearded ones, and the next moment he was pressing his cherished Edith to his heart, pouring all the pent up love of a strong nature into her willing ears. His errors of the past belonged to the past. She saw only a noble manhood to which she felt it would be safe to trust her womanhood.

About this same time, also, a strange restlessness took possession of Nesbit. A nightly visitor at Maple Lawn, he seemed to enjoy the society of the fair women there with the keenest relish. Alice's slight figure seemed perpetually dancing before his eyes and a great longing filled his heart. Alice, too, was restless. The color would rush in waves over her face at the sound of approaching footsteps. Although he saw and understood, yet he never said a word. With all the sweet possibilities the future so temptingly held out to him he kept his lips firmly closed while he knew full well that this fair little woman might be his for the asking.

One morning in early June Nesbit electrified them all by abruptly saying that he was going to New York. All looked their surprise. Margaret asked,

"Why?"

Alice nervously plucked the first full-blown rose to pieces as her color changed from red to white and white to red, but Margaret's question was evasively answered. Again she asked,

"When will you return?"

To which she received a short, "I don't know."

Bidding them all good bye he turned to go, when his eye rested for a moment on the swaying form of Alice who found it hard work to stay the hot tears. He hesitated a moment then, approaching the spot where she stood, in a low voice said,

"Walk with me down the maple walk."

Silently they walked until they reached the end, then,

"Do you know why I am going away?"

She shook her head.

"Because my heart yearns for you, and in that vast city dwells a woman whom I call wife. She has not been what the world calls true to me, yet I have treasured her long and faith fully. I feel I ought not to speak of love to another woman so long as she may have need of me. I know it was her own hand that cast the dice, yet I feel that I must know her fate ere I entirely cut loose from her. Oh, I loved her, Alice, in the days when she was mine, and still a latent tenderness lingers in my heart. Maybe she was not wholly to blame, but I have learned new lessons since. I feel a little woman here would prefer me to all others and my heart yearns to claim her. Will you kiss me just once ere I start on this journey which may bring me I know not what?"

Tenderly he raised the drooping head and forced the downcast eyes to look into his. It was too much. Two lips quivered pitifully, like those of some grieved baby, and two great tears rolled over her cheeks down upon the snowy whiteness of her gown. The sight robbed him of self-control. He gathered her in his arms, the tiny morsel, and held her there like some wee baby.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

"I only want to see that she does not suffer; that she is taken care of, and then I will return. Indeed I will. Do not fear"—and then he was gone.

To be continued.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 41.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 13, E. M. 297, [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE NO. 680

### Endymion.

The rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver-white the river gleams  
As if Diana, in her dreams  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

—Longfellow.

### Where are the Women?

BY ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

I have made an appeal in behalf of the "free woman," and now I ask myself—where is she? I know many women who are radical and free from religious superstition. Moreover they are no mere Grundy worshipers, but when we approach the subject of sex I am conscious of a sudden shrinking, the tightening about their minds of innumerable invisible bonds of custom, of false modesty, of morality. Must this be so?

This movement is primarily a movement for the emancipation of woman, but how shall we free the slave who clings to her chains? And women seem bent on forging and riveting chains for themselves and the race. Where are the women? They are working along conservative lines for restrictions of liberty, limitations of thought and action. You will find them by hundreds in any cause known by a name beginning with "Anti" or "Christian;" measures for prohibition, prevention, suppression, are widely and earnestly supported by women, but anything that tends toward freedom, especially toward loosening the "holy bonds of matrimony" is sure of encountering their bitter opposition.

There is a common idea that the marriage institution is a safeguard and protection to women, that it exists for the purpose of securing to them justice and consideration. This is a total misconception of the nature of marriage, and the radical woman should surely know better.

We speak of "Christian marriage" as though the institution were peculiar to the Christian Era, whereas it is older even than man. Westermarck defines marriage as an association of male and female which is continued beyond the period of "heat" and includes care of offspring. This may be called the physiological marriage, and is known among the higher animals, most birds, and some others. All the mating animals

observe this earliest form of marriage. Westermarck mentions especially a certain ape who builds a nest for his mate in the tree top, and keeps guard over her, often spending the night at the foot of the tree that no foe may approach.

This form of marriage existed among primitive man. While there are savage tribes who live in actual promiscuity, they are rare, and are mostly considered degenerate. There is no evidence that promiscuity was ever the prevalent condition of man. On the contrary all indications point to a free monogamy as the early marriage. Selection was the privilege of both sexes and the idea of property in woman was yet latent. On that low plane of life there was comparatively little choice, one was as good as another, and mates were often retained for life. Woman was very nearly on a plane of equality with man at this stage of development, and sex-relations were personal matters merely, subject only to laws of physical attraction.

The first innovation was probably marriage by capture, which some tribes still practice and which is yet symbolized in the marriage ceremonies of some peoples. Finding the women of their tribe too few, or perhaps weary of them and desiring novelty, the young men would make raids on neighboring tribes and carry off the maidens to their own homes. Having captured their wives *vi et armis*, they naturally defended their spoil and the idea of property in women began to grow. Men respected each other's rights of possession and marriage became social—as some one defines it—sexual association with public recognition.

At this time man was subsisting chiefly on natural food products and industry was well-nigh unknown, but as he grew in knowledge and the ability to use his surroundings to add to his comforts and pleasures, as he began to till the soil and to fashion implements, weapons, clothing, etc., woman found a new value. Hitherto she had been merely a sex-mate, now she became a worker, a servant, and her value increased. Fathers assumed authority over their daughters and refused to allow them to mate with men unless some compensation were made for the loss of their services. Thus marriage by purchase arose, and as woman's value to man increased, the chains of her slavery were riveted ever faster and firmer. From the free sex-mate she became the spoil of war, then the purchased drudge. Brides are still "given away" at the altar, and many reminders of the old purchase marriage yet remain.

The world moves on toward freedom. Fathers no longer have absolute ownership of their children, and the unmarried woman is held to be the owner of her charms and abilities, and to have sole right to dispose of them. Man assumes a pretended attitude of a suppliant and beggar, but "value received" might often be truthfully added to the woman's vow of constancy and obedience. Our tastes have grown more refined, and we call things by delicate names and circumlocutions. It would shock our sensibilities were the bride-groom to say—"I take thee, Angelina, to be my bond slave and exclusive property."



until death thee release," but none the less the wife is the property of the husband; our laws declare it and we all know it.

In the evolution of marriage an important factor has been, of course, woman's physiological function of child-bearing. When tribes are constantly warring together numbers are important, and the father of lusty sons is an honored man. Thus the child-bearing woman became an especially valuable piece of property and the man who possessed such guarded closely his possession, while the barren woman was useless except as a drudge, and abuse and contumely were heaped upon her.

The religious factor was also of great influence. The race lived under constant fear of the gods and the direction and approval of deity was sought in all the affairs of life. Marriage, being an event of importance was especially under the direction of the gods, and a clever priesthood made all use of the opportunity to link the intimate personal affairs of life with subservience to the gods, thereby giving religion a great hold on the people. Marriage thus became a religious rite and its binding nature was greatly intensified. Being entered upon with religious ceremonies and the sanction of deity, it could not be broken without great disrespect to the god or gods,—blasphemy. Hence the fear of the wrath of god was another chain about woman.

State control of marriage developed in a similar way. The father had control of his children in all their ways, and the head of the tribe or clan exercised paternal authority over all the members of his tribe. State government grew from family government, and the father's commands to his children developed into legal codes. In the long process of evolution from patriarchy to democracy might has made right and the unimpeachable authority of the law has been preserved, and that most rigidly in those matters over which religion has especially claimed jurisdiction.

Thus the whole history of marriage is the history of property in women, and the cords that bind the willing slave have been drawn tight by church and state, while today women themselves are helping to draw them tighter. But, some will object, marriage is not today the one-sided slavery you represent it to be. There are hundreds of men who make no claim to possess their wives, and many married women are freer than their "bachelor-maid" contemporaries. Granted; individuals are in advance of the system, and many people hold higher ideals of marriage, but the institution is just what I claim.—The religious, social and legal enforcement of property right in women.

There is a deep, accelerating pulse of freedom beating in the veins of the race. Everywhere individuals are asserting themselves to throw off all yokes. Women are taking the stand on equality with men and practically marriage among the enlightened, has become a mutual contract, in other words, a mutual bondage, the enslavement of two instead of one. Yet is this an improvement, for when men and women are equal and woman recognizes and defines her true position, she will refuse to enslave or be enslaved, and will demand and attain freedom for the race. But she will never do this so long as she holds to marriage as to a patron saint, a special providence for woman.

Again I appeal to the women. Think for yourselves. Study the history of this marriage fetish of your worship and when you see it as it is, your superstition will drop away from you and you will wonder at your blindness. You are hemmed in,—I know it. Society has built its wall about you and love itself binds you to husband, children, friends, but the cause is worth it, whatever the cost, and in numbers there is strength. Already there have been heroic women who have fought and suffered for personal liberty and the cause of freedom. These have opened the way; let us follow. Are we not strong enough, free enough, wise, brave and true enough to throw off the yoke of our degradation and assert a free and noble womanhood?

We are growing up to a time of great release, when all chains shall fall away, and the race, arising to the recognition

of its own power and goodness, shall enter upon the free development of its own best. The first step is the emancipation of woman, and it is one step for the woman and three for the race. When free woman takes her place beside free man in mutual co-operation for happiness, who then shall forge chains or who shall wear them? Then Truth shall blossom in free minds and Happiness shall be the natural atmosphere of life.

## Survival of an Ancient Worship.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Fetich.—An object of devotion; an idol.—*Dictionary.*

This ancient and widespread worship survives not only in the interior of Africa and in other admittedly savage countries, but it has many devotees in the most enlightened lands on the globe. To illustrate: There is now visiting here an Englishman, Professor Atkinson. He is an anatomist, a very strong man, physically, and has keen perceptions, enabling him to recognize and properly classify the symptoms of disease. His specialty is bone-setting, including the lengthening of limbs contracted by fractures, making pliable muscles that were intractable, and reducing swelling and knottings of the flesh and muscles. He appears to be doing excellent work, and this without any appeal to hocus-pocus and superstition. His strength and skill are his means of cure. But—crime of crimes in the eyes of the Medical Priesthood—he is not a physician. He makes it a point, however, to have as many doctors about him as he can when he does his work. One of these gentlemen got himself into a city daily last week with the remarkable assertion that it did not make any difference how effective Professor Atkinson's methods were; the fact that he cured many persons whom the physicians and surgeons could not relieve would not save him from the accusation of criminality. He was helping persons who were ill and he had no license to do so; therefore what he was doing was *against the law* and he should be brought up with a sharp turn. Now, to any one not a fetich worshiper and not a beneficiary of partial statutes, the statement that such work as that of Professor Atkinson is "against the law" can provoke only the retort, "So much the worse for the law." Do not mistake my meaning—I do not say this doctor is a fetich worshiper; he is, as I have intimated, a beneficiary of partial statutes and very likely is at this moment laughing heartily at his dupes, the gulls who enact medical monopoly laws at the dictation of his guild. These gulls are the fetich worshipers I have in mind; the poor foolish automata who pass "laws" at the command of interested classes, and then fall down in the dust and slime and do homage to their own idiotic creations.

## Sundry Criticisms.

BY C. L. JAMES.

The comments of the bourgeois press on the diabolical massacre at Lattimer, Pa., may be summed up in one compound word, white-washing. In my opinion, the editorial of *Lucifer* (whole No. 677) concedes far too much to that cant which the bourgeois press originated. The whitewash applied by the bourgeois press to the red spot at Lattimer, is distributed in the following daubs. (1) The massacre at Lattimer was "quite out of the usual." It was "exceptional." It is dangerously likely to "become common," and be "made a precedent." (2) It was the fault of a "rash," "timid" or "foolish" sheriff. (3) Violence on the part of labor leaders or followers is injudicious, and can only provoke similar tragedies. I deny all these propositions.

I assert (1) that the diabolical massacre at Lattimer, Pa., was not at all "exceptional," "out of the usual," has any need to "become common," or "be made a precedent." I assert that, previously to May 5, 1886, it was the regular thing whenever a strike occurred for the police or the militia to shoot a lot of the strikers under pretense of riot, arrest their leaders, and thus disorganize the strike, and frighten the surviving

wage-slaves back to work. (2) That the murderous sheriff Martin showed no "rashness," "timidity" or "folly," but merely revived a policy uniformly pursued by the monopoly aristocrats, with unflinching success up to May 5, 1886. (3) That violence on the part of labor leaders and strikers is not injudicious, and has not caused massacres like that at Lattimer; but is eminently judicious, and has stopped massacres like that at Lattimer from May 5, 1886, till now. On May 5, 1886, a public meeting of strikers in the Haymarket, Chicago, was discussing a massacre like that of Lattimer, perpetrated a day or two previously, at the McCormick works. I was present at the trial of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Schwab, Neebe and Fielden, when the Mayor of Chicago, the lamented Carter Harrison, swore that he attended this meeting; and that his last act, when it had been almost dispersed by rain, was to bid Captain Bonfield let it alone. I also heard him swear that before he reached home, he heard the bomb in the Haymarket explode, proving that as soon as his back was turned, Bonfield, in disobedience of his orders, took 180 policemen from the nearest station and attacked the meeting. The police bore down on the meeting with revolvers drawn, crying "Shoot the sons of b—s." (For proof of this statement, see any Chicago paper of the following day.) One of the "sons of b—s" threw among them a dynamite bomb which killed seven and wounded fifty. Since then, until the Lattimer butchery, there have been no more massacres. Even during the great strike of 1894 there were only some sporadic murders. Such were the fruits of violence on the part of strikers and labor leaders. For ten years, massacres, formerly matters of course, have ceased. Why? Because the police and militia have had before their eyes the probability that the "sons of b—s" might be better heeled than they. Had the Lattimer "sons of b—s" been armed, they would not have been massacred. Of course, I am aware that this is not how the bourgeois represent it. But the bourgeois (see their own papers of May 6, 1886) are liars. They have erected a monument to the policemen who died in the Haymarket "as the fool dieth," breaking the law, disobeying the magistrate, and assailing the constitutional right of assembly and free speech. On this monument their policeman is made to say "In the name of the State of Illinois, I command peace!" But he is only a bronze policeman. What the flesh and blood policeman—now dead—did say, was (see the Chicago papers of May 6, 1886) something very different.

"Chicago's column, pointing to the skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts its head—and lies."

(4) Finally, I assert that the Lattimer massacre and other crimes of the same nature are not of a trivial character, but the highest known to law. Of course, we Anarchists cannot invoke the law to punish them; but as the "reserve of the progressive army," we can require the advance to do its duty. I assert that these crimes are *high treason*; and I will proceed to prove it.

Treason, by our law, is making war against the commonwealth or aiding its enemies (those with whom it is at war). This is merely the old English statute of Edward III, modified to suit our institutions. (Since we have no king, the commonwealth is substituted for the king in those clauses quoted above; and another clause about seeking the king's death is omitted). Now, what is war? It is any hostile and military act. In May 1641 there were riots at Lambette. The insurgents generally, were held guilty only of felony. But one, Arcker by name, who beat a drum to assemble them as soldiers, was held guilty of high treason. It is also a well settled principle that war against a part of the people is war against the king or the commonwealth, under whose protection they are. Thus an attack on one brothel or gaming house is only a riot; but a conspiracy, like the Ku Klux or Whitecaps, to punish all gamblers or prostitutes in an illegal manner, is treasonable; because the former only *disobeys* the State, while the latter *disorders* the State, and sets up a rebel government, with laws, penalties and jurisprudence, of its own. Finally, the circum-

stance that the persons doing treasonable acts are themselves magistrates, is no excuse, but rather an aggravation. In May 1642, Thomas Wentworth, Earl Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was beheaded for high treason. It is true, he was attainted by Bill, a process which our Constitution justly forbids. But it is also true that the Lords before voting on the Bill, consulted the judges as to whether articles of impeachment previously presented against him amounted to high treason, that the judges replied in the affirmative, and that the Lords found him guilty on two articles, doubtless those which the judges declared valid specifications of high treason, but as to the rest not guilty. The articles on which he was convicted charged raising troops by his own authority in Ireland, and employing them to oppress the people by exacting illegal oaths. Thus he seems to have had substantial justice. The impartial Hallam says there could be no doubt a modern general was guilty of treason if he, as an executive officer, raised and employed an army without authority from the legislative, which is the highest branch of the government.

By these precedents the Pennsylvania oligarchs are clearly guilty of high treason. They raised an army in another state, and brought it to Homestead, with drums and colors, to illegally put down those they chose to accuse of riot. They organized a regular corps in Pennsylvania, and shot unarmed people at Lattimer. They resisted the service of civil processes and imprisoned civil officers by military power without any legislative authority. The sanction given by the governor to these acts makes him liable to impeachment. His general ought at least to be cashiered. Sheriff Martin and the Homestead traitors ought to be hanged. The rebellion of the monopolists, like that of the slave owners, will inevitably increase till it deluges the land with blood unless it is promptly arrested by the condign punishment of a few leading rebels.

I wonder how often Mrs. Chandler will have to be told that we varietists are not "fixing up" any "code or standard of sex morals;" that we have no desire to exact variety from any one; that the New Ideal is merely liberty? It seems passing strange she cannot see that. Her proposal of energetic united war against the "law of coverture"—vulgarily called the law of marriage—is excellent in all respects but this, that it comes too late to be of any service. For twenty-seven years I have been urging war against the law of marriage and peace on the question of variety. My reasons for a "new departure" are, first, that war against the law of marriage has become respectable, and therefore too much like coward's work for me; secondly, that the prejudice against variety must be eradicated to prevent all that has been accomplished against the law of marriage from being undone. As to the personal insinuation about making one woman free, I have the greatest pleasure in assuring Mrs. Chandler that I never made a woman anything else.

The arrest of Comrade Pope and his partners, at Portland, Ore., on pretense that their paper, the "Firebrand," is obscene, doubtless illustrates again the facility with which this plea can be used to persecute any publication displeasing to those in power, as soon as it attains importance enough to attract their malice. I say doubtless; for the number complained of seems to have been effectually suppressed, and, not having seen it, I can say nothing about the merits of the case from my own knowledge. But however obscene the paper, Comrade Pope has a defense which should enable his lawyer to clear him. He did not mail the paper, but only offered it for mailing, and proposed to take it back immediately on being told it was considered unmailable. This proves that there was no malice (intention of breaking the law); without which there is no crime.

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
European Representatives, Arthur Wastall, Cranbrook House,  
High Road, Chiswick, London. William Gilmour, 73 Cedar  
st., Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's  
Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper  
that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

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countries.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress St., Thursday  
evening, Oct. 14. The well-known phrenologist, William Wind-  
sor, will address the meeting. Subject, "The Physical Basis of  
Love."

## Emma Goldman.

Seating room at Lucifer Circle, Oct. 7, was again filled to  
overflowing to hear Emma Goldman give her views on the sub-  
ject of "Free Love," or of freedom against slavery in the realm  
of the affections. Her discourse, as on the previous occasion,  
was a well-considered and strongly worded protest against the  
rule of authority, or of man-made law, whether of church or  
state, in the sex life of human beings. As usual in our meetings  
the lecture was followed by discussion, several physicians and  
one lawyer taking part therein. Our limited space prevents  
further notice here. The following brief notes by Miss Gold-  
man, herself, will give the reader some idea of the work in  
which she is engaged. Her lectures are chiefly devoted to  
economic and governmental questions, and especially to the  
defense of the victims of unjust prosecution and imprisonment.

"Started on my tour the 2nd of September. Had four  
meetings in Providence and a conflict with the police authori-  
ties, but came out safely. Had two meetings in Boston. One  
in New Haven, Conn. One meeting in New York to protest  
against the Hazelton outrage. Four very successful meetings  
at Philadelphia. One near Pittsburgh, at Monaca, Pa. Four  
meetings so far in Chicago and three more to address—besides  
the convention that I attended two days, but withdrew at the  
close of the second day because I came to the conclusion that  
the convention was only intended to serve a few petty political  
purposes, but not the cause of the working class.

"The resolution that I introduced, and that according to  
my views was very tame, was tabled on account of its too  
radical utterances. This was sufficient proof for me that the  
delegates had no idea of the seriousness of the time, and after I  
had expounded my views and denounced the behavior of the  
delegates during the sessions, I withdrew, and with me many  
more of the radical element."

On next Wednesday evening, Oct. 13, a meeting will be held  
at Zepf's Hall, corner Des Plaines and Lake streets, in the interest  
of the imprisoned editors of the "Firebrand."—speakers,  
Emma Goldman, Max Baginsky, Lucy Parsons and M. Har-  
man. From Chicago Miss Goldman will go to St. Louis,  
Kansas City, Denver, and perhaps to the Pacific coast.

## The Portland Outrage.

We had hoped, until too late for insertion in this week's  
issue, to receive more definite information in regard to the

arrest and imprisonment of the editors and publishers of the  
"Firebrand," at Portland, Oregon, so that we could, with a  
better understanding of the facts, make an appeal to the friends  
of liberty and justice in behalf of these victims of church-state  
despotism—for such we are reasonably sure is the character of  
this prosecution.

If the information furnished by the report of the  
"Oregonian," from which report we quoted last week, be  
correct, then the prosecution is a *persecution*—a persecution for  
opinion's sake; neither more nor less. No crime is charged,—  
the accusation being that certain articles published in the  
"Firebrand" are "obscene." "Obscenity," as every one  
knows, is a law-made offense, not a crime, in the nature of  
things. Obscenity means that which is offensive to "purity or  
chastity of mind." It depends then upon what is in the mind  
of the beholder or hearer, as to whether any object or word is  
obscene or not. There is no obscenity except to the mind that  
perceives it as such. Naturally, then, the more filthy the mind  
of the beholder or hearer, the more obscenity he will perceive.  
Evil to him who evil thinks. To the mind of the pure minded  
philosopher there is no such thing as obscenity, in the technical  
sense. Perversion, abnormality, there is in abundance, but the  
philosopher, the rightly instructed person, whether adult or  
child, views these as the physician views the signs or symptoms  
of disease, and is in no danger of being corrupted by them. The  
cure for abnormality is better education and better environ-  
ment, not suppressive or repressive laws.

At our Lucifer circle, Oct. 7, Emma Goldman made a brief  
appeal in behalf of the imprisoned editors, which appeal  
brought four dollars in cash. And now, in addition, we send  
five dollars as the contribution of Lucifer's office. Lucifer is  
itself often on the ragged edge, financially,—as a result of too  
much McKinley prosperity,—but the publishers of the "Fire-  
brand," and especially our old-time friend, A. J. Pope, helped  
to keep Lucifer afloat while its editor was in prison, and now  
justice demands that we do what we can to help them in like  
circumstances even though we must struggle harder, and  
economize still more closely to do this.

Money can be sent to A. J. Pope or to Henry Addis, Port-  
land, Oregon. It is sincerely to be hoped that all friends of  
liberty and of human progress will help in this fight for freedom  
of press and of public mail. "An injury to one is the concern  
of all."

M. H.

## Liberty the Means, not the End

Lucifer's management has often been criticized, sharply  
criticized, for devoting its space mainly to sexologic questions  
—to woman's emancipation from sex slavery and to discussion  
of "ideals" relating to sex. They say, "Fight for liberty, and  
all else will follow." "Given liberty, marriage will take care of  
itself." "The sex question is a matter of detail—a secondary  
or third rate question; industrial freedom, economic equity, is  
first in importance." "Let us work for liberty and not quarrel  
about chickens before they are hatched," etc., etc.

To these friendly critics I beg leave to make a brief reply:

First. Let me ask, What is liberty? and why do we want  
liberty? Is it a goddess to be worshiped? A master to be  
unquestioningly obeyed? Is it a good thing in itself consid-  
ered? Is it an end or object to be desired as such? An object  
to fight for, to bleed and to die for?

To my thinking liberty is none of these. Liberty is a  
means to an end, not the end itself. Liberty is a matter of  
detail, not the main question. Liberty is not a good thing in  
itself, or of itself, any more than knowledge is a good thing, in or  
of itself. Liberty is not a thing, at all!—not an entity at all.  
Liberty is simply a condition, a necessary condition, to or for  
growth, for development, for embodiment, for endowment, for  
differentiation or individualization of things—of entities or of  
realities.

The question, then, the "previous" question, is and must  
always be, "Why do we want liberty?" "What would we do  
with it?"—if we had it.



To illustrate: The Puritans wanted liberty—to worship God in their own way, and liberty to compel others to worship the Puritan's God, or get off the earth.

The slaveholder wanted liberty to do as he pleased with his own person and time, and liberty to use the person and the time of the black man and black woman, as he himself saw fit.

The Republican and Democratic plutocrats want liberty to exploit the earth of its treasures, and also liberty to exploit their fellow human beings and compel them by law to pay tribute to them—or get off the earth.

The average man wants liberty to make laws for himself, and liberty to deprive woman of the right to make laws for herself.

The statute moralist,—Christian and alleged Freethinker—wants marriage laws to give him the right to own the body of one woman, absolutely,—he will run his chances of illicit "variety" so long as one sex-slave is guaranteed to him by law—and he wants liberty to deprive all others of their right to live their own lives in their own way so long as they invade not the equal rights of others.

As some of us see it, then, the most important thing to be done, the next step to take in the social evolution, is to find out what Freedom is, what Liberty means, and then find out what we want it for—if it is desirable at all. Having found out what it means, and having definitely fixed in our minds why we want it, we can go to work with greater intelligence and with much better assurance that it will not be a curse to ourselves and to others when we get it.

With no desire to intimate that all the articles in this issue of *Lucifer* are not important, I wish to call particular attention, in this connection, to that of Adeline Champney, entitled, "Where are the Women?" The history of woman's enslavement to man by and in marriage, is shown with a clearness and consciousness seldom equaled. No better answer to *Lucifer's* critics has been formulated, at least not for many months. "The first step is the emancipation of woman"—not simply removing her political disabilities, but removing all her disabilities, and especially giving her ownership of her person.

"It is one step for woman and three for the race." That is to say, human progress will then advance in geometric ratio—multiplex ratio—as compared to the speed at which it has advanced in all the past.

"Who shall then forge chains and who shall wear them?" When woman is no longer a slave she will cease to be the mother of slaves.

"Then Truth shall blossom in free minds and Happiness shall be the natural atmosphere of life." Glorious prophecy! Is it Utopian? Judging from what we know of natural causation we see no reason why this prophecy should not be realized, and more than realized, when once woman awakes to a sense of her power, and to a sense of the responsibility that goes with the possession of power.

M. H.

### Some Common Objections Considered.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF *LUCIFER*:—The idea which you advocate is praiseworthy and it would, I believe do away with the thousands of heartaches and other inconveniences to which married life is, at present and from times immemorial, heir to. But there are very weighty considerations which, to my mind, seem to oppose the introduction of your principles, and before these considerations are properly decided and adjusted, free marriage will not and ought not be accepted nor practiced. The considerations which I have in view, are the loss of the identity of paternity and the question as to who shall support the children of the unknown fathers. The identity of paternity is necessary for hereditary purposes of the father's personal and real property, and, especially, is it necessary for the prevention of sexual intercourse between relatives of too near blood, as between father and daughter, son and mother or brother and sister, whose possible intercourse is repugnant to every sensible person. Then again, you will admit that it would be a great injustice to put the whole burden of supporting the little ones upon the mother alone; for a person, even a man of means, will refuse to support a child not of his own flesh and blood. Kindly explain me these two questions, and my friends and myself will work for this idea. Respectfully yours, LOUISE PLAMET.

Having had the benefit of some experience and considerable

observation, I take the liberty to answer the above objections. First, the assumption that only lack of opportunity to associate with other men renders it possible for a woman to be sure of the paternity of her child, is equivalent to one of two assertions: (a) that men are so savage in their desires that they will not respect the wishes of a woman who is not branded as the property of some other man; or, (b) that women have no choice but would, regardless of consequences, accept any man in that relation who might offer himself, and that the mother herself has no desire to know the paternity of her child. For no one will deny that it is possible for any woman, even when sustaining varied relations, to so manage her love affairs that she can be positive who is her child's father, if she chooses to so manage them. To deny this is to assert that women are utterly ignorant of physiology. The birth certificate is a much more sensible provision than the marriage certificate, and a woman is not obliged to possess the latter in order to avail herself of the former. To me it seems well to place the child's name, together with the name of its father and mother, on record for future reference. As to inheritance, I am not aware of the existence of any law forbidding a man leaving his property to others than his "legitimate" children. In fact there are other and even better ways by which the inheritance question can be disposed of, than by will. Space is limited, so I do not go into detail; but if Mr. Pleshet, though a lawyer, or any one else interested in this question, is unable to think of any such methods, I will cheerfully tell of ways in which details have been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned.

So long as children come into the world at haphazard, without "visible means of support," there will probably be trouble, regardless of the existence or non-existence of a marriage certificate in the possession of the parents.

Marriage is an insurance concern which does not meet its liabilities. It guarantees support to the wife and children in return for the submission and loss of liberty of choice of the wife. But in case of non-support on the part of the husband, or in the event of his disability through disease or death, what becomes of the boasted "protection"? In how many, many cases does not the wife, after having borne more children than she desired, find herself forced, to support not only herself and children but often the husband whom society has promised should protect her! See the army of pale, haggard women in their shabby dresses and ragged shoes, their skirts pinned about their waists, down on their knees scrubbing the floors of office buildings, hotels and restaurants in any city. Does any one fancy they voluntarily choose such laborious, ill-paid and contemptuously-regarded occupation? Ask them why they are there—as I have done—and you will find that the great majority are there because they have large families of little children to support, and have never received education or training fitting them for other than unintelligent physical labor.

While it may be true that nothing in this world is certain, except "death and taxes," I claim that intelligent forethought in reproduction will minimize the risks far more than law-enforced marriage ever has done or ever can do; that while in marriage some people do exercise prudence and grant liberty, it is in spite of, not because of, the marriage. I hold that it is impossible for Mr. Pleshet or myself or any other individual or aggregation of individuals to devise any marriage scheme which will fit every case. With the individuals most immediately concerned should rest the responsibility of making their own arrangements, as upon them falls the greatest suffering if those arrangements prove unsatisfactory. Freedom is the natural, the essential condition of growth. Without freedom of choice—"natural selection" is impossible and evolution is retarded.

Whether a man shall help support the child of a woman he loves, is a question for him and the mother to decide. As a matter of fact, if a man loves a woman he naturally feels an interest in her children, unless he is of that insanely jealous

temperament which forbids the "loved" one to have any other interest in life. The same is true of women.

But the statement that a man "will refuse to support a child not of his own flesh and blood" is an amusing instance of how prejudice against the new will blind even the trained analytical mind to the plainest facts. Many men do not only support, but love, the children of their wives by former marriages; the children of their friends; and even the children of utter strangers.

### Demise of James Gaylord Clarke.

Under date of Sept. 28, Dr. Morse, of 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, writes us:

"DEAR BROTHER IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE: The grand singer of our Israel, James G. Clarke, is singing the New, New Song of the perfect freedom of the 'Land O' the Leal.' He left us on Friday, Sept. 17 at 4 P. M. Will you write him a fitting obituary for the 'New Time?' We hold memorial services here for him and will sing him a tribute of praise. Urge people to send more money to pay his doctor bills and publish his latest poems. Address Mrs. Havens, 124 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Calif. Yours sincerely,  
CORA A. MORSE."

Having known something of the genius and the worth of the poet-singer whose transition is herein chronicled I heartily second the suggestion that Lucifer's readers send a dollar or more to the address named, and get one or more copies of the book that is already published, and thereby help to publish more poems from the pen of one of America's sweetest singers and most earnest workers in behalf of the poor and disinherited.

As additional testimony of the merit of these poems and the worthiness of their author the following letter is gladly inserted:

FRIEND HARMAN: I write to thank you and Dr. Cora A. Morse for finding James Gaylord Clarke for me. For years it has been a puzzle to me why his beautiful poems have not been universally read and admired. I am a materialist and an atheist, yet I never tire reading Clarke's "Leona," one of the most, if not the most spiritual and beautiful of poems I read.

I would not bend the plant knee  
That thrift might closely follow fawning;  
No king, no priest, no God for me,  
Not faith's dark night, but reason's morning,  
When Nature speaks, if man will hear,  
With heart sincere and dutiful,  
He'll worship naught, but still revere,  
The True, the Good, the Beautiful.

The love of Truth makes me a materialist, but the Good and Beautiful would, had I Clarke's genius, make me a poet. As it is, my heart, my feelings, echo the sweet, hopeful, inspiring words:

"Our love is not leveled in vain;  
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,  
And the forms that we love and the lips that we kiss  
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.  
But the light of this faith I am taught  
That my labor is only begun.  
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought  
With the legions of wrong till my owner has caught  
The gleam of Eternity's sun."

In my library may be found Burns, Poe, Moore and Whittier, but no sweeter singer than James G. Clarke. The few poems of his that I have read breathe the true poetic spirit and I shall not rest until "Poetry and Song" adds its wealth to my library treasures. Let every lover of humanity extend a brotherly hand to our poet friend and "brighten his brief moments now." Fraternally yours,

501 Preble Ave., Allegheny City, Pa.

HARRY HOOVER.

I have no doubt there are many women among us, whom we treat with scorn and call prostitutes, who have become such through maternal or filial devotion so true and unselfish that angels, looking from above and seeing their motives, would pronounce their deed consecration rather than prostitution.—"Prodigal Daughter."

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LIX.

Thus Milton Nesbit left Maple Lawn and the charmed circle it contained, and another day brought him to old familiar scenes; brought him to the home where he had loved and suffered. It was Annie who opened the door in answer to his ring. Pale-faced, with a trace of tears about the eyes, with a gasp she caught her breath as she saw and recognized the man before her. He saw the effect of his appearance upon her and a great pity welled up in his heart for her. Calmly he greeted her with,

"Will you not bid me enter?"

Hesitatingly she did so; speaking never a word, only stepping back she threw open the door of the well-known little parlor. Within its cool shade he took both her hands in his.

"What is it, Annie? Trust me—tell me all. I have not come to censure you but to see that you are cared for. Has that scape-grace brother of mine—"

"Don't," she said, "don't blame him. He may be faulty, but he loves me. Ah, yes,—he love me more than I deserve. I made him reckless with my foolish cravings. Every wish of mine was satisfied. I could not realize that ten thousand dollars was not a limitless fortune, and when Robert, always delicate, broke down altogether we were almost penniless. I tried then to repay him. I nursed him and I worked for him. All the pretty things he gave me I again sold, but I am afraid I can not retain him. He is slipping away from my grasp, and oh! I love him so, I love him so."

Almost choking, the words broke from her in a smothered sob. Her hands went up to her face and the tears trickled down through the thin, white fingers as the sobs shook her frame. A lump rose in Milton's throat.

"Take me to him!"

"You will say nothing harsh or unkind?"

She asked it with a fearful tremor in her voice. He took one trembling hand in one of his, the other with a gentle caressing motion he laid on the brown head.

"When was I ever so unkind to you that you should fear me now? Lead on, little girl. He is my brother, and he is sick!"

With an effort she checked her sobs and dried her tears.

"Come," she said. He followed her up the stairway into what had once been their joint bedroom, and there reclining upon a lounge at the window, his eyes wandering wearily, lay Robert. Pain and care had made sad havoc with the delicate frame. Annie glided to him and knelt at his side laying her cheek to his hand.

"Robert," she said softly, "Robert, someone has come to see you!"

Turning from the open window his eyes fell upon the brother they both had so wronged; his face became ghastly.

"Milton, you here?"

Milton stepped forward,

"Softly, brother—no undue excitement. I hear you so ill well. I have learned to realize that it was not all your fault. It was all the outcome of circumstances over which none of us had any control. I have not come to censure you, but to look after your welfare. Without means, how can Annie give you the care you need?"

Robert scarcely could believe he heard aright. "You do not hate me, then—me, the destroyer of your happiness? Oh, you mock me!"

"No! I do not mock you. True, you both have caused me suffering, but it was only the cleansing fire needed to purify the grosser part of my nature. I don't blame you now—it was only natural. What is it your doctor prescribes for you? I want to see you get well and strong, and you can not do so with the load of anxiety I know your heart is burdened with."

Annie bowed her head and wept, and Robert was too weak to restrain the tears that would start.

"O, Milton," said Annie, "you are good; you are noble; how can we ever repay your kindness?"

"Tush! tush! little woman; say no more about it, but answer my question. What is it the doctor prescribes?"

"Oh, he prescribes what is far beyond our means," sobbed Annie. "An ocean voyage may do wonders for him, the doctor says; and a tour in foreign lands. The sunny skies of Italy, the mountain breezes of Switzerland—a summer's sojourn there might give him such health as has never been his."

Milton stepped to the nearest window and gazed meditatively into—nothing. This would take more money than he had at his command, although he had quite a snug sum saved with which many necessities could be procured for the sick brother, but that was all. Should he call for aid upon the friend who had already been all too generous to him? Why not? Did he not know that his call would not be in vain? and was not the life of his brother at stake, and also the happiness of the woman who had once been all in all to him? These facts were now uppermost in his mind; all else was forgotten. Yes! he would ask Owen to aid him. So turning from the window he said:

"Cheer up, Annie, Robert shall have his voyage and tour, and you shall go with him. And when you return I hope to see the roses blooming in your cheeks. Possibly it may be wisest for you to remain abroad several years, spending your summers in the mountain air, your winters in the sunny south, in balmy Italy. In return I only wish to be kept posted as to all of your movements. I want regular reports as to the state of your health and when you are ready to return I may have something to tell you which I think will surprise you as much as you have been surprised today."

In this strain he went on leaving them neither time nor opportunity to say much. Preparations were immediately begun. A telegram was sent to Owen. In a few days the required amount in ready cash was at their disposal, and two weeks from the day Milton first appeared at the side of his brother he saw him and Annie safe on deck the steamer "Anchor," surrounded with every comfort money could buy.

"Be judicious with your supply of money," was his parting injunction. "Let past experiences be a warning. It is to regain your health you are taking this voyage. Remember and be wise."

And Robert's answer had been,

"I will! so help me the memory of my noble brother."

As Milton bade Annie good-bye, clasping her hand in his, he for a moment looked deep into the starry eyes, then bending he touched his lips tenderly to hers. Thus he left them. "Will it be for their good?" he asked himself. "Ah, well; time will tell!" Twenty-four hours later he held Alice in his arms, pressing burning kisses upon her sweet lips, while Lawrence saw and understood all. For Lawrence, in company with the others, had returned during Milton's absence, and could well afford to smile, for had not a pair of serious gray eyes smiled him a welcome which had the promise of heaven in it?

What had been the result of the prospecting tour? A rare, sweet spot of Mother Earth had been found, with just enough of rugged wildness to show to advantage nature's grandeur. Mountains in the distance; a rolling, undulating country; a winding river and the glassy bosom of a lake. Last, but not least, the towers and chimney pots of a distant city. All this could be seen from the rounded knoll upon which the ideal co-operative home was to be built, which knoll gently sloped to its base, around which wound a merry rippling brooklet.

Thence a level meadow land which could be laid out in lovely lawns, parks and drives. Still farther on patches of woodland to the right and left; meadows with lowing cattle; a charming spot indeed, surrounded by nature's loveliest scenes. Only about ten minutes walk to the little station-house south of the knoll, where almost every hour of the day trains passed

and stopped, and which in forty minutes would carry you to the heart of the city. But it was not until the early days of August that ground was broken and work begun upon the mansion that was to stand a pattern and a beacon for the generations to come. The winter months put an end to the work and the long stormy evenings were again spent as before. But again spring returned and again the work was resumed.

At the same time hot-houses were built; a vineyard laid out; orchards planted with rare fruit trees, and berry patches cultivated. Grounds were laid out; drives made; miniature lakes appeared; grassy knolls; groups of trees; charming arbors; inviting summer-houses; cozy retreats and lovers' nooks. To produce all this meant work—work to many willing hands; bread to hungry mouths. Owen paid the bills with generous hand, while each day at lunch time the workers enjoyed an hour or two of repose and shelter from the sun.

To be continued.

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J. C. Harris, New Denver, British Columbia:—Through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Lucifer is becoming pretty well known in these parts and is very much appreciated.

C. M. Moe, Spokane, Wash.:—I enclose one dollar; fifty cents to renew on Lucifer, the balance to apply on the "Adult" from No. 2. It is really astonishing to see so little of the true liberal spirit among these so-called liberals. We shall hope they are growing to deserve the name they prize so much of. Your mode of expression should be a good example for all of us.

F. Gorton, Fenton, Mich.:—I need not tell you I want Lucifer. Its light has made me calm, peaceful and willing to take my long rest. My eighty-two years warn me that the end is near. "Hope's starlight shines through darkest night." "Hilda's Home" is better and better. The world would be better for reading it. "Rosa" is a trump! *Vive la "Hilda's Home"!*

Mrs. S. E. A., San Jose, Calif.:—The story, "Hilda's Home," is just grand. A neighbor lady is quite as deeply interested as I am. When I cannot get away she trudges to the post office to get the paper. If you publish the story in book form we will take at least three copies, as three ladies here say they will take a copy each. Discontinue the paper—I cannot get the money to pay for it. I should have written you sooner, but could not bear the thought of missing an issue. I will pay what I owe as soon as possible. I am a free lover to the core, but not a free luster. I despise the man—or the woman—who is a sex maniac—living only on the animal plane, and trying to cloak his or her sensuality by taking the name of free lover. To me there is something inexpressibly pure and exalting in the freedom to love whatever is lovable. The thought spiritualizes my entire being. To be tied for life to an unloving or unlovable mate, by man-made law, perhaps at the same time loving another, is awful, and yet how few are brave enough to break the bonds of slavery!

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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 42.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 20, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 681

### At Napoleon's Tomb.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS HARMAN.

Surrounded by rent banners, in their gloom  
 Napoleon's bones ramble in mold and dust,  
 What guardian has he, dead, who living, thrust  
 All wills aside, till nations feared their doom?  
 The world, which all but knelt to make him room,  
 Marvelling o'er the wonder of his lust,—  
 What yields it now unto his silent dust?  
 The grudging glory of a splendid tomb  
 Honored? These things for aye attend him here;  
 Two shadows, which were once of awful form,  
 Alive in those who fought or were resigned;  
 Dark monstrous memories lingering year on year,  
 Born of his blasting progress like a storm:  
 The hate, and trembling horror of mankind!

Chicago, Sept. 1, 1897.

### Plumb-Line Penographs.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The "American" is the most patient—or stupid—of men under oppression. Of course he will howl vociferously when there is no occasion for it, but when it comes to real outrage he is either silent or takes part against the victim. At the New York Debating Club the other night, it was most humiliating to a native American to contrast the reception accorded by Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians and other "ignorant foreigners" to the persecution of Pope and Addis in Oregon with the silence of the "American" press and people. These men and women were unfamiliar with Comstockism save as a name, and it was hard for them to realize that the Pope and Addis case is only the latest in a long series of similar horrible outrages. They thought that because there was no obscenity in the "Firebrand" articles, the paper could not be arbitrarily suppressed and its editors imprisoned, and it required a great deal of talk to convince them that it is a common occurrence in the United States for books and papers to be confiscated; even without legal process, and dealers and editors imprisoned when the publications complained of are no more "obscene" than is the "Firebrand." They were amazed, horrified, indignant. "But where is your 'free press'?" inquired a young man. The answer is, in the imagination of fools and the pretenses of demagogues. For the proof of it, take notice of the utter silence of the "great dailies" in this very instance. Where is their amazement, their horror, their indignation? When they are not dolish they are knavish; when they are not puritanical they are mercenary.

After much talking and long thinking over the Pope and Addis arrests, and Comstockism in general, a "foreign" laboring man said: "I think the reason Comstock can do as he does is because the most of the people are with him." That is the sad truth in a nut-shell. Comstock incarnates the spirit of Puritanism, the spirit of anti-naturalism, the spirit of asceticism. (And it should never be forgotten that asceticism is, historically, the twin of sexual-inversion and the parent of

sexual invasion.) Christianity has made the forces and organs of reproduction the synonyms of shame, in the minds of our people, and while under the domination of that creed, directly or indirectly, they will never tolerate open and healthful discussion of sexual problems. Whether they are church members, mere "worldlings," or nominal Freethinkers, does not matter—so long as they cling to supernatural moralism they will damn whoever handles sex in an unconventional manner. With minds thus poisoned, thus diseased, they will always hate the plain exposure of crime worse than the crime itself. The law would not touch the husband who cruelly wounded his wife, but it sent Mr. Harman to prison for printing a serious account of the marital outrage, and the public opinion back of the law execrated Markland for writing the account. So in the case of the Barcelona tortures—our papers thought them not worth mentioning until the responsible author of them fell under the hand of the avenger, and then they carefully eliminated certain statements which continental journals had printed as a matter of course, and now the "Firebrand" is suppressed, one of its offenses being the honest reproduction of the record, which, by the way, contained no word that could offend any rational man or woman. While the majority of the American people are the active or passive supporters of Comstock's "movement in favor of ignorance" it is useless to hope that any legislative body will repeal or even modify—in the right direction—the iniquitous statutes under which Bennett, Heywood, Foote, Harman and Waisbrooker have suffered, and which now hold Pope and Addis in their clutches. For decades, if not for centuries, there must be waged a campaign of education against the supernatural basis of morals, and most Freethinkers no less than practically all the rest of the population of the world must be our pupils. *Sex is a foundation fact in life and there never will be healthy individual and social life until sex is studied, talked of, and written of without fear and without reproach.*

One must ask the sticklers for legality why the "Firebrand" is denied access to the mails before a court has passed upon the charges made against its publishers? Even if it had been proved that a certain issue of the paper was "obscene," how could that adjudication shut subsequent issues from the mails? But no such proof has yet been produced in court. Pope and Addis are simply held awaiting trial, and until they are tried they must be assumed to be innocent, else there would be no use for a trial. While ethically no one had any authority to arrest these men and forbid the mailing of the paper, legally the suppression of the "Firebrand" is as great a travesty on justice. The seizure of the publication is plain vulgar theft.

In New York City recently a Mrs. Marguis was arrested by two policemen on the charge that she had accosted them. Such arrests are one of the most common crimes of our policemen. Mr. Marguis protested against this wanton arrest of his wife.

For this inexcusable exhibition of natural feeling he was savagely beaten by the policemen, and then arrested. When the case came before Magistrate Dewel it was discovered that the woman who was accused of saying in English certain things to the policemen could speak no English! Thereupon the magistrate discharged the two, saying that the arrest of Mrs. Marguis was a "mistake." The "Evening World" responds: "It was obviously nothing of the kind. It was an infamous outrage for which the policemen should be sent to state prison. The outrage was the result of a pernicious system, and that system stands condemned today in the minds of all honest men. But none the less the policemen who committed it ought to be punished with all the rigor of the law." The difficulty in the case is that the "law" has no very severe "rigor" for men, officials or private citizens, who commit crimes in the name of conventional moralism. If they happen to victimize an "innocent" person their act is passed by as a "mistake" which was probably unavoidable in the prosecution of a vigorous crusade in behalf of "good morals." As the "Evening World" says, it is the system which is wrong, and the system is the legitimate product of the twin evils of supernaturalism and authoritarianism. These are the snakes that must be starved to death.

At the Casino theater in New York the management has just issued a ukase forbidding other males than relatives to meet the chorus girls at the door at night. The girls must go away alone or accompanied by females or male relatives only. Now begins the fabrication of "cousins" and "uncles" and "brothers." And the manufacture of male and female hypocrites, *i. e.*, liars must necessarily keep pace with the fabrication of male relatives. This is invariably the effect of suppressive moralism. In the eyes of Grundy, any vice is less offensive than unsanctioned sexual relations, or even the mere suspicion of such relations or of associations that may lead thereto.

A New Jersey justice has decided that if a person is injured while riding a bicycle on Sunday he can not recover damages, no matter how gross the carelessness nor how clear the maliciousness of the person responsible for the accident. This is logically a license to commit murder. However, if the injured person was going for medical aid or to church he can recover for his injuries. Another premium on hypocrisy! This musty old New Jersey law, resurrected and enforced today, proves, of course, that the church no longer dominates the state! And it also establishes the fact that the American people love liberty more fervently than life. We are the richest in boasts, the most poverty-stricken in deeds, of all alleged civilized peoples on the surface of the globe. We are hypnotized by the reputation of our fathers.

Now and then a man shows he has a little of the old genuine grit. At Denverside, an East St. Louis suburb, the congregation of Rev. R. J. Kellogg is small and poor. It had not the money to pay for the building of a parsonage, and so decided to buy the lumber and then do the work itself, each man contributing his share, as in the old house- and barn-raising days. But soon along came the walking delegate of the carpenters' union and ordered Mr. Kellogg to discharge all non-union workmen. Mr. Kellogg naturally replied that he could not discharge his neighbors, who were in that manner contributing their dues, and, what was more, he would not if he could. One night after that the parson was at work alone when he was assaulted by a gang of seven men and forced to quit. Now he keeps a shot-gun at his side and consequently is left in undisturbed possession of the premises.

In Mississippi, on October 6, Henry Crowder, a Negro, was taken from the Hernando court room by a mob and lynched. He was accused of having "accomplished the ruin of fifteen-year-old Dovie Ferguson." To "accomplish the ruin" of a girl does not mean to ravish her. It is an orthodox technical phrase, descriptive of the association of an unmarried girl or

woman with a man. She may be fifty years of age, and yet she is "ruined" in the moralistic vernacular if she have not secured the consent of some parson or justice of the peace. It is more than suspected that a very large percentage of the rapes of which the negroes of the South are accused and for the committing or alleged committing of which they are put to death in various cruel ways, are in reality simply free associations to which the women in the case have as readily consented as the men. It is not often, however, that the telegraph is permitted to "let the cat out of the bag" as in the present instance. The treatment of the sexual question by mobs in the South, like its treatment by court and Comstock societies in the North, is according to what Mr. John M. Robertson calls "the traditional religious ethic, of which the type is the *tabu* of savagery," and in direct contrast with which is "the ethic of reason, which seeks to solve conflicts of moral bias by the tests of utility and sympathy." Federal judges and jurors doing the dirty work of the Comstocks and McAfees are at one with the Hernando mobocrats in cordial detestation of the "ethic of reason" in the realm of sex.

### Mr. Ruedebusch Rejoins

TO THE EDITOR OF LUCIFER: A "free platform" is a good thing, if it is used only for decent discussions of important subjects, but it seems to me that an article like that by Mr. Walker in No. 679 ("The Two Sides of the Shield") should have been promptly rejected by you. It is nothing but an acrimonious attack upon my personality, for which there was no justifying provocation. However, as you deemed it advisable to accept this, I must ask you, for justice' sake, to publish my answer also:

I must begin with an explanation: The "Call" was sent to me by Lillian Harman. I returned it to her together with a letter in which I explained my reasons for declining to sign and requested her to forward this letter to Mr. Walker. Some time thereafter Mr. Walker informed us that he had heard but from one dissident and I had to suppose, of course, that I was the one.

And now let me expose the shallow sophistries with which Mr. Walker tries to prove my unreasonableness:

1. He devotes almost a column to demonstrating the fact that there is "nothing antagonistic to the New Ideal in the Call for Concerted Action,"—although neither I nor anyone I know of has ever disputed that fact! I never doubted it and can add that I do not intend to antagonize his plan for concerted action any further than to express the opinion that I do not believe in its efficacy and do not consider a repetition of a free love movement of this kind practicable or advisable. (For reasons see my last article).

2. He ridicules the vanity of claiming certain ideas as being exclusively my own,—while I have never thought of making such a claim. I happen to know positively that Mr. Walker has read the paragraph in my book (page 136) which concludes as follows: "I certainly do not care to claim the honor of a new discovery!" The fact is that the question, how old or new my ideas and propositions are, is a matter of utter indifference to me.

3. He dares to offer to Lucifer's readers the mean and untruthful insinuation that I preach one thing and practice another. Read pages 292 to 295 of my book and you will know that the acceptance of the New Ideal does not call for a legal divorce or the dissolution of an economical or a comradeship contract in the case of a couple who were legally married before their emancipation. That the majority of the good Mayvillians, like Mr. Walker, cannot comprehend the immense importance of the change in our relation, is probably due to the fact that they also decline to argue with me! It is awful, of course, to be called "a respectable married man," but if I can make all true New Idealists understand the situation, I will bear the stigma quite bravely.

With the discussion of these three subjects Mr. Walker fills



an entire page of Lucifer. Is it possible that any argumentation (in reference to my assertions in No. 677 offered by him) could be of less value than these utterances of his?

I hope that you, dear editor, will decree henceforth that Lucifer's columns are too valuable to be used for such utterly "profitless" personal attacks. EMIL F. RUEDENBUSCH.

(Referring to the above I am inclined to think that Friend Ruedenbusch takes Mr. Walker's criticisms much too seriously. I read most of the offending article, in copy or in proof, and did not get the idea that it was a personal attack upon Mr. Ruedenbusch. Whether the arguments used were pertinent or applicable to the subject in hand, is a matter that the readers of Lucifer are presumed to be able to judge for themselves. It seems impossible to carry on discussions in regard to matters of human conduct without bringing in, more or less, personal illustrations. That all should try to avoid offensive personalities goes without saying. The following paragraph by Lillian Harman will show to some extent the causes of what now seems an unfortunate misunderstanding:

"Had I been in the office when the previous articles of this discussion were published, one misapprehension would have been avoided. When Mr. Walker sent the 'Call' to me he requested me to forward it to Mr. Ruedenbusch, which I did. It was not returned until several weeks later, when it came with a letter explaining that Mr. Ruedenbusch had been absent on his vacation and his mail had not been forwarded to him. He asked me to forward the letter to Mr. Walker, but I, being very busy, delayed writing for some days, and before I wrote, Mr. Walker mentioned the fact that he had learned the cause of Mr. Ruedenbusch's unusual delay, and as I thought that explanation the most important part of the letter I did not send it. So Mr. Ruedenbusch's inference that he was Mr. Walker's 'one dissident' was natural. Of course I am very sorry that my neglect has been the cause of this misunderstanding."

Without casting censure upon anyone I would now request that the personal part of this controversy be allowed to rest. M. H.]

### A Queer Ideal.

BY A. WARRAN.

I am glad that Mr. Ruedenbusch has undertaken to explain to the readers of Lucifer, the meaning of the title of his book. If his definition of the new ideal is less perspicuous than the average reader might desire I think he has proven beyond controversy that he is not a free lover. He believes in freedom, in general, and is with us once and forever, against any and all compulsory, legal laws; but with applying the principle to the sexual relations of men and women he is not concerned.

We cannot charge our author with inconsistency in this, for he goes on to allege, emphatically, that new idealists want no sexual relations whatever. By this he does not mean that there is to be no sexual intercourse between the sexes, but only that such intercourse shall not involve relations of any kind. New idealists will desire private interviews with their friends of the opposite sex, and these interviews may result in sexual enjoyments, with one or with many; but in any case there is no reason why society should or could know of it.

Of course, there must be no parentage, or if there be parentage there must be no paternal relation; for that would reveal a prior sexual relation, and would subject the parties to the liability of being labelled as sexual partners or mates, a result which a new idealist detests most fervently.

As a basis for social reform these conceptions are unquestionably new. Always, since the dawn of history, the practice of the male sex has been very much in accordance with this ideal; but it has remained for Mr. Ruedenbusch, after many thousand years of the unhappy experience of the race, to discover the beauty and desirability of such a life.

The ideal of the free lover is different. He believes in the sexual relation. He may believe that sexual intercourse may be indulged with many, without costing more than the added

pleasure is worth; or he may think it pays to reserve the most exquisite expression of love, to express the central, most exquisite love; but with whichever class he may align himself he insists that these manifestations shall be forever voluntary and reciprocal. Free lovers do not advocate monogamic relations, nor polygamic, for the reason that we do not believe in marriage. We have regarded freedom as the new ideal in love. We have thought ourselves in advance of the big world, which still clings to the notion of enforced relations; but it seems we are old fogies, after all. The real new, the very newest ideal is to discard all sexual relations and go in for a good time, being careful to conceal our doings with the other sex, in order to avoid complications and unpleasant responsibilities.

It is not my aim to criticize Mr. Ruedenbusch without reading his book. I have no such queer notion. I never proposed to do so. In my former article, I was discussing the variety question. I did not have to read his book in order to inform myself on that subject, and my allusion to his book cannot be construed as a criticism. I do not need to criticize Mr. Ruedenbusch. A clear statement of his views is all that the readers of Lucifer will require. If I have not stated them clearly I trust that, on another trial, he may be able to do so.

### Call for the Congress of 1897.

To the Secularists and Freethinkers of the United States:

You are hereby requested to meet in Convention at Hard man Hall, in the City of New York, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 19th, 20th and 21st of November.

FRIENDS: We shall meet in this Congress under favorable conditions. The times are auspicious. Heresy is becoming popular, even in ministerial circles. The spirit of Secularism is pervading our ecclesiastical institutions, our literature, our whole social life.

Religion, giving way before continual bombardment and repeated assaults, has abandoned the strongholds of dogmatic theology, and is seeking refuge in the fields of humanitarianism. It may be that it is in this way that it is gradually to disappear—by becoming absorbed in broader phases of thought and action. In the meantime, we must continue the work before us.

It is important that Freethinkers should combine. With so many examples around us, illustrating the power of organization and of combined effort, it would be the height of folly in us not to have the benefit of such methods. There are important questions demanding our attention. The God in the Constitution Amendment was again introduced into Congress at the last session. Our National Association, with its allies fought this Amendment before the Congressional Committees and, for the time being, defeated it. The Amendment has been reinstated, backed up by a petition which is claimed to have attached to it the names of millions of signers. We must meet the conspirators again the coming winter. The people must be aroused to the impending danger, and educated in the principles of liberty and justice. The Sabbath question, and that of the Bible in the public schools, also require consideration. The efforts of bigotry and intolerance must be thwarted wherever possible.

In our discussions there should be the broadest latitude in the expression of opinion. There must be absolute freedom, subject only to such regulations as may be necessary to conducting the Congress in an orderly manner, and with due regard to the rights of all the members.

Let us meet and consult in a spirit of friendship, of conciliation, and of cordial co-operation. If we do this, we shall have a grand and glorious Congress; from which we shall retire refreshed in spirit, confirmed in our convictions, and stimulated to more effective action and to greater achievement during the coming year.

E. E. REICHWALD,  
Secretary.

C. B. WAITE,  
Acting President  
Treasurer

OTTO WETZSTEIN,  
Vice Presidents:

T. B. WAKEMAN,  
JOHN E. REMSBURG,  
FRANKLIN STEINER,  
PEARL W. GEER,

New York  
Kansas  
Iowa  
Oregon

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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European Representatives, Arthur Wastall, Cranbrook House,  
High Road, Chiswick, London. William Gilmour, 73 Cedar  
st., Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1304 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress St., Thursday evening, Oct. 21.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged, \$315.25  
J. K. Ingalls, 11.00

The "previously acknowledged" sums have been subscribed, not all paid, as yet—nearly one half are promised to be paid when the sum of five hundred dollars shall have been subscribed to the fund to extend Lucifer's influence by sending the paper on trial, three or six months, to those who are not yet acquainted with its work, but who would probably become interested if their attention could be directed thereto. The money received up to date on this fund has been expended in the manner just mentioned and while it is too soon to look for much by way of return for the investment we have reason to believe that the results will amply repay the outlay.

A part of the amount subscribed to this fund has been in contributions and promises of books in our line of work. J. K. Ingalls, for instance, has sent his books "Social Wealth" and "Unrevealed Religion," and now he offers to fill orders for his latest work, "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," for the benefit of the "Extension Fund." The price of this book is forty cents for flexible cloth cover, and twenty cents in paper binding. The long life and extended observations of this veteran worker are of peculiar and lasting value to freethinkers and social reformers.

From the originator of the "Extension Fund" plan, the following is received just as we go to press:

"I am much pleased to see the good response made by our friends for financial aid to Lucifer's circulation. I now send the other fifty dollars promised, feeling sure that your supporters will go on and complete the five hundred dollars desired. No persons better deserve a helping hand in humanity's work than you and Lillian."

## The Oregon Arrests.

Considerable space in this issue is taken up with protests against the arrest of the publishers and editors of the "Firebrand" at Portland, Oregon, and in appeals for help to defend them in court and to keep the prosecuted paper afloat. From a private letter from Mr. Pope, and from other sources of information, we learn that he is now alone in the jail, and that Addis and Isaac are out under bond for their appearance at

court. In Chicago a well attended meeting of sympathizers with the persecuted editors was held at Uhlich's Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 13. The chief speakers were Emma Goldman, Max Baginsky and Mrs. Lucy Parsons. A little was raised for the defense, after paying ten dollars for the use of the hall—just how much I did not learn. Again we ask all who would preserve the remnant of liberty we now possess, to send what they can to sustain the persecuted paper. Money can be sent to Henry Addis or to A. J. Pope, Portland, Ore., or to this office.

## The Arrest of A. J. Pope and Henry Addis.

BY CHAS. B. COOPER.

As soon as the news reached New York of this latest attempt at press censorship the necessity of making some prompt remittance of money to sustain the "Firebrand" group and provide for the defense of the imprisoned comrades was felt. The New York Debating Club (Anarchist-Communist) gave up its Sunday evening meeting of Oct. 3 to the consideration of the steps it was necessary to take.

Previous to the receipt of this news the Jewish groups of Anarchist-Communists and "unorthodox" of various kinds had fortunately arranged to hold their annual Yom Kippur meeting (under auspices of the New York Debating Club this year.) The proceeds were already meant to go to the "Firebrand" group, and it was fortunate that the arrangement for the meeting had already been made.

The meeting was held Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, at Clarendon Hall, and was largely attended and a success from many points of view. It brought the English speaking and foreign speaking elements together better than hitherto, which was one of the first objects. It was a thoroughly free thought affair and brought Anarchists, Communists, Freethinkers and Social Radicals together for mutual help on the underlying principle of Freethought.

T. B. Wakeman, as a representative Freethinker, was the first speaker and spoke in English on the primary necessity of freedom of thought in the work of freeing the world from the various forms of slavery under which we live and of the importance from an evolutionary point of view of this new fashion of turning old "holy days" of gloom, austerity and horror into the modern "holidays" of recreation, instruction and joy.

John Edelman and H. Kelly also spoke on appropriateness and both introduced the subject of the Portland arrests, and made earnest appeals for help for defense of the imprisoned comrades.

Dr. H. Solotaroff and Dr. M. Cohn also spoke, alas in Jewish, so I cannot speak as to the matter of their addresses except to say that from their reception it must have been very much to the point. I. Rudash was the chairman.

Beside the usual entrance fee a collection in aid of the "Firebrand" Defense Fund was made.

There was an unusually large sale of literature. Comrade A. Levin, with others looked after three literature stands, and E. C. Walker was on hand with a large supply of English literature. All the proceeds were handed over to the New York Debating Club for the "Firebrand."

At this writing the accounts are not yet made up, but fifty dollars was sent off to Portland at once and balance will go as the subscription lists are returned.

Among the "hits" in literature was a new translation of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" into Jewish, of which a great number were sold.

The Italian and French groups in the city report that they are at work, as the groups at Newark and Patterson, N. J. also do.

## Murdered by Society.

BY J. M. C.

John Peters, an industrious young man who supported his widowed mother by his earnings as a driver of an express





# HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER LX.

Another winter came and still the home was not finished, but now the work on the buildings could still go on, as it was mainly within doors and under shelter. In the heated rooms the skilled workmen found their tasks easy, and under their hands the rooms were rapidly turned into bowers of beauty. The gardeners were kept busy during all the winter months and in the early springtime commenced their outdoor work of beautifying the place. Fountains, statues and other objects of beauty and use grew as if by magic. The hot houses and conservatories were indeed bowers of beauty and elegance. Then came the work of furnishing the building. Again money was not spared to make everything perfect. Every nook and arch contained some rare piece of art—of sculptured work. Exquisite paintings graced the walls. Breakfast and noonday meals were to be taken in what was called the breakfast room. This room was arranged simply for comfort—warm and cozy for the winter, cool and shaded for the summer. In the embrasures of the windows hung the cages of rare singing birds, filling the room with their melody. The furniture was covered with leather. The breakfast was to be simple, consisting principally of milk, grain foods and fruits. The mid day meal to which it was expected few would gather was again simple—fruits and nuts playing a leading special part.

But in the evening when all should be gathered together to enjoy as well as eat—but we are anticipating—too eager to lift the veil from the future. Let us wait, rather, until all our dear friends shall be gathered, to partake of their first evening meal here in the new home; for the present let us go on with our description of this glorious structure.

And yet, how shall we describe it? The most vivid fancy fails to do it justice. The corridors, whose floors are inlaid with tile; the marble staircases; the painted walls; the carved ceilings; the cozy private rooms—each in itself a gem; books and music to be found in them all; each a sanctum for the owner thereof. The library, the music room and the drawing room, each perfect as to form and dimensions; each flooded with brilliant light, or softly toned down as the fancy would demand or occasion call for, yet all arranged so as not to cause needless work.

It was the desire and expectation of this happy household to have only such move about the rooms as were fairly intelligent and cultured. "We don't want them to be servants, who do the work in this home," Owen had remarked, "but comrades and mates, each doing a share. No drones. Drones and idlers do not deserve to enjoy."

Among the details worthy of particular mention were the bath rooms. Not little tubs wherein one person could scarce recline, but a bath in which the bather could splash and swim and romp; not a bath in which false modesty would allow a single occupant only, but one in which a bevy of bathers could enjoy the luxury at the same time. Hot and cold water; steam baths and shower baths—O what a blessing in the cleansing, purifying element! bringing health and strength to all who are wise enough to rightly use it. Just watch the healthy babe in the bath, as it kicks and splashes and screams with delight. Was there ever a more beautiful sight?

Then we come to a wing of this grand building which as yet was, and for a little while would be, closed. Not that this wing was not furnished or completed in every little detail, but the use to which it had been dedicated was not yet here. One or more hearts were waiting and hoping for love's crown—in more than one breast the expectation was strong that at their knock the mystic door would open. What was this mysterious wing? The sanctum of the prospective mother!

Here she was to be surrounded by every beauty and comfort that art could supply and that money could buy. Wherever her eyes should turn they would rest upon representations

of nature's most perfect work—the nude human form! From the little dimpled cupid to the graceful undulating curves of the perfect woman and the outlines of the strength and beauty of the perfect man. Here was the workshop of art. The expectant mother would here be taught to mold the clay, to use the pallet and brush or in the quiet and rest secured her here she could learn to wield the pen. Her gems of thought would thus influence and mould the mentality of her unborn child, and would leap like flashes of sunshine to the world without. Here the builder of the coming child could withdraw to perfect rest and quiet, and here she could steep her soul in music and poetry, and the child which was asked for, which was longed for and demanded, as a pledge of love—the child which was begotten under holiest influences and gestated under such perfect surroundings, could such a child be anything else than ideal? anything less than divine? Released from all the old superstitions of right and wrong; seeing absolutely no wrong in holy love, with a conscience that waits not for sanction of church or state for the consummation of love, but follows only nature's dictates,—who would dare to set the seal of impurity upon the product of such desires, such holy aspirations, such hopes and such longings! Gently, reverently, we close the door of this holy of holies until it opens again to the knock of the favored one.

Is there still more to tell? O yes, much more, but language fails. We cannot tell you half there is to tell. There is the concert hall, the lecture hall, the dancing hall, the theater—all awaiting their turn to be unlocked, for hope is strong within the breasts of the little band that their number will not always be so small, but that in a few short years every room in the spacious building will have its occupant, every hall its throngs of visitors.

In still other rooms beyond, where baby-life is to thrive, the cooing, kicking, little mortals will not be wanting. Where the nurse, to whose care the little treasures are to be entrusted, fully understands the responsibility of her work. No gorging her little charges with sweets, souring their little stomachs; no dosing with soothing syrups and paregorics, sleeping potions, horrid teas and what not, dulling and stupefying their brains and destroying the natural brightness of the child's mentality. O no! This nurse understands better what is for the good of the dimpled, rollicking morsel of humanity entrusted to her care, and as a result she can sleep soundly the long night through. The babes do not disturb her. The perfectly healthy treatment they receive lulls them to sleep and they lay coiled up like downy balls, the chubby fists resting on the dimpled cheeks. What heart would not such a picture gladden?

Are we anticipating again? The picture is so alluring that we cannot help letting our imagination wander, sometimes, but we must return and bring our friends to the now finished home.

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Thomas Higgins, Monmouth, Ill.:—Will take one copy of "Hilda's Home," or if published in cheap form will take five or more copies.

J. J. Lason, Forty Mile, Alaska:—Enclosed find a five dollar bill to pay arrearage and renew on Lucifer. Everybody seems to be getting rich here except yours truly.

[Glad to hear from our gold-hunting friend in the region of the Klondike. Hope he will not share the fate that seems to threaten hundreds of adventurers in the far northwest. Not all who are now in arrears on Lucifer's books can do as well as friend Lason has done, but if all would send us a little co-operative aid it would relieve us of much anxiety. M. H.]

G. P. Vineland, N. J.:—I always feel when reading the articles in Lucifer that the writers are just like their orthodox brothers, giving a great many theories on the one great sub-

ject, making many positive assertions as if they knew they had the whole Truth; the same as Christians do when they talk about that of which they really know nothing—God. Lucifer's writers devote their abilities, they think, to the "sex principle," of the real reality of which I doubt their capacity of forming any correct idea.

[Sex force is so closely allied to life force that it is hard to distinguish the one from the other, and because they are in their essence alike inscrutable is no valid reason why they should not both be considered proper subjects of investigation or inquiry. The force called electricity seems inscrutable as to its real essence, and yet we have learned how to make it minister to human happiness. Ignorance in regard to the working methods of this inscrutable force has caused much suffering and waste of life, and ignorance in regard to sex—its methods of expression or manifestation, has caused still more suffering and waste of life force. Lucifer's writers may not always use the best forms of expression of their ideas, but we know of no better way of getting at truth on any subject than to allow free expression of honest thought.

M. H.]

Cyrus W. Coolidge, Oyster Bay, N. Y.:—The arrest of A. J. Pope and Henry Addis is an outrage against which all lovers of freedom and justice should protest. I have read the "Firebrand" for the past two years, and while I did not always agree with the views expressed in the paper, I do not remember of having seen anything in it which could be called indecent or obscene. To be sure, we can never tell what in the opinion of Anthony Comstock and his minions may be considered "improper" matter, but must we consult Mr. Comstock's taste before we can express our views on the marriage question? Do we live in free American or in Russia? Where is the freedom of which we hear so much? If Comstock is to decide what we shall or shall not print in a paper, we might as well confess that there is no freedom of press in this country, and stop boasting of our glory. That the American people at large can stand Comstock and his infamous methods in suppressing "vice" without uttering an emphatic protest is not very complimentary to their intelligence. If we are a "free" nation let us be free in fact, not in name only. Let Comstockism be wiped out of existence and let every man have the right to express his honest opinion.

Mrs. Dora Boss's letter in Lucifer of Oct. 6 is, indeed, "a very good text from which to preach a long sermon," as Mr. Harman says. I wish, however, to make only a brief remark. My opinion is that when girls and boys receive rational instruction on sex matters, no girl will succumb to the "attraction" that is stronger than gravitation, unless she has carefully considered the matter and is ready to meet the responsibilities of motherhood, and no self-respecting young man will associate sexually with a girl who needs to be protected against herself. Under the present conditions no man can be justified in impregnating a girl, unless the girl has a strong will of her own, that is to say, unless she wishes to have a child and is not afraid of the consequences.

Elizabeth Johnson, Massillon, Ohio:—I must take exception to the letter in our last issue, 676, of Lucifer, from Col. Chas. Gano Baylor. So long as woman is considered a "moral regulator," "a spiritual illuminator," or man's conscience, instead of a rational human being, with impulses, desires and rights equal with man, just so long will man struggle with animalism. But when equal rights are recognized then will woman have a chance to do her best work as race-builder. But woman as a slave and dependent certainly can not bring forth free men, either spiritually or mentally.

Another thought—How do people apply the word animal to humans? Is not the female of brute animals as independent of the male as the male is of the female? Again, if Col. Baylor will look around him and see the "feminine sanctity," as it is today polluted, I think even he would admit that it could be no

worse if women were free to do with themselves and their lives as they choose. If Col. Baylor has proven to his satisfaction that one woman is sufficient for him, by what right does he say to a woman, "One man is enough for you;" or to another man, "One woman is enough for you." Never having himself been a woman, nor even another man, how can he be so positive, that he is right in laying down the law to them? Until woman takes her right to use her functions as she pleases, where and when, she will give very little thought to the use of those functions, as regards race-building.

Woman has never been free; consequently liberty never existed in the United States, and therefore it could not decay. It was only the semblance of liberty. Stop setting woman on a pedestal; recognize her as an equal, and half the problem would be solved.

In the colonel's last statement he makes a distinction between woman, the race and society. Woman is not considered as an individual but as a thing, or an instrument to make the race or society, which consists of men only.

Till women have equal rights with men man can enjoy only half the rights that are his, and the sooner he sees this the better. His special privileges will never gain for him what he is seeking.

Little Harry—Mamma, did papa ask you to be his wife?

Mamma—Why, of course, darling.

Little Harry—And was you acquainted with him then?

Mamma—My dear child, what makes you ask such absurd questions? Certainly I was acquainted with him.

Little Harry—The way you and him talks sometimes I thought you mustn't be acquainted, or else one of you needed a home purty bad.—Cleveland "Leader."

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## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 43.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 27, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 682

### Concord.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

Ah, Musketaquid, idyllic village,  
Thoreau's wild garden, Emerson's homestead,  
Hawthorne's hermitage, beautiful dream-land;  
Life-cup of visions deep as the waters  
Of white-pebbled Walden, source inspiration;  
Poets, philosophers, prophets and heroes  
Find in thee parent, leave thee illustrations,  
Sacred and shining, calm as thy river,  
Concord thy name is.

Thou art a flower  
Out from the Center growing and blooming;  
Here in the West-world we are not voiceless;  
Life is not nearer in Delphos or Athens;  
Infinite wonder no wider in Asia;  
Holy of Holies hides in no temple;  
Earth hath no climate sole for the seer;  
Self no need of a priest at the altar.  
This is thy message, home-rest of bright ones,  
Emerson's inkstand, birth nest of Thoreau.

### Intolerance.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

Intolerance slays freedom.  
Intolerance is the foe of progress.  
Intolerance crushes individuality.  
Intolerance crucifies the world's saviors.  
Tolerance is merely the absence of coercion.  
Tolerance of error must precede its refutation.  
Tolerance of ignorance is the evidence of wisdom.  
Intolerance drives genius to despair and starvation.  
Intolerance can have no place in the freethinker's creed.  
Intolerance crushes the grandest impulses of humanity.  
Intolerance fills the statute books with oppressive laws.  
Truth demands toleration; it should grant as much to error.  
All persons are fallible; hence the necessity of tolerating error.  
Tolerance and calm reasoning are the best eradicators of error.  
Intolerance has bathed the world repeatedly in human blood.  
Intolerance places a premium on ignorance, stupidity and servility.  
Intolerance fills prison cells with the benefactors of humanity.  
Intolerance dooms millions of women to lives of bodily prostitution.  
Intolerance strives continually with its fetid breath to extinguish the lamp of reason.  
Intolerance murders countless thousands of unwedded mothers and their innocent children.  
If a man's belief is wrong, it is because his mind is not clear.  
Intolerance will not enlighten him.

Toleration of truth alone is impracticable; because many who believe they have the truth are in error.

A man who disagrees with you is not necessarily wrong. Seeking his reasons for disagreeing is wiser than to decline to tolerate him.

### The Suppression of Needed Knowledge.

BY E. C. WALKER.

According to the reports printed in the New York "Herald," "Journal," and other dailies, the committee of the Philadelphia Board of Education which looks after the girls' high school in that city has just heard of a work called "Les Misérables" and written by one Victor Hugo. The book has astonished, grieved, shocked and excited the gentlemen of the committee. Of course the offense of Hugo's masterpiece is "indecent." "Indecency" is one of the most conveniently flexible of epithets. Any man can say that any book or picture is "indecent" and you can not dislodge him from his position. You can never prove that it is not indecent—to him. He looks upon the book or picture as in a mirror and you must get at his angle of incidence before you can see the image given by his angle of reflection. That is why the Comstocks and Chases and Burts and Grannises find so much more "obscenity" and "indecent" than is discoverable by some of the rest of the human family.

"I regard 'Les Misérables' as perfectly shocking," says Commissioner Wright, of the Board, "in relation to the French side of life. It is wholly an improper work to put into the hands of pupils, even if they are French students." Chairman Morton agrees with Commissioner Wright, and is not sure that Shakespeare should not be sent to the lumber room. The New York "Journal" comments:

"There are some benighted people who have thought that the lesson of morality was never more clearly conveyed than by the story of the pathetic self-abnegation of Jean Valjean and his devotion to little Cosette, but these are not members of the Philadelphia Board of Education. The usual objection to books that touch at all on objectionable phases of life is that these paint vice in too attractive colors. Fantine's fate is hardly alluring. The news has not yet come that the study of ancient history is to be discontinued in Philadelphia because of Cleopatra's unconventionality, or that Catherine of Russia's connection with European affairs has resulted in the elimination of modern history from the curriculum. . . . Poor Hugo! How glad he must be that he is dead!"

Some persons have expressed doubts as to the truth of the reports coming from Portland, Oregon; they have said that there is nothing obscene in the description of the Barcelona horrors nor in any number of the "Firebrand," therefore it must be there is something back of these arrests of Pope, Addis and Isaac. The persons who say this are unfamiliar with Comstockism; they do not realize that the agents of the

morality inquisition find obscenity and indecency where normal persons would perceive no trace of either. The utterances of Morton and Wright of the Philadelphia School Board may help open the eyes of our friends to the real nature of the federal and state statutes and the methods of the agents of the vice societies. Our skeptical comrades must see now that if such men as Morton and Wright were in the position occupied by Comstock and his associates they would quickly enough find obscenity in almost anything they wished to suppress. Put Wright and Morton on the jury set to decide the fate of Addis, Isaac and Pope, and who believes they would vote for acquittal? These men live in another world than ours, the world of medievalism and anti-naturalism, and what to us is natural, normal and innocent is to them degenerative, diseased and vicious.

The letter which follows and which was printed in the New York "Journal" of the issue of October 13, suggests the inquiry—How much longer will the inaugurators and emissaries of "The Movement in Favor of Ignorance" be permitted by the American people to clog the channels of progress with the rotten debris of dead creeds?

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR COMSTOCK.

To the Editor of the "Journal":

Being in doubt, I turn to the "Journal" for enlightenment. The criticism of Max Nordau's latest novel in Sunday's issue, together with your immense cartoon apropos of Mr. Anthony Comstock, both point to the open question: What constitutes morality or decency, etc., in New York City and the country at large? For ten years I have been gathering data for my book, nearly completed, entitled "Woman, Her Heart, Soul and Body; or, the Ethics of the Marital Relation." I have studied sociology and collected authorities to prove the necessity of the new education of women, to be met with the statement that Mr. Comstock will not allow any such plain statement of facts to be put in print. I desire to have the "Journal's" opinion as to whether the constitutional right of free speech and the freedom of the press is to lapse into innocuous desuetude in this year of grace 1897? What I want to ask is, how far the prurient egoism of a self-constituted art critic, mentor and moralist is to muzzle the public utterances and restrict the expression of their views; and, furthermore, if the exposition of physiological facts and the immutability of natural law also are within the unlimited sphere of Mr. Comstock's power of legal restriction and suppression?

ALICE LEE MOORE.

Of Mothers' Congress, Washington, D. C., Oct. 11.

It is simply amazing, the indifference and apathy of most of the men and women of this country. Not merely their indifference and apathy, but often their pleased acquiescence in outrages that set on fire the blood of the few persons who at this time really think and feel. That a "law" against "vice" should be allowed to exist which operates to prevent the publication and circulation of books and papers which deal in utmost seriousness with subjects of vital importance to the race, is a phenomenon so tremendous in its significance that one is absolutely awed by it into something akin to respect for a stupidity too dense and mountainous to be weighed or measured. Were it not for the few who have brains and hearts our battle would not be worth the while, for these cowardly cattle are fit only for the shambles to which they eagerly hasten. Pity them? Yes. Respect them? No.

### The Old Maid New Made.

BY R. B. KERR.

Most of the writers in *Lucifer* direct their attention to the wrongs of those who are married. To me the worst effect of the marriage system is the injury it does to those who are not married.

One day the servant of a Scottish minister came into her master's study and said,

"I would like, Sir, to speak to ye about a maitter of some importance. I'm gauna get married."

"Janet," said the minister, "it's a solemn thing to get married."

"Ay, Sir," said Janet, "but it's a faur mair solemn thing to get married."

The condition which Janet deplored is now the condition of about thirty per cent of the women of England, for that is about the percentage of those who never get married. More-

over, the last returns of the Registrar-General show that the average age of marriage even of those women who do marry is twenty-six. That means that even the more fortunate of the women of England have to submit to ten years of celibacy after the age of puberty, at that time of life when the feelings are strongest and the consequences of celibacy are most disastrous. If Sir Benjamin Brodie was right in saying that "the evils of celibacy were so great he would not mention them, but they quite equalled those of prostitution," then the condition of the women of England today must be about the most serious condition in which any human beings were ever placed in the history of the world.

In some classes, however, the situation is much more serious than the above figures would indicate. Some weeks ago an English lady and I went over the list of all the English and Scottish women of our acquaintance, to find the proportion of the married and unmarried. We selected only those cases in which we knew all the members of the family, and in which the women were all above thirty. We found that eighty-four women were unmarried, and sixty-six married. Most of these women are the daughters of clergymen, or of army or naval officers. Many of them are, in mind and body, the cream of the human race.

What is the explanation of this miserable state of things? It is not due, as some allege, to the inequalities of numbers of the sexes. In the British Isles there are eleven adult women to every ten adult men, but this disparity is chiefly due to the greater number of old women than old men, caused by the greater vital tenacity of the female sex. No statistics of population can account for the above results.

The real reason why there are so many unmarried women is that there are so many men who will not marry. At least twenty-five per cent of the men in England do not marry. It is not because they cannot, for the poorest are those who marry most. It is simply because they will not. A life-long bond is too tame and too irksome a thing for the men of England, and twenty-five per cent of them will not bow their necks to such a yoke.

The results are two in number, prostitution and celibacy. A vast number of men satisfy themselves with a small number of prostitutes, who are replete and disgusted with too much sex. A vast number of women are doomed to sexual starvation, with the option of marrying men on any terms which men will condescend to offer them.

This arrangement is very pleasing to most men, because it produces that most desirable of all commodities, cheap womanhood. The law of chastity causes great numbers of women to be cast out from society every year, and these women have to sell themselves cheap to men to keep body and soul together. Later on, the majority of men want wives, and then it is most important to have plenty of surplus women, so that they may have to compete and sell themselves cheap. Moreover, it is an excellent thing that young girls should be brought up in ignorance, to furnish an easy prey to men who are a little tired of prostitutes, and beginning to pine for something more piquant.

I am strongly of the opinion that the sex revolution will come, not from married women, or women who have the monopoly of a man, but from the vast army of celibate women who have no logical position in our social system. Much as I admire the Edith Lanchesters and Wardlaw Bests, I no more expect such as they to destroy sex slavery than I expect a few artists and poets to overthrow our economic system. Only a few people have the martyr spirit. Everyone admits that if women would generally refuse to pay taxes, woman suffrage could be brought about in a month. But it has never been possible to get a sufficient number of women to perform even so simple an act of resistance to establish rules. It is much less likely that any number of women who are happy in having secured the love of a man will be willing to risk their happiness by the most heroic act a woman can commit. To a woman a happy marriage is like an ark in the midst of the ocean. Not only will women refuse to give up their chances of entering it

when they can, but those who have got into the ark will be very angry with those who seem to want to destroy it.

The women who will do the fighting are those who are left out of the ark. Revolutions are always made by those who have nothing to lose. Socialism has been started by philanthropic men like Morris and Bellamy, but it will take a strong and effective industrial proletariat to realize it. The fight for sex freedom will likewise be fought by the sexual proletariat. To the great army of unmarried women one may truly address the famous exhortation of Marx to the workers: "You have only your chains to lose. You have the world to gain."

In order to win their battle, unmarried women need three weapons, Liberty, Education and Contraception. Liberty they are now getting very fast, and nothing has done so much as the bicycle to help them to get it. Education they are now beginning to get through the novels and plays of advanced writers. They are now learning that they are slaves, which is the first thing they need to learn. The virtues of contraceptives are too evident to require comment.

When unmarried women have Liberty Education and Contraception, marriage will not last very long. It will not need to be abolished or even modified. It will remain a venerable legal curiosity, and a few cranks will still utilize it. But the great majority will pass by on the other side. The sweet, smiling faces of millions of old maids, happy and proud in their spinsterhood without virginity, will be the damnation of marriage; and that ponderous institution will in a few years be laughed out of existence.

### The Family Ideal.

BY LEROY BERRIER.

The article, "Ideals, Old and New," by Emil F. Ruedebusch arouses me to that point where I cannot refrain from writing a brief refutation of the ideas therein stated, and which I should term "A Very Old Ideal," one that has existed before the human race had reached the degree of civilization and development of today. Such incoherent, unstable, and inharmonious living as advocated in this article, is only fit for a race which has not the higher psychic qualities, love, sympathy, the desire to provide and care for offspring, and surround life with modern embellishments.

I wonder what kind of women will accept such relations? Women in a normal condition and free, are not so constituted. Their love natures are highly developed and they focus their love on some one individual of the opposite sex. This individual, this one alone, is the one with whom they desire to enter into life's greatest relations, the one they desire to have as the father of their offspring, and with whom they desire to unite for life. This is also the case with the highest type of manhood. If there are men and women who are in a reverse condition, it only signifies the undeveloped and uncultured conditions of their gender (sexual) sense. Varietists say much of the temporary character of love. Why is love in many cases temporary instead of enduring? For the reason there is not a high stage of development, refinement and culture. Breadth of character and mental life are essential to the endurance of love. This man would have us kill out of our natures the ideals we cherish. He tells us they are wrong; that love and home are the causes of ill, misery and unhappiness. To me this is wrong. In reply to me, he will say, as others have, "You are so steeped in the conventional customs and thought of established society that you are blinded." This is no answer. Of course any state of development, education and surroundings have blinded me to the ideas that thelves of uncivilized peoples are preferable to that of the civilized. The only reason I look upon theft, robbery, murder, etc., as wrong, is because I have inculcated my consciousness and ideas from "conventional society" indirectly through parents and teachers.

The family instinct is as deeply imbedded in the human race as any of the higher instincts. It has developed. Nor is it alone connected with the sexual instinct. It is connected with

labor which is a distinguishing factor between the civilized and uncivilized. Where there is no family, there is fighting instead of work. Instead of production, there is robbery and destruction.

The family, as I have stated in my forthcoming book, "Creative Force and Sexual Natures," is the basis of civilization. It testifies to stability, coherency and harmony of character. It accumulates, through production, the wealth necessary to sustain life and surround it with the embellishments of modern civilization. Lastly, and of greatest importance, the existence of the family makes possible the rearing of offspring in such a manner as to serve the best interests of society. These facts are sustained by observation. In every country, no matter how civilized, there is an analogue of every plane of the world's progress, from the lowest to the highest, and it is therefore possible to see this practice in any part of the world. The distinction between advancing civilization and barbarism is that the parents of advancing civilization remain united for their own pleasure, financial welfare and the welfare of their offspring and society.

It makes no difference what part religion has played in the establishment of the monogamous union and the family. If religion has been the factor that has accomplished it then religion has prepared the way for science. The science that removes all basis of moral desire is not worth much. Fortunately I have never been fettered by denominational religion. I was reared by liberal parents and have always been a liberal. I believe in freedom, but not license. My life is being spent in efforts to elevate the ideas of the sexual natures on to the same plane the ideas of our other natures occupy, and in teaching sexual and procreative science. It will therefore not do to reply to me, with the very common statement that my ideas along these lines are "perverted and degraded." In my book above mentioned, I have shown that with variety there can be no scientific regulation of quality in procreation. I court a disapproval of this fact.

[Note by the editor: If Mr. Berrier were not a writer of books on sexologic science—books well advertised and extensively sold,—I should have taken the liberty to change the wording of the above article, for greater clearness, in several places. I have made a few changes of punctuation and of orthography only, preferring to adhere closely to the rule of permitting every writer to have his say in his own way,—if admitted to a hearing at all. The questions discussed are important—none more so,—and to get at the truth on any subject all sides must be heard.]

### The Mistakes of Aaron.

BY A. WARREN.

Of course, Aaron is liable to err, as well as Moses. I make some mistakes, myself, though my name is not Aaron. It may be that Brother Harman does not seek to mystify his opponents by concessions. It looked that way to me; for I could imagine no more creditable motive to account for his being on both sides of so many questions. I am sorry to find that by taking what I considered the most charitable view, I seemed to question his honesty. I protest that such was not my intention. I thought, too, that he impugned the motives of others, in his allusion to Grundy pottage; but I am rejoiced to learn that, in this also, I was mistaken.

I wish, before dismissing this unfortunate discussion, to correct an impression that seems likely to be entertained by others, besides Brother Harman, that duality is my ideal. I have not said so. What I said was, that to reserve the divinest have not said so. What I said was, that to reserve the divinest manifestation of love, to express the divinest love, was my cherished ideal. In other words, I have no use for side lovers, as safety valves for passion. My protest was against debasing the ineffable sacrament of love, and not against love itself, with one or many. I hope my words on this point will not be lightly passed over. See Lucifer, No. 675.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Name.

"**LUCIFER**: The planet Venus so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name **LUCIFER** means **LIGHT-SHINING** or **LIGHT-BEARING** and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition;

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

**LUCIFER**'s specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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**LUCIFER CIRCLE** will meet at 1394 Congress St., Tuesday evening, Nov. 2.

IDA C. CRADDOCK requests us to say that her address is P. O. Box 2093, Philadelphia, Pa., instead of 1093, as recently stated in **Lucifer**.

## "The Physical Basis of Love."

According to previous announcement Prof. William Windsor, phrenologist and physical scientist, delivered his lecture on the "Physical Basis of Love" before "Lucifer Circle," on Thursday evening, Oct. 14. Attendance was gratifying in size and especially so in quality. About a dozen practicing physicians and "specialists" being among the hearers. Opening lecture occupied about an hour and was followed by a fusillade of questions from the auditors, for all of which the professor had a ready answer, although many of these questions were in the line of sociology, in its broadest sense, rather than in the line of sexology as such. A brief but necessarily inadequate synopsis of the lecture is herewith presented to **Lucifer**'s readers.

The fundamental principles of the philosophy upon which this argument is based are as follows:

**SPACE** is the eternal, omnipresent persistent female parent of all that is.

**MATTER** is the eternal, limited, consistent male parent of all that is.

Matter does not fill all space as is commonly supposed. If this were true there could be no mutation. There is always some space that is absolutely empty, and which furnishes the receptivity or drawing power which makes motion possible.

The emptiness of space is electricity. The force usually called electricity is *magnetism*. Magnetism is developed whenever matter is caused to vibrate, and consists in the radiation of force from every atom composing the vibrating body. When this radiation is currentized a force is developed which may be directed, and this is erroneously called electricity. It should always be called magnetism and we should speak of "magnetic currents," "magnetic shocks," "magnetic lights," etc.

Electricity is the negative degree of sexual passion developed in space and is manifested by the attributes of gravity, receptivity, coldness and darkness.

Magnetism is the positive degree of sexual passion developed in matter and is manifested by the attributes of vibration, radiation, heat and light.

Thus the eternal principle of **LOVE** is manifested between the fundamental elements of existence.

Wherever the attributes of vibration, radiation, heat and light are found, there is a passionate manifestation of desire for the corresponding attributes of gravity, receptivity, coldness and darkness, and vice versa.

Applying this doctrine to humanity we find temperamental conditions giving the same attributes.

The dark complexioned brunette is called the Electric Temperament and this temperament possesses the attributes of gravity, receptivity, darkness and coldness.

The light complexioned blonde is called the Magnetic Temperament and this temperament possesses the attributes of vibration, radiation, heat and light.

It is natural for these temperaments to blend because each opposes the other with required conditions. It is the radiation of magnetism into the receptivity of electricity which constitutes life.

The electric or magnetic state does not necessarily pervade the whole body. An individual may be electric in his cerebrum, magnetic in his cerebellum, electric in heart and lungs, magnetic in digestive organs, from which fact arises the great diversity of complexion observed in different persons.

As important conclusions from the foregoing premises the speaker claimed that in order to reach the highest development of love or the strongest manifestations of sexual pleasure it is necessary to select a companion agreeing in all the affinities of temperament and that the sexual association should be a permanent one in order to enable the parties to master the harmonies. The speaker also claimed that there were sixty-four different departments of knowledge represented by as many organs of the brain and that continued authoritative discipline was necessary to develop them into complete and harmonious action, and that complete and intelligent love is impossible without the recognition of these principles and the creation of men and women in the possession of complete brains.

The lecturer gave a number of blackboard illustrations of complete and incomplete heads which were very striking.

The professor seems eminently fitted, by nature, by study and training, for the business of lecturer and writer on phrenology, sexologic and general sociologic questions. Possessed of a magnificent physique, good voice and pleasing delivery, apparently in perfect health, in the prime of mature manhood, he is in position to do much to help the race of which he is an integral part, to higher and better planes of living. Prof. Windsor is the author of a number of books on phrenology and allied sciences, chief among which works are "Science of Creation and Art of Reproduction," and "Loma, a Citizen of Venus." The latter book is written in story form—a "story with a purpose"—that purpose being to show the ideal life, the better way to live, and the better way of transmitting or of perpetuating life, human life, on the planet earth. The writer introduces a "citizen of Venus," brings him to Chicago to tell us what social evolution has done for the inhabitants of Venus, our nearest planetary neighbor, and, according to the newer astronomy, the older and more mature orb in cosmic development.

The story proceeds upon the hypothesis that, being the older and more mature planet, Venus sends thought waves, thought germs to its younger brother Earth, and that at long intervals messengers, teachers, are sent bodily from Venus to Earth, and having fulfilled their mission return bodily to their native planet. Loma is represented as one of these super-mundane or extra-mundane teachers.

The astronomical theories propounded by the author lecturer, are not, as he himself tells us, original with him, but adopted from the "Genetics" of Samuel T. Fowler of Philadelphia, published about the year 1885, and as yet but little known to the reading world.

Next week we expect to review "Loma" at some length, and give extracts therefrom. The book can be had by addressing the author at Rushville, Ill. It is a well printed and attractively bound volume of four hundred and twenty pages. Price \$1.50.

## Notes.

BY OMAR.

The notorious Charlotte Smith is running amuck in Boston against the bachelors. She wants them all married, and of course her maternalistic mind can think of no way of reaching the desired end save the short cut of the law. For once she is logical. If the law may rightfully forbid those already married to separate when they grow tired of their partnership why may it not compel those to marry who prefer to remain single? The wits of the press who are ridiculing Charlotte have something to learn from her after all, but I doubt their ability to receive the lesson. The gentlemen of the press are as superficial as the Smith is mischievous. She is never happy except when meddling with the affairs of her betters and the newspaper men are in their element only when treating the most serious sociological problems with the levity of one-night stand clowns.

Compulsion has an evil magic about it which turns every good into evil. Our educational and our sanitary reformers are in that perverse mental state that they can do nothing, or rather that they think they can do nothing, without compulsion. Instead of our reformers being a blessing to the world they are rapidly becoming the other and the opposite sort of thing.—Auberon Herbert.

Naturally, attempted compulsion distracts attention from the bad condition to the victim of it, who then becomes the victim of the law, and whose last state is worse than his first, while that of no one else is bettered. Compulsion sets the "reformer" and the man he wants to reform into jail at sword's points and so, prevents all understanding between them. The average moral and temperance reformer is as blind as a bat and as awkward as a bull in a china shop. He knows no more about human nature and growth than "Moses" did about science.

## "Little Freethinker" Revived.

DEAR FRIENDS: "Little Freethinker" will hereafter be published by H. L. Green, 213 East Indiana St., Chicago, Ill., and as heretofore, Elmina will be editor. Subscriptions may be sent to either of us. We need twenty dollars at once, and I hope all who can, will send in a subscription for the little paper. It is only twenty-five cents a year, published monthly, and much improved. It is now on a firm and permanent foundation. Cordially and truly,  
ELMINA D. SLENKER.  
Snowville, Va.

## The Big Black Cat and the Little White Cats.

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

"I cannot stand it," said the big black cat. "These little white cats insist upon catching mice without my consent. Something must be done to stop it."

"But, gracious master," said the white cats, "is it a crime to catch mice?"

"No, it is not, if you do it with my consent. Otherwise it is one of the greatest crimes of which a cat can be guilty."

"And what will the gracious master do if we keep on catching mice without asking his permission?"

"I will put you outside of the pale of catdom. I will declare the mice that you may catch impure and not fit to be put in the common pantry. I will allow no decent black cat to associate with you."

"The gracious master is very magnanimous. Will he teach us the proper way to catch mice?"

"In order to catch mice you must constantly be accompanied by a black cat."

"And what shall we do if we cannot find black cats whose presence would always be pleasant to us?"

"Then you cannot catch any mice. This is all that I have to say. Good morning!"

When the black cat was gone, the white cats said: "To be persecuted by that mean black cat is not a pleasant thing, but after all what harm can he do to us if we all agree to ignore his command? Let us do what we consider to be right, and the big black cat will either die or become harmless."

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

## CHAPTER LXI.

It was at the close of a sultry summer day, late in August, when Owen, stepping abruptly into the midst of our friends at the Westcot mansion, said:

"Our home is finished! When will you be ready to start for the new quarters?"

This question, though long expected, was not readily answered. All were eager to start, yet much was still to be attended to. The Westcot home had been sold, as it stood, with all its handsome furnishings. The younger Wallace children had lived, during the past year, almost wholly at the Westcots, though Mrs. Wallace had at first demurred not a little. But as the change in them grew daily more apparent she had fully consented, and had left them almost entirely to the management of her step-daughters. In the spacious grounds of the Westcot place they were taught to play and romp and enjoy themselves in a style they had never known. The plan of sending them to boarding school had been given up. A boarding school education was fashionable—yes, but horribly demoralizing. It was to be purchased at the expense of sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. "Better not," Edith had said. "Mrs. Westcot's little girls are taught at home; why not give these girls home lessons also?"

Accordingly Edith taught them their grammar, their arithmetic and geography. Hilda heard their reading and spelling and superintended their writing. Imelda taught them music and drawing while Cora cultivated their voices.

They were now no longer overburdened with study, keeping them at it long hours when body and brain were weary. There was now plenty of time for healthy romping games, long strolls in the shady woods where they became interested in the mysteries of botany, and when evening came, though the day had been so pleasant—nothing like work had been required, yet the curly heads scarce touched the pillows ere sleep had closed the tired lids, not to open again until the morning sun peeped in at the windows, announcing the advent of another day.

The boys received the same treatment. As Paul's clear and experienced eye had almost instantly detected the seat of the evil that was threatening to make a wreck of their young lives, the same methods had from the first been made use of to fill their unemployed hours. Homer was now a youth the sight of whose sunny and intelligent face caused the light of gladness to beam from many a pair of girlish eyes.

Elmer, too, with his sixteen years, gave promise of a royal manhood. Their minds had been relieved of the teaching that had given them false notions of what is pure and what is impure. The beauty of the human body had been taught them, from that of the little cooing babe to that of manhood and womanhood. They no longer felt a foolish sense of shame as they had done when first asked to join their older friends in a bath, and had learned to appreciate it as a rare pleasure, not even disturbed when one day our bevy of girls, both small and grown up, surprised them while laving their bodies in the cooling waters. Such laughing and screaming! It would only have needed, to make the pleasure perfect, that the girls should have joined them. Yet to this the girls would not consent. The fear of discovery was strong upon them, and their lovers did not wish them to run risks that could as well be avoided.

Such had been the lives of our friends, and now came the task of moving, or of emigration. The old familiar scenes, the walks and drives, the groves and the cooling fountains, would

## VARIOUS VOICES.

know them no more. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had long since known of this project and it was with sincere regret they saw the day approach when they should say good bye to these elder, and at one time considered burdensome children. But far worse than they had expected—their younger children refused to remain behind, but insisted on going along to the new home.

At first Mrs. Wallace would hear none of it, but they begged, and entreated so hard, and were seconded by all the members of the "colony,"—as they were pleased to call themselves, that finally with the promise of a yearly visit she gave consent.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, especially the latter, should fully understand the nature of the home to which her children were to be taken. She was too thorough a woman of the world; too completely imbued with its doctrines, its customs and its prejudices; too thoroughly orthodox to countenance for one single instant a scheme so unconventional, so outlandish. She only knew and understood that it was a co-operative home her children were going to; that they had become bright, healthy and strong; that they had developed wonderfully since she had given them into the care of her step-daughters, and as she knew she would now have to send them away again to complete their education she wisely concluded it was better to send them where she felt assured they would be properly cared for, and more so as it was just as easy for them to come home on a vacation from the co-operative home as from any other school. And—yes, she could go to see them. The invitation had been tendered her, so that matter was satisfactorily settled.

Another member of our little band had a severe battle to fight, and that one was Osmond. His life for the past two years had been a series of battles. His father had soon discovered the presence of his former wife and Osmond's mother, and knew of his visits to her. With a volley of oaths he had issued the command that Osmond should never go near her again. To his surprise the boy not only demurred to this but firmly declared that he would go to see his mother as often as he desired. Almost dumb-founded the father shouted:

"What! Court the society of that outcast! that shameless creature who knows not the meaning of the word decency? the woman who—"

"No more of that!"—came in firm, almost defiant tones from the lips of the boy. "You have slandered the best and purest of women long enough—the woman I am proud to own as my mother! An accident made me acquainted with her and with those she keeps company with, and never until then did I know what purity meant, what true manhood and womanhood meant. My mother and my sister are women whom any man might well be proud of; proud of the privilege of holding their hands; proud of being able to claim kinship with them. Do your worst, if you must, but I will not give up their companionship. I would rather cut loose from you!"

Mr. Leland stormed, fumed and cursed, but to no avail. The boy was firm.

"I will disinherite you!" he exclaimed. "I will cut you off without one cent!"

"Do so!" was the calmly uttered reply. "Then I will find some work to do and will transfer my life altogether to the side of my mother."

At this point Mr. Leland wisely desisted. Somehow he hoped to circumvent the boy; hoped to regain full control, forgetting that Osmond's mind was daily developing, and that he was now able to think for himself. So when the son's intention of going away with his mother and sister became known another storm broke loose. But Osmond was firm, and on the morning that witnessed the departure of the colonists he appeared with the rest, equipped and ready for the journey. Meta's dark head appeared beside him. She was growing to be quite a big girl and all along the journey she was his especial care. His "little sweetheart"—she had been termed long since, and the grave-faced child was proud of the title.

To be continued.

Mrs. H. S. Tyler, Fulton, Ill.:—Your paper, Lucifer, came to my address today. I am interested in some of its teachings and would like to read it for a while, so please send to my address. Find enclosed twenty-five cents in stamps. Count me as one who is seeking and striving for the upbuilding of the backbone of Civilization—Honesty and Purity.

Ella Slater, St. Louis, Mo.:—Having read today your "Great Combination Offer" I enclose thirty cents in stamps for literature under that heading and also October number of the "Adult." I know the "Adult" must be good but not better than Lucifer. I can't do without Lucifer. I enjoy it more than all other papers I read. Dr. Hatten wants a copy of "Hilda's Home," yes, two copies.

Myra Peppers, Ottumwa, Iowa:—I want to enter my protest against the outrage perpetrated upon the "Firebrand" group. So fearful is plutocracy that the masses will learn a few lessons in Freedom that every means is taken to crush out the voices of those who dare to speak. I wonder how many of our freethinkers will rally to the support of the "Firebrand"? Let every reader of Lucifer who believes in free speech and free action make a protest against the press censorship that has deprived our brothers of liberty.

Swan Imcrou, Nine Mile, Mont.:—My subscription to your excellent little publication expired some time ago and I neglected to renew my subscription at that time. I am glad that you kept on sending, however, because I have no idea of stopping it. I became a subscriber through the controversy between yourself and the editor of the "Free Thought Magazine" and am glad of the fact, although I am in what people call hot water all the time on account of my outspoken Liberal ideas. Enclosed, please find twenty-five cents. Kindly continue sending the Light-Bearer to yours for liberty.

Chas. Gano Baylor, Providence, R. I.:—Anarchism has two sides,—the philosophic and the revolutionary. The philosophic side is based upon the belief that man may become so civilized as to need neither the policeman or police station; the jailer or the jail; neither the soldier, the judge, the law-maker nor the sheriff to make him do his duty to himself, his fellow-man and the dumb creation.

Are you such a man? Or do you need the policeman, the jail and the soldier to make you do your duty? If you do you are in savagery, and need to be civilized.

The revolutionary side of Anarchism is produced by oppression of humanity—such as that through the Inquisition revived at Barcelona, Spain, by the mass- and confessional-attending Spanish brute, Canovas; and who was righteously executed by the revolutionary Anarchists of Europe.

Luna Hutchinson, Mt. Bullion, Calif.:—I have just read "What the Young Need to Know," by E. C. Walker, and feel to say that it is a lucid presentation of the facts that all should know, both young and old,—facts so long kept hidden by prudery and false ideas of sexual relations,—that this presentation is like viewing the Promised Land of Freedom from moral heights more elevated than was Pisgah's top of old.

When reading the chapter on the universal uses of sex life all around us, making lovely this dreary world of ours, which would else be a veritable desert to us, I felt to blush at the false pride that had crucified the savior Love, not knowing that the kingdom of heaven, or harmony, was in living in the knowledge of and obedience to Love's requirements, governed only by mutual desire and purity of thought.

Ashamed of Love's kisses; just as soon

Let midnight be ashamed of noon.

When, O when shall the purity of life and love be redeemed from the vileness and condemnation of ecclesiastical teachings



and superstition? How long shall the ways of life be hedged in on the one hand in order to keep it pure, and wide open on the other hand, a slum-way of pollution, carrying down to destruction the bodies and souls of over fifty thousand annually of young girls to say nothing of the demoralization of a still greater number of men, causing disease, crime and death! Get this book and read it.

J. G. Truman, Lemon City, Fla.—I rise to a question of privilege, as a debater would say.

In Lucifer, No. 678, Amos R. Smith gives a quotation from a previous article of mine and then jumps away off from the point, and still gives the impression that he is combatting what I said. He forgets the premise and goes off on the conclusion to something that sounds like it, but which in sense is nothing like the same. He says, "That is merely another way of saying what the Theist has so often said to the Atheist: 'If I believed as you do I would have no aim in life except to get sensual enjoyment out of it; I would pay no attention whatever to the rights of others, I would lie, steal, rape, murder,'" etc. Now I did not say that I would have any less regard for the happiness of others, nor feel any the less grieved by their sorrow. On the contrary, I think that I should be more impatient at seeming wrongs. I said that I should be as one lost in the woods without a compass or guiding star. That is, if I did not believe in some intelligence greater than mine I should not know whether I am progressing or turning backwards. I can see no guide but Nature. Take that away and I should be lost. In the sense of this word in which the context shows that I used it. Often when I have combatted a Christian on his idea of the infallibility of the Bible he has replied: "If you take away the Bible, what can you give in its place as a guide?" If he is intelligent I point to science, but if he is not I have no reply, for he knows nothing of science. But if Nature is not intelligent, then science is no guide, and I have no answer. Now, somebody else may have some other guide, but I have not found it.

And now, another argument that Mr. Smith brings up: The good Atheists and the bad Theists. The good Atheist only shows that a man may be better than his creed. The bad Theist counts for nothing since it is well known that a bad man will lie about his belief as well as about other things, when it suits his interest to do so. It is well known, also, that Atheism is not considered "respectable," therefore we may expect that a person who avows belief in Atheism is more honest than an Atheist that claims to be a Christian. But how many that claim to be Christians are followers of Christ? If they are not they are not Christians, and what are they?

Now I hold that a man with very large benevolence, large conscientiousness, hope, firmness and self-esteem will be a very good man whether he is a Theist or an Atheist, but all men are not so constituted. Then what? What check has Atheism for the man born with large selfish tendencies and small moral sentiments? He says that "Death ends all, and what does it matter if I cannot have what I want?" So he tries to get his fill regardless of consequences. Even Mr. Smith and his infidel farmer admits this. Then is the bad Theist to blame for a low hereditary condition, or can he make himself over anew? But he is a fact to be dealt with, and not a theory; and the logic of facts cannot be refuted by personalities.

Then with all due respect for the few noble reformers who are Atheists who have inherited strong humane feelings from their ancestors, yet for the weak in moral sentiments who need inspiring with better motives and who comprise the great mass of humanity, I hold that Atheism is demoralizing and degrades, and that Atheism, in and of itself, has nothing to inspire good deeds. And in corroboration of this I find men who are really Atheists, yet outwardly hold to Christianity, and not from any bad motive, but because they think that Atheism is not good for the world in general. And I believe that the great mass of Atheists profess to believe in Christianity, or the pre-

vailing religion in their locality because they see nothing worthy of contending for in their own lack of faith.

Then I object to the classification of those who contend for Atheism, when they count intelligent men and women who have studied Nature from scientific standpoints with the ignorant who profess to know nothing of God except a superstitious veneration for old traditions and legends written in a book. I regard it as an insult to my intelligence to be so classed. And the different moral effects of such beliefs can be no more alike than the differing ideas of God. Then when advocates of Atheism attempt to show the influence of Theism they put together two classes of persons no more alike than daylight and darkness, with the probability that they include, also, a class of Atheists in disguise. Thomas Paine was a Theist, and Constantine, called the great, professed to be a Theist, yet what had these two persons in common that they should be classed together?

What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them, so that each can enjoy the pleasures of looking up to the other and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development, I will not attempt to describe—to those who can conceive it there is no need, to those who cannot it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that this and this only is the ideal of marriage, and that all opinions, customs and institutions which favor any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions or aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretences they may be colored, are relics of primitive barbarism. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence when the most fundamental of social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and cultivation.—John Stuart Mill.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 44.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 3, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 683

### Humankind.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Being, long slumbering in the womb of time;  
There passing through the shape of lower birth  
To come at length upon the waiting earth  
And be its glory supreme in every clime;  
To the bounteous bosom of the singing rhyme;  
To the at last, confession of the death  
Of utterance worthy to announce thy worth,  
Of honor worthy of the soul sublime!  
Thine infancy is done, yes, thou art near  
The peaks that crown the difficult way of youth;  
Beyond high plains of manhood wait thee where  
Thy soul shall gain its birthright; where in sooth,  
Thou shalt have liberty nor think to fear,  
Deep gazing in the very eyes of truth.

Paris, France, Sept., '97.

### The Lesson of Luetgert, etc.

BY C. L. JAMES.

The trial of Luetgert is a stupendous object lesson in Anarchism—one of many such—whose moral the time appears propitious for pointing. It has cost the people of Cook Co. Ill. some \$18,000 to fail in finding out whether Luetgert murdered his wife. If he is tried again, as proposed, it will cost them at a moderate estimate, \$30,000. Result—they may perhaps hang him—perhaps not. Now, if the people of Cook Co. Ill. had been quite sure from the first that he murdered his wife—if the only difficulty had been getting him to hang—would they have given \$30,000 for his head? Probably not exactly. What folly, then, to spend that sum for an exceedingly doubtful prospect of getting his head!

If a man is positively known to have committed a crime like that of which Luetgert is accused, clearly he is a dangerous madman or degenerate whom it concerns the public to take care of. Nor would there be the slightest difficulty in such a case. Taking care of him would be unanimously agreed to, as in the case of any dangerous maniac—no legislation, trial, or other expensive governmental machinery needed. But if he is not known to have committed the crime, clearly applying this machinery to find out if he committed the crime pays no one but those who run the machine. That he is suspected of committing it furnishes every one else all the protection that under such circumstances is necessary, and supplies that protection gratis. The pretense that governmental machinery affords any other is a lying trick of those who run the machine.

And what means they adopt to line their pockets! The indignation of Lawyer Vincent against Schaak's bulldozing of the witnesses and jury is most just and natural and should not be stopped where it rests at present, supposing the occasion for it to be as alleged, which no one who remembers the Anarchist trials will think very unlikely. But probably Lawyer Vincent was among those who approved the infamous precedents of the Anarchist trials, which have been worrying all who did so ever since. Thus do the assassins of the law teach

"Bloody inventions, which, being taught return  
To plague the inventors!"—

till they work out the destruction of those wrongs which gave them birth.

I apprehend that free lovers are not as helpless before a case like that of C., as Dora Boss imagines. C. is very fortunate in having the "bread and butter question" satisfactorily answered. But "she has no wings for heaven and no status on earth!" What's the matter with Dora's giving her the latter by continuing to behave toward her as if nothing had happened? Or the former by telling her that "mother" is the holiest of names, and that the indecent ceremony of informing a priest or magistrate that she would go the right way to become a mother was very properly omitted? Is Dora afraid the black would rub off perhaps? We free lovers will assure her that we have tested it, and that it is white. Or does she think the job too big? We have not found it so. Let but a few neighbors treat women with justice, as all free lovers do, and they will find others do the like. Mrs. Grundy is a tyrant only because a slave. Defy her and she will obey you.

I don't suppose it necessary to defend such a writer as Ruedebusch against A. Warren, and dislike saying anything more to rattle Mrs. Chandler; but I cannot help noticing one very threadbare fallacy they have in common—viz.: assuming that the "new" or varietist ideal is a masculine ideal. "Always, since the dawn of history," says Mr. Warren, "the practice of the male sex has been very much in accordance with this ideal." "If," says Mrs. Chandler, "the ideal of those men who claim to be reformers is that polygamy is the only solution of freedom in the sex relation, it is not probable that women will be freed very speedily." Now I assert that the practice of the male sex has been no more and no less in accordance with the "new" ideal than that of the female. Any doctor, lawyer, priest, or other person with professional means of information, will tell Mr. Warren that variety is just as common among married women as single men. Why then not as common among single women as single men? Clearly, because they are more likely to be found out, and thus to fall under the ban of certain laws against variety, which laws, as Mrs. Chandler witnesses, are *men-made*! What a slender then to say that men, under the same circumstances, are any more varietists than women! As to polygamy, the men (and women) "claiming to be reformers" (varietists) advocate no such thing. Polygamy, whether openly instituted or practiced under a flimsy pretense of monogamy, means denying, as far as possible, to the weaker sex a privilege which simply cannot be taken from the stronger. Variety means absolute personal liberty for both. Let me add that I have found plural relations among such men and women to be always plural on both sides. It is also in my experience that women of another kind, though themselves living in adultery, go into paroxysms on finding



that their husbands have done likewise. Satyriasis and nymphomania are in perfect harmony, so far. To make a long story short—the ideal of pigs, whether male or female (I have noticed that these animals belong to both sexes)—the ideal equally of the bull-necked brute and the feather-headed fribble—is “Freedom for me, but not for my mate.” The only difference is that one sex cannot be deprived of freedom, and the other can. If then freedom for both were a masculine ideal, that would be much to the credit of men. But it is not a fact—only a cant.

How Mr. Warren can pretend to be a free lover and yet so misrepresent Ruedebusch, I certainly am at a loss to imagine. I had always supposed it a central doctrine of free love that each man's and woman's sexual affairs were his or her own business, not to be “carefully concealed,” but defended by refusal to account for them before anyone, which, so far, is just Ruedebusch's ideal. Will Mr. Warren explain how love can be free if anyone has a right to inquire into it when not wished to?

### Concerning the Propaganda.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Pressure of other work has interfered with the preparation of reports of progress; my last previous article on this subject appeared in No. 678 of *Lucifer*, and should have been followed by one in No. 680. The membership has again doubled, but, although this rate of accession is very encouraging, the aggregate membership might be much greater than it is, and would be greater if all those who intend to join “soon” had come in in the beginning. However, procrastination, hindering though it is, is not a characteristic peculiar to social radicals.

Among letters from Contributory members and from those who have not designated the class into which they wish to go, are these:

I want to join your national association of Social Radicals, but I can not do it at present. Every time at my command is engaged for three months ahead, unless it happens that I can earn something beyond present prospects.—*From California.*

As our organization is not yet perfected, it is not necessary to send the membership fee with the name; the money can come later, after the election of the treasurer and other officers. I hope no friend will hold back because not able to forward the dollar at the moment of joining.

Please enroll me in the Contributory class of your new “national propagandistic association.” I would prefer to be in the Active class, but circumstances make that impossible now. I have been a subscriber to *Lucifer* for ten years.—*From Indiana.*

One of the comrades, from whose first letter I made an excerpt in No. 678, writes that he is surprised that more of the old stand-bys and leaders have not enrolled themselves. They are coming in, I am confident; even our disappointed friend was far from being among the first to join, and yet no doubt he had good reasons for the delay, and the same is true of the Indiana worker and of others, it is very probable.

I enclose find check for one dollar, for which put my name down as one of the members of the new Freedom Association. . . . In answer to yours of the 22nd inst. would say, Put me down as Contributory member, but that don't mean that I will not do anything else. I shall do all in my power to further the end. I have not the education to be an Active member if you mean by that, as I suppose, one able to think and write. When necessary, I can, in my own way, go as far as any one else, but am unable to express myself.—*From Pennsylvania.*

In last week's *Lucifer* my attention was attracted to an article by its allusion to one in No. 672. “A Call for Concerted Action,” which I had failed to notice in my haste to give it to another to read. I have hunted it up, read and approved. I am past the age for active work, even if not lacking the ability; but am willing to give my sympathy, influence and material aid, as a Contributory friend of the cause of sexual liberty; hence inclose you one dollar.—*From Ohio.*

If these two friends—and others—will read the “Call” a little more carefully, they will see that they have misinterpreted the meaning of the word “active,” as used in this connection. An “Active” member does not, necessarily, possess greater intellectual ability nor greater capacity and willingness for work than does a “Contributory” member; he or she differs from the Contributory member only in being both able and

willing to stand out before the world as a free lover; as will be seen upon reading these paragraphs in the “Call for Concerted Action.”

“We would suggest that there be two classes of members: First, the known, active workers, those who can afford to come out into the open and frankly take part in the struggle, and Second, the passive, contributory, friends of the cause, those who, because of family, business or other considerations, cannot afford to align themselves in the division of public propagandists.

“The membership fee is to be one dollar per year in each class. In the public class the payment of this sum gives the right to vote for the election of officers and upon all issues brought up for determination in the annual and other conventions. Contributory members are assured inviolability of confidence, but may not vote. At any time, upon written notice, a contributory member may be transferred to the active class, or a member of the active to the contributory class. If deemed advisable, there may be a life membership, upon payment of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, the rights of life members to be the same as those of annual members, in the two classes, respectively, of active workers and contributors.”

I trust there will be no further misapprehension regarding the status and functions of Active and Contributory members.

Please put me down as in favor of national organization.—*From Illinois.*  
I fear you think me but a poor worker in the field of Progress, as I am so slow in responding to your Call for enrollment. But the delay was enforced; I had to wait for the dollar, and now as I send it, I sorely know in which class to go. It may be best, for the present, to have my name merely in the Contributory class, as it would, most likely, not be very wise to take active measures, because I hold a position as public teacher, and you know a person of that kind is not quite free—if he wishes to retain his position. Though I live under the old regime—in holy wedlock—I feel and know that the views advocated by you and others like you are correct. Unrestricted freedom alone can produce true happiness. I think the “friends” should know each other, though it may not always be best to have those who oppose us, or freedom, know the names of those who are striving to demolish the idols of a so-called civilized world.—*From New Jersey.*

I read your “Call” some time ago and immediately wrote my approval to Comrade . . . and should at once have forwarded my name, but my dollar was lacking. This morning, however, I received a letter from . . . of . . . saying he would send two dollars to Lillian, paying membership fees for him and myself. A few comrades are talking of forming a group in New Orleans this winter after quarantine is lifted, and so have a pleasant stopping place for any of the faithful who come that way. Like you, I think the day will come when we will be proud to say our names were down as charter members of the organization, but I think many of us will go into hot water before that time—but I don't mind that; I am used to such things.—*From Louisiana.*

Like so many others, this woman forgot to say in which class she wished to be enrolled.

For the present, I will go into the Contributory class. While I do not make any attempt to conceal from my intimate acquaintances my views on religious and social questions, open connection at this time with your grand association might draw down on me the wrath of the officials of the corporation of which I am an employee. I would be glad to see the last vestiges of the hypocritical social and religious system disappear, and I hope that the “concerted action” of all Liberals will be the beginning of the end. Liberals certainly cannot afford to indulge in recrimination when there remains so much to be accomplished against the common enemy.—*From Wisconsin.*

Yours, in compliance with Lillian Harman's request, received, and you have my thanks. I will add that you can place my name on the Active roll. Though removed from you, or “headquarters,” I am sure the way will be open to meet and act.—*A. A. Caswell, California.*

I do not think I can take a very active part for some time, as I have another project in view, viz., the starting of a colony in Central America, which will take my attention mostly outside of the United States. But if you are willing to co-operate with a branch in Central America, I may be of more use to you in the not very remote future. In this you can help me and I think that we can be of service to you in several ways. However, I wish to be known to the friends and to have the privilege of taking an active part if convenient.—*J. G. Truman, Florida.*

I want to be a member of the Comradeship of Social Radicals. I want to be counted among the Active members in this most important work. I expect to devote all my time not needed in obtaining subsistence to the advocacy of sex reform.—*Myra Peppers, Iowa.*

I am heartily in sympathy with the movement, and therefore inclose one dollar and request you to place my name on the list as an Active member of the organization and hope you call a convention as soon as possible, although I will not be able to attend.—*F. J. Affhäuser, California.*

Since my last report was written, several men and women in this city have handed in their names, some as Active and

others as Contributory members, and there will be further additions soon.

Yesterday this letter from British Columbia came to glad me, and I know that it will delight our friends everywhere.

I have had some hesitation about joining your proposed organization, because I have noted how ephemeral such alliances are apt to be, how one is liable to be held responsible for all the vagaries and idiosyncrasies of the members of a society professedly composed of "cranks." I have thought it might be better to work individually on one's own lines without being hampered by possibly antagonizing alliances. But reading of the arrest of Abner J. Pope and Henry Addis makes me decide that if there is any society whose object it is to resist the invasion of the right of free expression of opinion, I will join that society openly and actively. I do not know what has been written in the "Firebrand," nor do I care. I only know that these men are friends of freedom and that whatever they have published must have been with an eye single to good's glory and that their arrest must be an act of oppression by the allies of superstition and tyranny. Ever since I saw the bars of Charleston prison separate Ezra H. Heywood from his dear children, I have held the firm resolve to oppose the power that commits these outrages. The imprisonment of yourself, of Lillian Harman and Moses Harman, and this latest act of bigotry add to the reason why all who believe in the right of utterance should unite to assert themselves in opposition to the priest, politician and prole (the big G's—God, Government and Grundy).

Yours for the three big I's, Liberty, Learning and Love,  
ROBT. C. ADAMS.

One dollar inclosed for membership fee (Active).

The letter of Captain Adams rings out like a bugle call in the gray of the battle morning. "I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN THE 'FIREBRAND,' NOR DO I CARE." That is the keynote. It is the prophecy of ultimate victory.

As the education of the people is the surest of defenses, the Propaganda is in fact a defense association. Its aim to show to all the necessity for freedom of thought, of speech, of press, of the mails, of life. Are you with us?

244 West 143rd St., New York City.

### On Love Ideals.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

In *Lucifer*, No. 677, Mr. Ruedebusch appears to feel hurt and indignant toward varietists in general, and toward myself somewhat in particular, for what we have said or left unsaid about his book. He claims a general misunderstanding of his "Ideal," and takes pains to re-explain it as consisting simply in the doctrine that sexual relations should be entirely private, as a detestation "of the idea of ever being labeled as the sexual mate or partner of anyone."

I think I did rather fail to comprehend that his ideal consisted wholly of this, although I realized that he advised privacy, and I herewith apologize. Such ideal, however, is not novel, as divers of my free-love friends held it before the "New Ideal" was thought of. And it has always seemed to me that an ideal should be adapted to an ideal state of society. My ideal is to pay no taxes, but under present conditions I pay them without kicking because resistance would cause me trouble. Just so, under present conditions, I keep my sex-relations private, but see no reason why under ideal social conditions they might not be more openly spoken of.

My ideal state of society is one in which all non-invasive sex relations will be regarded as innocent and as matter-of-course as eating, sleeping or any other physical function. What need, then, at such a time of keeping them private?

Mr. Ruedebusch affirms dogmatically "there is no reason why society should or could know of it," i.e., your sex relation, but I must disagree on both points. The tremendous need of sexual knowledge is the reason why society "should" know all about sex relations, and (to take only one illustration) the having a child is one way in which society "could" know of a sexual embrace.

So far as present conditions of society render it politic I am very much in accord with his ideal of privacy, and, therefore, I too have not signed the "Call for Concerted Action" because I feel that anything like public organization or open and aggressive propaganda of free love would, at the present time, be a hindrance and probably actually hinder social emancipation. I feel, with Mr. Wacker, that realism in the broad sense

what we should all work for now. When we get that, "sexual emancipation" is a matter of course. But just now "sexual emancipation" is the tender point in the epidermis of a sexually superstitious public. It is not good policy to try to lead a mule by his hind feet. But lead him by the head and the hoofs follow. At present the pressure against sex freedom is comparatively speaking light. It has become the fashion of all novelists to treat sex problems, and the public as a rule resents interference with any one treating sex from a scientific or artistic standpoint. Divorce is obtained with greater ease than ever before. By the use of a little policy and care in selecting language very free books and papers may be printed ("The Old and The New Ideal," and *Lucifer*, for example) with comparative freedom. Things are by no means ideal, but they might be infinitely worse. But get up an organized, active, defiant propaganda of free love, distributing "millions of leaflets and small pamphlets," systematically increasing the circulation of free love literature and establishing bureaus in the legislative centers to "antagonize" and "repeal" invasive legislation and you will soon see "what's what." All the slumbering sex superstition of the country will be aroused to fever heat. Thousands of pulpits will thunder the alarm and battle-cry against the "corrupters of youth" and "seducers of women." The vice societies will at last have full justification in the public eye and will be given a new lease of life. Not only will all "existing archaic and reactionary statutes" be enthusiastically affirmed and enforced but new ones will be eagerly passed to blot out every sign of the "virus." Papers like *Lucifer* will be thoroughly suppressed and all free sex publications prohibited with relentless vigor. Novelists and poets will have to please the public by tabooing sex, and everywhere there will be a revival of Puritanism invoking the mob and the law against the "vile" and the "sensual." Martyrdom or silence will be the fate of all who now so bravely "Call." Personally I am warmly friendly to those who issue this "Call." I would like to see free lovers quietly organized and made acquainted with each other. I approve a free love propaganda and work for it. But I would use all the strategy and privacy honest human nature is capable of. I hate to see a naked man go into a den of tigers to draw their teeth, however sublime the spectacle.

Therefore, because the "New Idealists" advocate a propaganda of combined activity and privacy I am with them. Their methods, I believe, promise greater success with less reaction. Drop the "National Propaganda," comrades, and join the "New Idealists."

But this is a digression. Mr. Ruedebusch, amusingly enough, forgets all about his ideal of privacy when he turns to my ideal, and manifests a very "Old" sort of curiosity as to the sexual relations of my "central" and "side-lovers." Really I do not see that sex relations have any more to do with my ideal than with his. It is simply no body's business what kind of association a man has with his "central" or his "side-loves," with all of them or none of them. Love is love, with or without sex expression.

My claim is that human love naturally flows into the form of a central and side loves; that this is the type, from which, of course, there are all sorts of individual variations, as from all other types; and my ideal is that this should be generally recognized as scientific fact and normal affectional evolution by lovers everywhere. Such recognition will be the death blow to jealousy.

And for the life of me I can see no reason why any one should object to being called a "side-lover" more than a friend or younger son. It is a natural fact, that's all. Especially as when the ideal, where fulfilled, makes every "side-lover" of one person the "central lover" of some other. Only the holding of the old ideal, which Mr. Ruedebusch seems himself to hold, that every love should be a central one, or pretend to be, can make objectionable the frankness of side loving. Personally when I meet some queenly woman, whose intellect, virtues and beauty render her lovely in my sight, I am very proud to win any interest in her regard. It is her due that many men should love her and that the one man, best fitted, should hold her innermost love. And it is no "depreciation" of me if I am not that man, seeing that the whole question is not one of superiority or inferiority but of peculiar fitness.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

THE NAME LUCIFER MEANS LIGHT-BRINGING OR LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege—

LUCIFER'S speciality is sexology, or the science of sex, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress St., Tuesday evening, Nov. 2. Subject for discussion, "The Evolution of the Family."

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged, \$376.25

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## How to Train the Young Sex-wise.

Confessedly the most difficult and perplexing of all the problems relating to the education of the young is that which pertains to the uses and abuses of sex. So fearful is the average parent and teacher that knowledge of sex will be misapplied that most guardians of the young prefer to leave their charges in utter ignorance of this most powerful and most important of all the appetites and passions. In the book called "Loma," a brief review of which will be found in this issue of Lucifer, there is much space given to a discussion of this problem. Among other things Loma is made to say to his host, Dr. Bell:

"Another condition which is in our favor, is that the natural desires of the affectional nature are satisfied from infancy to old age. The very first impression that is made upon the young citizen is, that he is loved, and that his affection is desired in return. He is kissed, caressed and encouraged to exercise his own affection by both sexes from the beginning to the end of his life. Now, on this planet you violate the law of the development of love by instructing your young people that it is dangerous and indecent to express love freely. As soon as the young citizen passes out of his swaddling clothes he begins to despise the caresses of his mother, and he is taught that it is unmanly and babyish to be affectionate. Your girl is taught to absolutely strangle her affections until marriage, in order that she may then gratify the selfish whim of the tyrant who is to own her, by being what he calls 'chaste,' that is, that she has never given expression to a single impulse of love

to any fellow-creature of the opposite sex, except his arrogant, ignorant and selfish self. As a consequence of this sentiment and doctrine, there are thousands of your young men and women who are in a state of sexual starvation, and as they have been starved from their youth up, they have no conception of what is right. With the larger liberties you allow your boys, the majority of them become rakes, and satisfy their passions whenever and wherever they can, without taste or discrimination, and after a few years of such dissipation they are utterly unfit for a pure sexual association with any woman. On the other hand, your girls either become sexually paralyzed, or, yielding to the dictates of strong impulses, they violate the customs of your society, and, if discovered, they are disgraced.

"Now, upon our planet we have no such conditions. The fact that love is made a subject of study and instruction, the same as music or any other department of knowledge, has enabled us to obtain the same desirable results. The affection which exists between the parent and child is never allowed to grow cold. You will see a mother of advanced age surrounded by stalwart sons and beautiful daughters, and perhaps a score of grandchildren, and by actual count you will see that she receives as many, or perhaps more, demonstrations of affection in the course of a day as she received when she was a beautiful young baby in her mother's arms. As between the sexes, and persons of the same age, the same spirit of affection prevails. Young persons become attached to each other in infancy, and continue through life to give and receive kisses and caresses with the greatest freedom.

"As a consequence, we do not have the condition of starvation to contend with, and the affectional natures of our young men and women being satisfied by these conditions, they are ready to consider the sexual relations with sound judgment and to adopt that course of action which the experience of the race has proved to be in accord with the law of mathematical equity and the best practical results. Another fact which conduces greatly to the establishment of correct moral conditions is, that sexual intercourse is not considered forbidden fruit. It is regarded as a purely natural function, and the imagination of the young citizen is not inflamed by its being surrounded by the air of mystery which pervades all classes on the earth. The destruction of the belief in the supernatural, which was the first principle of Gallheim's code, rendered all subjects free to the investigation of the people, and as soon as the curiosity of the young citizen is satisfied with reference to his sexual functions, and he understands them, he dismisses the subject from his mind and engages himself in the pleasures which are suitable to his age, with the full belief, that, when he reaches maturity, he will have all of the enjoyment intended by nature in the exercise of those parts of his constitution.

"With these explanations, you can readily understand that it is not difficult to enforce the doctrine which is universally accepted on Venus, that sexual intercourse should not take place until the participants have reached maturity. We find that our male citizens usually become fully mature at the age of twenty-five, and the female citizens about five years younger. Hence the question of indulgence does not present itself to the consideration of the young members of society until they are sufficiently mature to meet it with sound judgment."

## "Loma, A Citizen of Venus"

Startling in its audacity, interesting in its theories, and ingenious in its construction is the 400-page novel written by Professor William Windsor, the well-known phrenologist and psychologist, entitled "Loma, a Citizen of Venus." The story is of surpassing interest and few persons can read it without gaining new and valuable ideas on sociology, sexology and the absurdity of conventional morality.

The hero is Loma who is translated from the planet Venus to the earth just in time to save the life of a girl who has jumped into Lake Michigan to drown herself and kill her unborn babe. Loma and Dr. Bell, a broad-minded practitioner,



take charge of the girl and instruct her in the true nature of the sexual desires and functions. Loma tells her that her child is to be a great teacher and will revolutionize society. In his conversation he gives utterance to new and startling astronomical theories. He contends that physical astronomy as now taught is radically wrong in its principles and statements. He disputes Newton's theory of gravitation, declares matter does not attract matter and that the sun does not radiate light and heat. More than this, he gives reasons for his statements.

Loma also says the wearing of clothing is productive of disease and that the prudery generally called modesty is a crime, rather than a virtue. In speaking of the expression of love he says:

"It is not only the right but the duty of every sane man and woman to cultivate and express love for as many individuals as possible. The larger the number of lovers, the richer becomes the life. This does not mean promiscuous love, nor promiscuous sexual association, but it does mean the largest possible freedom in social intercourse. It means that if a woman loves a man, or if a man loves a woman, that they should have the privilege of meeting as often as they please, when and where they please, and expressing their love for each other in any language they choose, whether it be spoken, written or expressed in kisses, caresses, or merely friendly greetings. This right is inalienable, according to all dictates of sound public policy, and any contract which deprives a man or woman of this liberty is void.

"Under your present conditions, if a man and woman meet each other freely, or a married man or woman is seen to any great extent with some other person of the other sex, you assume that they have met for sexual intercourse, and a scandal is the result. This is greatly augmented if there is the slightest evidence that they have kissed or caressed each other. All of this grows out of a degraded conception of love which has been forced on the human mind by the fact that man has been trained to regard woman as solely an object for the expression of sexual passion, and your men of the present generation cannot understand any other relationship.

"As soon as woman escapes from the bondage of marriage she will regulate this matter herself. She will demand that men recognize the purity of her motives, and she will teach them that if they wish to find favor in her eyes, they must be capable of enjoying all the other pleasures of life with her, without associating her with the gratification of mere passion. When men and women learn to associate on this plane the espionage of women will cease. As it is now, a man is suspicious of his associate, because his own conscience tells him in many cases that if she is not unfaithful to her marriage vow, it is not because she has not ample provocation.

"Men establish an espionage on women, because they are suspicious and selfish. Women assist in this espionage with incredible zeal, because they are jealous and selfish, and every woman who can be crowded off the social stage makes that much more room for the degraded slaves who do the spying and gossiping. When this slavery and degradation is abolished with marriage, and men and women associate upon an equal plane, the artificial crimes of adultery and fornication will disappear, friendship and love will be cultivated, better men and women will appear, and harmony will exist where discord now prevails."

Persons who have read Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," and "The British Barbarians" should by all means read "Loma," for it is more radical and consistent in its opposition to the sexual slavery of women than is either of the noted English author's books. "Loma" is handsomely bound in cloth with an illuminated cover. Price \$1.50. Address orders to this office.

It seems so clear to me that all our laws, customs and traditions bearing on the relations of the sexes had their rise in barbarism, that I wonder all do not recognize the fact.—"Prodigal Daughter."

## In Memoriam.

Etta Galvin closed her eyes in the last mortal sleep, Saturday, Oct. 23. She was a member of "Lucifer circle" and her life was an exemplification of her belief in high endeavor unrestricted by the regulations of church or state. She was born in Boston, Mass., Sept. 7, 1864. Although her mother was a Roman Catholic and her father a Protestant Methodist, Etta's clean conscience and humane disposition rose superior to the formality of religion and the impulse of her gentle life she expressed in the words, "A great hope of larger opportunities for spiritual unfoldment and a development of that which is best in human endeavor."

With such a hope she looked forward to the termination of her long illness with joy. Her ten-year-old boy was drowned at a picnic in July, 1896, and she never recovered from the shock of that bereavement. Her own words were, "At that moment something went out of my life which left me weaker than I was before." Consumption was her last illness.

Etta was a thorough radical and her funeral, at her request, was conducted with simplicity. A single red rose was placed on her breast. A brief sketch of her life was read by Moses Harman who also spoke of his acquaintance with her and of her beautiful character. He referred to the simplicity of the funeral and incidentally spoke of the great and unnecessary expense that usually attends such services. J. M. C.

## Prof. A. B. Severance.

The month of October, Era of Man 297, has chronicled the demise of not a few of earth's denizens who had made their mark among men, as leaders of thought and of action. Prof. A. B. Severance, for many years a well known citizen of Milwaukee, Wis., a pioneer worker in all humanitarian reforms, passed peacefully from earth-life at North Chicago, Oct. 8. He was nearly eighty years of age, and yet with the exception of the color of his hair he carried the impression of youth, or rather of the prime of vigorous manhood. The papers of North Chicago and of Milwaukee have had much to say in praise of his exceptionally courageous, honorable and useful life. For many years he was a subscriber to and earnest co-worker with Lucifer. To his many personal friends, scattered over many states, as one who knew and loved him I extend sincere sympathy in this hour of their bereavement. M. H.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. LII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

**STABILITY OF MONEY.** A government or association having the power of taxation, can keep its bills in strict agreement with a fixed standard, as shown in No. 35. For instance, if it is found that actual prices are above the standard, it will show the necessity for calling in part of the outstanding currency by increased taxation. This mode of regulation is effective but needs to be supplemented by a process which will be more prompt; preserving an equilibrium, like the fly wheel in machinery. The government should keep always for sale interest bearing bonds, at a fluctuating price. When currency is to be called in, to reduce prices, a slight diminution in the price of the bonds will produce the effect. As soon as the standard is restored, the price should be raised again. The amount of taxation will then be regulated so as to make the total issue of the bonds as small as practicable.

The issue of such bills by an association would be much facilitated from the fact that there would be a large issue in payment for services, and a large withdrawal in payment for articles of consumption furnished to members, while prices would be chiefly fixed by the association itself.

As stated in No. 38, increasing the amount of currency by checks or other forms of currency, would not affect prices; for they would depend solely upon the volume of the notes liable to be withdrawn by taxation.

After full consideration I have abandoned the attempt

referred to in No. 37, to base a currency upon labor. I have found no remedy for the defects of that system; whereas the system now proposed embraces all its advantages, with the additional advantage of stability in prices.

[The question of money, the problem of a circulating medium to facilitate exchanges of commodities and for the more speedy transaction of business of all kinds, is a question that so nearly concerns all social reforms that I do not think it necessary to offer an apology for devoting a part—though necessarily a small part—of *Lucifer's* limited space to the consideration of this problem. Friend Parkhurst asks but little space, and if those who care to reply to him will confine their remarks to similar limits, there will probably be little complaint from publisher or reader. Not wishing to take the space that others might better occupy I will only say in regard to the above "lesson" that from the libertarian standpoint, as I see it, any issue of "interest bearing bonds," with the sheriff, the army and the navy at their back, is simply a form of despotism, of robbery under the guise of legality, and no nation or people can ever be free, politically or otherwise, while they submit to such legislation, such government. Whatever the name the essential principle of all such government is *monarchy*. M. H.]

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LXII.

At the close of a warm sunny day they alighted at "Willow Grove," the name of the station nearest their future home. Wagons were in waiting, upon which their effects were loaded.

"But we will walk!" said Owen, "only ten minutes. The exercise will do us good, after our long confinement with scarcely any movement."

And with an arm encircling Cora's waist he led the way. Many were the exclamations of delight as beauty after beauty unfolded itself before their eyes, but when a turn in the road-way brought in full view the imposing stone structure with its many arches and turrets, its profusion of vines and flowers, a long drawn "Oh!" escaped from each beholder.

Owen drew Cora aside so as to permit the next couple, Lawrence and Hilda, to be first. Silently every man bared his head. Lawrence kissed the little hand resting upon his arm.

"Our Hilda's Home!"

With hands clasped above her heart Hilda stood and gazed. "My dream realized! Mine the dream, but yours," turning to Owen, "the realization. To you belongs the honor and greatness of this hour."

"Tut! tut! little one! How worthless my millions without the plan,—without the work of the mighty mind. Have you no wish reserved for the architect?"

With tears suffusing her sight she turned and extended both hands to Lawrence, who reverently knelt and bowed his head over them.

"Mine own! I may hope to win you now. To be worthy of your sweet love!" Edith and Paul saw, and a quick glance of comprehension flashed from eye to eye.

Owen's arm encircled his precious Cora and a mystical silence fell over this band of lovers. Who of them all could resist the supreme eloquence of the hour? Margaret leaned her head against Wilbur's shoulder and Wilbur's dark head was bowed over Margaret's fair one, reminding us of "Faust and Gretchen." Imelda's wine-brown eyes were drinking in the adoration of Norman's blue ones. Her hands went up to his face, taking it between them.

"You understand me now?"

"Long, long ago, my dear one."

And a kiss followed the words, a seal, the emblem of his love and trust.

Milton's hand pressed a blonde head to his breast and the bright, happy face that is turned up to him promises oblivion for the dark hours in his past life.

Our stately Edith must not be forgotten. A warm glow suffuses her cheeks as she also is drawn closer to a manly breast, and glancing up her dark lustrous eyes meet those of the young physician in unutterable love and trust.

Mrs. Leland is looking on; her eyes wander from the grand structure over the spacious grounds and thence from couple to couple, every face illumined with a commingling of love, hope and joy, as they stand knocking at the door of an unknown world. Will it fulfill all their expectations? Her eyes fill with tears. Unconsciously she folds her hands as she reads the love-lit faces and sees there the fond hopes that unite each lover couple. Presently an arm steals about her neck and a cherished voice says,

"I will be your lover, my own mother. You are too young, by far, to be thus left alone!"

She smiles as she answers:

"I know you are that, my boy, but in time you will be a true lover of a true and perfect woman."

Meanwhile the younger portion of our band make themselves more noisily heard. They feel the influence of the surrounding beauty, and, as is natural, give vent to exultant cries and shouts. Presently Elmer's voice is heard demanding:

"I say, why are we all standing out here? I am hungry and tired; a bath and supper will go good, I'll wager."

Thus admonished a forward movement was again made, and in a very few minutes the welcoming portals had opened and received them. Flowers! flowers! A profusion of flowers everywhere. Each room had been furnished and decorated with a view to being especially adapted to the tastes of its future inmate. Owen took delight in pointing out each room to its owner. When all had sufficiently admired their sanctums a half hour was spent in baths and other refreshments. Pretty, airy and comfortable dresses were donned. Some of the rare flowers that filled the vases were fastened in the hair and at the waists of our happy girls and on the coat lapels of those of the masculine gender. Then the way to the drawing room was found, or simply the "parlor," as was the term for this surpassingly beautiful room.

Soon all had gathered in. The lovely "salon" had been duly admired—such comfort and ease, so cosy and homelike. Everything beautiful. Rich, but not too grand for use. Dinner, supper, or whatever you might choose to call the evening meal, was then announced, and all repaired to the dining hall. Have we already described this room? No! Then we must enter with our dear friends and while noting the effect upon them we will try to describe, just a little, what kind of place it was that had been selected in which to partake of the main meal of the day.

An apartment ample in dimensions; high and arched; with walls of glass to permit the light of day to flood the place; for other life was here to thrive than that alone of our free love circle. Rare plants; palms and cactus; trailing vines; sweet scented flowers in great profusion and under canopies as in an alcove. The dining table had been set, covered with snowy linen and decked with flowers. Flowers in all shapes and forms, and of all colors. Above the table suspended from the ceiling was hung a large bell, formed of white carnations, held in place by two cupids floating in the air. The center of the table held a huge basin of finest porcelain, forming a miniature pond containing a delicate fountain showering coolness into the sweet-scented air. The basin itself filled with the most perfect of water lilies, the golden centers gleaming in the snowy depths. Vases filled with rare roses; delicate green wreathings; the various dishes; while the air was filled with delicious music,—low and sweet. Luscious fruits, nuts and sweet new milk, and such simple fare, formed the chief part of the repast that had been prepared. Meats and rich pastries had been dispensed with. But when had the participants ever enjoyed a meal more keenly? The folding doors of those transparent walls had been thrown wide open and the pure refreshing evening air was wafted in to them, bearing with it the promise of

golden future, while jest and wit and mirth flashed and sparkled like costly jewels in the bright gas light.

But time was gliding by on tireless wings. The sun was nearing the horizon, casting its last golden rays aslant upon distant waters of the river, and farther on the lake, causing the waters to be replendent with the reflection of the setting orb. Like a living, glowing, quivering mass of liquid fire were the dancing, rippling waves, and all looked on this display of nature's charms with a feeling of awe and veneration. Silently they stood grouped, loving forms were drawn closer and firmer together as they watched the grand and glorious sight. Slowly the glowing orb sank beyond the distant heights; slowly the waters changed their gleaming brilliance to a more somber quietness; and as daylight disappeared ushering in the twilight with its fantastic shadows, the coming night sent forth its heralds. The weird humming of the near insects and the occasional hoot of the distant owl. The rising moon cast its mellow rays on the peaceful land scape, causing the waters of the lake in the distance to gleam with a silvery sheen. All these brought with them a quiet peace that could never be felt in the heart of the busy city.

No music or song thrilled the air on this first evening in the new home. Hearts were too full for utterance; too full for mirthful joy. Tired from their journey, filled with grave and subtle musings our friends sought quiet rather than mirth. Here and there a tear glistened on the lashes of some bright eye, to be kissed away by the lips of love. *The new life had begun.* Dreams were now to be tested, verified, and each and all looked anxiously to the future—a future filled with hope, with trust, with high anticipation, and yet never for one moment forgetting that this same future would bring grave duties and responsibilities—duties and responsibilities that would show whether or not this little band of reformers, of innovators, was composed of the right elements to achieve success in a comparatively untried field of human endeavor.

To be continued.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Editor Schilling in "The Advance," Milwaukee, Wis.—We have no liberty of the press. Moses Harman served several years in Kansas state prison, because he dared use plain language in advocating the emancipation of woman. Several young men are in jail in Oregon today because they published a paper called "The Firebrand" favoring abolition of rule; and thus many cases could be cited.

Howard Tuttle, Milwaukee, Wis.—I enclose two dollars. Apply this to six months subscription. The balance as you please, and notify me when the subscription expires and I will renew. Your paper is worth far more than the price. I am sorry not to be able to send you one hundred dollars. I have always hated the interference of church or state, and many years ago took a wife without consulting them, and we are still happy and well mated and our children are not taught superstitions and dogmas.

Albert Chavannes, Knoxville, Tenn.—While I do not entirely agree with you, as you know, I am much interested in your work and think you are doing much to help progress. If I do not take as active a part in the same lines it is because I think I am better qualified for other work. I like the broad spirit of the editors of Lucifer, and think that the free thinkers and progressive minds of the United States, have in past few years learned a great deal as to toleration, and how to work together even when there are important differences in their views. There is yet too much of fault finding, but the right spirit is growing.

William Croston, Bradford, Mass.—Enclosed find fifty cents for Lucifer thirteen weeks, and the enclosed list of pamphlets. Would you be so kind as to negotiate for me a year's

subscription to "Firebrand"?—for which I enclose fifty cents.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 45.

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WHOLE No. 684

### "Whom the Lord Loveth, He Chasteneth."

BY E. C. WALKER.

This thought is about the only present comfort of Comstock the Censor. The superservicable Agent of the Vice Society some time since began a prosecution against Meyer Chinsky, a bookseller on Ludlow Street, New York City, for selling a book entitled "Massa Solo," meaning "The Story of the Crucified One." Mr. Rosenthal, attorney for the defense, said that the prosecution was inspired by the Hebrew Missionary Union, an organization formed for the purpose of converting Hebrews to Christianity. Comstock did not deny this, but introduced a witness whose translations of portions of the incriminated book tended to sustain the charges made by the Censor. In rebuttal, Lawyer Rosenthal presented another expert, who made a translation of the same passages which made them appear entirely innocent. Staggered by the two contradictory versions, the court (Special Sessions) continued the case.

In the meantime, the "Truth Seeker" discovered that "Massa Solo" is only the Hebrew work a translation of which D. M. Bennett published two decades ago under the title of "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu, or Book of the Generation of Jesus." The "Truth Seeker" remarks: "It has been on the shelves of 'The Truth Seeker' book store ever since that time without the incendiary character of it being suspected. Examination now fails to reveal anything that need to make Mr. Comstock feel immodest."

On the 21st of October the hearing was continued. As usual, the vice promoter was very officious in giving his advice to the prosecuting officers. This was the cause of his sorrows. The New York "Herald" of the 22nd inst. tells the story of the discomfiture of the meddler in this way:

"Anthony Comstock sat within the railing in a space usually reserved for the District Attorney. Whenever Assistant District Attorney Aldrich was stumped by a condition of literature for which his ignorance of Hebrew excused him, Mr. Comstock, who had had a translation of the objectionable passages made, leaned forward and prompted him as to what questions he should ask.

"The hearing finally simmered down to a question of providing the court with an adequate translation of the work. Mr. Rosenthal said that he would accept one that had already been made by Mr. Levy, with the exception of those passages which were regarded as immoral and which he contended were not accurately translated, and could not be properly construed without a consideration of the whole work.

"This started Assistant District Attorney Aldrich to consult with Mr. Comstock as to the advisability of accepting this proposition. After the two had discussed the matter for a short time Mr. Aldrich said that after consultation with Mr. Comstock they had decided that it might not be advisable to accept Mr. Rosenthal's proposition. Mr. Jerome at once indic-

ated that he was exceedingly impatient at Comstock's interference. Regarding the Assistant District Attorney with considerable severity, he said:

"The impression of this Court is that you, as District Attorney, are the law officer of this county, and that it is not necessary for you to receive instructions from Mr. Comstock as to the manner in which this case should be conducted, inasmuch as Mr. Comstock is absolutely ignorant of all the law in all its various phases, and assumes a position in this court to which he is not entitled."

"Mr. Comstock turned pale with astonishment at this unexpected assault upon his dignity, and, half rising from his chair, began to protest against the words of Judge Jerome. He got no further than the phrase, 'I protest,' when Judge Jerome, leaning forward over the desk in front of him and pointing his forefinger at the astonished censor, exclaimed in tones easily audible in the main corridor:

"Sit down, there! Sit down!"

"I won't sit down," said Mr. Comstock, "and be insulted!"

"You sit down!" declared Judge Jerome with an emphasis which brought all the court officers toward Mr. Comstock. "You sit down at once or get outside the rail! You have no business where you are! Get outside the rail, anyway, and at once!"

"I'll go outside the rail," said Mr. Comstock, quivering with excitement, "but I insist that I have a right in this court, and I protest against being insulted in the way that I have been."

"Go outside the rail!" commanded the presiding Judge with a determination in his tones which Mr. Comstock apparently recognized, for he arose and, throwing his overcoat over his arm, swung himself through the little gate and took a seat, with a formidable shock, on one of the benches reserved for the witnesses. "Sit down there!" continued Judge Jerome, "and don't interrupt the proceedings of this court, or we will see if we can't compel you to keep quiet."

"Mr. Comstock kept quiet, Judge Jerome's lips curled a little as he proceeded with the hearing of the case. It was finally agreed by the contestants that Mr. Rosenthal should provide translations for the Court, and the case was adjourned until December."

At the adjournment, Comstock was boiling with wrath. He said:

"I have evidence which I will produce in the proper time, showing that the law is not properly administered in this court, and I will see whether Judge Jerome dares to insult me as he has done. I am an officer of this court, and I have as much right to be here and to take part in the proceedings as he has, and I propose to maintain my rights."

It is certain that Comstock was never elected to any judicial office, and if he holds an appointment from any competent authority, what is it? So far as I know, he is not a

lawyer, and hence he is not an assistant district attorney, for all he assumes the prerogatives of such an officer. Is he anything more, as regards the local courts, than an informer in the employ of the Vice Society, by sufferance giving advice to the prosecutors?

One of the Censor's statements lets us see into his mind by a side window, as it were, and the revelation suggests to us how extremely flexible the law against "indecent" is in the hands of such a man. He declares that he was "indecently assaulted" by Judge Jerome! No wonder that one of the accusations against "Massa Solo" is "profanity," which, presumably, brings the book within the purview of the law prohibiting "indecent" literature!

It often has been said—I have said it myself—that Anthony Comstock is merely the executor of the law; that if he was not at the head of the Vice Society there would be some one else there, who might be much worse than Comstock. While it cannot be disputed that the stupid prudery and anti-naturalism of the people are the powers "behind the throne" sustaining this iniquitous legislation, it is equally true that Anthony Comstock is the father of the statutes as they stand today. They are veritable "Comstock laws." He got them through Congress in 1873, he had since had them strengthened for evil, and to him is largely chargeable the discredit of the recent extension of their inhibitions to inter-state commerce by express. He enforces the law, but he, more than any other man, also made the law. He cannot take shelter behind that convenient refuge of cowardly politicians, the plea that, as a "law-abiding" citizen and officer he is dutifully enforcing a statute, regardless of his own feelings. He created the job that feeds him.

### By the Way.

BY WILLIAM GILMOUR.

For some time past I have thought that a form of association for the promulgation of the principles of freedom in sexual relationships as against bond marriage, in Glasgow would be helpful in extending the work of the Legitimation League, and I herewith ask all, in or near the city, who may have strong sympathies in this direction to let me know, by postal card, if they are willing to join such an association.

The "Call" to action by Mr. E. C. Walker, the editor's comments re' organization," and the approval of such action by Mr. Dawson has stimulated me to make the present appeal. Mr. George Bedborough has promised to bring the matter before the Committee of the League in London, and I am hopeful that I shall have their support.

I do not doubt but there are plenty of friends here who can give a practical shape to this union, but *pro tem* I make no allusion as to rules, contributions, etc., I prefer awaiting responses.

Apart from the question of economic freedom—for men and women, there is one argument which is being used just now by Secularist lecturers to the effect that if the women of the future wish to be free they must go on agitating for "the freedom to vote." Well, voting is a most conventional thing nowadays; so also is the bond of marriage; and so too, in many countries, is the overbearing of children with physical degradation to the mothers, but that the respectability of the thing, in the exercise of this inalienable right, will ever free women from the anomalies—social and sexual, under which they suffer, I am extremely doubtful. What on earth can the dropping of a bit of paper into a ballot box do for anybody? All it can do, as is seen daily in America and Great Britain is, for one section of the people to enforce their desires or whims on another section; not settling any particular point satisfactorily, but rather, I should say, creating more enmity between those who are already the slaves of governmental officials, and strengthening as it were the *raison d'être* for governmentalism itself.

The facts, as they appear to me, lead me to the conclusion that the more we have of manhood and womanhood suffrage, i. e. voting, etc., the tighter become the cords which bind us.

More than one hundred years ago the world was aflame with the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," and while the political vivisectionist with his local caucuses and cliques sings the same song, we are still, practically speaking, in the mud of politics. And a sorry job the men have made of the voting power! Why should women seek such a way out? Those who are seeking freedom should spurn the idea of forcing others, either by voting, or clubbing, or imprisoning. Yet, truly, does not voting lead that way? I am certain it does.

Why does the church not regulate your hours of worship, your beliefs, your ethics? Where it does not 'tis only because it is too feeble; but given the necessary support and strength it will do so.

Why does government in the political aspect, fail to regulate your every act? Why? Because it, too, is feeble here and there; but where it is strong it does so strongly and tyrannically.

This panacea, then, is a fallacy. Of course voting and forcing is still in demand amongst some Secularists. They seem to have forgotten all the tyrannies perpetrated on a Holyoake, a Taylor, a Bradlaugh, etc.; they seem to forget that the voting power have still the "Blasphemy Laws" to fall back upon; that there is still no "Freedom of Request," and that a committee is actually working daily to influence members of Parliament to relax such unfair statutes; that they even use the latter fact against their Christian opponents who ask for the Free Thought Hospitals, Endowed Institutions, and so on ad lib. Then, in the next breath they will call out, and vote, for a "purely secular education," ay! and approve of prosecutions wherever a parent refuses to send his child to school. I say to such Secularists, don't babble about freedom so long as you are a tyrant in your methods, a "priest in your intestines." The real Freethinker would scorn to force anyone to accept his system of education as he would scorn to force anyone to accept his anti-theological opinions.

If the Secularists will go on with their forcing in the name of improving humanity, I for one will have no sympathy with them when the priest's turn comes to improve them, and I call on every free-minded woman to watch this latest bid for popularity with the greatest suspicion. If women have rights, the vote won't make them any more sure than a direct appeal—an intellectual appeal, to all to consider the great question of their relation to their male companions in the most intimate relations of social and private life. Associations can be formed for the discussion of those questions which will, I am sure, be far more profitable and, indeed, far more honorable than an appeal for any phase of political favor.

Glasgow, Scotland.

### "In this Land of the Free."

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

The following gem of a reporter's wit and wisdom is taken from the New York "Journal":

"The local Anarchists, who sell the minimum quantity of beer at the maximum price, are pretending to be in hysterics of joy over the hoodwinking of Immigration Commissioner Powderly by two notable foreign Anarchists. These are Prince Krapotkin (pronounce as if lacking the final 'e,' please) and Jose Ventra, both of whom are said to be in this land of the free, despite Mr. Powderly's determination to keep them out."

"Herr Schwab, our own Anarchist, who keeps a beer-saloon, says that while the authorities have been searching every incoming trans-atlantic steamer for Peter Krapotkin that frolicsome prince slipped into Canada from England, that he has already visited Boston and Buffalo, is now on his way to Washington, will arrive here on Saturday, and on Sunday will lecture in Chickering Hall on 'Socialism and its Modern Development.'"

"Herr Schwab is a very good press agent himself, you see. The Prince, according to other advance press work, was concerned in one of the plots to terminate the reign of the present Czar, for which he was sentenced to Siberia for life. He



escaped from Siberia, was hustled out of Western Europe, and is now open to engagement to thrill American audiences at a reasonable charge per thrill. If he slips a cog in that programme, he will doubtless open a beer cellar."

Peter Krapotkin, to be sure, is a Russian revolutionist who escaped from a Russian prison, but he certainly was not concerned in a plot to kill the present Czar, for he has lived in England for the past ten years or more. An account of his escape from prison was given in Stepniak's "Underground Russia" which was published about fifteen years ago.

The reporter who gave us such a sensational and untruthful report of Krapotkin's past life is perhaps not to blame. He perhaps had never heard of Peter Krapotkin. It is true that as a scientist Krapotkin is a man of international reputation; it is true that his scientific essays are published in the best English and American magazines, such as the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Popular Science Monthly," but what of it? Can you expect an ordinary reporter of a daily paper to know these things? The "Journal" reporter heard that a certain Anarchist named Peter Krapotkin is in "this land of the free" and not knowing anything about him, he came to the conclusion that he must be one of those "miserable foreign Anarchists" who spend their time in drinking beer and damning all the governments of the earth.

The reporter, I repeat, is perhaps not to blame; but what shall we say of the editor? Is it possible that he is so ignorant that he never heard of Krapotkin? An editor of a "great" New York daily cannot plead ignorance, he cannot lay the blame upon the reporter's shoulders. But if the editor of the "Journal" is not ignorant, what is he? I do not wish to accuse him of dishonesty and so I leave the question unanswered.

But, after all, why should we find fault with a stupid reporter or a stupid editor? What a "great" daily may say about Krapotkin is a matter of no importance in comparison with Mr. Powderly's "admirable determination" to keep him out of the United States. Think of a man or a government that would not allow so distinguished a man as Krapotkin to visit "this land of the free"? Can a country where such things are accepted as a matter of course be called free? Where is our freedom and where are the defenders of freedom? Need we wonder that many an "ignorant foreigner" is disgusted with us and has very little admiration for our "glorious" institutions?

Let us not deceive ourselves. Let us stop praising "this land of the free" until we have real freedom. Let us banish falsehood and tell the truth about ourselves.

### A Tragedy, Its Causes and Lessons.

[In Providence, Rhode Island, Miss Ruth Phillips, a member of the Presbyterian church, a mother but not a wife, abandoned by the father of her babe, and unable to bear the odium visited by society on free motherhood, burned up her infant in the furnace of her home. John H. Cook sent to the "Sunday Journal" of Providence some pertinent comments on the case which, refused insertion in the "Journal," I condense below for Lucifer. E. C. W.]

Editor Providence "Journal":

The charge lately made against one of our women citizens and reported in the daily papers, seems to me should attract more than passing attention, not so much because of the quality of the act itself as because of the antecedent prompting to it, nay, driving of her on headlong to her own moral degradation, so that she can no longer look upon herself with respect. I refer to Ruth Phillips.

Now, sir, to me it is plain that we, the people who form society, are entirely to blame for her crime. If society held, as it should, that motherhood is the supreme ideal of womanhood, to be enjoyed, with all that is incident thereto, outside of the indorsement of either church or state, then might the woman conceive and bear children without the stigma of "illegitimate" being borne all through life by her love child

("natural") and without herself being branded as "fallen." How shameful the current false morality! At the same time the other scale of this double standard is in full operation, conceding to man license (not liberty) in such matters, so that while he degrades woman he does not degrade himself, in public estimation, but, rather, is accepted and often lionized in good society and later marries a respectable woman. How passing strange is this sort of reasoning! Surely, no self-respecting woman capable of sound thinking could ever become the partner of one who has so far forgotten his manhood. Neither can any man lay claim to real manhood who holds any enmity against one who has been thus victimized. Nor should pity prompt his forgiveness, or, better, forgetfulness of such natural act. Nay, rather, it is her right and must not be denied her. When this is recognized, then these crimes, born of the denial of this right, disappear.

Now to the conventionalist who asks, What would become of such children? That question will be answered later on, in its proper place. Here crops up the reason of the man's deserting the girl in her hour of need. This also falls under the law of cause and effect. Not that I would at all shield the individual in question, but a milder degree of the same public censure that rests on the mother rests on the father of such a child, notwithstanding the fact that these love (natural) children are always the best in every way. He seeks to escape this censure and ridicule. If this couple could have been allowed to pair like the birds knowing no law (rulers), all would have been well; they would have been happily and permanently joined together. Was not this possibly what Jesus meant when he said, "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder"? The free play of this higher law of natural selection and sex attraction, which is the universal law of life, operative even in the vegetable kingdom, would prevent our depraving divorce exhibitions, decrease the number of children in the various homes for foundlings, and thus surely help society to emerge gradually out of the quagmire of legalized prostitution where it wallows in marriage debauchery and groans in sex-bondage which the church sanctions and sanctifies and the state legalizes and enforces.

40 Hanover Street.

JOHN H. COOK.

### Divorce.

BY ELMINA D. SLENNER.

The greatest boon humanity now needs is easy divorce; cheap divorce, and divorce as free as marriage. Marriage is a simple contract, and divorce should be the same.

To compel two to live as husband and wife when they are antagonistic to each other, or even indifferent, is a wrong to all who are involved.

The papers are brim full of wife-murder, husband-murder, murder of the whole family,—all because of enforced marriage ties. In many cases there seems no way pointing to freedom from unwelcome companionship and partnership but the death of one or the other.

And probably not one fourth of these murders is ever found out. The old saying that "murder will out" is far from true. Because now and then a secret murder is discovered, is no proof that ten times as many do not pass undiscovered.

Easy divorce would unravel many a sexual problem that now puzzles the people. It is very likely monogamy will be the rule for hundreds of years yet, and while it is so, all contracts between such couples should be easily dissolved.

A few simple laws regarding the children and property are all that would be needful. A few good laws well observed, are better than innumerable ones evaded and broken.

So long as social rules and regulations are needed for the general good, just so long will marriage and divorce be needed. A few are capable of living above the law, but the masses need to be guided, led and restrained, while being educated for the higher plane of thought. Whitman says, "Whoever you are, claim your own at any hazard." But what should be our own must be labored for and won.

Free divorce is the first step towards freedom in love.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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European Representatives, Arthur Wastall, Cranbrook House,  
High Road, Chiswick, London. William Gilmour, 73 Cedar  
st., Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—  
For Reason against Superstition;  
For Science against Tradition—  
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—  
For Liberty against Slavery—  
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

Lucifer Circle met Tuesday evening, Nov. 2. Alfred B. Westrup spoke on the relation of the money question to woman's emancipation. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, the subject will be "The Evolution of the Family." M. Harman will open the discussion.

## "Hilda's Home."

The continued story that has been running in Lucifer for more than a year last past, is nearing its close, and now again we request all who would like to own a copy—one or more—for their own use or for missionary work, to let us know, by postal card or otherwise, how many copies in book form they will take. If published the book will contain about four hundred pages and will cost the reader one dollar in cloth binding or fifty cents in paper cover. We now have perhaps one hundred names of those who have said they would take one or more copies, but as some of these names have doubtless been overlooked, and some have moved away, or ceased to take Lucifer, we ask that all will once more let us know how many copies and of what binding, they will be responsible for. This plan is made necessary by the fact that we have not the means, outside of other demands, of publishing in book form, and cannot afford to take risks in the matter. The following is part of a letter recently received from the author of the story, and will perhaps be of interest to those who have patiently followed the fortunes of "Imelda," "Hilda," "Edith," "Cora," "Alice," "Margaret" and their lovers, through the many months the serial has been a leading feature in Lucifer's columns:

"As 'Hilda's Home' is drawing to a close I feel it my duty to return thanks to the writers of the many kind comments which have been published in Lucifer. My daily work is very confining and leaves me little time to myself, else I would have answered personally many of these letters. Instead of letters to each I now beg to tender sincerest thanks to all for their kindly expressed sympathy and appreciation, and would add the hope that if it is possible to publish in book form they will be as good as their word, and will take as many copies as their means will allow, to help our good friend Mr. Harman along on the hard road he has to travel. I myself am not expecting any pecuniary benefit from the publication, though I am as poor as any of you. I have donated my story to the cause, and hope it will do all the good possible. Not that I despise money, I need it as much as any, but saw no way, after the story was written, to turn it into money, as publishers who would be willing to bring out a story of this kind are 'scarce as hen's teeth.' We all know our friend—friend of woman—Moses Harman, is not burdened with 'lucre,' so I decided to donate it to

Lucifer's cause, as my contribution to the work of woman's emancipation from the worst of all slaveries—the enslavement of sexhood and of motherhood.

ROSA GRAUL."

Two, or at most three, issues more will finish the story in serial form, and it is important that we know very soon, whether the demand for the work is sufficient to justify its preservation in a more permanent form.

## "The Adult" for November

Surpasses its previous issues in size and interest. The most important of its contents is "The Judgment of Paris, Up to Date," a lecture delivered by Leighton Pagan before the Legitimation League. This lecture alone occupies fourteen pages, and is a most instructive and entertaining production. Following are a few paragraphs, taken almost at random:

"Logically, if these people, [the 'moralists,'] are right, young men and women should not be allowed to make a choice of mates at all. For when a choice is allowed, the thin end of the wedge has entered, and the parties may prefer other companions later on. People who exert a choice in love are educating themselves in aesthetics—unconsciously or consciously, they are making comparisons and exercising their tastes—forgetting that marriages are made in heaven they are upsetting the divine calculations. . . ."

"To acknowledge the full benefits of sexual selection—a selection necessarily mutual, and, therefore, non-invasive, wherever its scope is unlimited—is, at once, to run counter to the authority of all legal, religious and moral conventions. . . ."

"He who would bind himself, or his wife, or his child, or his grandmother, to keep of the same mind to the end of his or her days, whether in religion, or marital preference, or political views or what not, has closed his mind to all new influences, made his will, and is, to all intents and purposes, dead. . . ."

"It is noteworthy that people who like to consider themselves advanced Rationalists, and who sometimes advocate with enthusiasm freedom in religious opinions or free trade between nations, and who even look upon diversity in religious, commercial or medical ways and means as a good thing, feel quite shocked at the bare mention of diversity in sexual relationships. These people would gain much if they looked abroad and contemplated not only the diversity actually existent, but the authoritative sanction at the back of each custom or system. . . ."

Other articles in this issue are: "Sex Love and Mutability," by Orford Northcote; "The Last Citadel of Authority," by Robert Braithwaite; "Spiritual Love," by William Platt; "Wanted: A New Dictionary," by Ess Tee. Our English co-workers deserve the gratitude of every libertarian for their valuable contributions to the literature of freedom.

The "Adult" is for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents.

## Sundry Criticisms.

BY C. L. JAMES.

I see by Lucifer of Oct. 27 that E. C. Walker still thinks Comstock & Co. "live in another world than ours, the world of medievalism and anti-naturalism." I must repeat my suggestions that Anthony Comstock, agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which society, according to his public statement, receives money from the publishers of the "Police Gazette," lives very much in a part of our world called blackmail; and that, if we still have a Defense Association, employing a lawyer, it should be easy to accommodate him with apartments in another part of our world called Sing Sing.

Leroy Berrier remarks that "women in a normal condition and free, are not so constituted" as to accept Ruedebusch's ideal, new or old. "They focus their love on some one individual of the opposite sex." "This is also the case with the highest type of manhood." It would be much more to the purpose if Leroy Berrier gave us some examples in proof of these dogmatical assertions. Will he do so? Will he select, for

instance, George Washington, Queen Elizabeth, Henri IV. of France, Catherine I. of Russia, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, "George Sand," William Shakespeare, as examples of his normal and free women, or his highest types of men?

"Varietists," remarks Berrier, "say much of the temporary character of love. Why is love in many cases temporary instead of enduring? For the reason there is not a high stage of development, refinement and culture." Berrier's career as an author has not gained him celebrity for clearness of expression. Does he mean that the love of varietists is enduring and not temporary, whence it follows that varietists are in "a high stage of development, refinement and culture"? So far, I could agree with him. But then, of how gross an inconsistency he was guilty, when, only four lines before those words in italics, he said that if men and women were in a reverse condition (to his exclusive love ideal) "it only signifies the undeveloped and uncultured condition of their gender (sexual) sense"! Or does he, perhaps, mean that varietists say much in praise of the temporary character of love? That is false. Affinity-seekers do; but the love of varietists, according to all my experience, is permanent, though plural.

In another place Berrier says, "The only reason I look upon theft, robbery, murder, etc., as wrong, is because I have inculcated my consciousness and ideas" (I suppose he means had his ideas inculcated,—as for inculcating consciousness, I give that conundrum up) "from conventional society." Poor devil! Does he mean it? I should be sorry to confess as much. Never mind "etc.," for I don't know what that means; but my reasons for thinking theft, murder, rape, and other kinds of invasion, wrong, are, first, that I inherited an aversion to them, matured through natural and sexual selection, whose beneficent operation "conventional society" has always, to the fullest possible opportunity, resisted; and, secondly, that I am taught they are pernicious by induction;—the thing "conventional society" most hates and fears.

And here I might express a doubt whether Leroy Berrier has not mistaken his vocation in "teaching sexual and procreative science." I have kept pretty close track of his effusions on these subjects, and find in them little useful and nothing original, except his "punctuation and orthography," grammar and vocabulary—"innovate" e.g.,—which certainly are rather novel. From my own acquaintance with his writings, I might infer that sawing wood was his specialty. But Lucifer informs me that they are "well advertised and extensively sold." In that case, Mr. Berrier probably knows his own business. The hundred dollars he paid to Uncle Sam for circulating obscene literature, may have been the price of an advertisement, judiciously invested to catch purchasers among radicals. And it is not at all improbable his writings sell. That very able man, Archbishop Whately,—scientist among theologians, theologian among scientists—remarked, long since, that, to make money by writing on subjects which disturb "conventional society," there is no qualification like an added head. He gave his reasons for thinking so, with admirable characteristic lucidity. "Conventional society" is the majority of men and very much larger majority of dollars. "Conventional society" will not buy what stirs it up on those subjects. It will buy only what soothes it. But a clear-headed man cannot treat such subjects so as to soothe—not even if he is a hypocrite. That takes a muddled-headed man, who, while writing nonsense, supposes it to be sense. Therefore, Berrier, *vive et vale!* Only, don't advertise without paying for it, in radical publications, like Lucifer; because, there, you are liable to run against a stump.

Thus, then have I covenanted to let Berrier, as an individual, rest in peace. But in his last article appears something else which is not Berrier as an individual. I don't mean to say that anything he writes is; but this is a sufficiently circulating cant to deserve attention as such. "The family," Berrier observes, "is the basis of civilization." Of our civiliza-

tion—true. "It has developed." Just so. It was not by any means the basis of Grecian civilization, in many respects higher than ours; nor of several others. "Where there is no family there is fighting instead of work. Instead of production there is robbery and destruction." I totally deny it, and appeal to that very persistency of every plane in the world's progress, to which Berrier has appealed. There is work, not robbery and destruction pervading the state of the proletariat, who commonly have no families, and there is no destruction in that of the modern aristocracy, who care nothing about family life. There is cheating and, when convenient, war proclaimed—where? Among the bourgeois, above all others the family class.

The truth about the family is as follows. First, it did develop. Secondly, it developed, like other institutions, specially in certain habitats, viz., in the Roman and Teutonic civilizations—or barbarisms. Thirdly, it has been especially the basis of western civilization, since the fall of the Roman Empire, because that civilization is Roman and Teutonic. But if there be any significance in factories, railroads, boarding houses, divorce, women's higher education, property right, bread-winning occupations, suffrage, it is that the family, like all things which had a beginning, has also an end, and that that end is at the door. We stand amidst the very focus and crisis of the most momentous of revolutions—a revolution in the relation of the sexes. But how few grasp its significance! I have heard of French *petroleuses* shouting "*Abas la famille!*" That seems unnecessary. But when a Colonel Ingersoll expends his breath in roaring, "*Vive la famille!*" the suggestion seems suitable that he had better keep it to cool his porridge. He wants that to live which is evidently dying.

[The propriety of inserting criticisms like the above will be seriously questioned by some of our readers; and likewise the propriety of inserting, unedited, such articles as that to which Mr. James replies, will be questioned by others equally honest and earnest. To both of these classes I would briefly reply: From the initial number Lucifer has been published in the interest of freedom of speech—the right of every one to say his say in his own way,—if, in the opinion of the editor he has anything to say worth saying, on the question or questions that may at the time be up for discussion in Lucifer's columns. The question as to whether the writer is logical or illogical, or whether his language is in good taste—whether grammatical or rhetorical, etc., have been largely ignored by him who has been its editor, or senior editor, from the initial number. Lucifer had its birth in protest against censorship, and has persistently refused to be itself a censor—libelous or slanderous articles have been excluded because they are *injurious*, and contravene the basic principle known as equity, or equal freedom. Application to the present case: I inserted Mr. Berrier's article because it treated upon a very live question, and because he represents, fairly well, a class, a majority perhaps, of the people now known as secularists or freethinkers. The faults of his article are largely characteristic of this class of thinkers—viz.: a lack of clearness, illogical, conservative, reactionary and wholly inappreciative of the arguments, the objects and animus of social radicals, or the class represented by Mr. James. As to the criticism by Mr. James—while in ordinary cases the language used might well be regarded as objectionable I am not sure that it is so in this case. The physician is sometimes compelled to use "heroic" methods of treatment. Mr. James has been for many years a pioneer in the work of sex-reform, including all that grows out of the sex relation—family life and kindred lines of social ethics. Mr. Berrier is young in years, and comparatively young in sex-reform, and will himself, no doubt, admit that he has yet much to learn. While apparently widely differing in methods I feel sure there is a common bond of sympathy and of purpose existing between the veteran worker, C. L. James, and his younger but no less earnest and honest brother, Leroy Berrier. Hence



I sincerely hope they will not magnify their differences, but remember always the old maxim, "mild in manner but strong in matter."

EDITOR.]

### A Voice from Portland Jail.

DEAR LUCIFER READERS: As I lay musing last night it was said to me. You have neglected too long your many friends, the readers of Lucifer. So will now try to give some account of myself.

On the 17th of September, 1897, upon my taking the 19th of September issue of the "Firebrand" to the post office and before it was taken out of the express wagon, G. Humphrey, the United States Marshal interviewed me, and under the guise of friendship for the "Firebrand" and H. Addis, drew from me the information that I was the main owner of the paper, and that Addis was up hop-picking near Scott's Mills, and that I was looking for him back that day or the next. We parted, I went out in town, did some business and went back to the post office to pay the postage on the previous week's issue, when Humphrey asked me to go up and see the United States Commissioner, McKee, and the United States Prosecuting Attorney Murphy, and introduced me to them.

Murphy said to me, "You have violated the postal laws by sending unmailable matter—that vile, indecent sheet, the 'Firebrand' through the mails."

I replied, "Well then, I will take it home."

"No you won't. We will keep that as a witness against you."

I had not even taken it out of the express wagon, but some one had done so, and they had opened it and looked at the contents.

McKee questioned me in regard to my connection with the "Firebrand" and got information similar to what I had given to Humphrey.

Then in default of bail in the sum of \$2,000 he committed me to jail to await the sitting of the United States Court, which from present appearances will not be until Congress meets and makes an appropriation to meet expenses.

They have suspended the circulation of the "Firebrand" through the mails. That is the great calamity, and not my imprisonment.

Now, dear friends, do not worry about me, but give me your best thoughts. Thoughts are things, powerful both for good or evil.

I have a humane jailer; jail well ventilated, steam heated, moderately well lighted by windows before the cells. Electric lights at night and of dark days. A bath tub for hot and cold water; and water closet, in each corridor, and the place kept sweet and clean by scrubbing and mopping with hot water daily. My friends furnished me a good cotton mattress which with three pairs of blankets make a good bed. Sleep well, and rise refreshed every morn. Have plenty of good food three times a day. Am not troubled with tobacco, foul language, etc., for which favor I am truly thankful. Am on good terms with the jailer; all my mail sent direct here will be punctually delivered. I am well, cheerful and happy, and send best regards to all my friends. I am constantly sustained by the hope that my imprisonment, at the age of seventy-four, will do much to arouse the masses to investigate and see what a horrible thing Government backed by the sword is.

More anon. Yours for reform,

ABNER J. POPE, a prisoner for righteousness sake;  
Cell 5, County Jail, Portland, Oregon.

### HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

Five years have passed since the dedication of that beautiful home; years that have brought their changes, as time invariably does. The mystic rooms—the sanctum of the expectant mother

—have been occupied, again and yet again. Our royal Margaret was the first to come under the spell of its sweet and wonderful influence. Giving herself up to the delightful occupations provided for in these secluded rooms, keeping ever in mind the grand result which was to come of it, one morning after a night of pain and suspense Wilbur kissed a fine, beautiful, healthy boy that was laid in his arms. Kneeling at her side with his head resting on the same pillow with the fair white face of his peerless Margaret the whisper greeted his ear

"I am blessed today beyond the measure of woman."

Who shall say that his happiness did not equal her own.

Another had not been long in following her brave example. When Cora's baby girl was laid upon her breast Owen's measure of happiness was filled and tears blinded his eyes as he kissed the mother of his child.

The two sisters, Edith and Hilda, both brought joy and happiness to their lovers' hearts by presenting them with a miniature reflection of themselves, and Norman had held Imelda's boy to his fast and wildly beating heart.

By this time the babies that came first to the new home were making glad the hearts of their mothers by their childish prattle; some of the mothers were watching the first trembling footsteps, and one was waiting, watching for the coming hour. That one was Alice. Milton watched with worshipful tenderness the little fairy whose love was life to him.

New faces also now greet us. New comers have helped to fill the precious home, who were just as good and worthy as those whose fortunes we have so long followed.

But to return to the young mothers. They did not devote all their time to their darling babies. O, no! Dearly as they loved them they found that they had other work to do while the little ones were left in the care of those who were perfectly trustworthy. Not to be petted, not to be pampered and spoiled, but left to those who understood how to get to the depths of each baby nature.

When it is remembered what preparation had been made for their advent it is not surprising that they were wonderfully good babies. When it is remembered with what joy they were welcomed—welcomed while still in the first stages of foetal growth; how carefully the prospective mothers had been kept under calm, sweet and pure influences; how their minds had been kept active without taxing their strength; how constantly their souls had been bathed in the luxury of sympathy and love; how every part of their natures had been kept teeming with life—overflowing life; how carefully undue excitement had been warded off; how they were given every opportunity for cultivating the higher human instincts,—the spiritual nature;—when all this is remembered we cannot help seeing that, on the principle of natural causation, the children of such mothers and of such influences could not be other than exceptionally well endowed and exceptionally well behaved.

But when the months had passed, during which the mother should give her personal care and attention to her cherished babe, it was transferred to the sole care of the experienced nurse, and she herself returned to her usual work, whatever that work might happen to be. There were so many fields open, and each made her choice. The head gardener was glad to get help in the tending and nursing of his plants and flowers. Nimble, dextrous fingers were needed to fashion the garments to be worn by the occupants of the home, and this large and beautiful home needed many willing hands to keep it beautiful. All this however was work which could be entrusted to and performed by stronger hands, if other work should prove more attractive, work in which more than ordinary intelligence and skill were required. Among our band were teachers of music and song, as might be expected of the artist soul seeking expression. Margaret had kissed her lover and baby good-bye and had given another season to her loved profession, and had returned again with, O, such longing and love for the home and the circle of loved ones it contained.

But there was other work. The forty minutes required to reach the heart of the city were used by quite a number, more

ing and evening. In the heart of the city rose a grand emporium many stories high, where many hundreds of young women and men were employed, and which was the property of the home circle; an emporium which had been built by Norman and Lawrence and fitted up by Owen, and which was one of the largest business places in the great city; an emporium where people of all ages and sizes could purchase for themselves an outfit from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet. There was the tailor's department and that of the dressmaker. There the milliner fashioned pretty headgear—"loves of bonnets" and "darling hats," and there all the beautiful artificial flowers, of which countless numbers were used from week to week were made. There the visitor would go from floor to floor, from department to department, and would find every place to have its own attraction, its own work.

But the most beautiful department of them all was that of the florist's, where nature's handiwork was heaped up in wild and charming confusion, and where these floral beauties, by deft and cunning fingers, were arranged into designs without number, and in this department it was that you could see our own fair girls moving about, giving orders here, lending aid there, and again seeing that patrons were promptly served. All was life, all were busy, yet none were overworked, as none worked longer than five hours here. At seven o'clock in the morning when the doors were opened, they admitted what was termed the morning "turn." And when twelve o'clock announced the noon hour the merry throng, laughing and singing arrayed themselves for the street and went trooping out like a merry flock of birds, for their day of work was over. It was a day's work, and thus they were paid. With the striking of the hour of one, the afternoon "turn" began, and others filled the places of the morning workers. So the faces of the saleswomen and salesmen were always fresh and smiling with none of that tired, worn-out appearance that is so often noticeable in the young faces you meet behind the counter.

Where were all these employes housed? Heretofore as these people generally are housed. Those who still had a father or mother or both living, lived with them; in most cases large families crowded into two or three rooms. Others who were not so fortunate, had to submit to all the discomforts of cheap boarding houses, or lived in some stuffy back room or bleak attic. But a change was about to take place. Today the large business building is closed. Not a living soul moves about its wide halls and its many departments. It is a grand "fete" and gala day. Today is to be dedicated the grand new home which has been erected for them.

*To be continued.*

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Susan Reichert, Nortonville, Kan.:—I receive the dear old *Lucifer* all right, every week; am very much interested in "Hilda's Home"—who would not be? and am reminded of my duty to help you a little, materially, but my means are so scant. Maybe you won't believe it but it's true all the same. I am ailing very much all the time. O how foolish I was when I was young and strong not to take better care of myself. But it's too late now to lament. I am almost ashamed to send so little, one dollar, when others do so much better; but am like the poor widow of the Bible; I give all I can at present. I wish I could get even with *Lucifer* which I must confess contains splendid articles. If we had had such papers as *Lucifer* forty years ago how much better off would be the world by this time. But for some of us its teachings come too late. It will be the greatest boon for woman to be able to free herself from sex slavery.

Kate Austin, Caplingers Mills, Mo.:—The American press, dwelling among the wooded hills of this corner of south-west Missouri, have had a revelation of radical ideas presented to them, by that dangerous member of society, Emma Goldman, who recently delivered four lectures entitled, "The Aim of

Humanity," "Religion," "Anarchy" and "Free Love," to a large audience for a farming community. Each lecture was presented fairly, plainly and eloquently, as only the master tongue of Emma Goldman can portray. Anarchy was received with surprise, so different was it explained from the popular conception. Very few in the audience had ever beheld a true picture of the "Ideal of Liberty" so many have died for. Radical ideas, so far, have not penetrated into country districts. The farmer is the foundation stone of the producing class, and yet he has been neglected by the Propagandists. But I have faith to hope for the intellectual advancement of the farmers along all lines of liberty. Emma Goldman is a grand woman. One who will live unflinchingly for the cause or die as bravely as the martyrs of old, it need be.

Stella Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.:—We have had the good fortune to have with us Comrade Emma Goldman who has been lecturing here for the past week to thousands of people. Oct. 20 Miss Goldman lectured at Waltham hall on "Why I am an Anarchist-Communist." The hall was crowded to overflowing, and hundreds of people who could not gain admission to hear her stood on the sidewalks in front of the hall and on the opposite side of the street. Oct. 21 Miss Goldman lectured on "Revolution" in spite of the police and without a permit from Mayor Zeigheim.

Some comrade called on Mayor Zeigheim without the knowledge or consent of Miss Goldman and asked permission for her to speak on a public square—he was refused a permit. Still we are told that this is a land of "free speech." Free indeed! Free to murder, rob, prostitute in the name of "Law and Order." But when a sweet little woman like Emma Goldman wishes to tell the people that murder, robbery and prostitution are wrong then the hirelings of the capitalists turn out one hundred and fifty strong in order to drag her to jail if she attempts to speak.

Miss Goldman spoke, however, every night that she intended to speak, in spite of Mayor Zeigheim and police interference, and the hall was always crowded.

Comrade Goldman had a lot of *Lucifers* which she distributed. We could have used many more.

Emma Goldman is a brave woman and she is doing a good work.

Luna Hutchinson, Merced, Calif.:—The "Call" upon the advocates of sexual freedom, in *Lucifer* No. 672, I have read, and approve the plan of organization of all who believe in the love of liberty and the liberty of love.

I would suggest that all who sign their names as active members be requested to state their views on this subject, the better to learn how much of unity of thought and purpose there may be among the thinkers as to what can be done to obtain sex freedom.

My conviction, from long years of experience gained under the present restricted conditions, is that woman needs first to be free from man's ownership of her by any law or custom—the right to accept or reject any man as she may desire; to grant or refuse his offer of love or of sex association, according to her own feelings and judgment, and to have the right to defend her person from force or rape under all circumstances whatsoever.

There must be but one law or rule of chastity for both women and men. No blame or shame to be put upon anyone doing as they like if not injuring any others. Less than this is not freedom for either sex.

Love, to be free, to flow on and ever on toward the higher and more ideal life, must cease to be a mountain torrent or stagnant pool—with channels sought out by its increasing volume of desires and aspirations, which can only be found in the love light of other eyes, responsive to the magnetic heart throbs of love.

The real prostitute is one that yields to sex association without love or desire; that is, for money or other considerations than the natural attraction and requirements of sex

## 684.

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WHOLE No. 685

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

There was a terrible accident the other day on the New York Central Railway; an express train went into the Hudson, and twenty lives were lost. At this writing, the cause of the disaster is not known, but Mr. William M. Habirshaw, a chemical engineer of this city, whose train followed the one that was wrecked, says he is satisfied the slaughter "was an act of God." Had it been the act of known men they would be indicted for murder; as Mr. Habirshaw says "God" did it, I suppose he will, as a law-abiding citizen, swear out an information against the guilty person.

"The Woman's Rescue League" (Mrs. Charlotte Smith) is waging war against bachelors. The latest object of Smith's wrath is Judge Van Wyck, recently elected mayor of New York. It is declared that "Robert A. Van Wyck, an American and a bachelor, with a pedigree, has shirked his duty to the human family when he failed to select a wife from out of the one hundred thousand surplus women of New York City to enjoy his luxurious home." The bad grammar, impudence and general foolishness of this deliverance are neck-and-neck for the goal. Will not some marrying man please propose to Widow Smith?

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, a Catholic baiter, is now turning his attention to the bicycle. "If the wheel is going to keep people away from church," he declares, "I would rather see it forever wiped out of existence." He is an enthusiastic rider himself, but it is the Sunday use of the wheel that so moves him to wrath. A fetish worshiper, doing homage to a certain twenty-four hours of the week, Mr. Peters would sacrifice the happiness and health of millions that there might be a larger attendance on Sunday at his place of business. "The man who rides his bicycle on Sunday, and for this reason absents himself from the house of God, is infinitely less prepared to go to his business on Monday morning than is the man who spends his Sabbath in the worship of the Almighty." Flub dub! Does this Protestant bigot suppose that any person who knows anything about the salutary effects of outdoor life upon those who have to spend most of their time in confining occupations will be deceived by his transparent special pleading in the interest of his own trade? He gives himself dead away when he says: "The Sabbath was never intended as a holiday. It is the day set aside by the Almighty as a day for his worship. And if the Sabbath goes, farewell to Protestantism." Ah! just one more measure of clerical folly, dear reader: "The usual everyday bicycle costume in indecorous on the Lord's Day. It is irreverent."

As science and rationalism undermine the foundations of religious belief, the ecclesiastical organizations turn to the state for succor, and they generally get what they demand. It is the

failure to see this that makes so many men who are entirely outside the church, especially economic reformers, declare that religion has practically ceased to be a retarding factor, a dangerous element, in society. To the initiated, thoughtful observer, the news columns of our papers furnish evidence every day that the church is still mischievously alive, bidding for hypocrites by making seeming conformity a condition of preference in public and private vocations. Take, for instance, this cablegram from London, bearing the date of October 25, 1897:

For the first time since the Reformation, the reopening of the Law Courts today was initiated by a special service in Westminster Abbey, which was attended by the Bench and Bar, all wearing their robes. . . . The Catholic Judge and barristers attended "Red Mass" at the Sardinia Chapel.

"For the first time since the Reformation!" The words are very significant. They show that England is following in the footsteps of reactionary America, where for some time a tendency to open courts with prayer has been increasingly manifest. This performance is a natural extension of a similar canting habit in political conventions and celebrations and in legislative bodies, and is contemporaneous with a decreasing respect for substantial justice, shown alike by legislatures and courts.

Rev. Henry Varley, "the butcher-evangelist" of England, has been in America for some time. He is now in New York. In a recent discourse he said that he was saddened by the habit of living in hotels and flat houses, which he found so prevalent here. He found it destructive of the home ideal, cherished by Englishmen, "for married people to congregate in big houses instead of creating separate homes for themselves." Then he asked: "How do they do it? How do they do it?" And he answered: "By an organized system of child murder, which would depopulate this country in a few years, if it were not for its immigrants."

If Mr. Varley will spend some few hours in those parts of the city where the very poor live, I think he will discover that dwelling in flats is not necessarily antagonistic to large families. If he will investigate further, he will learn that, broadly speaking, the size of the families of very small children is in an inverse ratio to the intelligence and prosperity of the parents. Reasoning upon this, he can conclude either that intelligence and prosperity tend to limit the size of families or that small families give better opportunities for becoming intelligent and independent. Perhaps he will reach the wiser conclusion that these influences are inter-active. But if he continues to moralize upon the facts as they present themselves, testing everything by the standard of the "ideal home," his investigations and discourses will be fruitless of good. Effects follow causes. When men and women find that small families give greater opportunities for the development of the children and parents alike, that infant mortality is reduced by prudence in procreation, the average number of small children in families is bound to decrease, despite all the ideals, English or other that may be set up as scarecrows.

If Mr. Varley will delve still deeper it will dawn upon him, if he can think at all, that church- and state-fostered monopolies of land, credit, exchange and knowledge are chiefly responsible for ignorance, poverty and infanticide. I suspect that he classifies together as "child murder," prevention of conception and abortion, which, of course, is wholly unwarranted. It is quite likely that he does not know the difference, physiologically speaking, between the two acts, nor that our blessed paternal government directly promotes infanticide by making the imparting of information concerning prevention of conception a criminal offense.

Finally, it is useless to rail against the flat; it is here to stay until there is a radical change in industrial conditions, and I doubt if it will disappear when monopoly of land and money ceases. Improved it will be, though; much improved. At present, however, it is better than the isolated cottage in the village or country, after we have conceded all that we may as regards certain manifest advantages of suburban and rural life. With less superstition and more sanitation in the pagan districts there could not be said so much for the relative advantages of the city as can truthfully be said now.

### "The Old, Old Story!"

BY WILLIAM GILMOUR.

The letter by Mrs. Dora Boss in *Lucifer* whole No. 679 under the above title embodies an interesting, and probably a difficult problem to solve; yet, as the editor has suggested a "symposium" on the question: "Now, what is C. to do,—having no wings for heaven and no status on earth?" and I feel that I should like to have my say.

In the first place, I am not at all sure that I can give any satisfactory explanation of C's act, or a clear answer to the question cited; chiefly, I should say, owing to the social atmosphere which I habitually breathe. Surrounded as I am here with many phases of Christianity; many diverse concepts of *morality, duty, right or wrong*, hearing at one moment a good Roman Catholic pronouncing judgments, and, at another, a Calvinist discoursing on the pains of hell and the merits of salvation by the blood of Christ, I am apt to get confused and thereby fail to discriminate between the operating factors with anything like logical acumen, especially in such a case and under such circumstances as C. and her partner are placed.

Secondly: I am perfectly satisfied that the same act, accompanied by similar results, is *secretly* performed and *outwardly* denounced every day, and not, as is too often supposed, by the illiterate portion of society alone. Illiterate people are—in like cases, usually passive as to the act—the goodness or evil of it, although villainously cruel (as a rule) in their outward condemnation. In the case of—to all appearance, well-educated, intelligent and generally accomplished people the same thing goes on, and the world out yonder hears very little about it; yet, the penalty, or penalties, for such acts may be quite as severe in some cases, but are, I would venture to say, usually thought to be "an unfortunate occurrence" and the easier it's got over the better for all concerned.

Third: Education, as it is taught the rising manhood and womanhood, is no preventative of such cases, for, given normal or healthy physiological conditions, given undisturbed opportunities of meeting—"where eyes look love to eyes," and where, as in this affair, the desire for physical sexual intercourse is strong in healthy young people (more so, I believe, in *unhealthy* people) there is nothing in this education, or indeed in a far more rational education, to avert this most natural occurrence.

I say most natural occurrence for the reason that those who, in the pursuance of their theologically-warped morality, in their strenuous endeavors to square all their actions with a particular standard of right and wrong—who deem fatherhood and motherhood outside of the bond marriage sinful and abhorrent, suffer more disastrously mentally and physically, than those who, without the priestly "sanction," pluck love's choicest fruits in obedience to nature's promptings.

Fourth: "What is C. to do?" According to Mrs. Boss it is not "a question of bread and butter," and in such fortunate economic circumstances (a great source of help in the solution of the question) all I can advise her to do is, if the "amorous young customer" cleared out just because he became a father—and yet was not threatened by "law" and was in a good financial way, to give him a wide berth; if C. is in love with him still, and is sure that he is with her but has been only temporarily scared by the conventional methods of the "law," she should, if she desires a renewal of his companionship to soothe and cheer her in her hours of pregnancy, try to communicate with him. If he responds and agrees—good and well; if not, good and well again.

He, like herself, is simply following his desires, tastes or ways, as both were doing when the ho'y and pure act was crowned with success. But on glancing at the article again I find that C. has lost all her "illusions" about him. That settles it—though they were not "illusions" to her at the time.

Mrs. Boss says that C. has "no status on earth." What? No status on earth! Perhaps not in the eyes of the already enslaved married friends, in the eyes of religious morality, but I do maintain that she has a noble status—that of mother outside the "bond" circle, and each woman who follows her example is, like her, a forerunner of the age of freedom for her sex. What higher status is required?

It is not stated that there was any mutual contract between them. Each acted egoistically (for self-satisfaction) therefore, no condemnation for either of them. Let C. strive to do all she can for her child's physical and mental welfare, and the performance of each motherly act of care, the steady growth of her child, its good health, its early words, its sweet smile, and its companionship will, I venture to think, be a compensation or reward which she will amply value as certain physiological and psychological conditions cause some mothers to destroy their children; so other conditions, happily more prevalent, cause them to care for them.

I dare say, dear editor, my thoughts are a little wide here and there, but I've jotted them down as they occurred to me; and good or bad, accept them as my contribution to the suggested symposium.

### Some Criticisms Considered.

BY E. C. WALKER.

"Secular Thought," of Toronto, recently reviewed several works treating of the sex question. Referring to the Legitimation League, it said that its "prime object" was the legitimation of "natural" children. "Secular Thought" is slightly belated. That was the prime object of the Legitimation League, but quite a while ago it took a forward step, and now its first object is the promulgation of the principle of Social Freedom, it having relegated the demand for legitimation to a secondary position, as "Secular Thought" might have learned by a more careful examination of the "Adult," which journal it somewhat sharply criticised.

Noticing "The Old and the New Ideal," "Secular Thought" says that it looks upon the arguments in favor of variety "as simply the outcome of a morbid and abnormal mind." Mr. Ellis does well to frankly express his opinion, and if he will stand staunchly for the right of the varietist to express his, we can all get along very well together. Given freedom of discussion and experimentation, the world can be trusted to approximate nearer and nearer to the truth. Such freedom is all that any Freethinker, varietist or monogamist, can demand, and if he demands and defends less he lacks so much of being a whole Freethinker. I am just a little afraid that Mr. Ellis can not stand the test, for he says, in his notice of the "Adult": "In this journal, Free Love and 'butterfly' relationships are advocated, and some of its pages show the same coarseness as [that] we noticed in many of Mr. Ruedebusch's chapters. We see no necessity for this, and if we were not opposed to all press censorship, we should say that this sort of literature would be the

most suitable subject for it we can imagine." With all due respect for my Canadian friend, I should hesitate about trusting my defense against Comstockism to a man who finds "coarseness" in "The Old and New Ideal" and the "Adult." I can not help feeling that he is too much under the influence of anti-naturalism to be always kept by that feeble "if" out of the ranks of the persecutors.

Dealing with "What the Young Need to Know," the reviewer of "Secular Thought" affirms that that pamphlet "is another work in favor of the Free Love or Varietist view of sex relationships." There are two errors in this statement, one of implication, the other of definition. The misleading implication is that the work is devoted chiefly if not wholly to the consideration of the question of variety versus monogamy. As all careful readers of the treatise know, but a few of its forty large pages are given over to this phase of the subject. The error of definition consists in the making of "Free Love" synonymous with "Variety." By his own affirmations in re legitimation and divorce, the reviewer is himself a free lover, for he puts himself on record as opposed to all compulsory sexual relationships. The term free lover describes all who are against the forced association of men and women, all who stand for the right to correct mistakes in choice. The term "varietist" is much narrower, covering only those who believe that it is possible to love two or more persons of the opposite sex. Broadly speaking, there are two main divisions in the free love camp, the monogamists and the varietists. But "Secular Thought" continues:

We advocate the utmost amount and the most rapid extension of freedom that is possible under present circumstances, but we cannot blink the fact that the great bulk of the people in every so-called civilized country are far from being fitted for self-government, and need marriage laws as well as other laws. To postulate an ultimate Utopia as the outcome of a reversal of our present marriage ideals is simply Quixotism.

This is no more and no less than what any advocate, two hundred years ago, of an exclusive state religion would have been justified, from his own point of view, in affirming concerning the proposition to cease trying to force men to believe alike. He would have declared that they needed laws prescribing their religion "as well as other laws." He would have said that "to postulate an ultimate Utopia ["heaven," would probably have been the word then] as the outcome of a reversal of our present [legal religious] ideas is simply" an impious dream. Because the vast majority of the people of Canada still think they need some kind of religious legislation does not prevent Mr. Ellis doing all he can to teach them better. Because they still believe in the Christian religion does not lead him to abandon his efforts in behalf of science and rationalism. Because they are at present utterly unfitted to be Freebinkers does not induce him to give up his attempt to fit at least a few of them for the responsible freedom of the Liberal. Cannot he see the application of these truths to his own objections to the propaganda of social freedom? We who stand for social freedom know that existing superstitions, customs, institutions and laws limit our liberty, increase our sufferings, menace the happiness of our children, and dwarf and disease the race, physically, intellectually, emotionally, morally. Therefore, in self-defense, following the line of least resistance, we seek to weaken the sway of and ultimately eliminate these superstitions, customs, institutions and laws. Of course we know that "the great bulk of the people in every so-called civilized country are far from being fitted for self-government." That is just what is troubling us. If they were fitted for self-government they would have self-government, we would be free, the battle would be won, the shot-torn flags would be furled. The less persons are fitted for self-government the more they try to govern others. No minority can be wholly free while the majority is in slavery to ignorance and superstition. Hence the educational labor of the minority is in no sense a work of philanthropy—it is a purely defensive measure.

"Secular Thought" argues from the imperfection of men and women the impracticability of the ideal of Social freedom. It is passing strange that the editor does not see the self-

destructiveness of such a method of reasoning. Under marriage, he has to deal with the same imperfect men and women. If they are individually incapable of self-government, how does their mere aggregation give them greater wisdom? One bushel of corn and one bushel of husks, put together, do not make two bushels of corn. Under majorityism, the average of intelligence and progressiveness is certainly less than the intelligence and progressiveness of the most intelligent and advanced individuals. Under majorityism, the constant tendency is to restrict the usefulness of the real leaders of thought, while under liberty the constant tendency is to augment their usefulness. Through example and emulation men are ever led upward. Granting all that Mr. Ellis says of the imperfections of the masses, his conclusion that they are the real conservators of the race is an absolute non sequitur. It does not follow, it can not follow. In the history of evolution, not the sluggish masses, but the alert individuals who could adapt themselves to changed environments, are found to have been the preservers of any given race. If in the all important matters connected with the reproduction of human beings, liberty and its consequent responsibility are not desirable, are dangerous, are destructive, where does Mr. Ellis find a place for liberty and responsibility? If the rule of the relatively ignorant masses is here to be sought, why not in the realm of religion? I respectfully ask the editor of "Secular Thought" to answer this question.

### About Gods and Angels.

BY ZENO.

A writer in Lucifer lately said that an atheist may be better than his creed. Will he please state what there is bad about atheism? What virtue is there in believing that a great and powerful god rules, and allows war, murder, crime, injustice, suffering, prostitution, disease, famine, and many more evils, and does nothing to stop them? Or is he straining every nerve, so to speak, to stop them, and cannot? If so he is not supreme, hence is a creature of Nature, like the rest of us, therefore not god.

Those who deny this impotent god who does not even take the trouble to place the question of his existence beyond doubt, are said to worship Nature. Why should man worship anything? Nature must be opposed where not in harmony with man's welfare, and made a servant when it can promote human happiness. Only Woman is to be worshiped.

During the present year Dr. Noel of the Harvey Medical college, Chicago, delivered a lecture in which he mentioned incidentally that the drug known as Cannabis Indica, or Indian Hemp, is frequently given to patients who are nearing their end, to cause an easy death, and said that the drug produces pleasant visions even while the patient is conscious. He sees angels, hears music, etc.

If all the death-bed scenes of this sort are caused by Cannabis Indica, then the chief prop of the religionist is knocked away. But we have here proof that the learned professions have worked together for years past in perfect harmony. The doctor has, no doubt, been receiving a per cent from the preacher just as he does from the druggist. The preacher could afford to pay something for such skill as it helps his business amazingly. Without it he would have no proof whatever of another world. I advise Lucifer readers to inquire of doctors whom they know to see if this drug is given whenever a death is particularly happy.

"The Adult." Organ of the Legitimation League of England, contains in its fourth number: Editorial: "Sex Love and Mateability," by Orford Northcote; "The Last Citadel of Authority," by Robert Heathwaite; "Spiritual Love," by William Platt; "Vainly, A New Dictionary," by Eas Tee; "The Judgment of Paris—Up to Date," by Lighthouse Pagan. "The Adult" is a neat magazine of twenty-four pages, with attractive cover. Price, 4 cents. Order of Lucifer, 1204 Congress St., Chicago, Ill. Price per year, 50 cts.

"Isabel's INTENTION" by Mariette. This is a story of a sympathetic, high-minded English girl of the "upper" class, who, having been made to believe the popular lie that prostitution is inevitable and that prostitutes are the meritorious who make a virtuous life possible for the rest of womankind, determines to offer herself as a sacrifice to this Moloch. A neat little paper-covered pamphlet of thirty-two pages. Price, 5 cents. Three for 10 cents.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., N. Y.  
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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE met Tuesday evening, Nov. 9. The question, "The Evolution of the Family"—was considered in its general relation to the evolutionary hypothesis, or to the "ascent of life" on the planet earth. The same subject will be continued at the next meeting, Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, at the same place, 1394 West Congress St.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,	\$389.75
Amy Scudamore,	1.00
Louis Roser,	1.00
A. G. Lengberg,	.25

## November Eleventh.

The large hall at Halsted and Twelfth Sts., Chicago, was filled to overflowing on the evening of Nov. 11, by women and men to hear Emma Goldman of New York, L. S. Oliver of Maywood, Ill., and others, speak in honor of the men who bravely died in defense of human liberty and justice, in this city, ten years ago. Lucifer goes to press the day following this anniversary and we can only say now that the meeting was a gratifying success in all important respects, showing that the interest in the cause for which these heroes went triumphantly to their death has not yet abated.

## "The Light-Bearer Library."

Number one of the first volume of this publication is now ready for subscribers and purchasers of single copies. The subject matter is "Variety vs. Monogamy," an address delivered by E. C. Walker before the Ladies' Liberal League, of Philadelphia. The Library will be published monthly, and the subscription price will be 25 cents a year. Single copies will be sold at prices differing according to their size. The first number is small—only eight pages—and will sell for three cents a copy. Reduced rates will be given, when ordered in quantities. The next of the series will be at least sixteen pages,—possibly thirty-two—but subscribers will have the advantage of the price of a fraction more than two cents each, regardless of size, or of single copy price.

Those who are interested in "missionary" work will find this series a very useful addition to available literature. It is also in excellent form for binding.

We hope those intending to subscribe will send us their names as early as possible, even though it may not be con-

venient to pay at once. If all such will send a card, ordering the Library sent to their address, they will confer a favor on us. We need the names of subscribers to enable us to enter the Library as second class matter when we mail No. 2.

Will you subscribe for the "Light-Bearer Library"?

## As to Mr. Lloyd's Error.

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

J. William Lloyd is a true and tried worker in the movement for sexual emancipation; and it is a disappointment to find him now ranged among the disbelievers in an active and vigorous propaganda. His plea, hardly to be termed an argument, is that renewed activity on the part of the friends of liberty will rekindle the smoldering fires of persecution, and subject all concerned to a profitless martyrdom. Such a view would have strangled in its infancy every reform movement the world has seen.

What is it that the signers of the "Call" propose to do? Simply to extend and render a thousand times more effective the work now being carried on. We have no intention of acting in a spirit of bravado, or of exercising, for the purpose of propaganda, any rights not acknowledged to belong to us. We will simply follow the example of the early Abolitionists, in the time when their reform was "a byword and a hissing" in the mouths of all but a mere handful. We know that united action is far more profitable than disintegrated effort. This principle is recognized in every other department; but, singularly enough, many free lovers seem to believe that by skulking in corners and acting as if ashamed of our convictions, we best serve the cause of sexual freedom, and hasten the day when the principle shall be universally accepted.

But it is claimed that increased activity on our part will awaken relentless persecution, and result in the utter annihilation of what little freedom we now possess. No greater mistake could be made. "Eternal vigilance," not eternal cowardice and compromise, "is the price of liberty." Constant tameness invites increased usurpation. One unresisted encroachment on liberty leads inevitably to another; and the point where determined resistance begins is the only point where encroachment ceases. The whole history of radical movements proves the truth of this principle. Come, Messrs. Lloyd and Rudefbusch, do not maintain a position which, logically carried out, would make it impossible for you to express your own views to more than a handful of private friends, and which would call for the immediate suspension of Lucifer, and put an end to the sale of "The Old and the New Ideal." Your place is side by side with your comrades in the concerted action for human freedom.

Side by side with the public propaganda for the universal principle of sex liberty, may and should go the more private and advanced educational work among Libertarians, that we may learn and adopt the most rational way of using this liberty. The two movements are complementary, not hostile, and both of the highest necessity. We need not, and ought not, to "drop" one, in order to "join" the other. For myself, I am a thorough New Idealist, and ready to work along the lines of the New Ideal, with Mr. Rudefbusch and all others interested. I wrote as much to Mr. Rudefbusch months ago; and whenever I receive word from him as to definite plans of action, he may count on my hearty co-operation. In the meantime, I desire to hear from all who believe in and practice (or are willing to practice) the New Ideal, not necessarily to lead to a continued correspondence in each case, but to know who and where my comrades are. I should especially like to have all New Idealists in New England and New York send me their names and addresses. They will be treated as confidential, when desired.

1 Lynde St. Place, Boston, Mass.

## Sociologic Lesson. No. LIII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE GOLDEN EMPIRE. It is neces-

sary, at first, to make all bills redeemable in gold. The reign of fraud and violence, not yet ended, requires a basis which can not be tampered with, and which will not be endangered by the failure of the government which issues it. This circumstance has given to gold an increased value, from the demand for it for a currency, beyond its value as a useful metal. The successful operation of the plan now proposed would tend to diminish the use of gold for money, and destroy this factitious element in its market value. The people having once reached the honesty and intelligence necessary to introduce the new plan, could not again become fraudulent and ignorant, and would not care to provide for that contingency. Gold would therefore fall below par, with no probability of its again reaching its former exchangeable value. Holders of bonds, or notes redeemable in gold, already depreciated and liable to further depreciation indefinitely, would be glad to exchange them for notes which would be certain to remain of uniform value.

Gold has also been largely used for ostentation; and a more highly cultivated taste will forbid that. Its use to avoid corrosion is largely supplanted by metals less liable to attrition; so that it would not be surprising if its market price should fall below that of other metals in common use. To hoard against danger of political revolution, it is still far above all other substances; to hoard for its inherent value in the co-operation of the future, it would be the poorest of all investments.

[If the object of the author of "Sociologic Lessons" is to destroy the reign of gold, and with it the "reign of fraud and violence," his efforts will be welcomed and seconded, doubtless, by all of Lucifer's friends and supporters. To many of us it seems useless to try to dethrone gold so long as it is made the basis of legal tender money, and that hence the first thing to do is to inaugurate equality, or equal freedom, for all commodities, gold included. M. H.]

### Sexual Morality.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Those who do not obey the arbitrary standard of sex morality enforced by church and state are counted immoral, but Edward Bellamy, in his recent work, "Equality" says we have no moral basis for sexual relations. Those who have read "Looking Backward" will find in this later work the same characters through whom the author explains his views conversationally. Dr. Leete in response to a remark from Julian West as to the effect of woman's economic independence upon the conventional standard of sexual morality says:

"Say rather, that the economic equalization of men and women for the first time made it possible to establish their relations on a moral basis. The first condition of ethical action in any relation is the freedom of the actor. So long as women's economic dependence upon men prevented them from being free agents in the sexual relation there could be no ethics of that relation. A proper ethics of sexual conduct was first made possible when women became of independent action through the attainment of economic equality."

Further along he says of our present system of sex relations: "But, because entirely based upon considerations not suggested by the natural sanctities of the sexual relations in itself, but upon prudential considerations affecting economic results, it would be an inexact use of terms to call it a system of ethics. It would be more accurately described as a code of sexual economics—that is to say, a set of laws and customs providing for the economic protection of women and children in the sexual and family relation."

On the last page of the book, in disposing of Malthus and his population theory, he speaks of Nature's check to an excess of population, and says:

"But, in order that Nature's check should be properly operative, it is necessary that the women through whose wills it must operate, if at all, should be absolutely free agents in the disposition of themselves, and the necessary condition of that free agency is economic independence. That secured, while we

may be sure that the maternal instinct will forever prevent the race from dying out, the world will be equally little in danger of being recklessly overcrowded."

Those who have not read "Looking Backward" will need to understand that Mr. Bellamy is supposing we live a hundred years from now, and that woman's economic independence has become a fixed fact, hence he talks of what now is, as if it were in the past. In speaking of the natural elimination of crime through the new order of things, Dr. Leete is made to say:

"In former ages a great number of crimes have resulted from the passions of love and jealousy. They were consequences of the idea from immemorial barbarism that men and women might acquire sexual proprietorship in one another, to be maintained and asserted against the will of the person. Such crimes ceased to be known after the first generation had grown up under the absolute sexual autonomy and independence which followed from economic equality."

These are but a few of the extracts I might give to show Mr. Bellamy's position on the sex question, and when so liberal a writer is so much liked that the first edition of "Equality" was exhausted in thirteen hours after it was ready, it looks as if things were moving pretty fast.

[I have not read the book, "Equality," but from the several reviews I have seen it is a work of great educational value. "Absolute sexual autonomy and independence" whether a means to "economic equality," or a result of economic equality is a matter of detail, or of opinion. To some of us the order of nature is that the desire for freedom, for economic independence must precede its fruition, its practicalization, and that the best way to kindle that desire and to create the determination to achieve it, is to convince women, the creators of the race, that they cannot give birth to a race of self-reliant, self-respecting freemen so long as they are themselves the slaves of men in the sex-relation. Hence the prominence given by Lucifer to sexologic problems. M. H.]

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LXIV.

After two years of life in their co-operative home its inmates were convinced of its success and felt almost like thieves that they should enjoy so many privileges which were beyond the reach of those to whom they gave employment, and then the plans were made for a new home, and again Owen's millions did service and now a beautiful, grand structure had been erected. But not so far away from the place of work as their own. That would have been cruelty to the morning "turn" who were expected to be at their post at the hour of seven, and equally unpleasant for the afternoon "turn" as it would cause them to be late for their evening meal.

Right on the outskirts of the city, where fifteen minutes would be all that would be required to bring them back and forth, a site was bought upon the brink of the beautiful river, elevated just enough to be beyond the reach of any possible flood. A park had been laid out which in time would be one of the handsomest the city could boast of, with its miniature lakes, its splashing fountains, its dense shrubbery, its gleaming statuary and flowery banks. And right in the midst of these beautiful surroundings this monster home was built. For three long years the workmen toiled, until when finished it was the finest of its kind that fancy could depict. A place where home pleasures would be given the workers, such as they had never known; where every arrangement had been made to amuse, to instruct, to educate, to develop the inmates. It boasted of its school rooms, its college, its sculpture hall and artist's studio, its lecture hall and theater, where the best of traveling troupes were to be engaged, with perfect arrangements for the accommodation of those troupes. Here the players would not have to undergo the extra fatigue, after their tiresome work, to again dress for the street, catch the last cold an-

reary car that was to take them to their place of lodging. No, indeed! The theater of the workers' home was a marvel of its kind. Large, airy, comfortable and well furnished rooms were attached to it, a room to every player, so near and convenient to the stage that it was not required to dress in little boxes or holes for their work. Here they could dress in quiet and comfort and then rest until the signal to begin was given.

When through with their work, in the pleasant, comfortable dining room connected with the theater for the convenience of this hard-working class of people—how hard-working few, not of the profession, ever realize—a simple but refreshing repast was served, which repast was so restful and had so much real comfort in it that the traveling bands invariably forgot that wines and liquors were absent from it.

Then there was a library with its thousands of volumes containing reading matter of every kind, but always choice, always select, always instructive. A large billiard room was also there. Then came the gymnasium for the development of physical strength and where both sexes were expected to participate. There was to be a singing class and dancing school.

The baths were not forgotten. Larger, more complete than at the first home, so many more were to make use of them here.

All arrangements were complete. A large, airy hall where breakfast and the mid-day meal were to be served. But here, as in that other home, the evening meal, which would be the chief meal of the day, was to be taken amidst nature's beauties in a large and beautiful conservatory. Owen had spent a fortune in furnishing it with the required plants which were of the rarest kinds. A miniature lake was formed in its center, wherein the little golden speckled beauties were dashing and splashing about in their merry chase. A fountain was reared in its center composed of a half dozen nude mermaids holding their hands aloft, their finger tips forming a circle from which the water was flung aloft in showering spray. Sweet voiced songsters filled the air with their thrilling music. Flowers bloomed in wild profusion; huge vases were filled with their brilliant treasures wherever they could be suitably placed.

At several places small artificial hills had been erected, ferns and grasses growing amidst the rocks. Through a small rocky ravine the water came tumbling into a basin below, forming a small lake. Palms, cactus and other plants were grouped at convenient places. Nooks and alcoves without number had been arranged wherein the tables had been placed and were now spread and awaiting the hungry guests, each table seating about a dozen and through it all rare, sweet music, coming from some hidden source lulled the tired senses to rest and quiet.

The last preparations had been made. The last garlands had been hung. To every room its inmate had been assigned, which promised them all the same sweet privacy when privacy was desired, as in the first and smaller home. Every room was furnished cozily and comfortably, and every inmate, if so they desired, could claim some musical instrument for their private use, besides which there was a music hall where first class musical instruments of all kinds abounded. A number of the best teachers had been engaged to supervise the different departments, to teach and bring to light the hidden talents that none might be lost, but all shine in their full glory.

The grounds were something wonderful, or in time would be so, when the years would have done their work. The drives were beautiful, so wide and clean. Ponds covered with water-lilies. Fountains everywhere. Lover's nooks and cozy retreats. Plants, shrubbery and flowers in glorious profusion, and artistic designs wherever the eye might rest. Down the sloping banks of the river wide, spacious stairways of hewn stone had been made which led down beneath the laving waters. Skiffs, large and small were moored here, inviting and wooing lovers of the watery element to trust themselves to its glassy bosom, to be rocked on its silvery, rippling waves and be borne whither-soever they might wish.

Owen had made a deep hole in his millions. Lack of funds should not prevent it from being a success. And now the new

inmates of this wonderful home were waiting the summons to their first evening meal. All the "salons" of the lower floors were swarming with gayly dressed maidens and with young men attired in their best. Instinctively they knew that henceforth they must always put their best efforts to the front, and the blending of youthful voices in merry laughter made the heart glad as you listened.

But not all were young that were assembled here tonight. Many there were who had seen the darker side of life and who in all probability would often prefer the solitude and quiet of their own rooms to the noisy merry-making of a careless and care-free youth.

And among all those who found a home within the walls of this magnificent structure those had not been forgotten whose labor had produced it, had made it the thing of beauty it now stood. And where could be found those to enjoy it in its completeness more than those whose patient labor had constructed it? As might be expected they had grown to love it as they worked, and the knowledge that they should enjoy its beauties and comforts when finished had helped, not a little, so that they worked eagerly and with extra skill until the day of its completion.

To be continued.

"Isabel's Intention," by Mariette, is an extraordinary story of a girl—an innocent, but thinking, sympathetic and justice-loving girl—who, being told by her mother that society could not get on without prostitutes, and that she herself is indebted to them, determines to take the place of one of the victims, and become the degraded sacrifice for the welfare of society. Twice she attempts the awful task, but happily remains "the woman who didn't." This very unconventional little tract, however apparently absurd its story, is unmistakably from a feminine hand, and an indication that women are bent on squarely facing the facts of life and will not acquiesce in the degradation of a large number of their sex. The story is graphically written, and calculated to make its readers pause to think.—"London Freethinker."

For sale at Lucifer office. Price, 5 cents.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Chicago:—I am today in receipt of a letter from a gentleman to whom I sent the last copy of Lucifer containing Mr. James' criticism on Dr. Berrier. The gentleman who writes the letter is an old war-horse in reform. He is alive and wide awake to all the interests of humanity; one of the most progressive souls I know. He is personally acquainted with Dr. Berrier, and as Lucifer stands for freedom of speech, I think it is no more than just to the doctor that the words of our friend should be published.

"And now here comes Lucifer, 'Son of the Morning,' Child of the Light, Prince of Love, illuminating Humanity. I have just read it all, commencing with the article on Saint (?) Anthony, and especially the article on Dr. Berrier. I never met a seemingly purer minded man than Leroy Berrier. The form of criticism indulged in is not pleasant to me, and coming from an old thinker, as I understand C. L. James to be; our differences of opinion where parties are equally honest are not harmonized by remarks of this sort. There may be, and doubtless are errors of thought, expression and methods but the object is one, namely the Freedom of the Sexes. This I believe in and yet I can see how a fine ethical code (unwritten) must be the rule of action. However, I would not lay down any law, limit or observance. W."

Sada Bailey Fowler, Torresdale, Phila., Pa.:—Thanks to Prof. Wm. Windsor, who (see Lucifer, Oct. 27) has been inspired to give to the world the grand fundamental truths of S. T. Fowler's Genetics; that at last justice may be done to the grandest philosophy and to one of the greatest philosophers this planet has ever produced. Oh, how I have worked and



prayed for this; and since I have been a student of the thought power and spiritual science, what strong thoughts I've sent forth for this result, which now shines brightly through the blessed beams of our Light-Bearer. And how appropriate! how germane to its especial work—sex purity and freedom! No wonder *motherhood* has not been understood when the philosophies and religions of the world are based on *heims*. Thanks to "Genetics" which teaches of our divine *mother* as equal with the father, as follows:

Space and matter, the primitive actualities of existence. The spirit of space, electricity—the matrine; the spirit of matter, magnetism—the patrine. And behold! it is the *sexualization* of this eternal mother and father that harmonizes and moves all solar systems. When this is understood, then will society look upon sexuality in purity and freedom.

S. T. Fowler gave all that a *man* could give; but it was reserved for one of his women disciples, to unfold the inner and spiritual truth whose unsealed vision beholds that—interiorly and superiorly—within these outward elements of space and matter rests the omnipresent and infinite spirit—the Mother and Father God. My forthcoming book gives the mystic key to the practicalization of this truth in a harmonious system of social, industrial and pure—love-life, manifesting the reality of spirituality, the truth of the scriptural quaker doctrine—God is spirit. Let us worship in spirit and in truth.

Flora W. Fox, Rochester, Minn.:—I send my choicest and best greetings to you and Lucifer now, and later will send a filthy lucre greeting which you need, in our barbarous civilization. Money is so useless, yet so needful. What practical assistance are our comrades, Addis, Pope and Isaac getting? I hope their case will not be ignored by our freethought papers, for these men were battling for the same fundamental principles of liberty—liberty first, last, right along and all the time! They took their own way of doing this needed work, to be sure, and those of us who have not "sand" enough to be martyrs, ought to see to it that these same martyrs are well protected and sustained in our courts of (in)justice and speedily released. Let us not be deceived,—the courts are not against these men in any way, but against their progressive, active "Firebrand," which sweeps the cobwebs of bigotry and superstition from off the earth. The opposition seek to kill and bury all such papers because they are dangerous—to the foes of human advancement!

Now, friend Warren, just what do you mean when you say, "I have no use for side lovers, as safety-valves for passion"? Who does? Surely not the New Idealists. Where can you find a greater number of legalized "safety-valves of passion" than in our present marriage system, and where they claim to have "no use for side lovers"? Are you an advocate of marriage as it is?

One does not need to advocate variety to substantiate a claim for full liberty of choice in all matters that appertain to human welfare. Woman does not yet own her body, for marriage makes her a slave to the "marital rights" of some one man owner. This is a beautiful freedom (?) for our self-respecting women of both continents, and strange to say, most of them are perfectly satisfied!

Yes, friend Chavannes, "the marriage system does need reforming,"—by being abolished! It is too hol(e)y to be patched up or mended. The men and priests of past ages have made a terrible muddle of it and now want to change it by law, while not yet willing to grant one-half the race any voice in the matter.

More law; more law!  
To fill greed's cavernous maw!  
That is the song they sing.  
For they are swallowed up by Tammam's ring!

Anton Niedermeier, Trenton, N. J.:—I have been reading the various criticisms of friend Rudefbusch and of his book, and am grieved that some have been impressed unfavorably with

the writing of our friend. I am grieved, because adverse criticism, especially when expressed over-forcibly, are not productive of the unity which is desirable and necessary. Yet all these criticisms do really not prove anything for or against friend Rudefbusch or his book. They only prove that a book, a theory, or a sentence, nay, even a word, may convey a different meaning to each person, let the difference be ever so trifling. They prove further how often our best efforts are misjudged, and how prone all of us are to misunderstand others and to be misunderstood by them.

Yes the opposing criticisms or opinions only emphasize the fact that every person perceives everything about him or her in a different light from every other person, and that therefore every thing seen, heard or felt, every thought uttered, every idea expressed will make a different impression upon each person. By the force of habit or by long custom many of us are unable to think of certain things or conditions without associating them with certain other things or conditions, while others are able to think of new things or conditions and surround them with the corresponding essentials. Such, I think, are the facts in friend Rudefbusch's case. Some are unable to see a state of society as pictured by him without some of the stigma, without some of the blemishes attached by most people to all lives not in accord with the prescribed custom.

First of all, I think, friend Rudefbusch is honest. And have we then an over-abundance of honesty? Scarcely any one will think so. He is furthermore brave in putting forth so fearlessly his views (they are his whether others held or hold the same or not) which, as he well knows, are greatly in opposition to existing things. But then his "ideal" does not exclude love, nor responsibility for love's act, but merely gives to both the widest latitude possible. I read the book, and read it with much pleasure, and think that only a noble, brave and fearless person could write such a book. "Unrestricted Freedom" is its central thought. Do we not all strive for the same?

I hold that the very expectation of a life-long partnership robs love of its freedom, and thereby of its sweetest joys. It makes such a "living together" irksome if not outright detestable, and in many cases love fades and dies but a short time after the parties have entered into a life union. The cultured mind will, if at all possible, always respect the partner of his or her pleasures, and will therefore continue to live with such partner because expected to do so, though the heart may feel a strong yearning, or longing for another and perhaps more responsive love.

Friends, let us have freedom. For this let us work with might and main. But to be successful we must join hands. Do not fear, but let each one be fully emancipated, for then and then only shall we be able to grow into full man- and womanhood. Once free, each can live up to his or her own highest ideal, and compulsion and rape in or out of the marriage bed shall no longer be known. Sexual brutalities and outrages of all kinds will cease, and men and women walk side by side, always respected and respecting. Yours for Union.

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WHOLE No. 686

### The Elections, etc.

BY C. L. JAMES.

From the Anarchistic standpoint, safely overlooking the sea, the battle and the vagabondage of theories lacking an inductive basis, what is the moral of the fall elections, A. D. 1897? By common consent of all parties, the great battle ground was Greater New York. Counting out Henry George, who fell in the harness too soon to be a factor in "the annual ballot boxing squabble," the contestants of Greater New York were (1) The democratic Tammany Machine represented by Boss Croker's man, Judge Van Wyck; (2) the republican McKinley Machine, represented by McKinley's man's, Boss Platt's man, Tracy; (3) the puritanical, I-am-holier-than-thou Machine, represented by Rothschild's man's, Boss Grover Cleveland's, man's man, Seth Low. Moral:—It may be observed that the man who had fewest men and bosses between himself and headquarters "got there." Result, so far, an unqualified condemnation of middlemen and bosses by the masses,—"misere hominum mentes, pectora ceca,"—blind and miserable though they are. But, furthermore, the puritanical, I-am-holier-than-thou Machine—represented by Rothschild's man's, Boss Grover Cleveland's, man's man, Seth Low, has met with an annihilating defeat. This is very significant. Among all those hinges whereby the Knave works the Fool into that union with himself whose lack would make each of them as useless as half a pair of scissors, none is more adapted to the Fool's instincts, nor (consequently) capable of catching more votes, than the I-am-holier-than-thou Machine. Its total defeat in the Greater New York election, after its practical trial for four years, means that the fools, though by no means all dead yet, are very far from a majority. Surely an encouraging conclusion, which all the "great" secular papers have failed to notice!

The Knave "can fool all the people some of the time." He did when a D. D. who hired unfortunate women to perform indecent actions while misrepresenting his purpose to them, posed as a great reformer. He can fool "some people" (the "great" secular papers e. g.) "all the time." But he cannot "fool" even a majority of "the people all the time." The true inwardness of the Greater New York election has been ignored by the "great" secular papers, admirable specimens of those whom the Knave can fool all the time! Some of these blind guides have, indeed, gotten their eyes far enough open to see that, from an early stage in the canvass, the republican and Tammany machines were essentially but one. The Party Machine has therefore shattered the I-am-holier-than-thou Machine. What gave it victory in such a contest? Truth and Honesty! Strange words to use in connection with Tammany! Yes; but misery makes acquainted with strange bed-fellows now, as much as in Trinculo's days. Four years of the Strong-Roosevelt-puritanical-I-am-holier-than-thou Machine, made almost everyone prefer anything else, as all did in

England, after twenty years of the same machine under the Long Parliament and Cromwell. Tammany's war-cry "to hell with reform!" was the perfection of candor compared with Leap-frog Parkhurst's plea for "good government"—God save the mark!

The fight was between the proverbial honor of thieves on the one side, and on the other a loathsome hypocrisy, sordid and canting, cruel and obscene. The easy victory of the thieves over the "double-cross-covers" forbodes a much more decisive victory of those opponents of law who do not steal over those eulogists of law who do. The crushing defeat of "good government" in New York means the death of the "goo-goo" swindle everywhere else. I, individually, have much reason to rejoice in such a result. For, two years ago, this humbug was being worked everywhere by those who had a private axe to grind; and it was I who, single-handed, prevented its being even tried in Eau Claire—by the bondsmen of a defaulting city treasurer, now in the penitentiary. Never, in any city will raids on saloons and brothels be made to cover public robbery again! At least not if the crushing defeat of the "goo-goo" swindle is properly followed up. We used to have a Defense Association in New York. I should like to suggest to that association that the time is auspicious for getting the Blue Laws repealed entirely, and for putting a notorious black-mailer by the name of Comstock behind the bars—which would destroy Federal "goo-gooism" as effectually as Van Wyck's election has destroyed municipal.

As concerns E. C. Walker's "Call for Concerted Action" and Mr. Lloyd's criticism of the scheme—count me favorable to Walker's project every day and all day long. Mr. Walker will remember that I have been trying to do something in the way of organizing friends to social freedom for some eighteen or twenty years, but, having no great talent for such work have reaped little but the credit of being among the first to propose it. I hope Mr. Walker will succeed in getting all the social radicals of America registered; the passive ones even provided with work of the "E. C." type; the active engaged, as he proposes, in issuing tracts, circulars, lectures and other instruments of agitation in ever increasing quantity; and all who wish it made known, by name and address, to all others. The difficulties and hazards of such organization are already known to him, to me, and to many others; but I apprehend that twenty years' experience in a small way has taught all likely to be engaged in the management of this enterprise how all who have any work in them can be got to work, and traitors made harmless by letting no one of them know enough to betray. The considerations which have prevented me from personally answering his call, hitherto, are in part familiar—want of "the needful," which I understand him to say now is not needful—and the reflection that no one who ever heard of me was likely to doubt my being an active social radical. Mr. Lloyd's idea appears to be that we are protected by obscurity.



and that concerted action would draw on us an annihilating persecution. I think he is quite mistaken. The smallest spark of truth is plenty large enough to attract the lynx eyes of "goo-goo" swindlers, whose whole stock in trade is stamping it out; but whom either fear or purchase promptly reduces to innocuous desuetude when the flame becomes larger. And the more dense the surrounding obscurity, the further a small spark can be seen. When Mr. Lloyd talks of mobs, he must surely forget the Whitecaps. Such organizations as theirs are treasonable at common law; they are expressly within the purview of the Federal Ku Klux statutes; and yet they were allowed to work their deviltry for years, because they appealed to the pseudo-moral prepossessions of a large class. Puritanical I-am-holier-than-thou wickedness during the last ten years without raising in general revolt all that large majority of the people whose private pleasures it endangers. The amazing thing is that they bore so much of it. And with the Greater New York election before us, we may be sure it has past its zenith, and will henceforth trouble less. Then, when Mr. Lloyd speaks of Lucifer and other radical papers as being tolerated now but expressing fears that they would be suppressed if concerted action were taken, he must forget that everyone has had to fight through a most determined effort to suppress it. Lucifer itself, and even the cautious "Truth Seeker" obtained some measure of toleration only when, and because the Puritanical-I-am-holier-than-thou gang found it had done its worst, and was hurting itself by continuing to attack them. In this glorious war the boldest policy always proved the best. Heywood, with less suffering than Bennett, forced the Puritanical-I-am-holier-than-thou gang to tolerate much more radical utterances. If his life had been prolonged a few months, he would have forced them to tolerate the Three Words. But the struggle has been exceedingly severe—much harder than it is likely to be under even equal conditions now that the I-am-holier-than-thou wickedness has so evidently brought on a reaction and gone out of favor. The editor of Lucifer, if I remember right, was in prison or in jeopardy for eight years; and a trial of eight years' duration has been described as quite punishment enough for any crime. The only publications obnoxious to the Pool part of the I-am-holier-than-thou gang, which the Knave part really tolerates, are those which buy their immunity from Comstock & Co. as the "Police Gazette" does. We, who disdain to do that, have had to fight so hard because we were weak; and we were weak because we were scattered. United, we could defy any mob; and, as for Comstock, we might, if we chose buy him up; after having thus caught which hare, it would be quite proper and feasible to make jugged hare of him.

#### The Cheap and Nasty as a Monitor in the Schools.

Victor Hugo versus the Philadelphia Board of Education. It is always ordained that in the due course of time and nature the despot should appear. The despot is always blind. Nothing could be done by any resistant that is so fatal to his power as the things he does for his own undoing. By the code of this latest censor, "Les Misérables" is a bad book. There are a thousand and one estimable people of more or less competency to repeat the alphabet who believe this book to embody principles and pictures of exceptional nobility. Some of them believe Hugo was a regenerator and that this book especially was and is regenerative. It is even believed delusively by daring free-booters in morals that no text-book with idiocies of rote can do for youth what youth can find done for it in the pages of this enlightened treatise. Here, however, is a snare, against which Principal Rorer, who has in his charge the virtue of the girls of the High School, will set his shield. It is interesting to note that the one official protest is from a woman.

"We cannot be too cautious in setting before the young girls and boys anything which detracts from their ideals of virtue and purity." By these signs it may be understood that

the Principal realizes the awfulness of his responsibility. The trouble is that his first exercise of authority should have been so ludicrous. It is brave, admirable, even mad, but it lacks that saving salt which would have reserved the Principal for his own morals, left Victor Hugo the morals which are Victor Hugo's, and left to the girls intrusted to his unsafe hands the morals of the girls. If there is a girl to whom "Les Misérables" is not familiar who does not now straightway get the book and more diligently apply herself to it than to any text-book whose virtue her guardians could approve, then girls are not what they have been and what they must be to be wholesome and brave, then the Edenic apple was eaten in vain, then history has won a hold up, and then the cheap and nasty is the worshiped monitor of schools.—*Horace L. Traubel, in "Conservator."*

There is no sleep so profound as the sleep of a dead book. Men should write—yes, they should write much. But they should write for message and not for style. They should make the average interest their own, the struggle of society indexing their personal struggle, so that somehow the line marking them off today, cloistering the sympathies of the scholar, should all be destroyed. I would more willingly aid him with his public. But the man who makes of a book a grave wherein he pours the dead bones of a dusty scholarship has no public and may proceed with his funeral unaccompanied by the general mourning.—*Horace L. Traubel, in "Conservator."*

The costumes of the Hindus and Mohammedans [in India] are comfortable even to look at; they are the natural dress of man in a warm country, made delightful to the eye by grace of drapery and loveliness of color. The only essential part of the men's dress is the loin-cloth, which is usually white or has been white originally. But their smooth brown skins are adornment enough; the eye soon learns to appreciate the tint and to prefer it to our blanched aspect. The shades of brown are innumerable, but it never approaches the blackness of the coast Negro. The people are naive in their ways, but carefully observe their own limitations, and never are immodest. I have seen a man clad in loin-cloth, jacket and mantle, saunter up to the corner of the public garden opposite the hotel in Bombay on whose veranda I sat and take off everything he had on; shake out and refold the garments and replace them; but be managed so well there was no undue exposure. Still more remarkable was the case of the young married woman on the platform of a railway station, who also took off every stitch of her clothing and clad herself in other robes; but from her shoulders to her heels not an inch of bare skin was revealed throughout the process; I watched her from the window of my compartment in the train, which was waiting, as did two or three hundred other persons—or they might have done so had not similar spectacles been too familiar. Imagine (thought I) an American lady doing the same thing under similar circumstances in America! The savoir faire of this people is incomparable.—*Julian Hawthorne, in "Cosmopolitan."*

The gait of Indian women in walking is the perfection of easy grace; they have been barefooted since the dawn of time, and are accustomed to carrying weights on their heads. I have now and then seen an American or an English girl walk well; but never in a way to bear comparison with them. The trunk poises lightly on the hips, the legs glide forward smoothly, one elastic foot after the other is planted on the ground and spurs it. Their delicate waists have never felt the deadening pressure of a bodice. The vest worn by most Indian women does not come below the curve of the breasts; the body thence to the loins is bare; in some parts of the country no vest at all is worn. The women are uniformly of small stature; and most of the poorer classes soon lose their symmetry of form, owing to child-bearing and other labor. But nothing can be more beautiful in all respects than an Indian girl of the higher caste in her prime; there is a glorious delicacy of loveliness in every contour and feature; a splendor in her eyes and hair and in the mellow tints of her exquisite skin; a fitness in her gar-

ments and a fascination in her motion that belong to no other woman.—*Julian Hawthorne, in "Cosmopolitan."*

It is obvious that to do the best we can under existing conditions is about all that any one is doing, as a practical expression of being, and to do the best we can under these conditions is to do the best we can for consequent conditions.—*Hornee L. Traubel.*

### The Coming Tyranny.

BY H. E. ALLEN.

The Agricultural Press League in its annual session in Chicago, Nov. 8, unanimously indorsed the Loud postal bill, and nearly all the agricultural editors are now requesting their readers to write their congressman, or senator, requesting his vote for the bill at the coming session of congress.

If the Loud postal bill becomes a law I do not believe it will be possible for such papers as *Lucifer*, "The New Time," "The Coming Nation," "The Appeal to Reason," and hosts of others of this class of papers to circulate through the mails. This is only another proof that force is invariably employed where argument fails—or, I should say, where there is no argument force is the requisite thing.

The coming tyranny is to be the suppression of all argument. Socialists, anarchists and others are now denied the liberty to speak in many cities. But this is not enough. They must not even be allowed to circulate any printed matter. "Free press"—what a lie! *Lucifer's* readers, are no doubt familiar with the provisions of this infamous bill. But I will take space to call attention to some of its features for the benefit of those who may not be:

Certain corporations are to have their letters carried at a reduced rate by using stamping machines placed in business houses; and postmasters at delivery offices are to keep a record of all these letters they deliver, report them to the department, and the government collect the postage from each corporation less a certain discount.

It will be seen that this would open the way for any amount of frauds, as the honesty of postmasters in reporting the correct number of letters might be influenced by friendship or money. It gives the big concerns a reduced postage rate which of itself is bad enough, but the most dangerous part of the bill is purposely hidden in its provisions which will exclude from the mails a large amount of so-called liberal publications, both books and newspapers, by constituting the delivery postmaster a censor over all printed matter he delivers, and he can deliver or not at his pleasure. Under this law I feel very certain the lady who now officiates at my post office would refuse to deliver me *Lucifer* and at least three other publications of somewhat similar radical views.

Russia has no postal regulation more infamous or tyrannical than this. Are we ready to make a postal censor of every village postmaster? Then the friends of freedom of publication cannot act too quickly or too wisely. If the abridgment of liberty in this direction continues the dominant party will ultimately tolerate no criticism of its administration of government. This new tyranny must be averted—it must be hurled back by every liberty-loving, patriotic freeman. This outrageous assault on natural rights must be resented at all hazards and the miserable spawn of plutocracy who advocate such a measure must be taught that this republic is not the place to trifle with the liberties that all right-thinking men have come to admit are *unalienable*. Without the freedom of speech and press no people can be free or government secure. So why should we not look with alarm on every assault on natural and individual rights?

Berwick, Ill., Nov. 15, '97.

### Love Ideals.

BY ALBERT CHAVANNES.

I wish to express my approbation of the position taken by L. W. Lloyd, in his article in No. 683 of *Lucifer*, and give my

reasons for believing that his Ideal, and not Ruedebusch's, will prove to be the one which society will adopt.

Ideals, to be effective, must be in the line of natural desires, and capable of realization through obedience to natural laws, and those new desires are not controlled by the will, but come from a process of natural development.

Lloyd's position is, that we are naturally sexually attracted by many different persons, by some more than by others, and that instead of fighting this natural tendency, we must accept it as normal. He would classify it as central and side loves, a classification which may or may not be correct, which is a matter of little importance. The chief point of his teachings being that such attractions are right, and can be gratified without doing violence to our nature, and with benefit to the welfare of society.

I not only believe that Lloyd is correct, but I claim that it is only the application of a general law to the realm of the sexual relations. As men and women develop they enlarge the scope of their affections—the result of attraction—in all directions. The developed man loses his intense and narrow patriotism, and can see much to praise and approve in other nations. The same is true of intellectual pursuits; the more we know, the more we can appreciate the increase of knowledge in several directions. It is even true of foods; the ability to enjoy a variety of foods, served in a variety of ways, is a proof of development. This applies to all things. The state of development of a people or of an individual, can be gauged by the number of things which interest and attract them, and it must follow that the men and women who are attracted by several persons are more developed than those who are attracted by only one or two.

The want of progress leads to the diffusion of attraction, and this diffusion leads to an increase of the social bond, and to the betterment of humanity, so I contend that Lloyd's Ideal is in the line of progress, and will in time displace and replace the present Ideals.

As for Ruedebusch's Ideal—so far as I understand it—it can be defined in two words: Secrecy and Disintegration. I take Ruedebusch to be a very clear-headed man, but he makes the common mistake to suppose that success in sexual relations is secured by other means than in any other relation. He knows, as well as anyone, that constructive success in all branches depends upon diffusion of knowledge—the opposite of secrecy—and upon organization. And yet he soberly proposes, not as a war measure, to be adopted so long as we are surrounded by adverse conditions, but as an ideal condition for humanity, a state of things which shall tend to as complete a disintegration of society as possible, and where general mistrust shall be the ruling spirit.

Ruedebusch is a fighter, who bids defiance to the world, and says in substance: "I shall do what I please and it is none of your business what I do," which is all right for him, but is a poor ideal for the improvement of society. Lloyd is a philosopher who carefully studies the laws of progress, seeking to take advantage of them, for his own benefit and that of others.

One word now as to the "Call for Concerted Action." I hope that its leaders will heed the word of warning which Lloyd gives in the same article, and believe that they have enough experience and judgment, to remain within safe limits in their propaganda. My own impression is that those who favor more sexual freedom, have in *Lucifer* the best means to extend their work, and that our best plan is to help its publishers to sustain its burden, and to use our best efforts to extend its circulation. If the new movement results in so extending the field that *Lucifer* will increase its subscription list, and reach more readers, I shall look upon it as a success, but if as too often happens, it only leads to a division of forces, and drawing from *Lucifer's* support, I shall look upon it as a mistake, and that it would have been better for the cause if it had not been started.

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
European Representatives, George Bedborough, 121 East  
Street Buildings, London, England. William Gilmour, 73  
Cedar Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of life, when character, for good or ill, for strength or weakness, for happiness or misery, for success or failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1304 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress Street Tuesday evening Nov. 24. Dr. C. S. Wood will make the opening address.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,

\$392.09

A Friend,

5.00

## "Firebrand Fund"

The following sums have been received at this office for the benefit of "The Firebrand Group," one of whom, A. J. Pope, is now confined in the county jail at Portland, Oregon, charged with violating the postal laws by depositing for mailing copies of the "Firebrand" dated Sept. 19, '97.

George Bedborough,

\$2.00

F. F. Holiday,

1.00

Helene Hochstein,

.50

Louis Roser,

.50

To which is added, as a contribution from Lucifer's office, 5.00.

THE EVILS of our mis-called representative government receive fresh emphasis in the statements made by H. E. Allen in this issue, in regard to the impending infliction known as the "Load Postal Bill." People who have all they can do to mind their own business are perpetually victimized by those whose only business it is to rule and to rob their industrious and peace-loving neighbors. To this class the ears of legislators and judges are always open because they, too, are interested in government and—in robbery; the two words meaning much the same thing.

Readers of Lucifer who may object to being still further robbed of their equal rights,—imprisoned, etc., through the government machine called the post office, would better look after their rulers—mis-called servants—at Washington, D. C.

## Close of the Story.

One more short chapter only, and the long continued serial "Hilda's Home" will be finished. In last Lucifer the request was made that all who now wish one or more copies of this story will let us know without delay. This request is made for several reasons:

First—Many of the letters asking for the book if published were written more than a year ago and we think it possible

that the writers may have changed their minds, since, or that circumstances may now prevent them from fulfilling their part of the implied contract.

Second—It is very important to us, for reasons not necessary to mention in detail, that a decision be made now, as to whether the book is to be issued or not, and if to be issued, how the necessary funds are to be raised. Our means, our type, etc., are so tied up in the publication of Lucifer and the various pamphlets already promised that we cannot afford to take risks in the matter of "Hilda's Home." Responses to last week's request are coming in but most of those who have from time to time expressed a wish for one or more copies have not yet responded.

Among feasible plans for getting out the volume is that of A. Isaak, Jr., of Sellwood, Oregon, one of the "Firebrand Group,"—see "Various Voices." If there are others of like mind we should be glad to hear from them. But whether favorable or unfavorable we again ask an early expression of opinion, so that the matter may be definitely settled pro or con.

## Extra Holiday Offer.

Do you want a bound volume of Lucifer for 1897? Lucifer is never out of date because it is devoted to sexology or the science of homoculture. Almost all its articles are in the nature of essays on sex problems, a theme which can not be too fully discussed. Hence a bound volume of this paper for any year is a valuable mine of information for students of sexology, sociology and allied sciences.

The subscription price of Lucifer is ONE DOLLAR a year, but, in addition to the paper, the subscribers are usually given pamphlets worth at least one-fourth the price. This year we make an extra special offer.

To all new subscribers who send one dollar to pay for Lucifer until January 1, 1899, we will sell a substantially bound volume of Lucifer for 1897 for only \$1.25. This is little more than the price of the papers alone, the binding being given as a premium to the new subscriber. The volume will contain fifty-two numbers—416 pages. The value of such a book to persons interested in sexology can scarcely be over estimated.

To present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber for the year 1898 together with one dollar for the new subscription, we will sell one substantially bound volume of Lucifer for 1897 for only \$1.25.

Both these offers are limited and will only hold good until January 1, 1898. The number of bound volumes we can supply is limited and only the early applicants for them can be certain of getting these valuable premiums. If the supply is exhausted before January 1, money will be refunded.

The bound volumes, alone, will be sent for \$1.75 each.

## Revealed Morality and Its Exponents.

BY E. C. WALKER.

While Protestants take the ground that sex association outside of marriage is immoral and not to be tolerated, their religious progenitors, the Catholics, maintain that a Protestant marriage is only a sham, no better in fact than unlicensed association, and is a heinous sin from which the highest dignitaries alone of the church can absolve the principal or witness. Recently Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Ontario, issued this pronouncement from the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral:

"We hereby declare, with all the authority of the Church vested in us as Archbishop of Kingston and your chief pastor, that any Catholic in our metropolitan city or diocese who shall hereafter presume to enter any non-Catholic edifice to assist at what is termed a marriage ceremony, or a service for the dead, even though he should not take an active part in the performance, renders himself guilty of mortal sin by dishonoring the religion of his baptism and defying the laws of the holy Church and giving public scandal before society; and we furthermore reserve to ourselves alone the power to absolve from this heinous sin."

This broadside was called forth by a marriage in a Congregational church in Kingston, in which a Catholic woman was one of the bridesmaids and other Catholics were witnesses.



Archbishop Cleary speaks of this as "a marriage ceremony which was a mere secular contract not a whit more sacred than the marriage of any two heathens," and he says this Catholic woman was one of the "actresses" in the drama; that she paraded herself on the platform as one of the "principal performers." No doubt our exclusive friends of the Oregon Secular Union will hold up their hands in horror at this exhibition of Catholic bigotry, but the impartial observer is compelled to maintain that the boycott of social radicals by said Union is every whit as bigoted as the "performance" of Archbishop Cleary, while it is utterly lacking in the logical consistency which marks the conduct of the Catholic priest. Archbishop Cleary's action is fully justified by the traditions and canons of the church, by the spirit of the authoritarian religion whose minister he is, and by the fundamental dogma of a revealed morality to be enforced on earth by an apostolic organization. On the contrary, the boycott of the friends of sexual freedom by the Oregon Secular Union is diametrically opposed to the traditions and principles of Free thought, to the spirit of that Liberalism which stands for liberty of expression and investigation, and to the basic concept of evolution according to which all systems of morals are the result of human growth and agreement and therefore subject to constant revision as man's reasoning faculties quicken and his experience widens and deepens.

### Hear All Sides.

BY ELSIE COLE WILCOX.

Permit me a few words with Mr. Berrier concerning his article in No. 682.

Mr. Berrier declares Ruedebusch's New Ideal to be very old, and to involve "incoherent, unstable and inharmonious" living. We must, then, suppose that he regards his, Mr. Berrier's, ideal as being coherent, stable and harmonious.

Having read Mr. Berrier's ideal as embodied in his "Love and Procreation," I confess I am at a loss to see wherein it differs to any extent from the ideal of Charlotte Smith or any other advocate of exclusively monogamic relations. It is true Mr. Berrier advocates Dianism very mildly, but allows a large loop-hole for those who differ to slip through. And now that he has expressed himself so forcibly in *Lucifer*, regarding the life-long duration of sex relations, it seems evident that he sees very little need of reformation in the present system.

It is a great mystery to me why he was ever jailed. As his views are in such perfect harmony with those of the powers that be, it seems as though they must have made a mistake and accidentally (?) wounded one of their own number.

And yet he assumes to stand on a "higher psychic" plane, and to look down with pity, if not with contempt on those who, like Mr. Ruedebusch, regard personal liberty as the "pearl of great price." Mr. Berrier declares himself to be a believer in "freedom, but not license." That is to say, he believes in the freedom (?) of every individual to act according to Mr. Berrier's ideal. Thanks! Freedom is a glorious thing! And yet we must believe this to be his conception of liberty, as he characterizes those who differ from him as lacking in a "high stage of development, refinement and culture."

Again he says "breadth of character and mental life are essential to the endurance of love." Just so. And even more breadth of character and mental life are essential to free love. A breadth of which Mr. Berrier seems to have no conception.

But the genuine free lover can tell him of a more potent reason than he has given, why love is so often temporary. It is because of the lack of liberty, the chains with which such pseudo-moralists would bind it.

"Love's wings moult when caged and captured;

Only free he soars untrapped.

Can you keep the bee from ranging?

Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?

No, nor fettered love from dying

In the knot there's no untying."

Do not fear, Mr. Berrier. If two people are drawn together

by the power of love they will stay together as long as it is mutually agreeable to do so. And when it is no longer agreeable they are better apart. Neither Mr. Ruedebusch's ideal, nor any other free lover's seeks more than liberty. It is the contract, the binding force of either law or public opinion we rebel against.

But do not misrepresent Mr. Ruedebusch! Nowhere in his book can I find any such assertion as that "love and home" are the "causes of unhappiness." It is the fact that the present home is usually devoid of love, that causes the trouble, and that, as I understand him, is what Mr. Ruedebusch would try to remedy. "The family instinct is as deeply imbedded in the human race as any of the higher instincts. It has developed," you say. Well—yes. The family has developed. But, in the processes of evolution many things have developed that have served their purpose and passed away.

Polygamy was an evolution, Polyandry another. In some respects the present system is an improvement on both. But must we take it for granted that we have developed to the last stage of progression? Perhaps the time is ripe for another step forward.

Are you so well satisfied with the present generation, Mr. Berrier, that you think nothing can improve it? You say the "family makes possible the rearing of offspring in such a manner as to serve the best interests of society." Now it seems to me that the offspring of the present system is not quite all that can be desired! No doubt we are in advance of some savage tribes, but isn't it barely possible that there may be a still better way, and that the future generations may better "serve the interests of society?"

If so, is it not better for so-called liberals to stop pulling each other's ears, and to pass over slight differences of opinion regarding methods, and work together for freedom to test any theory that may seem plausible to the individual, realizing that so long as differences in climate and other environments exist, so long will human beings differ, and will require different conditions to develop the best that is in them.

Do not be afraid of liberty. Rest assured that under freedom from restraint and censorship, we shall not fail to evolve the best conditions, and to develop the higher faculties.

Lawrence, Wash.

### Our Purpose.

BY ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

I miss the little "Firebrand" very much, as I have but the two radical weekly papers, *Lucifer* and the "Firebrand." I have learned much from both and can but respect the general tenor and purpose of each to keep on its own beat. True Anarchism, absolute liberty, especially the right to obey natural law, ignoring all other, while sometimes discussing the sex question as an important part of the liberty to be achieved, this seems to be the field of the "Firebrand;" while *Lucifer*, making a specialty of woman's absolute right to herself and all her faculties without legal interference, and the right of her children to be well born by virtue of her own choice, love and best judgment in selecting their father, still claims the whole field for human rights which necessarily includes obedience to natural law to the exclusion of all other. Both stand for advancement in all ways possible toward human happiness which can be attained only through freedom.

Like many others I have had great respect for men's laws, —for the institution of marriage,—have dutifully paid taxes and worked for years to help attain the ballot for women, yet now I find it difficult to realize or understand the "point of view" of those who consent to the imprisonment and persecution of their fellowmen and women because of a difference of opinion, though law books mountain high furnish venerable precedents. I wonder, too, how men and women who truly love one another "for better or for worse" can "take" each other legally and bodily "until death do them part," under the system of marriage which constitutes a deeper, vaster network

of legalized prostitution than that outside of marriage laws, which fetters their wills, retards their development and brings them into classification with those who marry for convenience, for money, for lust, for position, for title and all the category of unworthy motives for the protection of which *mating* has been "legalized."

I refuse to pay taxes and urge others to refuse, seeing that "government" is already outgrown, having degenerated from national, state and county economic management to a system of fee taking, official robbery and boughten decisions where the greatest financial investment brings the largest returns, exactly like an investment in cattle, coal mines, real estate or banking, the workers paying the cost and the more they work to improve property or increase their products the more they are assessed to pay. It is a monstrous disorder of things and the sooner dropped the better.

For similar reasons I no longer use the ballot, for which we women struggled so long and anxiously in Colorado, and are still struggling in most of the other states. We imagined it meant self-government, but such are the tricks of politicians who constitute the vast army of engineers for the monied interests of our country that the ballot cuts very little figure in elections, and after our "periodical insanity," as one of our clear-headed thinkers calls it, and after much waste of printers' ink and debauchery of voters we are surprised to find that notwithstanding a majority voted for reform in various ways the old conditions still prevail, the disgraceful history of dishonesty is still repeating itself, yet people are still hoping and expecting through governmental methods to win peace, justice and what they call civilization.

Why marry under such corrupt laws and fee their officers? Why pay more taxes to support a system of robbery, and why vote in new masters when the old ones are bad enough?

The old ideal of our republic was self government; now let us achieve it—singly, collectively, co-operatively, lovingly. Let us put aside all thought of our legal wrongs and press forward bravely to a social and economic union, of purpose at least, which shall secure to the worker his products and untrammelled interchange with others, bringing light, hope, energy into his life, education to his children, art, beauty, comfort and love into the lives of all.

Impossible, say you? Yes, it is impossible under present conditions. Men and women, cast off your chains; work cheerfully and lovingly for one another, replace fear with faith, servility with independence, faltering with courage. Leave wage-working for self employment; dig, delve, dance and sing for those who love you but never sell your labor or its products to those who work not for you in return.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CHAPTER LXV.

But now all are ready. At last the signal is given, the doors are flung wide, and just as the music of a brass band clashes through the resounding halls, playing a march from one of the master composers, the workers, all the workers, pour into the monster conservatory.

They thought it was fairy land opened to their view, floating in a sea of light. Among the rest you see the members of our own circle, scattered about here and there, every face resplendent with happiness reflected from within.

No waiters are in attendance. At every table one of the fresh young maidens plays the part of hostess. On a smaller table near at hand, all the side dishes have been arranged. Tanks with new sweet milk, ice water and hot water; nothing that is likely to be desired has been forgotten or omitted. The next evening another of the young ladies will be detailed to preside.

When supper was over the tables were left remain as they were. The day's work was over. In the morning many busy hands would restore order, and by noon everything would

again shine with tasteful beauty; the tables reset, fresh flowers filling all the vases, and the dishes awaiting refilling.

After they had all steeped their senses in the beauties of the surroundings and had satisfied the cravings of appetite the evening's pleasures began. Music, song and tableaux had been arranged with exquisite skill. Cora's voice had lost none of its richness, none of its charms. On the contrary it was more flexible, more sweet and full, more perfect in every respect, and well it might be. Had she not spent two years in hard study after they came to the home, in making herself perfect in her art? At many a concert, during these years, had her sweet, thrilling voice been heard, and tonight she almost outdid herself. She was perfectly happy and threw her whole soul into her work; deafening applause rewarded her.

Margaret's rendition of "Deborah" met with equal favor. She never failed to please.

Then followed some renditions of music wherein Imelda and Milton both excelled, for they too had been spending time in developing their precious talents.

The evening's entertainment then concluded with a series of tableaux, three in number, entitled "Progress," which were received with a storm of applause. They represented "The Past, the Present and the Future."

There was one feature that had not been announced upon the program. One whom we have almost forgotten to mention had opened the evening's festivities with a short address, dwelling on the object, the aim, the hopes that were to follow the evening's work. That one was an old time friend, probably forgotten by most of our readers. It was an old, white-haired gentleman with a well preserved air about him. It was the Mr. Roland, of the lecture-room of the olden days and the fatherly friend of our Margaret and Imelda, and who was followed by another almost forgotten friend, the lecturer "Althea Wood."

When the curtain had dropped on the last tableaux the assembled audience refused to be satisfied. They well knew whose money had erected the palatial building and "Owen Hunter! Owen Hunter!" was now the cry. In response to this call Owen stepped upon the stage and in a slow, graceful manner sauntered up to the footlights. Waiting for the stormy welcome to subside, then in slow even tones he began:

"Friends and comrades! You do me far too great honor in thus calling me to the front. What you term an act of greatness is simply one of justice. No merit is due to me that I control millions of dollars while millions of my fellow human beings this night are starving. My early years were drenched away in luxury, ease and pleasure hunting, and in all probability I would have gone on thus to the end had not circumstances given me a shaking up, thereby showing me something of the darker side of life.

"What these circumstances were, what the means by which the awakening was brought about I cannot here tell you. The story would be too long. But I awoke to a sense of the fact that I was of no use whatever in the world. With the aid of minds superior to mine a home was planned, one for a small number of congenial friends who wished to try co-operation, and having proved it a success, this one for the busy bees of our hive was next planned.

"You have, until now, been the employees of the 'Home Company.' From this day forth you are partners therein. You will receive your salaries just the same as heretofore. At the end of the year the accounts will be squared and a dividend declared with which you are to pay your rent, so-called, for your home, but which in reality you are buying. For when you have paid rent amounting to the sum it has cost to erect this building, you will be the owners of it, not I. Moreover, you shall not be taxed with a shameless interest, and when your home is paid for and the original capital again garnered in, there will be countless other employees who are in need of a home like this, and which it will devolve upon us to erect. Do you see?"

And see they did! Such deafening shouts of applause never

filled a hall before. It was a perfect uproar and it took some time ere quiet could again be restored. Owen smiling shook his head—

"You do me too much honor, as I have before remarked. Believe me, you have much more reason to thank the bright minds and gentle hearts of the ladies of the 'Home' than—"

"Three cheers for the ladies!"—someone shouted, and three rousing cheers were given, and then three more, and yet again three.

Owen saw that they were getting excited, and that he would have but little chance to say more, so he determined to end it at once.

"That is all, comrades. With the best of wishes for the future well-being of your home, and with the sincerest hopes for the happiness of each of you I bid you good-night—as I see it written on many bright, young faces that their restless feet are anxious for the dance to begin."

Another deafening round of applause followed. They would have recalled him but Owen would not respond.

The crash of music was then heard, sending forth its inviting strains, and soon the light footsteps tripped to the measured chimes and the hours sped in happy merriment.

With such surroundings, such inducements, it would not be difficult to keep the young, bright maidens fresh, healthy and pure minded, and to keep the young men away from the influence of drink, of vice, of demoralization. No danger that they would unsex themselves through starvation of their sex natures. The needed magnetism was theirs through this constant mingling, and while this was only the beginning, while they had so much yet to learn, there was every hope, every evidence that the home would develop fine, healthy and intelligent women, strong, brave and noble men.

Already Owen has another home planned, to be situated farther out in the open country. "Products of the soil" will furnish the chief employment of this group of workers. Not all men and women prefer the bustling city life. There are many who cannot live and enjoy life away from nature. They would pine for the open air, the green fields, the cool shade of the woods. Only under the blue vault of heaven can happiness come to them. And for such as these it is the desire of our friends to secure also the advantages that only the co-operative home can supply. Owen is determined that his millions have not been vainly entrusted to his care, and that the advantages that wealth can procure shall be theirs to whom the wealth justly belongs—the producers.

Here we must leave the inmates of the just completed and dedicated home, on the threshold of their new life, and take one more farewell glance, speak one more farewell word to our friends of the "F. L." home—the children of my fancy, who have grown under my care, and who have become inexpressibly dear to me.

To be concluded.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

W. A. Elick, Millersburg, Ind.:—Enclosed find five cents in stamps for "Isabel's Intention." I received this week a copy of *Lucifer*, and think it the best paper I ever saw or read.

H. Bernegger, Bridgeport, Conn.:—Enclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps for a three months trial subscription to *Lucifer*. The two copies I received this week, the first ones I have ever seen, are a source of intense interest to me; the subjects treated therein are timely as they are important. Please send me also a sample copy of the "Adult," organ of the "Legitimation League." Beg to avail myself of the splendid opportunity you kindly offer to trial subscribers and ask you to send me "Vital Force," by Albert Chavannes.

A. Isaak, Jr., Sellwood, Oregon:—I am very much interested in "Hilda's Home." I see that there are quite a few who wish to have it printed in book form. I would like to make a propo-

sition:—Let all those who wish it in book form help it along a little. Probably something like this would do:

"I hereby state that I will take one (or more) copy of 'Hilda's Home' in — binding, and will forward the amount three months ahead of time set for delivery of the book, provided pledges enough can be obtained to justify the publication of same."

An edition of one thousand copies would, I believe, go off like hot cakes. It would also help *Lucifer* along, as I think there is some profit in books.

Mattie Cuddie, Watbena, Kan.:—I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate the *Light-Beater*, but I am pained to see so much of its valuable space taken up in the war now raging among our Idealists. Come, let us reason together, and all join hands in the noble cause of liberty and reform. Let all live up to their highest standard of right and give to all the freedom to enjoy it, is what I say.

I truly sympathize with the "girl graduate," "C," and wish I could comfort her. I think all might and should see the great wrong of a system that crushes the lives of loving, trusting women. Why should we be condemned for loving all that to us is lovable? Does not the great fault lie in making ignorance instead of knowledge the safeguard of the young? Oh mothers, let us be up and doing in regard to the training of our boys as well as our girls, and thereby, help to bring about that much needed reform.

I would like to correspond with a few liberal friends on matters discussed in *Lucifer*.

C. de Maupassant, Otter Lake, Mich.:—Although I suspect that we do not agree on every point with regard to the sex question I hope you will allow me to enter my protest against Mr. Kerr's views on the subject. It is most humiliating to women to imagine that their emancipation from male thralldom will be abolished through the use of contraceptives. Are they simply, in the eyes of men, the tool most convenient for the satisfaction of their lowest instincts? No, Mr. Kerr, the time is not coming when smiling old maids armed with contraceptives will replace the mother in the family. The family will stay, and when once purified from "marriage law" and the interference of the church the race will progress without the use of contraceptives.

I copy from a clipping kept in my scrap book the following passage from Mrs. E. J. Wiswell, a letter printed in *Lucifer* at the time of your second imprisonment.

"Licentiousness, in other words desire for sex intercourse as it stands today, is a disease transmitted from generation to generation. Although the most sacred of all the attributes or powers it has through ignorance been robbed of all its sacredness and has been erected the foundation of all crime, sin, sickness and disease of the material world."

I was much interested in J. W. Lloyd's ideas on the uselessness, or rather the danger of the "Call for Concerted Action." I no more agree with Mr. Walker's views on the subject than Mr. Lloyd does. With respectful sympathy believe me ever yours.

## Letter to a Prospective Bride.

BY IDA C. CRADDOCK.

"Pure, yet delicate, and contains information of great value to both parties. —The Medical World," Philadelphia.

Pamphlet; twenty-five cents. Address: Ida C. Craddock, P. O. Box 3003, Philadelphia.

"Loma"—A CITIZEN OF VENICE, by Prof. Wm. Windsor. A story of surprising interest, largely devoted to Sexologic and Sociologic problems. Like Zola in his "Looking Backward," the writer of "Loma" believes in the "state," as a factor in social evolution, but individualism will probably forgive this feature for the sake of the radically revolutionary ideas in regard to popular theories—sexologic, theologic, cosmologic, etc. Substantially printed and artistically bound. Price, post-paid, \$1.50. Address this office.

"Isabel's INTENTION," by Mariette. This is a story of a sympathetic, high-minded English girl of the "upper" classes, who, having been made to believe the popular idea that prostitution is inevitable and that prostitutes are the martyrs who make a virtuous life possible for the rest of womankind, determines to offer herself as a sacrifice to this Moloch. A neat little paper-covered pamphlet of thirty-two pages. Price, 5 cents. Three for 10 cents.



686.

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THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 48.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 1, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 687

### If Men were Wise.

What might be done if men were wise—  
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
 Would they unite,  
 In truth and right,  
 And cease their scorn of one another?  
 Oppression's heart might be imbued  
 With kindling drops of loving kindness,  
 And knowledge pour  
 From above to shore,  
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,  
 All vice and wrong might die together;  
 And wine and corn  
 To each man born,  
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
 Might stand erect  
 In self-respect,  
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,  
 And more than this, my suffering brother—  
 More than the tongue  
 K'er said or sung,  
 If men were wise and loved each other.

—Charles Mackay.

### Is Uncle Sam in Favor of Nudity?

BY CYRUS W. COOLIDGE.

From an item in a New York paper I learn that a certain clergyman has discovered that Uncle Sam's five dollar bills are "indecent." By examining one of the objectionable bills I find that it has a picture representing a group of semi-nude women. A horrible picture, indeed! How can Uncle Sam be so impudent as to circulate such vile matter? Is he not afraid of Anthony Comstock? Where is Mr. Comstock, anyway? Why does he not prosecute Uncle Sam for sending "indecent" matter through the mail? Strange! Our Christian friends can circulate an "indecent" Bible; Uncle Sam can circulate an "indecent" picture, but Lucifer, the "Firebrand" and similar publications must be suppressed. Consistency, thou art a jewel!

By the way, why does not the reverend gentleman start a crusade against the two dollar bills as well as against five dollar bills? I have before me a two dollar bill on which I find a picture of a nude boy. Is the nude figure of a boy less "indecent" than is that of a woman?

But after all I must say that the reverend gentleman is right and that, as a matter of fact, the picture on the five dollar bills is "indecent" and must be improved considerably before it will cease to be "indecent." If you examine the picture, you will see that some parts of the women's bodies are concealed by drapery. I do not know how it would strike you, but to my mind it is positively "indecent." The nude in art must be completely nude in order to be pure. Semi-nudity is suggestive of "indecent." Why should some parts of the

human body be concealed if not for the purpose of intimating that these parts are "indecent" and must not be seen? Give me a nude body without the slightest vestige of clothing and I can admire it; but I confess that I have very little admiration for nudity protected by aprons and fig-leaves. I hope Uncle Sam will listen to the complaint of the reverend gentleman and make the picture on the five dollar bills less objectionable by removing the drapery from the bodies of the women.

### Inversions of Fact and History.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Before commenting upon Mr. Berrier's article, "The Family Ideal," in No. 682, I wish to offer a few words concerning the correction of manuscripts. The lexicons say that an editor is "one who edits"; he gives out, he publishes, he "revises." Editing is "the act or business of superintending and preparing for publication." Then, the editor's vocation is editing. Leader writing is a different kind of work, which may be performed by the editor or by another person. It is the editor's business to put in presentable shape the periodical or book he is editing. If he is conducting a paper and fails to eliminate errors in grammar and flagrant obscurities he takes the responsibility of burdening his columns with and imposing upon his readers the fruitless discussions growing out of misconceptions caused by these obscurities. He thus does what he can to defeat the very end he may have in view, the fair presentation of "all sides" of a subject. When an editor refuses to correct errors of the kinds mentioned, he is really acting upon the assumption that the writer wishes to be ungrammatical, and involved and obscure. Of course this is not true, one time in a thousand. Authors desire to do the best possible; that they are so often the reverse of clear, concise and grammatical in their compositions is due to their lack of knowledge. The editor is a trained specialist, whose work it is to "prepare for publication" the contributions he accepts, taking care while doing this to preserve the meaning of the writers. Speaking for myself, I must say that the editor who declines to remove solecisms from my contributions to his paper is doing me nothing but a kindness. It makes no difference whether I am or am not the writer of books—my brain may not always work well, my pen may fail me at the most critical moment. Therefore, when an editor refuses or neglects to eliminate from my articles the errors he detects, I must resent his conduct as an unwarranted failure to perform a duty voluntarily assumed. The business of the editor is to edit, as that of the proofreader is to mark the mistakes of the compositor.

Asking in advance the reader's pardon for an answer which is mainly a repetition, I will set over against Mr. Berrier's assertions a somewhat lengthy excerpt from my pamphlet, "What the Young Need to Know."

"Nature is stronger than theory, in the long run. The

trend of evolution is toward wider and wider and more and more full expression of emotion. As we conquer the forces of the universe to our use, as we lengthen life by progressively limiting the number and intensity of diseases, as we round out our natures by the development of the intellectual and aesthetic faculties, so we increase our capacity to enjoy pleasurable sensations, and therefore we shall ever strive to increase the number and prolificness of the sources of pleasurable sensation. This is why no theory of sexual denial can long be accepted, much less acted upon, by any considerable number of rational people, who have good health.

"Q.—As man develops, his attractions become more precise, and, where on the animal plane, his attraction was promiscuous, on the perfected human plane a few only, and ultimately but one will attract and hold him sexually." Is this statement probably true?

"A.—It is based upon a very one-sided study of the problem of sex attraction and repulsion. In the first place, touching the phraseology employed, we cannot draw any sharp line between the 'animal plane' and the 'human plane,' while as to a 'perfected human plane,' the words are unmeaning because perfection is unthinkable in regard to finite beings. We might justifiably speak of an *improved* human plane if we were always careful to have it understood that 'human' was not used in contradistinction to 'animal,' but was employed to indicate an animal more highly differentiated than the others. Again, it is not true that the attractions of animals of the lower orders are entirely promiscuous or varietist; some are monogamic, and more are partially monogamic, that is, some animals and birds go in pairs for one breeding season. So we perceive that no more here than elsewhere can we set the lower organisms on one side of a clearly-defined line and the more complex organism, man, on the other side.

"Now as to the contention itself: It is true that as civilization advances men and women grow more particular in their attractions; in other words, something more than the mere difference of sex is required to draw them to each other. In still other words, a man of culture does not care for association sexually with *all* women, and a woman does not care for association sexually with *all* men. It may be said in passing that it has probably been a great many thousands of years since men and women began to have their preferences as to sex mates; that is to say, here and there a man or woman very early learned that some one of the opposite sex was more attractive than the others of that sex; differentiation was already doing its work in the mental and aesthetic domains of human life—there had ceased to be promiscuity for at least a few of the *genus homo*. And man was not the pioneer in sexual selection, as could easily be shown, if it were necessary. But the two fundamental errors of the objector are the making of promiscuity synonymous with variety (multi-selection), and the assumption that increasing precision in selection will not be accompanied by increasing frequency of attractive attributes. Each of the errors is a glaring one. Promiscuity signifies without selection, while the varietist is of all men or women the most particular as to the qualities of the one loved, or the ones loved. The varietist requires the best for which his or her nature calls, and all of the best. The varietist is not satisfied to be chained for life to any one person, for there is not to be found in any one person the complements of all the qualities of one's self. The monogamist selects once, in a blind, hap-hazard way; the varietist continues to select all through life. The monogamist makes no allowance for changes of character in himself or his companion, for differences in development as the years pass, nor for the equilibration of attractions which is bound to come to every couple depending upon each other alone for magnetization. In a word, the monogamist is promiscuous in his sexual relations, as he is not free to select from different persons what his nature requires. Opposed to him stands the varietist always selecting, under liberty, what his nature demands. If the laws, and the bad organization of

society, deny the liberty essential to selection the varietist does the best he can under the circumstances.

"As to the second fundamental error of the critic, it is self-evident that he stopped his cogitations prematurely. It needs no argument to prove that, as men and women grow more particular as regards the qualities demanded in those they can love, so must there be a corresponding increase of the qualities in themselves which can be loved by men and women of equal mental power and equal refinement. The more there is asked for the more can be given. So demand and supply will keep pace with each other. As neither human perfection nor uniformity is supposable, the rationalist cannot imagine a time to be coming in which a man will find in one woman all that he needs of the opposite sex, or a woman find in one man all that she needs."

I think the bearing of these fundamental facts upon the "family ideal" is self-evident. If, as I contend, culture brings with it the capacity to appreciate and love the qualities commensurable with our own, then it follows that the broader our intellects and sympathies become the further from us will recede the ideals of barbarism and semi-civilization. One of these fading ideals is the patriotism of the clansman, of the inhabitant of a certain part of the earth's surface. It is no longer useful in the processes of socialization; on the contrary, it is directly in the way of progress. So of the ideal of family devotion. It, like patriotism, was born in barbarism—yes, below that, in savagery. It has many of its roots in distrust, hate, spoliation. What is beautiful and useful in it will survive the changes that are inevitably coming, some of which are already here. As every really seeing student knows, the family as now constituted enslaves all without giving to the young the protection and nurture which it is commonly supposed it alone is capable of bestowing. The ideal of exclusive devotion to one man or one woman makes men the enemies of men and women the enemies of women when they might be friends and mutual helpers. The single-pair home creates widows and widowers and orphans. It is wasteful and anti-social. In my opinion, it will be succeeded by larger co-operative associations, by the free group, with interests more or less closely interwoven, according to the temperaments of the associates. Sometimes this co-operation will be formal; at other times, wholly informal.

Says Mr. Berrier: "Where there is no family, there is fighting instead of work. Instead of production, there is robbery and destruction." This, presumably, is intended to carry the implication that where the family is there is neither fighting nor robbery. If it does not mean this, it has no meaning. But what are the facts? Within the historic period, where will Mr. Berrier find the record of a *familyless* nation that has waged a great war or robbed by wholesale? Right here under our eyes in Cuba, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children have been slaughtered or starved to death within two years in a war waged between a family-loving nation and its family-loving colony. This is only the latest illustration of the fallacy of Mr. Berrier's argument. The life-blood of Europe is drained to support the armed camps of family-worshipping nations. But, really, Mr. Berrier could not have meant what he seems to mean, so I will not further criticize that paragraph.

[So far as the above criticism may apply to myself I would say that, adhering to the general principles frequently enunciated in *Lucifer* I simply decline to be governed by specific rules, in applying said principles to the various articles offered for publication. The physician who understands his business, wants few if any rules. He takes each case by itself, and treats it with little reference to any other case. The same may be said of the teacher, the judge and the editor, who aspires to be something more and better than a mere routinist, a mere intellectual automaton.

M. H.]

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## "Our New Humanity."

Excerpt from "Our New Humanity," for October.

Vol. 2, No. 3, of "Our New Humanity" was published some time ago, but it is a number that will not be outdated. The matter is not transient but permanently of interest. The principal article is "What the Young Need to Know—A Primer of Sexual Rationalism," by E. C. Walker. It should have a good sale for many people are asking What the Young Need to Know, and are waiting for someone to answer them. Walker's title is rather misleading, for instead of applying his answer directly to the young—as one would infer, he takes the parents "through a course of sprouts," which is necessary in case of any parents who are seeking such information. It is not applicable to the kindergarten. It does not answer the questions for the parents, but is a course of reasoning intended to free their minds from sex superstition and prepare them to comprehensively answer the inquiring young according to their ability to understand. I fancy "A Primer of Sexual Rationalism for Adults" would have been a more descriptive title but would not have so nearly met the demand, for the adults do not realize that it is they who really need to know.

"The New Martyrdom" by Lillian Harman is a study of the involuntary martyrdom of man's paternal desires to woman's change of base. A medical journal's report that the men, who have been inveigled into marriage by the new women who refuse to bear children, and are greatly concerned for fear they have lost what had grown to be looked upon as their perpetual right to become papas, attracted Lillian's attention to a phase of the sexual transition which she had not before considered. Her sympathies swayed her so far toward the childless men that in the commencement of her article she questions whether "our freedom is worth its cost so long as our car of progress grinds beneath its wheels our male loved ones," but by the close she regains her equilibrium and tries to console them with the assurance that instead of losing they will gain by woman's emancipation from sexual slavery; that they will thereby have companions instead of dollish slaves, and that women are not liable to completely change from their incubator position into that of non-childbearing, but that after a vacation, the maternal desire will rise again, and then instead of being at sea in the dense fog of sexual superstition will be at least tempered by judgment. The medical journal asked: "Is it nothing at all that man's desire for offspring should be disregarded?" Could those millions of women upon whom unwelcome children have been forced, give the answer I fancy they would reply: "Is it nothing at all that woman's aversion to over-childbearing should have been so long disregarded?" and that they would be tempted to "even up" with men before they would get too sorry. But I do not favor the men before they would get too sorry. But I do not favor the course of women who marry for support and then refuse to fulfill their "wifely duties." Support implies obligation to and fill their "wifely duties." Support implies obligation to and control of, and violation of this tacit understanding is the same as violation of any other contract and deserves whatever censure is due for securing money under false pretences. If women desire liberty instead of privileges there is no more reason why men should support them than that they should support men.

I guess this is as good a place as any to enter my protest against the almost universal womanly condemnation of manly passion. Wherever women are subject to more passion than they can digest the cry goes up against man's "lust" and "brutal passion." In my opinion, man's superior passion is just as legitimate, and really more so, than woman's lack of it. Women will hang onto men for support and strenuously insist that they go no where else to satisfy their natures and at the same time condemn them as coarse and unfeeling if they fail to control their passions in order to protect the women from a surplus. Reasonable? Oh, yes! It will be no different, however, until they realize they are fostering a superstition that has brought about this abnormal sexual condition. Then, maybe, they'll get sense enough to understand each other, at which time I apprehend every one's desire for offspring may be satisfied.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., has an article on "What Women Are Here For," in which he says: "The catechism women have had drummed into them boils down to this: What are men here for? To glorify God and serve him forever.

"What are women here for? To glorify man and serve him forever.

"The coming woman wipes this off the slate and announces that she is here for her own sake primarily to follow out the purposes of her being whatever that may be."

There is an article by R. B. Kerr on "The Rights of Children." He treats the subject very well from his premise that children have rights as against their parents. But, since there are no natural rights, they must all necessarily come under the head of social compromise brought about by approximate equal intelligence. As the children at the age considered by him have practically no intelligence, they have no more "rights" than have kittens, pups or pigs. If he would base his arguments on some course he would consider best for the parents to pursue in relation to their children it would be interesting. All this talk about the "rights" of children and dumb animals makes me tired.

Order "Our New Humanity" from M. Harman, 1304 W. Congress st., Chicago, Ill. Price, 25 cents.

## Happiness the True Standard of Conduct.

BY ALBERT CHAVANNES.

In reading the criticisms of C. L. James upon Berrier's communications and publications, I thought it a good occasion to apply to it our recognized standard of conduct. All evolutionists—and I believe it embraces the majority of the readers of Lucifer—recognize in the attainment of happiness the only correct standard of conduct. Whatever is conducive to our happiness and that of our surroundings is right, what detracts from it is wrong.

From that standpoint, I believe Mr. Berrier to be right. All inquiries as to the best methods of sexual relations is a move in the right direction, for even if the best solution is not given, it eventually leads to the increase of human happiness. Besides I have no doubt that Mr. Berrier is happier for the performance of his work, and the fact that his books meet with an extensive sale is sufficient evidence that they help to increase the happiness of others.

As to the manner in which his work is performed, it is well to remember that words and phrases are only useful when they convey ideas to others. It might be more satisfactory to his readers if he expressed himself more clearly and grammatically, but if he succeeds in making himself understood, it is really all that which is needed. Too many persons think more of the appearance than of the reality, and like the followers of fashion, who value a man by the clothes he wears, and not by his character, judge of an author by his style, and not by the ideas contained in the book. Grammar is really a poor help to happiness, and has but little value in the eyes of the philosophical enquirer.

In answer to the remarks of the editor of Lucifer, I wish to say that to edit communications is ticklish work. There are some mistakes due either to carelessness or ignorance, which ought to be corrected, but no change should be made that might alter the meaning of a sentence. I used to write for a paper, whose editor, possessing more knowledge of style than of the subjects I treated, would every once in a while make some alterations—improvements as he thought—which entirely changed the meaning of what I had written. And every time it was because he did not possess sufficient knowledge to understand what I meant to say; and the actual result was to make me appear to his readers as ignorant as he himself was. As an editor of some experience, I must say that if a communication is worth printing at all, it is best to let the writer express himself in his own words.

On that account, I believe the editor was right to publish Berrier's communication as it was sent to him, and I want to say here that in the many years I have contributed to Lucifer's columns, I have never found a word changed, or a typographical mistake in any of my communications. I wish I could say the same of my contributions to other papers.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress Street Tuesday evening Nov. 30. Dr. Stella Jacobi will make the opening address.

## The Ideal Home.

It will probably be conceded, without argument, that home life, home influences, exert a greater force upon the formation of human character than do any other influences, or class of influences. To improve the home, to make better the home life, then, is the surest and best way to improve the character of human beings.

In all human enterprises, or undertakings, the ideal, the unseen, the imaginary, the abstract, the unsubstantial, must precede the actual, the visible, the concrete, the substantial. And before the ideal, the imaginary, the abstract, can be formed there must be discontent with the present and a desire for something better.

In the long story that ends with this issue of Lucifer, the object of the writer, Rosa Graul—which name is a real one, not a *nomme de plume*, has been

First—To show the evils that are inseparable from the home life, as our social and governmental institutions now make it.

Second—To arouse desire for something better.

Third—To outline an ideal home in which, or from which, the evils of our present home life will be eliminated, and preserving, at the same time, all that experience has shown to be good.

In carrying out her plan our author has traced the life history of a half dozen or more persons—children of her fancy, yet true to life, who are finally brought together in an ideal co-operative home, which she names "Hilda's Home," from one of the principle characters of the story.

That the elaboration of this ideal has been watched with much interest by a large part of Lucifer's readers is evinced by the letters, of which, from time to time we have inserted samples. Such expressions as "unique," "beautiful," "grand," "superior to anything ever before published," "an epoch making story," etc., have been common.

That the times are rapidly growing ripe for practicalizing such ideals is evinced by letters like that of I. Jameson of Brinnon, Wash., published in this week's issue. The location proposed by Mr. Jameson, for an experiment of this kind, is certainly a good one. The chief difficulty in attempts to practicalize co operation in any line, is in getting the right people together; hence the greatest possible care should always be exercised in making selection of co-operators.

Time and space permitting, a brief synopsis of "Hilda's

Home," will be inserted in next week's issue; meantime the request is renewed, to all who would like to own copies, in cloth or paper binding, to send us their names, and post office address. The book, if published, will contain about four hundred pages—price, substantially bound in cloth, one dollar; in good paper cover, fifty cents.

## Another Letter from A. J. Pope.

Under date November 14, A. J. Pope, formerly of this office, but for some months connected with the "Firebrand," Portland, Oregon, writes us another letter in regard to his imprisonment on a charge of depositing for mailing the weekly issue of that paper. After giving a somewhat extended description of the jail and its surroundings and his own "solitary" cell which he describes as a "very nice room for criminals and prisoners," he proceeds to say:

"On Monday 1st of November one of my friends came and told me he had been sent for by Snauble, a post office official who has my case in charge, to know whether I could and would furnish bail, to which he said 'I think not.' Then will he sign a bond for his own recognizance?" He said, 'I think he will.'

"The next day whilst H. Addis, Charles L. Penhallow and I were discussing the probabilities of my going out, the jailer opened my cell door and said, 'Here, Pope, go along with this man and get your liberty.' It startled me at first, but we packed up my books, papers, clothes and bed and carried them out into the office, and with my two friends and this man went to the post office officials; after some explanatory talk with Snauble—my two friends at my side pleading with me to go and sign a bond, I consented, and went into Commissioner McKee's room away from my friends. I saw him write 'A. J. Pope' and 'two hundred dollars' on a printed bond which he handed over to me, saying 'Sign it, sign it'—his face flushed and hand trembling. I took it up, read the paragraph containing A. J. Pope and two hundred dollars, read it twice and then threw it down with contempt, and said, 'No, I will never sign such a thing. What! sacrifice a principle that has sustained me and made me happy for fifty or more years? No, never! I will stay in jail until my flesh drops off my bones first! I know you have the power to put a rope around my neck and separate me from my body, as you have frequently done others, but you can't make me sign that thing.'

"He then cried out, 'Take him back to jail!' and back to jail I went. They waited one day to see if my friends could induce me to recant and sign the bond, but as I did not, the next day, the 4th of Nov. 1897, the jailer put me in solitary confinement, and told me to stop writing, by orders from the United States post office officials.

"The next and first time Addis came to see me, the jailer would not let him see me; then he went to Snauble and talked with him, and Snauble gave him a written order to the jailer to let him come at any time; which order has been complied with. On Tuesday, 9th of November, I handed out through the peep-hole to H. Addis to mail four letters, one to Sada Bailey Fowler, one to Kate Austin, one to Myra Peppers and one to Gertrude V. Meserve; the jailer took the four, and said he was ordered to give them to the United States court. Whether those parties ever get what is theirs, time will tell. It seems to me, that I am the first on record who has been placed in solitary confinement, my writings to my women friends taken by the officers and myself forbidden to do any writing, and that too, before I am tried and convicted.

"If I will sign a bond acknowledging that the government has a right to command me and to make laws for my government and that I will appear at the court, when they call for me, they will open the prison doors and I may go out. But as I read the Declaration of Independence it says the people have developed to a state or degree that they can govern themselves; are born free and equal, with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but a set of monarchs

ists, in secret and with locked doors, begot a constitution, that Wm. L. Garrison correctly pronounced a 'League with hell'—under which, our present sorrowful and suffering condition has been produced. 'For this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I might be a witness to the truth,' is, I think, applicable to my case. Each minding his own business, each governing himself,—the only one he has the right to control, and each constantly improving and developing self—this will beget a state of pleasure, of harmony and peace that has never yet been known; and that this may be brought about is the constant prayer of your friend and co-laborer,

ABNER J. POPE,  
Box 94, Portland, Ore."

### A Protest From England.

MY DEAR HARMAN: "The Firebrand" deserves all the support liberal thinkers can afford. My mite (two dollars) herewith is a token of comradeship, that's all. The attempt to muzzle the press is a sign that the suppressed paper is badly needed. "The Firebrand" is not put down for morality's sake, but in the interests of the mayor, the priest and the Grundy. When free expression is attacked, free thought is the victim and thought is the sufferer. When the anarchist, the atheist and the freeloader are suppressed the police obtain warrants against the democrat, the dissenter and the social-reformer. The "Firebrand" today—the "Investigator" tomorrow, and every paper tinged with the slightest heterodoxy next week. Tyranny is cumulative as thought is progressive. Yours for freedom, GEORGE BEDBROUROUGH, Editor of "The Adult," London, Eng.

### Sociologic Lesson. No. LIV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

WARFARE AGAINST CAPITAL. Before there can be re-organization, it is essential that the capital which will be necessary to provide the buildings and furnish them with the required conveniences and machinery, shall receive a compensation equal to that which it would receive if invested in other ways, taking into account all the risks incurred. The money which is invested is a permanent investment; and the capitalist can only expect to be repaid from the accruing profits. So long as there is objection to his receiving full compensation, the risk will be so great that the money will not be forthcoming. So long as the working classes keep up their warfare against the capitalists, they make it impossible for any capital to be invested in such a way as to fall under their control, and therefore they make the inauguration of any extensive social re-organization impossible. So long as they keep up their warfare against gold, they endanger revolution, and thus make it essential to continue the use of gold as the sole basis of money.

[As I see it the working classes do not war against gold as gold, nor against capitalists as such. The real cause of the complaint of the workers is that to gold (or to capital) is given an unfair, an artificial advantage over labor, and because the men who own or can control gold, are not slow to use that advantage for their own selfish benefit and to the destruction of those whose only capital is their labor. A "revolution" that would dethrone gold, and put all commodities on a plane of equal freedom, is devoutly to be wished, and is sure to come, in time—peacefully it is to be hoped, forcibly if the advocates of privilege will have it so. M. H.]

### Extra Holiday Offer.

Do you want a bound volume of *Lucifer* for 1897? *Lucifer* is never out of date because it is devoted to sexology or the science of homoculture. Almost all its articles are in the nature of essays on sex problems, a theme which can not be too fully discussed. Hence a bound volume of this paper for any year is a valuable mine of information for students of sexology, sociology and allied sciences.

The subscription price of *Lucifer* is ONE DOLLAR a year, but, in addition to the paper, the subscribers are usually given pamphlets worth at least one-fourth the price. This year we make an extra special offer.

To all new subscribers who send one dollar to pay for *Lucifer* until January 1, 1899, we will sell a substantially bound volume of *Lucifer* for 1897 for only \$1.25. This is little more than the price of the papers alone, the binding being given as a premium to the new subscriber. The volume will contain fifty-two numbers—416 pages. The value of such a book to persons interested in sexology can scarcely be over-estimated.

To present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber for the year 1898 together with one dollar for the new subscription, we will sell one substantially bound volume of *Lucifer* for 1897 for only \$1.25.

Both these offers are limited and will only hold good until January 1, 1898. The number of bound volumes we can supply is limited and only the early applicants for them can be certain of getting these valuable premiums. If the supply is exhausted before January 1, money will be refunded.

The bound volumes, alone, will be sent for \$1.75 each.

## HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

### CONCLUSION.

The evening meal is over. All have gathered on the broad veranda to watch the golden sunset as it dips its slanting rays in the river beyond. They are unusually quiet, even for this serious band. Last night's merry making has made them just a little tired, besides which their hearts are full of unuttered prayers for the future success of that new home.

Mrs. Leland is sitting in the comfortable depths of an easy chair. A sturdy little man of four summers perches upon her knee, patting grandma's cheek, tossing her hair in his efforts to smooth it, taking her face between both chubby hands and drawing her head forward so that he can kiss her happy, smiling lips and altogether making love in the most approved fashion.

Margaret is sitting at her feet, her arm thrown across her mother's knee, while her eyes with a happy, tender light follow the movements of her boy, and her heart swells with fond tenderness and pride at the knowledge that he is her very own.

At grandma's back stands Wilbur whose eyes also follow the antics of the boy when they for a few moments lose sight of the glorious sunset.

Mr. Roland is a visitor at the home tonight, and sits a little to the right of this group, quietly drinking in the scene before him in the pauses of the animated conversation he is carrying on with the brilliant little lecturer, Althen Wood, who also is a guest at the home tonight.

Farther to the left are various groups. The two pairs of sisters—Imelda and Cora, Edith and Hilda—have formed a circle, their babies forming the center of their attention. Three little prattlers and one sweet little cooing innocent, lying close to Imelda's breast.

O, the joys of young motherhood! And the group of men that were standing a little apart felt the influence of the spell and each thought his lady love had never looked more fair.

Alice in delicate health was reclining in an easy chair while Milton with adoring eyes stood over her chair ready to do her slightest bidding. O, if she were only safely tucked over the coming hour of trial! And as the sigh escapes him his hand caressingly toys with the bright mass of shining hair.

Lawrence has his Norma perched upon his knee answering her many questions. She has grown to be quite a big girl now, but has never outgrown her early love for her papa, and ever with the old delight greets his coming. The two are so near to Alice that she can comfortably watch them, and while a smile of proud tenderness wreathes her lips, it is Milton's hand to which they are laid.



"My baby!" She whispers the tender words.  
 "A little longer patience," is Milton's whispered reply,  
 "and your baby will be your own!"  
 Her hand went up to his face with a caressing touch.  
 "I know," she smiling said, "but it was Norma I meant  
 this time."

He drew the hand to his lips as with a knowing smile he answered:

"Ah, I see!"

Lawrence now and then let his eyes wander to the mother of his child, then they would turn to the group of fair young women where a pair of sweet gray eyes met his in a tender glance, then to rest on the little one reclining against his bosom. Which did he love most? His eyes lit up with a glad tenderness as they rested on the little one and then he drew the fair curly head so near him, close to his heart and hid his face in the fluffy masses; could he himself answer the question?

Many other faces we see which are all new to us, but they are all men and women worthy to be called by these names.

A group of the younger people have strayed down to the sweet-scented gardens gathering flowers as they go. Osmond and Homer are fast friends. Both are young men untouched by the rough hand of fate. Their young manhood, so perfect in its strength and beauty giving them the appearance of young kings, so proud, so lofty, was their bearing. Elmer, too, could scarcely be termed a boy any longer. His twenty years sat well on his broad shoulders and the eyes of the fifteen year old Meta shone bright as stars, her cheeks flushed as he chased her through the winding mazes of the park, and when he had caught her and kissed the rosy lips she submitted as a matter of course with the most natural grace.

Osmond had thrown himself at the feet of Hattie Wallace whose nineteen summers sat lightly on her shoulders. She was such a fairy and with rosy hued cheeks she listened to the soft, love-fraught words that fell in whispers from Osmond's lips.

Homer's companion was a dark, soft-eyed young girl, timid and shy who had been an inmate of the home for one year, where she had come with her mother who had fled in the dead of night from her husband and sought refuge in this haven of rest, and Homer was teaching the sweet Katie her first experience in the mysteries of love.

Aleda, the youngest of the Wallace girls was also there, and seventeen years had developed a truly pretty and healthy girl from the delicate querulous child. Another new comer had engaged her attention. Reading from a volume of Tennyson, a boy scarcely older than herself was reclining at her feet. He too had been brought there by a mother, not one who had fled the cruelties of an unappreciative husband, as she had never applied the title to any man. He had been a child of love.

His mother, in the wild sweet delirium of a first love, had abandoned herself to her artist lover without a thought of right or wrong. And he, pure and noble had no thought of wronging her. But disease had early marked him for its own, and ere the child of his Wilma had seen the light of day his own life had closed in that sleep that knows no waking, and she was left alone to buffet the storms of life as best she could, an orphan and without friends. With a babe in her arms of "illegal" origin the path of her life had not been strewn with roses. But amidst all her privations and trials she had kept her love pure for her child and had fostered only instincts pure and holy in the young mind, and when she heard of the home she applied at its gates, telling her story in pure, unvarnished words, never dreaming of an effort to hide any of her past. Only by the light of truth could the delicate fair woman thread her path through the world.

As might be expected, she had been received with open arms. Wilma, the mother of Horace, our young poet, and Honora, Katie's mother, could now be seen as they stand arm in arm watching the golden sunset and the children whose future promises to bring with it less of the pain that has so early drawn silver threads through their own brown locks.

The world at large knew not the full meaning of this hom

as yet. The world is yet too completely steeped in superstition and ignorance to have permitted its existence had the full meaning been known. The "Hunter Co-operative Home" it had been called, and thus it was known to the world. It was known that babes had made their advent therein, but none but the initiated knew that marriage as an institution was banished from its encircling walls.

Would you ask us if happiness was so unalloyed within those walls that no pang of regret or of pain could enter there? Well, no! We are not so foolish as to make such claim. There are hours of temptation; there are moments of forgetfulness; there are sometimes swift, keen, torturing pangs that nothing earthly can completely shut out. Our heroes and heroines are not angels. They are—when the very best of them has been said—only intelligent, sensible and sensitive men and women—but men and women who are possessed of high ideals and who are striving hard to reach and practicalize them. They live in a world of thought. They do nothing blindly, inconsiderately; their every action is done with eyes wide open. In trying to gain the goal they have set themselves to reach they strive not to think of self alone. The future of those who have been entrusted to their care, the young lives their love has called into existence, exacts from them much of self-denial. They are individualists, yet not so absolutely such that they do not realize that sometimes the ego must be held in check so as not to rob another of his, or her, birth right.

You ask again, "Does this home life, as you have pictured insure against the possibility of the affections changing?"

And again we answer, No! Certainly not. Such changes will and must come. Yet is it not to be expected that where there is liberty, in the fullest sense of the word, life will be a constant wooing? Is it not the lack of liberty that deals the death blow to many a happy, many a once happy home? to many a home that was founded in the sweetest of hopes, the brightest of prospects, only to be shattered and wrecked in a few short years? Aye, even a few short months or weeks? And when such a change does come, in spite of all efforts to prevent, how great a thing it must be to know yourself FREE? free to embrace the new love without the horrible stigma of "shame!" as our modern society now brands it, and which stigma causes such unspeakable misery, such endless suffering.

And if a woman desires to repeat the experience of motherhood, why should it be wrong when she selects another to be the father of her child, instead of the one who has once performed this office for her? Why should the act be less pure when she bestows a second love, when the object of this second love is just as true, just as noble, just as pure-minded as was the first one? Why should an act be considered a crime with one partner which had been fully justified with another?

Reader, judge me not hastily. Judge not my ideas, my ideals, without having first made a careful study of life as you find it around you. My words are backed by personal experience and observation, experience as bitter as any that has been herein recorded. Indeed I doubt if I should, or could, ever have given birth to the thoughts expressed in these pages had it not been for that experience—which is one of a thousand—and when you have carefully weighed my words, think of the good that must result to future generations when unions are purely spontaneous, saying nothing of the increase of happiness of those who are permitted thus to choose, and to live.

When, O, when will the great mass of humanity learn and realize that in ENFORCED MOTHERHOOD, unwelcome motherhood, is to be found the chief cause of the degradation that gives birth to human woe. When will they see that enforced motherhood is the curse resting upon and crushing out the life energies of woman; while on the other hand, the consciousness of being the mother of a DESIRED babe, a child conceived in a happy, a loving embrace, needs no other blessing, no other sanction, than such act itself bestows.

The end.

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## VARIOUS VOICES.

Ambrose Sorenson, North Lake, Wis.:—I will take two copies of the book, "Hilda's Home," at fifty cents per copy, and remit anytime wanted. The paper gives good satisfaction—hope you may all live happy.

Helene Hochstein, Rochester, N. Y.:—Enclosed find fifty cents for Lucifer and fifty cents for the "Firebrand." I am very pleased with Lucifer. My sincere regards to Messrs. Pope and Addis, the victims of our so-called morality.

K. A. E., New York City:—Enclosed you will find money order for six dollars and twenty-five cents (\$6.25.) Five dollars for the "Extension Fund." One dollar to renew my subscription to Lucifer, and twenty-five cents for the "Combination Offer," if it still holds good; if not, use it any way you choose. Please do not publish my name.

Oscar Johnson, San Francisco, Calif.:—I see you intend to print "Hilda's Home" in book form provided you can get enough subscribers. You can put me down for one one dollar copy and two at fifty cents each, money to be sent after Dec. 1. The story has been unusually attractive to me and I wish to express my gratitude and respect for the author. I want one of her photographs if there are any in the market.

J. G. Truman, Lemon City, Fla.:—As Lucifer opens its columns to the economic problem let me say a word in favor of friend Parkhurst. As his remarks are confined to the present condition of society, I think that he is right. The gold standard, bonds, interest, profits, legal tender, and, I may add, the legal marriage, are necessary timbers in the present social structure, and we cannot remove one without endangering the whole structure. And if we tear this down before another is formed, chaos and confusion will reign, and we shall find ourselves exposed to the weather, famines and pestilence. Tom Johnson, multi-millionaire and street railroad king, says:

"As long as you make laws to give franchises away you will find others, as well as myself, to take them. Any civilization in which every willing hand cannot find employment, is a failure. When you find some men owning all of Nature's storehouses you will find millionaires on one side and tramps on the other."

Tom Johnson is right, both in what he says and in what he does. As long as the people declare, by their votes and voices: "We don't want anything and will not have it. We are willing and glad to serve the capitalists for what they will give us;" just so long Tom Johnson, Vanderbilt, Morgan or any body else, who is smart enough to get it, have a right to do so. So long as the people will not make improvements, build roads, steamboats and public buildings, nor lay the needed telegraph lines, some one has to do it, and if he does it he must have the means to do it with. So to take away the means of accumulating capital would destroy the present civilization.

The fault lies with the people, and not specially with the capitalists. The people are mentally like little children, incapable of taking care of themselves; so some one must provide for them. And whoever takes care of them must have the means to do it with, so he must "make money" out of the job, for it is done by money.

"Hilda's Home," it seems to me, is like the fabled mountain that "travailed and brought forth—a mouse." The writer still clings to the marriage ideal, and that, no doubt, will trouble and scatter the inmates of her home. It is all very well, on paper, where the writer can create her own ideal persons who love just as they are wanted to love, as well as the home, but when we come to real, living people, we find it very much different. I have tried "home building" and speak from experience. Ideal marriages are good so long as they are only in the ideal; but in the concrete—"O, Lord!" So long as mar-

riage remains it is better to keep each pair in a separate home and out of society, for when you commence mixing them you cross loves and make trouble.

The most of us, poor humans, are so perverse that we cannot love a poor article while a superior one is in sight monopolized by another.

[So nearly universal, so constant, have been the commendations of "Hilda's Home" that an adverse criticism is freely inserted, if for no other reason than because it breaks the monotony. I think, however, that our critic seriously mistakes when he says, "the writer clings to the marriage ideal." In her first chapter she makes Imelda to say, when refusing to marry Norman: "I would fain keep my lover. Husbands are not lovers." This sentiment runs, as a leading characteristic, through the entire work. The "marriage ideal" is ownership. "Hilda's Home" was written to inculcate freedom, spontaneity, as the basis of sexual morality, not allegiance to another, not ownership by another. M. H.]

Isaac Jameson, Brinnon, Wash.:—I agree with Hilda Palm Reynolds that "Hilda's Home" is splendid. I do hope you can publish it in book form. It is the most soul elevating story I have ever read, though I didn't get the first of it. I have been thinking of late that Lucifer would be a good medium through which people of liberal views could get acquainted with those of the opposite sex with a view to forming sexual co-partnership; first, because the women who read Lucifer have sense enough to say what they mean without any false modesty, and second, because the men who read it are earnest and honest enough to take no unfair advantage of such correspondence. I have two sons who are twenty-six and thirty years of age, are radical, and I want to see them form congenial alliances. I wish you would incorporate into Lucifer a correspondence bureau for those who wish to get partners. You could charge a reasonable fee, and I think it would be a pecuniary benefit to the cause. What do you think of it?

Well, here is No. 683, and here we are, at last, at "Hilda's Home." Truly Rosa is a jewel. She paints with a master's hand. I wonder if she would like to lend a hand to help build such a "home" here on the shores of Puget Sound. We have some beautiful sites here, and several workers who are heart and hand ready for the work. Will any of Lucifer's patrons furnish capital to set some such an experiment on foot? Let us hear from you, all who feel interested in it. We don't expect to build so elaborate, so grand a structure as Hilda's, but we want to build a substantial, comfortable, commodious home, and factories or industries to furnish remunerative employment for all the members. We have a fine water front with a beautiful view of this far-famed inland sea, with a fine spring brook babbling down to the sea perpetually, furnishing abundance of cold, soft water for all uses. We are also close to a river valley one and one-half miles wide, (bottom land). It is a good site for a fish cannery, shingle mill, saw mill, tannery, etc.

Right here I must say a word to Mrs. Dora Ross and her "girl graduate." I can do no better than endorse C. L. James' advice in Lucifer 683. Yes, sister Dora, tell her and help her to feel that "Mother" is the most sacred name on earth. Help her to give the dear, wee thing a right royal, loving welcome, and come here, or to some place else, where Freedom's standard is being unfurled, and let us create a new "Heaven" where she won't need "wings."

Let us create a society where the three Gs—God, Government and Grundy will not be worshiped, and where their representatives, the three Ps—Priest, Politician and Prude are impotent, and in consequence thereof the conditions that obtain under their rule, the three Rs—Religion, Rascality and Respectability will be wholly unknown. Where every man will feel the same paternal love for every lovable child, (and I hope there will be none other) regardless of "legitimacy" or "illegitimacy," as did the immortal Burns when he wrote,

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,  
I fatherly will kiss and dand thee.

687.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

As dear and near my heart I set thee  
Wif' as gods will,  
As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
That's out o' hell.

When, O when will reformers cease their bickering and haggling over their "ideals" and get down to something practical like building a home—a refuge for the unfortunate outcasts of the three G's? thus putting some of our "ideals" into use, thus testing them? That will tell which is best.

And in order to make a success of our enterprise we must each start in with a determination to not force his or her "ideal" upon others, but to "luff," or "bear away," as sailors would say, in order not to "run afoul of each others rigging. Let all have freedom.

Now, all who are anxious to help realize "Hilda's Home" on a small scale, please write to the above address.

Now let us gird our armor on  
And fight as men before fought before,  
Our cause is just; in right we tread  
To sweep corruption from our shore.

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Help spread the light by buying and reading these thought-stirring works and lend them to your friends.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 49.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 8, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 688

### If Love Be Dying.

If Love be dying, use no tender lie;  
 Say not his slowness is a brief eclipse;  
 Of the too hazy sun of his bliss;  
 Vex not his passing, trouble not his lips;  
 With the sad satire of a loveless kiss;  
 Weep, if thou must, in passing, but go by  
 And let him die.

If Love be dead, feign not he cannot die,  
 Nor lay his body where all men regard;  
 With half contempt thy tears upon his head;  
 But in the heart's most sacred spot close barred  
 Save of the rarest thoughts unsullied,  
 Where is the tomb of all glad things gone by,  
 There let it lie.

—Black and White.

### Freethought and Free Love.

BY ORFORD NORTHCOTE.

"The world for the most part is ruled by the dead, and the living are tyrannized over by the dead. Old ideas, long after the conditions under which they were produced have passed away, often persist in surviving. Many are disposed to worship the ancient, to follow the old paths, without inquiring where they lead, and without knowing exactly where they wish to go themselves."—"Marriage and Divorce," R. G. Ingersoll, p. 5.

From the dawn of civilization there have been present in the world two antagonistic forces. The names in various ages have differed, their essence has remained unaltered. One of these forces is conservatism; the other is the spirit of innovation. The one seeks to uphold all established institutions and to resist all change. The other, the vivifying element of things, desires to throw off the material yoke that cramps the spirit, in order to aid man in his evolution towards higher ideals, higher modes of thought, higher planes of existence. In physics, one is inert matter, the other is living force.\* In politics, one is the red tape of officialism, the other the efforts of libertarianism. In religion the one is represented by the Church, the other by the new religious teacher who breaks from the ossified dogmas of his creed. In science, the one is represented by the University Chairs, by the Royal Associations; the other by the new generalizer who defies orthodox views.

All institutions are finally conservative. The Church, the State, the University, the learned Associations, however they may have originated in opposition to orthodoxy, eventually crystallize into barriers to human advance. The Protestants made an attack on conservative Rome, but as soon as they established themselves, they resisted further innovation and have ever since been conservative to the core. The same is true of all heterodoxies which, as time goes on, become orthodoxies.

How do we explain this? All human progression is initiated by a few advanced spirits. The reformer when he first propounds his new thesis finds himself isolated. He persists in his advocacy and gathers round him a small band of

\* The last word of philosophy and science may be that force and matter are one; but the distinction as ordinarily understood will serve as an illustration.

earnest adherents. In the course of a few generations, these supporters having largely increased in numbers become banded together into a society. But by this time arises a new reformer, who has discovered new truths. In his position of innovator he is as much ahead of the followers of the reformer he has succeeded, as that reformer was ahead of his own contemporaries. And so he finds opposition from the society which has crystallized round the memory of the thinker who called it into existence. The same fate awaits the next of the line of prophets, and the next and the next, *ad infinitum*.

Perhaps the most potent of conservative institutions are those built round religion. The superhuman authority claimed for the creed and the threats of divine vengeance on unbelievers, exert a deadening influence of an unparalleled character upon the mind of man. The conservatism which appertains to religion is as it were doubly weighted. To the inertia which is characteristic of all long established institutions, is added that which is due to the fear of the unknown; to the respect which is paid so the commands of a society of individuals, is added the reverence which the supposed Divine origin of those commands creates.

Established religion, therefore, being bound with a double hide of conservatism, it cannot be denied that Freethinkers, in attacking its various strongholds, are doing a valuable and highly important work. But however important and valuable that work may be, it is equally certain that in their organized capacity, they, Freethinkers, are of necessity opposed to other lines of human progression. Especially is this the case when they (the Freethinkers), have passed the early stages of conflict and have become "respectable." Considering their own propaganda as the most important work of any, their aim is to include all men in the secular fold. But they clearly see that this can only be accomplished, if at all, by rigidly excluding all ideas which have not the sanctity of respectability. For otherwise Secularism will fall into bad odor and respectable people will not join the ranks, even though they disbelieve in God and the Church. Thus it may happen with regard to any other set of ideas which is battling for acceptance, that although the most advanced men of the Freethought movement are in accord with them, they must in nowise be given countenance, or the respectability of the Freethought movement will be endangered.\*

Now, however important the work of Freethinkers may be, in engaging in war with religious superstition, it must not be overlooked that the abolition of priestcraft is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. Priestcraft is deadly, not so much because it formulates erroneous ideas, but because those erroneous ideas hinder men and women from getting the greatest possible good out of life. And if Freethinkers, while engaged in combatting one form of superstition which militates against human happiness, hinder the work of other reformers

\* As an instance the lamented Mr. Putnam who held advanced views on sex morality distinctly deprecated their advocacy on the grounds here given.

who are combatting other superstitions productive of misery, to that extent do they nullify the good they achieve in their crusade against the errors of priestcraft.

Religion has two main forces at its disposal, whereby it attains to its ends. On the one hand it commands belief in certain dogmas and on the other it commands obedience to certain moral laws. These are complementary, the one of the other. For example, Christianity declares that a certain day in the week is rendered sacred by the alleged facts that God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh; and that Jesus Christ, the incarnated expression of God, rose to life from death after having been crucified. Allied with this belief in the holiness of one special day in seven, is the command to keep that day holy. We all know what practical results have accrued from this combination. All work and all pleasure being interdicted, the priests have contrived to turn this moral prohibition to the advantage of their cult, by securing at their churches on that day the attendance of a large proportion of their believers; which unanimous gathering together has resulted both in pecuniary gain and in that power which is derived from solidarity.

The Romish church promulgates the doctrine that souls reside for a period in Purgatory. They turn that to their pecuniary advantage by insisting that it is the duty of relatives to endeavor to shorten that period of suffering; the afflicted mourners of the departed, being simultaneously taught that masses said for souls in purgatory will work to this end. The two dogmas of belief, and the moral command based upon them, are thus instrumental in adding largely to the coffers of the Church which imposes them.

Again, participation in the pleasures attending sex relations, being found antagonistic to the cultivation of the religious spirit, and the repression of sexual activity corresponding being discovered to develop mental conditions conducive to religious feeling, Christianity has consistently opposed sexuality. In mediæval times complete repression of the sexual desires was urged upon all. But average sexuality being stronger than spiritual belief it was found necessary to provide an escape for that insistent sexuality, which otherwise would override all restraining Christian precepts. Accordingly Christian marriage was constituted; that is to say, monogamic relations were made permissible under certain conditions. These conditions were that the union should be lifelong and not incestuous; and that it should be consecrated by a religious ceremony, not the least important feature of which consisted of the transference of money from the pockets of the contracting parties to the coffers of the Church.

Christian marriage once firmly established, the astute Churchmen readily discerned that they had hit upon one of the most effectual methods of retaining their power. Not only were they thus enabled to keep a close hold on one of the most important functions of life, but through that function and its attendants they were enabled to heavily load mankind with chains.

Digressing for a moment it is plain that the sexual evolution of mankind has been from monogamy to varietism.\* Biologists are now almost unanimously of the opinion that variations come through the male line, and so it is not surprising to find that variations from monogamic instinct have been due mainly to the masculine sex. With the rare exceptions of polyandric customs, the early deviations from primitive monogamy have been polygamic. That is to say that while women have in the main been monogamic, men have increasingly cultivated polygamic relationships.

Sexual morality, prior to Christian influence, insisted on the faithfulness of a wife to her husband, but allowed to the husband promiscuity. This promiscuity has been provided for either by plurality of wives, concubinage, or prostitution; the

departure from the feminine code of morality in the latter case, being visited with loss of caste and various other punishments. It is obvious that this sexual regime meant slavery to the woman. While the man's sexual nature belonged to himself, he being free to use it how he pleased, the woman's sexual nature belonged to her lord and master. She was a sexual slave. Her sexual capabilities belonged to him, and he could sell them or lend them at will.

But Christianity introduced a new feature. Henceforth, property in sexual organs was to be reciprocal. The husband was to own the wife's body as before, but she in turn was to own the body of her husband. Henceforward, man, who had been breaking away from the monogamic type, was to revert to monogamy; no matter how urgent were his needs for variety. Woman, heretofore, had been the slave of man; Christianity decreed that also man was to be the slave of woman. This Christian decree has had two results. It has by its undeniable power, made many men monogamous in fact. It has made the remainder of married men hypocrites. For in spite of the potency of the decree, it has not been able to entirely stifle the growing demand for variety. This, so far as the man is concerned. But, with the woman, it has acted differently. It has revolutionized her sphere of power. The truth of the saying "The foot that rocks the cradle rules the world" is dependent upon the power Christian marriage has given to wifedom.

Now woman is by nature a conservative agent. The anabolic processes which go to make up her sex are conservative. In conception, it is the female elements which preserve the stability of the type; while the male elements introduce variations. Mentality is colored by sex, and women's mental processes are likewise conservative.

There is another point. Women are more religious than men. Religion and hysteria are in many ways identical, and woman is the hysterical sex.\* More than that, women, by nature, worship authority, and are more amenable than men to the dictates of a powerful church.

\* I have no wish to disparage the sex. But truth must stand before sentiment, here, as elsewhere.

To be continued.

## Has Lucifer Retrograded?

BY JAMES BEESON.

TO THE EDITOR OF LUCIFER: In a short time my paid up subscription to your paper will expire. You have always been generous enough to let the time run over until such time as circumstances would allow of my raising the money to pay you, and I have often thought I would continue to read and pay for the Light-Bearer as long as you continued to send it. My opinion in that respect has not changed—if you continue to send the paper I will pay for it out of the first money I get after the annual tax gatherer has been satisfied with my contributions to Shylock's blood money.

But my idea of your usefulness has changed. As long as you stood for liberty against organized greed; for freedom of speech and press against censorship; in a nut shell, as long as you stood for freedom of the individual as against governments and churches your power for good was felt and recognized by all. But when you take up an isolated case, and one, too, upon which the enemies of freedom have the greatest power to overthrow your exertions you then become as much a partisan [partisan?] as the balderdash spouters of the two old parties, with little less chances of doing as much harm.

As a historian you ought to know that the tactics of the world renowned human butcher—Napoleon Bonaparte—was to divide the forces of his enemies and whip them by detail; and the same tactics will hold good in regard to the enemies of human liberty today. One victory has already been won by plutocracy in the controversy between you and H. L. Green, while you should have shown one solid phalanx to the common

\* The currently accepted theory is exactly the reverse of this, but the view that man originally lived in a state of sexual promiscuity is entirely fallacious, as I have elsewhere shown. See "University Magazine," December, 1897.

enemy. He is just as much a partisan [partisan?] after the leadership of Ingersoll as you are after the old granny—"Aunt Elmira," while you both ought to see and know that the enemies of human liberty are gloating over your suicidal acts. He is working for universal mental liberty without considering how worthless it would be without liberty of the individual to use it; while you are laboring for sex freedom of women—and how the hell—to use a Christian phrase—do you expect to get it? Can't you see that the state, or government, is all that stands in the way of sex freedom, or any and all other kinds of freedom? Then why not unite the forces—instead of dividing them, on the all important question, which is the privilege of doing what we think best so long as we don't curtail the same privilege that equally belongs to others.

The great drawback is the defunct ghosts of ancient gods and devils, and before we can bury them we must meet the slavish cohorts of the state in battle array. A war of ideas and battles of words will always win for us, but the trouble is the despoilers of liberty know that as well as we, and when balderdash and poppycock fail their purpose they are going to wage a barbaric war of murder and robbery.

You have made allusion to your "critics," as you are pleased to call those that disagree with you, without giving them a hearing in their own defense, while you have accused people who treated you in the same way, of cowardice and stabbing you in the back. If I believed in the Christian idea of precious stones and metals I could exclaim "Consistency thou art a jewel!" But notwithstanding your faults I sympathize with you in your persecutions by the powers of church and state, although you could have avoided them and served humanity better.

Now suppress this, as you have everything I have written since you deserted the ranks of humanity's army and strayed off after frivolous matters. As ever your friend in the cause of Humanity.

Hytop, Ala.

But few words are needed, as I think, in reply to the above.

(1) It is not true that I have denied to my critics a hearing in their own defense. If I have not published all that friend Beeson has sent me for publication it is not because of the sharpness of his criticisms, the untruthfulness of his allegations, nor because of his bad spelling or incorrect use of words, but simply because the printing of all, or even half, that is sent us is impossible.

(2) Lucifer has always stood for, and still stands for "liberty against organized greed, for freedom of speech, etc., as all our careful readers know, and if we have given special attention to the freedom of womanhood and motherhood it is because we are convinced that this is the most important of all freedoms, and because we think that no other freedom can be practicalized until woman is aroused to a sense of the responsibility resting upon her as the creator of a new and better race.

(3) No. It is not true that the "state is all that stands in the way of sex freedom, etc." The "state" is but the outward expression of the inward status, mental, moral, and intellectual, of the people that make and support that state. The institutions of a people simply mirror the stage of development of that people. All growth, all development is from within, not from without. When the people have outgrown the institution called the state it will be "sluffed," as a snake sheds its skin, or a caterpillar its shell. Behind the state is the mass of ignorance, credulity and superstition that makes the state possible. Destroy ignorance, credulity and superstition and you destroy the state. The most dense and deadly of all forms of ignorance, credulity and superstition are those which now enshroud the subject of sex and reproduction of the race. These have taken the form of a fetish called "marriage." Destroy this fetish and the citadel of the state (and the church) is captured. The most difficult part of the work of deliverance is to reach the ear and the conscience of woman. As in all slaveries the greatest sufferers are those who bug their chains

the longest and hardest. This, Friend Beeson, is why we concentrate our forces on the marriage institution—because we believe it to be the citadel or stronghold of state and church despotism.

(4) The opposition of H. L. Green, R. G. Ingersoll and other defenders of marriage, is simply an incident, a minor incident, in the evolution. All men have their limitations. Green and Ingersoll seem to have reached theirs when they found they had no more use for gods and ghosts of the Jewish Bible fashion. On other questions they retain their fetiches, and like Micah of old, they would say, if we destroy marriage, legal tender money, etc., "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" But the defenders of the marriage fetish are not the whole of the freethought army, as we are glad to know.

M. H.

### Legal Tender.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

To avoid a repetition I have allowed a misstatement made as a criticism upon my articles twice to pass unchallenged. It is untrue that there is not now "equal freedom for all commodities, gold included." The law defines the meaning of the term "dollar" but does not require people to use dollars. They do that for their own convenience. If a man promises to pay dollars, the law declares that the payment of dollars cancels the debt; and that is what constitutes legal tender. If a man promises to pay wheat, then wheat is a legal tender, and the only legal tender for that debt. Gold can no more cancel a debt payable in wheat, than wheat can cancel a debt payable in dollars. It is as fraudulent to declare anything else than gold to be dollars, as it would be to declare oats or barley to be wheat.

[It seems useless to multiply words over the "legal tender" question. I have maintained and still maintain that legal tender confers a privilege upon the commodity named by law as such, that is not enjoyed by other commodities; hence there is no equal freedom as between gold (or gold and silver) and other commodities.

(2) If it be true that "the law defines the meaning of the term dollar" to mean a certain number of grains of gold I ask, When did the people of the United States authorize the change from silver, or from silver and gold, to gold alone?

(3) Admitting (for the argument only) what Mr. Parkhurst says about wheat being legal tender I would ask, what chance has the poor man, (the debtor class) to pay his debts in wheat so long as the creditor class demand that all contracts be made payable in gold? It is the old story—only in worse form—of freedom of contract between the mine owner, the factory owner etc., and the moneyless employee. It is, "Accept my terms or you get no work"—the alternative being starvation for the employee.

M. H.]

No individual life can be truly prosperous passed in the midst of those who suffer. To the noble soul it cannot be happy; to the ignoble it cannot be secure.—Matthew Arnold.

The pamphlet edition of "Motherhood in Freedom" is nearly exhausted. The essay can then be procured in "Our New Humanity," the price of which is 25 cents. Those contemplating ordering our Combination Offer will take notice and govern themselves accordingly if they want "Motherhood in Freedom." While the present supply lasts the price is five cents each.

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# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
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Street Buildings, London, England; William Gilmour, 73  
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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
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LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress Street Tuesday evening Dec. 7. Dora Hanna will make the opening address.

WE PUBLISH this week a number of specimen letters in regard to putting "Hilda's Home" into book form. The prospect for getting enough subscribers to justify the venture is brightening. Again we ask all who want one or more copies to drop us a card to that effect.

A REVIEW, somewhat extended, if not exhaustive, of the "Freethought and Free Love" question, is begun in this issue of Lucifer. It is written by a well-known English Freethinker, and will be continued through two or more issues, and will then be published in pamphlet form. This review will show that the differences in regard to what is the logic of Freethought when extended to the social relations, are not confined to the American Secularists.

SADA BAILEY FOWLER, of Torresdale, Philadelphia, writes us that she is trying to publish a book,—long in preparation, that will, as she thinks, solve all the perplexing financial and social problems—a sequel to her "Irene," published and extensively sold some years ago. She says she has still some copies of that work which she would like to sell to raise the means of publishing her new book. The price of "Irene" is \$1.00; six hundred pages, well bound. It can be ordered as above or from this office.

## Causes of Pauperism and Crime.

A press dispatch dated New York, Nov. 30, headed "Causes of Pauperism; Careful Analysis of Five Hundred Cases Made," reads as follows:

A report that is probably the only one of the kind made in this country was completed today by the committee on statistics of the charity organization society. The committee is composed of Richmond Smith, professor of political economy and social science at Columbia university; Franklin H. Giddings, professor of sociology at Columbia university, and Frederick W. Halsey.

The report consists of a careful analysis of the records of 500 families from the time they applied for aid in 1890 until Sept. 1 of this year.

In referring to the repetition of applications for relief the report says:

"There is a disclosure of chronic pauperism. This pauperism exists to a large degree because of the incapacity of men and women to support themselves. Their condition is due, investigation shows, to a lack of mental and moral development."

Of the persons who applied for aid the largest number were married men and women. Widows with children came next. Of the 500 applicants 170 were Irish and 132 were natives of the United States. Many of the latter were persons who have lived in this city less than a year.

The list includes 122 men of good character and 231 women of good character. The remainder were professional beggars, criminals and chronic paupers.

Assuming that this report is made in good faith, and not for the purpose of proving a preconceived theory, several questions seem naturally to suggest themselves, such as:

(1) Why should the largest number of applicants for charity be married men and women? Is it not the popular view that marriage is the normal condition of adult human beings and therefore productive of thrift, comfort and financial independence?

(2) How comes it that the greater number of applicants for aid are men and women of "good character"? (122 men and 231 women, or 353 out of the 500 cases reported.) Is it not the common belief that bad character,—vicious habits—leads to poverty, while good character,—virtuous habits—leads to thrift and to competence? Does not this statement indicate that in order to avoid helpless and hopeless poverty men and women must not be over scrupulous in business matters, or in their methods of getting money?

(3) Only one hundred and forty-seven "professional beggars, criminals and chronic paupers" in a total of five hundred "applicants for aid," is certainly a good showing for the moral character—including willingness to work for their living—of the poor of New York City, but what kind of showing is it for the industrial and financial systems of the great metropolis? In a country of limitless natural resources, with a chronic overproduction of all the necessities, and even luxuries, of life, how comes it that only a small minority of those asking charity belong to the classes called "professional beggars, criminals and chronic paupers?"

An attempt to account for this state of things seems to be found in the statement that "their condition is due, investigation shows, to a lack of mental and moral development," but this solution suggests still other questions, such as:

Who or what is to blame for this lack of mental and moral development?

"Development" includes, presumably, natural endowment—hereditary powers, capabilities and tendencies—and also early training. The unanswered questions, the underlying questions, are,

Why should these people lack normal hereditary powers and capabilities, and who is responsible for their lack of proper training?

As to the first of these—heredity—it requires little investigation to show that the conditions usually attending and preceding the birth of the great masses of people—in cities, in manufacturing and mining towns, and also in agricultural districts—are anything but favorable to good natal endowment. Mothers are overburdened with work, and with the care of children for whose advent no proper provision has been made. Most of these children are undesigned, undesired—mere chance begotten, born of parents who have little or nothing to make life desirable, and who look upon each new addition to the family as a calamity, a curse instead of a blessing.

Then, when to these adverse conditions is added that other factor so very common, viz., the lack of love between the parents, and the presence of indifference, of aversion, of disgust and of hatred,—how can we expect, under such conditions, that the child can be born well dowered with the powers, faculties or tendencies that would fit it for success in the competitive struggle for existence?

Then, as to the after training: The associations of home life and of the streets, are not such as to inspire lofty aspirations, noble ambitions or pure lives. Compelled to work for a beggarly pittance, when work of any kind can be had, instead of being instructed in kindergarten and manual training schools, how can we expect good "mental and moral development"?

Speaking of "Crime's Reign in Chicago," Rev. Frank Dewitt Talmage, son of the famous T. Dewitt Talmage, in his sermon on Sunday, November 28, has this to say—as reported by the daily "Chronicle" of this city:

There are two causes for this: First, because Chicago is the dumping

many of the moral suzerains of the United States, and all the thugs and the thieves, and the loafers, and the rascals, and the anarchists, and the cranks and the general deadbeats at large make this city their rendezvous and their camp their winter quarters, and what they cannot beg they try to steal and if for one, stand here to say that it is about time that these outrages stopped.

If ten or twelve of these scoundrels were shot down in cold blood it would bring the rest of these murderers to their senses, and I call upon our courts and legislature to raise the penalty of crime higher and higher, even until the price, if necessary, be the gallows, so that an honest man can walk along the boulevards of this great city without carrying a pistol in his own pocket to save his own life. For I stand here to assert one of these two awful facts; either our police are in league with the robbers and they themselves are criminals, or else the law is too lax to grapple with the infamy.

Has this man Talmage looked beneath the surface of things? Has he searched for bedrock causes of vice and crime? Is his proposed remedy a rational one? Has not shooting men in cold blood, and have not the gallows, the rack and the dungeon been tried for thousands of years, and with the result that crime is steadily increasing?—increasing much more rapidly than population?

Mr. Talmage is the child of affluence—one of the pets of our social system. With like heredity and like environment would his record today be any better than that of the "thugs, thieves, loafers, etc.," whom he would like to see shot down in cold blood or strangled by the hangman's rope? He is paid a high salary to preach the religion of love, of forgiveness, of peace and good will; do utterances such as these show that he is earning his money?

It is pertinent here to ask, who are "the thieves, the loafers, the deadbeats and the anarchists" (in the popular but false meaning of that word). Can we, should we, in the name of justice, punish the petty thief who takes that which he or his family needs, and at the same time condone the theft of millions when stolen by a man who does not need them? Is it worse to steal a few dollars without the sanction of law than it is to steal hundreds of millions after securing through fraud the enactment of laws whereby the theft is made lawful and honorable?

Let us look for causes—the root causes, of poverty, vice and crime, and having found them, let us lay the axe of reason and common sense, to the root of the tree.

### "The Free Propaganda"

Was organized on November 18, 1897. Its officers for the first year are:

*President*, Lillian Harman, Chicago.

*Vice-President*, Robert C. Adams, Montreal.

*Secretary-Treasurer*, Anna Stirling, New York.

*Manager of Propaganda*, E. C. Walker, New York.

*Legislative Agent*, James F. Morton, Jr., Boston.

The convention at which these officers were chosen was called to order by E. C. Walker, who briefly outlined the preparatory work already done. Charles B. Cooper was elected chairman and Ernest Winnie secretary. A Committee of Constitution, consisting of Amy L. Scudamore, James F. Morton, Jr. and E. C. Walker, was appointed by the chair. The Constitution given below was reported, discussed article by article, and adopted.

"Art. I. This organization shall be known as The Free Propaganda.

"Art. II, Sec. 1. All persons believing in the right of private judgment in all matters pertaining to love, sex and parentage, and in the widest and most thorough discussion thereof, are eligible to membership.

"Sec. 2. Membership shall be of two classes—Active and Contributory. (a) Active members shall be those willing to identify themselves publicly with the Propaganda, and are entitled to vote and otherwise participate in all its proceedings. (b) Contributory members shall be those who sympathize with the objects of the society, and pay membership dues, but are not in a position to allow the use of their names.

"Sec. 3. Members may be transferred from one class to the other at their own request.

"Art. III. An Annual Convention shall be held at such time and place as may be determined by the Executive Committee, and notice shall be given to the members at least one month in advance.

"Art. IV. The officers of the society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, Manager of the Propaganda and Legislative Agent. These officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

"Art. V. The duties of the officers shall be those usually appertaining to such offices. The Manager shall have charge of the distribution of all educational matter, subject to the supervision of the Executive Committee.

"Art. VI. Dues shall be one dollar per year in each class. Life Membership in either class shall be twenty dollars.

"Art. VII. This Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote, notice of such proposed amendment to be sent out at the time the meeting is called."

Members to whom Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the Bulletin were sent will be glad to know that there has been a gratifying increase in both lists, especially the Active. Now that we are organized for business, we should soon have a large society, and get to work with ever-augmenting effectiveness. Let all who have not paid in their dues for the first year, do so without delay, remitting to the Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Stirling, 244 West 143 Street, New York City. And those who have held back until the movement is well under way, can now step into the ranks, knowing just what it is they are joining.

It is the opinion of the members of the Executive Committee who were present at the Convention that the Propaganda should as soon as possible own its printing plant. So equipped, the educational work can be carried on much more economically than it could be if we had to hire all our printing done. The Manager has now at his command sufficient type for present needs. Money is needed to pay for a job press upon which leaflet work can be rapidly done, for electrotyping, and for postage. Membership dues alone should soon give us all that we need to enable us to begin work on a relatively small scale, but if some of our better-to-do comrades will send us additional contributions we can begin our educational work earlier, and we can cover a much larger field, and more thoroughly. Who will first respond to this appeal, and how many before the first of January, 1898?

In sending in your names for enrollment, please be sure to say whether you want to go into the Active or the Contributory class.

The discussion in *Lucifer* of the pros and cons of organization of Social Radicals, has borne good fruit in one brain, at least, for which we are to thank those who have publicly objected to the movement. From a letter received yesterday from a friend in Connecticut, these excerpts are made:

"The first thoughts [after reading the Call in No. 672 of *Lucifer*] I had in reference to the matter, were that I didn't want to join any organization. In the first place, I am strongly prejudiced against organizations. I am thoroughly individual. I have my likes and dislikes. I have felt for a long time that I didn't wish to belong to any organization, where I should have to conform to some regulations made by somebody else, or where somebody else would be compelled to conform to regulations that I should have a hand in helping to make; consequently, I felt as though I would like to keep aloof from such organization. . . . Now, I am feeling somewhat different. As I read *Lucifer* each week, I am more and more inclined to favor the idea of an association such as you and other Freethinkers are endeavoring to organize. . . . I begin to experience a feeling that if Freethinkers really desire to resist oppression they will be compelled to form themselves into an organization, and work unitedly. I begin to feel that I would like to belong to such an organization. If some effort is not made to resist oppression by meddlers, then the time will arrive when an individual can't be an individual; he will not be permitted to be an individual; he will not be let alone, and he will

be forced to do as others want him to do, whether agreeable to his tastes or not. Large numbers of persons with strong wills and strong meddlesome characteristics, will band themselves together to force everybody outside of their pale to conform to their ideas, to do as the meddlers want them to do, so if this thing goes on long enough, I shall lose my individuality and I shall be forced into the ranks of the oppressed or the oppressors. . . . According to what I read in *Lucifer*, I am inclined to believe that in order to protect myself, even regardless of anyone else, I must drop my individuality for a time, and enter the ranks of your organization, which is intended to resist imposition. I believe this is the only "gang" that I can join voluntarily, so I will request that you enroll me as a member. If persons who wish to do as they want to do would only let me alone and allow me to do as I wish so long as I do not invade their rights, then I would not join your organization, would have no desire to, and I would still remain an individual, and go quietly and unobtrusively on my way without troubling any body."

Our friend reasons soundly, although he is mistaken in thinking that association implies the loss of individuality. Forced conformity involves such loss, but all we ask is free co-operation for education and defense. Of course there would be no need of combination for defense, if all persons attended to their own business and let that of their neighbors alone, but that is just what many of them will not do—and so we must consolidate our scattered forces or go down.

"I present my name as a member of the national organization of the friends of Sexual Freedom. I wish to enroll myself as one of the Active workers in this, the grandest of all reforms, the "bed-rock" foundation on which must rest all schemes for the real betterment of our race, viz., improvement of birth conditions. It isn't of worth, particularly, as I know of, to be "born again," but it is of much, I take it, to be really born well, and that in present conditions takes place only occasionally. Births are alarmingly fractional."—*John Mosley Clarke, Tennessee.*

Shall we have one hundred more names on the roll by the beginning of the new year?

E. C. WALKER, Manager,

244 West 143 St., N. Y. City.

### Propaganda Methods in Sexology.

BY J. M. CLARKE.

As a reader of *Lucifer*, "Firebrand," "Old and New Ideal," and other literature having the same general purpose, I have repeatedly asked myself, how can we utilize our ideas, how best practicalize what we advocate? Certainly little progress can be made without propaganda of deeds. Mere theories have no momentum, only deeds generated by them. I am aware that here arises what too many seems an insuperable obstacle, viz.: Mother-Grundyism and Government Tyranny; yet I think if we co-operate wisely and persistently, we can make opposition ineffectual, vilification harmless. Let "Epluribus Unum" be our motto: a unity resulting from free choice alone, held by no tie save that of mutual affection, kindred tastes and interests, uncoerced by formal agreement, unconscious alike of majorities and minorities, each additional one rendering each individuality more perfect, each one's freedom more absolute. Such associations or groups may be wherever two or more willing ones desire for mutual pleasure and profit in town and country. Then if a sufficient number of groups see fit they can locate headquarters in some large city, where may be established, as circumstances permit very many of those varied activities that render life desirable; all held together, not by compulsory compact but by that which is myriad-fold more potent, the love of happiness which perfect freedom gives, in all the strength of the old, all the fascinating charm of the new. Thus, I conceive, even under the most adverse circumstances, very many will gladly so associate and also group in larger but equally free

combinations, to better realize the fact, "In union is strength."

I was glad to see outlined in *Lucifer* a plan for united action. Let us by all means seek to become better acquainted with each other. A very dear friend of mine, a gentleman of polished thought, reflective mind and attractive personality once said to me, "I tell you, I believe in Nature!" And so say I! Not, however that Nature that has "plans, intentions, schemes," a la J. G. Truman, but that Cosmos Infinite, in which "we live, and move and have our being;" because I can conceive of no "mis," in the beginningless, endless activities forever immanent in every phase of existence. Such words as "mistakes" and "failures" in such a connection, I consider as utterly inapplicable and meaningless.

In *Lucifer* of Sept. 8, in an editorial this passage occurs: "Not until Church and State cease their meddling, can it be demonstrated whether duality is the law of Nature or not." Perhaps, true; yet, I ask, is there any known instance in Nature where growth and fruition have been developed by duality alone? Is not the history of all that is, but the record of variety as alone evolving desirable unity, not only in the vegetable and animal, but in the material world as well? Are not all pleasing interchanges of mind coitional? Is there any natural law for exclusive duality in affections, either as felt or manifested? By what logic is duality applied to one phase of love, and inoperative as to all the others? In the more primary and general relations of acquaintance, when fewer points of individuality are likely to be disclosed, we seek for variety; but when the infinite harp of the full ego is or should be played upon, duality says, touch the strings of one heart-harp only; for, doubtless, "It is [not] fitting that all good things should be conferred upon one!"

I can but allude here to Mr. Warren's citation (in Sept. 8 issue of *Lucifer*) of a celebrated clergyman, who, when asked by his wife, if "They would love and recognize each other in heaven," replied, that he expected to be so enraptured by the glory of God that he would be unconscious of her presence!

How infinitely removed is that "Christian Ideal" from the apostolic one, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us!" Mr. Warren proceeds: "At last comes a love that satisfies the heart!" For sure? No further affectional yearning—no unfulfilled social desire? Will you give me one such case, Mr. Warren? Till you do, I must conceive a multitude of at least probable "Facts detailed and definite that will weigh more than whole reams of ideals!" Is "Love's sweetest sacrament" limited by [to?] gratification of sexual desire? If so are such sacraments unknown "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage?" Is it proven that "old experimenters have slunk back" to a strictly monogamic state? "A few facts," etc. Have there been many cases of monogamy "without pain"? It is asked, "Has there ever been a case of plurality without discord?" Perhaps not; has there been one of duality with constant perfect concord? At present, "*Perfectum impossibile est*"—the perfect is impossible.

I hope I may have been enabled to throw a little light on the path of some who would gladly avail themselves of the privileges of freedom, but who have not as yet seen any practicable way. It requires nerve, strength and devotion to principle that rise above all else.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

J. W. Horn, New Denver, B. C.:—Put me down for five copies of "*Hilda's Home*."

E. C. Hart, Oberlin, O.:—I will take three copies of "*Hilda's Home*," bound in cloth, whenever they are ready.

Andrew Neris, Tacoma, Wash.:—I have received the book. "A Physician in the House." It's a daisy; it's just all right.

Louis Roser, Maysville, Ky.:—Put me down for five copies of "*Hilda's Home*"; one cloth bound and four in paper—three dollars. I will remit as soon as the book is ready for delivery.



M. Rowe, Redmon, Ill.:—Enclosed find money order for four dollars. Please take from the amount enough to pay for two copies of "Hilda's Home" and the remainder I would like to have sent to A. J. Pope of the "Firebrand."

H. W. Woodard, Lincoln, Calif.:—Enclosed find one dollar to pay back dues and extend subscription, as far as it will, if not fully taken up. Fifty cents place where most needed. Thank you for your patience. Work has not been plenty—sickness has.

W. N. Slocum, Los Angeles, Calif.:—You may put me down for ten copies of "Hilda's Home"—paper binding—five dollars. I did think of having a part bound in cloth, but as I am to give to friends I prefer the cheap binding, so as to get more copies. The enclosed one dollar and fifty cents is for a copy of "Loma." Please send as soon as you can. If I like it as I expect, I will order more.

E. J. Paul, Geneseo, Ill.:—Walker is right in organizing. United we are a force, divided nonentities. When man embraces a theory to the extent of ignoring all facts except those which agree with his theory he is in the same position as the believer in God. Let us organize to oppose the "coming tyranny." Send a dollar to E. C. Walker and write to your congressman. Let us try to defeat the Land Bill.

E. W. Chamberlain, N. Y. City:—I send you a little bit of poetry [inserted on first page] which seems to me to be wonderfully adapted to publication in Lucifer. It is a very cogent way of stating one of the principles for which Lucifer has so long contended, and yet the statement is so made that many readers will overlook the principle. Possibly the writer even, did not look at love and jealousy as we look upon it, and yet he could not have done better had he tried to express our sentiments nor could we have done better ourselves. It is an element strength to be able to quote such sentiments from the current of literature of the day. It shows in what direction the drift sets.

I presume you are watching, as I am, with intense interest the progress of our old friend Pope. There is a very curious condition of affairs on the Pacific coast. I am still doing all I can to help the victims.

Sada Bailey Fowler, Torresdale, Phila., Pa.:—Do all of you who have carefully read "Hilda's Home" notice the deep undercurrent of grand thought—the great lesson between the lines which is preparing the way for the *freedom of fraternal love*? The freedom and purity of sex love is a mighty problem; but O, how much easier solved if we only had freedom on the fraternal plane. Yes, I hear the response from many of you: "We will have this freedom when there is no ownership."

True, but, my friends, what I want to impress on all our hearts now, is this: There is a *fraternal sex attraction*, and in associative homes where conditions would be favorable for its whole-souled expression, conditions for the purity of freedom and the freedom of purity, then might girls and boys, women and men demonstrate natural affection as innocently as little children.

This happy loving life would free all from the feverishness of animal passion, and would be as satisfying as that which Prof. Windsor describes in his beautiful story, where the generative life would not be yearned for only when all conditions were prepared.

And we will have these co-operative homes ere long. Meanwhile let me suggest—let me whisper an idea to those of you who believe in the thought power. Let me tell you what our Mothers' Silent circle in the City of Brotherly Love has done. We are mostly composed of women who believe that in this transition stage we sisters who are working in the vanguard need loving brothers more than sex lovers, and by the power of our concentrated thought we are attracting men to us on the fraternal plane who understand and appreciate. Do you com-

prehend? or shall I farther explain? Yours for truth, freedom and purity.

Thomas Lees, Cleveland, O.:—Emma Goldman is in Cleveland, has spoken many times—and by the time this reaches you the big little Anarchist will have left this city—and also a marked impression on those who attended the five or six meetings which she addressed.

Knowing Lucifer's readers are more or less interested in her work, and not knowing whether any report has been sent you, I enclose a clipping from the Cleveland "Leader" of the 22nd, adding a brief report of your correspondent's.

Miss Goldman on her arrival in Cleveland from Detroit on Sunday morning of the 21st was met at the boat landing by Mr. Fred Schuller, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Carr and their daughter, Daugherty, and escorted to Mr. Carr's office for breakfast; after which the distinguished visitor was escorted to Mr. Joseph Lee's, Forestdale Ave., whose hospitality she enjoyed while in Cleveland. Sunday afternoon, Miss Goldman spoke at the regular meetings of the Franklin Club—the hall which seats between four and five hundred proved entirely too small—hundreds not being able to gain even standing room.

The Cleveland "Leader" in describing her appearance said: "Miss Goldman's appearance is in her favor. She was dressed entirely in black, without a single fleck of color, from her collar to her stout shoes. She is small, rather angular, and her clothes fit her, and are becoming. Her hair is brown—parted on the side, and allows one lock or two to form a *masculine* curl over the left side of her forehead. Her eyes are dark and attractive, her nose small, her mouth large, rather than small, with thin lips, which when parted allowed a glimpse of even, white teeth. It is evident at first sight that Miss Goldman is not one of the 'sloppy' kind of strong-minded women," etc.

The description of her physique and dress was all the praise the "Leader" could accord her. Of her address, "What Anarchy Means," while reported at some length, conveyed a very imperfect idea of a very intelligent and interesting address, forcibly and at times eloquently delivered, to a particularly appreciative audience, if deep attention and applause signified anything. Miss Goldman spoke for two hours, and on finishing invited questions and criticisms from the audience. Had those who participated in the discussion which followed confined themselves to the question, the debate would have been more interesting—instead of which the disputants, Socialists and Anarchists, became personal and pitched into each other. As it was, all seemed to be glad to be there, and a good collection followed. Also a supplementary one for the prosecuted and persecuted editors of the "Firebrand."

Besides the two or three receptions tendered Miss Goldman while in the city, she was kept busy afternoons and evenings, addressing several of the leading liberal societies of this city. The liberal loving public are indebted to Mr. Fred Schuller for the opportunity of hearing the able champion of Free thought and Anarchy.

While the writer is by no means an Anarchist, (inclining rather to Socialism) he is very glad to have had the opportunity of hearing one of the best speakers he has yet heard on the subject, being one who glories in free thought and free speech for,

"While tongue and pen alone are free,  
Safe from all harm is sweet liberty."

Our English co-workers know how to set forth their radical ideas in an attractive manner. In little more than a week seventy-five copies of "Isabel's Intention" were sold. There may soon be delay in filling orders, as at the present rate our stock will be exhausted before we can receive a new supply from England.

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Ladies who are willing to write to gentlemen on Sex Reform will please address, with stamp, Elmina Drake Senker, Snowville, Va. We all need comradeship of thought.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 50.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 15, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 689

### A Ballade To Those Who Love.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Happy lovers, man and maid:  
All you who know how love can bless,  
Listen, ere your ardors fade  
And leave your lives in emptiness:  
The rich kiss take, the sweet caress,  
And every joy in its degree;  
But on the heart no pledges press:  
Love is only love, left free.

The moonlight hour within the shade,  
When all your passion you profess,  
And amorous words are bold and weighed,  
While all the soul breathes tenderness—  
Be glad of this; enjoy; possess  
Delight that in such hours may be—  
But have no law or rule's excess:  
Love is only love, left free.

With doubts forgotten, fears allayed,  
Clasped hands and softly spoken "yes,"  
With each warm, strange desire obeyed,  
Let love attain its fruitfulness.  
Let heart with true heart acquiesce,  
And rapture mingle and agree;  
But strive not in bonds to possess:  
Love is only love, left free.

EPIQUE.

Take this wisdom. Aye confess  
Your passion till the loved one sees;  
But ask no promise or love's stress:  
Love is only love, left free.

Paris, France.

### Plumb-Line Penographs.

BY E. C. WALKER.

In the "Musical Courier" George Allan remarks that "happiness in married life depends largely upon mutual reticence." Which being interpreted, means, I suppose, that the husband and wife refrain from expressing their opinion of each other and conveniently shut their eyes to more or less flagrant violations of the code marital. That is, they do not always torment each other so much as the peculiar institution gives them the opportunity and authority to do. When two persons thus rise superior to institutions we exclaim, How pleasantly Mr. and Mrs. A get along together! as though it is the most surprising thing in the world—and it is, considering the adverse conditions!

Gabriel D'Annunzio, author of "The Triumph of Death," which Comstock the Censor has in vain tried to suppress, is again in the public eye, having been elected to the Italian Parliament. He is not likely to take his seat. Emanuel Arcene writes as follows in the "Figaro," as quoted in the "Musical Courier":

As usual in political campaigns, every leaf in his past has been looked over, every not of his private life has been revealed, with the result that he will probably be found ineligible because he was sentenced as a youth to six months' imprisonment for adultery.

We might suppose that Mr. Arcene is in error in his deduc-

tion—we might think that D'Annunzio is ineligible to office because he has been a felon, not because his offense was adultery. I say we might suppose this, but the French writer adds that the Italian code is relentless against the act of adultery, even disfranchising one found guilty by the courts, holding it to be a heinous offense against good morals. Still, disfranchisement and deprivation of other citizen rights usually if not always following the commission of a felony, it well may be that "Figaro's" writer has jumped too hastily to a conclusion, and that the Italian law bars out D'Annunzio because he has been convicted of an offense, not because he has been convicted of the particular offense of adultery while it would permit him to enter parliament if his conviction had been secured for other cause. But the fact that in Italy adultery is a felony is sufficient in itself to challenge our attention. It reminds us that the country of the Popes is famous in history for its sexual irregularities and crimes; that all the existing persecuting laws do not prevent a very large illegitimate birth-rate, and that the statute which punishes the Italian novelist serves chiefly to make deceit and treachery fine arts, leaving church and state full of titled hypocrites who have been successful in evading the code they helped create and which they applaud, and enforce, when enforcement suits their purpose. For some years a determined effort has been made by certain fanatics to make adultery a crime in those States of the Union where it is not now recognized as such. While our laws do not treat adultery as a crime, our juries promptly acquit the husband who murders the adulterer. In this instance, our inherited laws are superior to our present citizenship.

Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman has enlisted as private in the army which Mrs. Charlotte Smith is raising for the invasion and spoliation of the domains of Bachelordom. He grows quite amusingly peppery in his language when expatiating upon the alleged shortcomings of the male spinster. He most emphatically declares that it is the duty of man to support woman, and that the man who does not fulfill his obligations by furnishing spending money for a family of his own, should be caught by the state, inverted with no more gentleness than is necessary, and his pocket emptied for the benefit of the bachelor girls. From my point of view, the really culpable persons were the progenitors of some of our paternal "reformers"; they were certainly much remiss in their duty in failing to teach their children that no woman who respects herself as a human being of normal capacities and powers asks for support from man individual or man collective. All she demands is the opportunity to make use of her physical and mental powers and to receive the full reward of her labors. She is sick unto death of "worship"; she has had more than enough of man's "adoration," and she knows she is a woman, not an "angel." By the way, I would remind Mr. Wakeman that there is just one kind of "angels" who accept without question his dictum that woman should be supported by man—Rev. C.



H. Parkhurst can furnish him with some addresses, if they are required. The prostitutes—married or unmarried—are ready to exchange their angelhood for hard cash. But this Old Woman is getting out of date; the New Woman—the woman who earns her living and spends her own money, giving love only for love—is taking her place. And the Old Man—the man who talked of “angels” and held marital slaves—is also giving way before the New Man, who knows that woman is no better than he is and is entitled to every liberty and opportunity he demands for himself. It is time to quit canting and flattering and begin doing substantial justice.

The latest defender of Comstock is the “Torch of Reason.” The alignment of forces is proceeding very satisfactorily. It is well for the cause of liberty and justice that the men of kindred ideas and methods get together. Better always an open foe than a weak or treacherous ally. Comstockism is the quintessence of all against which Freethought does battle, and hence it is a cause for rejoicing when papers which have abandoned the fundamental principles of Freethought range themselves frankly under the black flag of the Censor. I claim no prophetic gifts, yet I will hazard the guess that these editors will live to see the day when they will discover to their cost that it is not “a sham battle” which loyal Freethinkers wage against “the movement in favor of ignorance” of which Anthony Comstock is the universally recognized mouthpiece and leader. Mr. Hosmer talks about this matter like a Sunday school girl teacher of fifteen, who knows absolutely nothing of the history of Comstockism. If he will examine certain publications which circulate by the tens and hundreds of thousands and which the Censor does not molest, and compare them with the radical books and papers which have been persecuted by the same Censor and his assistants, he will discover, what wide-awake Freethinkers have known for years, that this movement in favor of ignorance (and degradation) is both positive and negative; that it is radical literature that is most hated and feared by the enemies of free publication and transmission, and that trivial and vulgar papers, magazines, and books are largely ignored by the very officials and spies who talk most loudly of “purity.” Mr. Hosmer should take a course in the history of Freethought. If he were better informed, he would not say this:

Is there any danger of being robbed of the privilege of expressing one's honest thought at present, provided we use decent language? We think not. “The Torch of Reason” has no fear in that direction, and we notice that the Boston “Investigator,” the “Free Thought Magazine,” the London “Freethinker,” the Australian “Liberator,” et al., seem to be undisturbed in their radical statements.

What is “decent language”? What was there indecent, even from the viewpoint of Mr. Hosmer, in the “Firebrand”? What was indecent in “Cupid's Yokes” for mailing which D. M. Bennett was imprisoned? What was indecent in the “Markland letter” for printing and mailing which Moses Harman was twice sent to the penitentiary? Does not this reactionary know that epithets change as the generations come and go and that the issues of yesterday are not the issues of today or at most, only partly the issues of to-day? We have partially won the liberty to discuss theological dogmas; now we are fighting for the liberty to discuss social and sexual systems. The problems we are at present trying to examine are vital to human prosperity and happiness. Their investigation and discussion involve the use of a vocabulary in many respects differing from that employed in the canvassing of theological assumptions. Who has the authority to decree that we shall not be understood? Are the lips of serious men and women to be padlocked to please the belated representatives of church and conventicle and the Oregon Secular Union? Again: Has Mr. Hosmer forgotten or has he never known that Abner Kneeland the founder of the Boston “Investigator” was imprisoned for the expressing his opinions? that Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp of the London “Freethinker” have served time in prison and that Joseph Symes of the Melbourne “Liberator” has for years been persecuted most outrageously by the saints of Australia? The

latest pretext for the prosecution of Freethinkers is “obscenity.” Sexual science is called “indecent.” Very well; we accept the issue.

## Does Marriage Protect Women?

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Mr. Van Deventer (see “Various Voices”) does not approve of the women portrayed by Rosa Graul in “Hilda's Home.” If he will re-read the last chapters of the story, however, he will see that the women do not bear children as rapidly as he thinks they do. Instead of four children, Imelda had only one. The other three were the children of Cora, Margaret and Alice. And why should not these girls “prepare to become mothers, before the first blush of womanhood faded from their cheeks”? All the years of young girlhood and young womanhood are not too many to fit women for that most important office. Surely Mr. Van Deventer would not advocate the old idea that girls should not even think of the possibility of maternity until they learn by experience. Because these young women understood the risks and responsibilities they did not dare to become mothers until they were mature women, and until they had a home in which to bear and rear their children.

As Mr. Van Deventer gives a personal turn to the discussion of principles (which is said to be a feminine failing) I would like to ask him a few questions: Did he love his wife because, and only because of the legal tie? If so, why does he still love her when that bond is broken by death? Will he admit that the legal tie made him honorable and that without it he would have been a treacherous scoundrel? If not, what does his experience prove that is favorable to marriage? Did the fact that Mr. Van Deventer's wife was the mother of two children retard her development, make her only a plaything and gratifier of her husband's passions, as he asserts would be the inevitable result of motherhood in freedom? Perhaps he will say that because of the legal bond he protected and cared for her, and furnished the home which was always “overflowing with life's brightest sunshine.” Did he alone fill the home with sunshine? Would that home have been equally bright without the home keeper? If not married, would he, if he desired a home, ask a woman to keep his home in order, and yet say that her work is of no value and require her to support herself at outside employment while keeping house for him? Mr. Van Deventer knows that such work has a money value when performed by free labor instead of wife labor.

Imagine two self-supporting “bachelor-girl” friends who decide that it would be pleasant to furnish a little flat and live together. But there is no law regulating their relation—how can they arrange their affairs when such a possible partnership has been overlooked by the legislators? But by and by they become dissatisfied—they can easily live on the salary of one, and as Margaret likes housekeeping she remains at home and is the housekeeper. But is it probable that Margaret will give up her salary, act as household drudge, and be grateful to Mary for so generously “supporting” her? What an absurd question!

By and by these girls feel an important element lacking in their little home. They want a baby to care for and to love. Being conventional, they adopt one. Here another question confronts them. Who will support the child? To whom shall it belong? These questions are popularly supposed to be unanswerable, when a man and woman loving each other regardless of the marriage law, desire a child? But these two women are able to manage their own affairs. Margaret devotes her time to the care of the home and the child, Mary's time is given to money-producing labor. Mary therefore gives Margaret a mutually-agreed-on proportion of her salary in compensation for the loss of time. Both make a sacrifice of money (for Margaret's time represents money) for the comforts of home life which both desire. I say the arrangements are mutually agreed on. If they were not, they would not make them, for there exist no legal restrictions enforcing them.

They are happy in this little home, but still something is lacking. Each "falls in love." John has a little house and steady employment, and he offers Mary a home. She loves him, and gives up her work and marries him. She has not prepared for marriage and maternity in the "first blush of womanhood"—she has been thinking of other matters. She believes if a woman marries a good man she is safe. John, too, is conventional. The babies come. Mary no longer has a steady income, and the fact that she is "supported" by a man, even though her husband, is galling to her proud spirit. By and by John has an accident which incapacitates him for life, and she is thrown on her own resources with a husband and helpless little children to support. True, she has a marriage certificate, but as I have previously remarked in these columns, marriage is an insurance concern that does not meet its liabilities. She has trusted to it, but when left helpless it is not worth so much as the price of a loaf of bread.

It will be noted that I have assumed that John was honorable but unfortunate. This is only one of many possible mishaps. The husband may die and leave his family destitute, as many do. He may treat his wife and children cruelly and finally desert them, and what can the woman do? If he has no property, she may, at the cost of lawyers' fees and a humiliating trial, have her husband sent to jail—if she can catch him—but that is done in scarcely one of a thousand cases. If he has property, she may succeed in obtaining some of it; but by keeping her feet free of legal snares and attending to business in a business way, a law suit would be unnecessary.

Now to return to Margaret. We will assume that she has done some reading and thinking while caring for her house and baby. When Margaret leaves her, Robert proposes that they, too, get married. But Margaret tells him that though she loves him and would like to live with him she cannot think of giving up her freedom. She says if he will consent to a business arrangement such as she had with Mary, she will be pleased. She will try to make home pleasant, and herself companionable. She will gladly have a child of her own as soon as she has enough money in her own hands to make it seem prudent for her to do so. She will consider herself free to dissolve the partnership at any time that she thinks best, and will recognize his rights to do the same. Love is too precious to her to make it a thing of contract, of ownership, an article to barter for bread. All other conditions of their living together can be settled on a business basis exactly as when two women only are concerned.

### What "Hilda's Home" Means.

BY ROSA GAUL.

I have before me the criticism of J. G. Truman in *Lucifer* 687. I am glad you published it. Although up to the present time nothing but favorable comments have been published I never for a moment believed that all readers of "Hilda's Home" would see it in the same light. It is exceedingly difficult to make all understand exactly what one means. Though you have well answered Mr. Truman I would like to add a few words.

You are right. I do not cling to the marriage ideal. If I have "mated" my characters I have not married them. I have mated them because it seems natural to the vast majority (radicals not excepted), when they have found some one in whom they see more to admire than in anyone else, and who exerts over them that peculiar magnetic influence we call "love"—it seems natural to cling closer to that one, while that love lasts, than to anyone else; even to becoming absorbed in such loved one to the exclusion of others.

In the present order of things such people marry. I have simply mated them for the time being. I have made no character say, "I love you now and will love you forever."

I have not ignored nor forgotten the possibility that other loves in time may fill these hearts. I have not forbidden them to admire and caress others. But I have sought to bring together a group of intelligent people who as a whole are congenial to each other.

I believe that in this lies the cause of the failure of many co-operative homes. The component elements are not truly congenial. We need many homes such as Hilda's.

All free lovers are not varietists; though I believe that the most of them, in time and under proper conditions will develop into such, to a greater or less extent. Mixing the two elements in a common home, the extreme varietists and the monogamists, would of necessity breed inharmonious. Varietists should have their own home as well as those who believe in mating, or discord will be sure to enter.

But I did not intend to make "Hilda's Home" strictly monogamic. I proposed to make those who entered this home to see things as I see them,—to see that there is *no true happiness in marriage*. My own experience has taught this. Marriage forbids its victims to grow, to broaden, to expand. Marriage prohibits admiration of lovable qualities in others besides the legal partner. Marriage possesses; marriage monopolizes, and thereby cramps and finally destroys all that may have once constituted the happiness of the married pair.

Not that there are no happy marriages. There are; but they are so rare, so few and far between they do not count, in a general statement. In the few cases wherein there are "two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one," no marriage ceremony is needed. These exceptional cases exist not because of but in spite of marriage—as an institution—and regardless also of free lovers' theories.

But the intelligent thinker knows that the happiness of the masses of humanity must come through freedom, untrammelled freedom; and so long as universal freedom is denied to us we must seek it on the quiet, and on a small scale; but not too small, or, as friend Truman truly says, the mixing and crossing will make trouble. But "Hilda's Home" was built on a scale large enough to allow every inmate thereof to have a home of his or her very own, separate from all others. Within this home none other must unbidden intrude, and within this home, or to this home, each has the right to invite whomsoever they wish. The inmates of "Hilda's Home," do not possess and own each other—only so far as the power of a great and spontaneous love controls and owns. That which their love cannot win they have positively no right to claim or take.

No, I cling to no old marriage ideal. It has brought me little happiness and very much of misery. The early life of Mrs. Leland, up to the time of her divorce from her husband, and the subsequent robbing her of her son by the divorced husband is my own life story, with exactly the same experience as recorded in "Hilda's Home." Later on, a repetition of the marriage experience has not tended to prove that married life fulfills its promise. I have a good husband now, as far as this can be said of any husband, but, as Imelda said, "Husbands are not lovers."

One thing more I would say to those who may think I have not been plain enough in expressing myself. My story was written not so much for those who are already possessed of the "New Ideal" as for those whom we wish to convert, to win, from the old to the new. I think a great deal of our free love literature has the tendency to frighten those to whom our doctrines are as yet new and not understood. Step by step we must lead them on; not plunge at once into the extreme. By pursuing the first named course our hearers will develop gradually and if the process be slow they will in time land "on the heights." As Mr. Harman has expressed it, "Hilda's Home" was written to inculcate freedom, spontaneity, as the basis of sexual morality.

Now if there are any more adverse criticisms, bring them out and we shall make the effort to answer them. Every reformer has his or her own ideal, his or her own standard. Let all adhere to their own standard. It is their right.

But do not seek to lower the ideal, or depreciate the standard of another. That which the mind conceives as the best is the best so far as each individual is concerned. No one can go beyond his or her conception, and when we are liberal enough to concede to all others the same right to their conception, to their ideal, I think we shall have no trouble. Be sure the inmates of your proposed co-operative home are all TRUE LIBERALS. This is the corner stone upon which it must be built. Without this corner stone, its foundations rest upon the sands of the desert instead of on solid rock.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d st., N. Y.  
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Street Buildings, London, England. William Gilmour, 73  
Cedar Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus: so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

LUCIFER CIRCLE will meet at 1394 Congress Street Tuesday evening Dec. 14. C. Orchardson will deliver the opening address.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,	\$397.00
A Friend, Colorado,	1.00
Mrs. H. W. Woodward,	.50
A. A. Caswell,	.50
E. J. Paul,	2.00

## "Firebrand Fund"

The following sums have been received at this office for the benefit of "The Firebrand Group," one of whom, A. J. Pope, is now confined in the county jail at Portland, Oregon, charged with violating the postal laws by depositing for mailing copies of the "Firebrand" dated Sept. 19, '97.

Previously acknowledged,	\$9.00
Orford Northcote,	2.00
Dr. M. Rowe,	2.00

## Close of the Year.

By the time this issue of Lucifer reaches its readers—scattered as they are over both hemispheres of earth's surface, the annual midwinter holidays—for the northern hemisphere, will be upon us; the season of merry-making, for those who have anything over which to make merry; the season of making gifts, of squaring accounts and of getting ready for the new year.

Lucifer sees but little in the outlook to make merry over. A carnival of wrong-doing and of consequent misery seems to prevail throughout that portion of the world called civilized, with little prospect that it will soon be better, if ever. And yet we prefer to look for hopeful signs. We much prefer the optimistic to the pessimistic philosophy, and propose to keep up a cheerful spirit as far as possible.

Lucifer does not feel rich enough to make many or costly presents, and does not ask for gifts or donations from friends and patrons, but it thinks this a suitable time to look after outstanding accounts, and to square up the same as far as possible. The past year has been a fairly prosperous one, so far as extension of business is concerned, or rather it would have been such were it not for the fact that a large portion of our patrons have been compelled by an infliction of "adminis-

tration prosperity," or other calamity, to fall behind in their dues to this office. This very unpleasant fact compels us to draw upon our reserves in order to pay up demands against us.

The object of this statement is not to make the impression that Lucifer is in serious straits, financially, or that the failure to get what is now due will compel suspension, or less frequent issues of the paper. Nothing of the kind, but rather to remind our friends that a little equitable and fraternal co-operation would just now be very acceptable, and especially so if it comes in the way of renewals, payment of arrearages, orders for books in our line, or new subscriptions sent either by new subscribers or by friends who see the need of extending Lucifer's educational work.

In still another way our patrons can help on the work that is theirs as well as ours. A very general wish has been expressed to see "Hilda's Home" put in book form. As shown by specimen letters inserted in this and previous issues many of our readers have ordered from one to ten copies to give away as missionary documents. If these orders continue we shall soon feel justified in beginning the work of publication in book form.

And now, though a little early, we send holiday greetings to all of the Lucifer household, whether living in the frozen north or in the sunny south, and most heartily wish for them all the prosperity and happiness which their minds and bodies are capable of receiving and assimilating.

## Freethought and Logic.

Again the attention of Lucifer's readers is called to the very able and very interesting essay on "Freethought and Free Love," the second part of which essay appears in this week's issue. Mr. Northcote's reply to the upholders of institutional marriage, among those who have outgrown Christian theology, is strong, clear and unanswerable. "Marriage is the seat of the power of the priest. Through marriage the priest rules the children and the husband. Through marriage the priest rules the world," etc., are axiomatic utterances of a close observer and logical thinker. And when our author tells the Freethinkers that "they give half their case away in praising Christian ethics," and when he asks, "If Christian morality is so praiseworthy, why make so much pother about the beliefs on which it is based?" he states a truism and puts a question that will be hard to refute, or to successfully answer.

As its theologic creeds crumble under the persistent blows of reason and of common sense, the church redoubles its efforts to retain power by trying to convince mankind that its own ethical code, its peculiar standard of morals in sex relations, is all that holds human society together—all that keeps civilization from relapsing into primitive barbarism.

Orford Northcote has done for ethical science what the greatest of modern thinkers, Herbert Spencer, has failed to do. He has carried the logic of freethought, and free action, to its logical landings and shown its relation to the most important of all social problems—the ethics of sex. He has made the most important of all applications of Spencer's famous "Basis of Ethics."

## Free Motherhood and the Economic Reconstruction.

Instead of the promised synopsis of the realistic story, "Hilda's Home" lately concluded in our columns we offer a reply to Dr. J. G. Truman, by the author of the story; also the reply of Lillian Harman to Mr. Van Deventer, in which reply will be found much of what would have been said in the proposed synopsis—of what is believed by many to be one of the very best educational stories yet written. The latest of the very few adverse criticisms upon this story is that of W. G. Scott, of Cincinnati. In a private letter he says:

"I think the author spoiled 'Hilda's Home' when she brought in the co-operative home under present conditions."

This objection is not unexpected. Like many other intelligent and earnest reformers, Mr. Scott doubtless takes the grounds



that economic freedom must precede woman's emancipation from Sex-slavery; that free motherhood is impossible under present material conditions. "Hilda's Home" seems to have been written in part at least to show that free motherhood is now possible for women who are in possession of a competence of their own or who have friends who can and will assist them to competence without demanding or expecting anything in return, except the satisfaction of helping to create a better race.

If asked which should come first, Rosa Graul would probably say that sexual emancipation and economic freedom should come together, but that, of the two, freedom for mothers is more immediately practicable than is the freedom of the wage slave. And she would probably add that the surest and only way to successfully free the wage slaves is to free the mothers, so that no more subjects for the wage boss could or would be born. She probably argues that the boss—the economic and political boss will never lack for slaves, victims, so long as mothers submit to invasion of their selfhood; that so long as the mothers of the workers are ignorant, superstitious and submissive to authority their sons will be ignorant, superstitious and submissive to authority; that the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain; that, knowing all this the supporters of the "present conditions" care but little how much our labor leaders agitate for a change of system, for shorter hours, for a larger share of the products of labor, etc., etc.; that so long as the source of the supply of slaves—the mothers, are kept in slavery, the old system will continue.

And these, as I take it, are some of the reasons why Rosa Graul has said comparatively little about reforming the present economic system. But inasmuch as she has promised to answer objections she will probably herself answer Mr. Scott and all others who may think as he does. It is hereby suggested, also, that if not too late, a supplementary chapter to the story itself,—which story was written several years ago, and before the agitation for economic reconstruction was as general as it now is,—a supplementary chapter on economics might profitably be written for the proposed book, the bound volume of "Hilda's Home." Whether incorporated in the story or not would be a matter of detail, and not of prime importance.

"THE ADULT" for December is received at this office. It contains: "Editorial"; "Dress in its Relationship to Sex," by Orford Northcote; "The Liars; or Marriage at the Criterion Theater," by Sagittarius; "Self Reverence, Self Knowledge, Self Control," by Robert Braithwaite; "The Poetry of the Passions," by Henry Seymour; "Answers to Correspondents."

The "Adult," like wine, improves with age; not that the first issues were lacking in excellence. The London "Agnostic Journal," edited by "Saladin," says of it: "The 'Adult,' organ of the Legitimation League, is certainly the most outspoken and revolutionary serial devoted to the sex question published on this, or, peradventure, any other planet." This, from the very conservative "Saladin," is the highest praise that could be given. The December number contains twenty-four pages. Price six cents, mailed from this office.

## Freethought and Free Love.

BY ORFORD NORTHCOTE.

*Continued.*

We have now reached the point where we see the power which Christian marriage has placed in the hands of the priests. Christian marriage has elevated the woman to an undue position of influence in the household. Instead of her and her offspring being ruled in every matter by the husband, as formerly, the positions have largely been reversed. Recapitulating, we have pointed out that women are more amenable to religious discipline than men; we have also seen that Chris-

tianity has elevated woman to a position of power in the household she never possessed before.\*

THE PRIEST HAS RULED THE HOUSEHOLD THROUGH THE WOMAN.

"Marriage," says Colonel Ingersoll, the undisputed chief of American Freethought, "is the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relations there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of men and women who denounce the institution." (Italics mine.)

Marriage, on the contrary, is the seat of the power of the priest. Through marriage the priest rules the children and the husband. Through marriage the priest rules the world.

We now see the fatuity of freethinkers opposing the dogmas of Christianity and supporting its code of morals, without examining the morality on its own merits. If Christianity had done nothing more than impose a false cosmological belief upon mankind, the work of Freethinkers in exposing it would still have been important, but not nearly so important as from the fact that the Christian code of morality is subversive of human progress. Freethinkers give half their case away in praising Christian ethics. If Christian morality is so praiseworthy, why make so much pother about the beliefs on which it is based?

I have said that the Freethought party, as a party, is, like other institutions, open to the accusation of conservatism, in all matters outside its particular province. How far is this true with regard to the free love movement; and how is it motivated?

In England there are a considerable number of secularists who are also (theoretical) free lovers. But the movement for sexual emancipation finds little encouragement from their present leaders.

This is all the more remarkable, since the free love movement in England largely owes the security of its present position to Charles Bradlaugh, the founder, and during his lifetime, president of the National Secular Society. Charles Bradlaugh, the most heroic, not to say Titanic, figure in the battle for liberty of this century, was no advocate of free love. But he was something even greater than that. He was the indomitable champion of free utterance of opinion. His greatness lay in demanding freedom for those from whom he differed, as well as for those who thought with him. His was no narrow sectarian mind. Though he did not see eye to eye with the apostles of free love, he held that they had a right to express their opinions; and because that freedom was threatened, he planted their banner and defied the world.

Mr. Charles Watts, a well known figure in the English Freethought Party, owned a publishing business. In the late seventies, he purchased the plates of Dr. Knowlton's book on preventive checks. Copies were struck off and the book was put on the market. A public prosecution was commenced, and Mr. Watts was committed for trial. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, he pleaded guilty, and offered to withdraw the book from circulation and destroy the plates. At this point, Bradlaugh interfered, and resetting the type, issued the book in conjunction with Annie Besant, the volume bearing the imprint of the Freethought Publishing Company.† Bradlaugh having taken his stand, the book was largely advertised, and copies were sent to the Public Prosecutor by Bradlaugh himself. The Corporation of the city of London commenced a prosecution. Bradlaugh defended in person, and by a masterly stroke of forensic skill, got the verdict quashed on a point of law, and thus escaped imprisonment. The notoriety of the

\* To guard against misapprehension let me distinctly state that I am in favor of giving greater liberty to woman than she now possesses; what I object to, is not giving her liberty, but giving her power to oppress.

† The Freethought Publishing Company was the sole property of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant.

trial caused the book to sell by thousands, and neo-malthusianism became a vital question.

Charles Watts at that time owned and edited the "Secular Review." Its pages were made the medium of a violent attack on Charles Bradlaugh and his colleague Annie Besant, and Saladin's vituperative pen was allowed, issue after issue, to smirch their fair names.

The split in the Secular ranks, however, did not begin in connection with the Knowlton pamphlet, but with the publication some years earlier by Mr. E. Truelove, of "The Elements of Social Science." That now world famous book, besides being a plea for neo-malthusianism, plainly advocated free love doctrines. The "National Reformer" was then jointly edited by Mr. Barker and Mr. Bradlaugh; each gentleman editing one half of the paper. Mr. Bradlaugh's half of the "Reformer" favorably noticed "The Elements," and regularly advertised its sale. Mr. Barker, in his half of the paper, not only refused the advertisements, but attacked Bradlaugh for so doing. This was the beginning of the storm which culminated in the publication by Bradlaugh of the "Fruits of Philosophy."

Although not agreeing with the free love sentiments of "The Elements," Bradlaugh was thus instrumental in making it known throughout the country. This epoch making work was, because of the dispute, freely sold from the bookstalls of the National Secular Society. Its sale had a further impetus. The Christian opponents of Bradlaugh reiterated all over the country the charge that Bradlaugh was a free lover. They based their accusation on the grounds of his advertising and selling "The Elements," and in consequence secured for the book a popularity, which, but for their malicious efforts, it had never achieved. For once, the Christians over-reached themselves. They tried to destroy Bradlaugh's influence by accusing him of accepting the hated doctrine of free love, and not only failed in that direction, but gained an enormous audience for a book which has perhaps done more to advance the cause of sexual freedom than any book ever written.

Let us now pass from the fight Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant made round the banner of free speech, to their own and their colleagues' views of free love. Mrs. Besant was always an outspoken champion of monogamy. In her reply to the Bishop of Manchester she entirely repudiated his assertion that Secularists taught free love.

On the contrary she declared that

"Monogamy appears to me to be the result of civilization, of personal dignity, of cultured feeling; loyalty of one man to one woman is the highest sexual ideal. The fleeting connections supposed by free love theorists are steps backward, and not forward."

Mrs. Besant could say this in spite of her marital experience being an unhappy one. She has doubtless deceived herself. But to show that prejudice against free love ran much stronger in the Freethought party than the very moderate expressions used by this grand woman, may be instanced the fact that charges had been leveled against her, inside the Freethought party, which enabled her to say in her farewell address to the Secularists, "I HAVE BEEN CALLED PROSTITUTE." Considering that this term had been applied to her on the sole grounds of her supposed intimate relations with Charles Bradlaugh, a supposition which had no other basis than the malignity which invented it, we can see that the temper of the English Freethought party was in no way favorable to departures from strict monogamic morality.

Charles Bradlaugh was even more vigorous in his denunciation of Free Love than his brilliant colleague. He constantly repudiated the charge of being a free lover, founded on his alleged acceptance of the whole doctrine of the "Elements of Social Science." Both in his address to the National Secular

Society's Conference in 1881, and in the pamphlet, "Jesus, Shelley and Malthus," published in 1861 and reprinted in 1883, did he make it absolutely clear that he totally dissented from free love doctrines.

Mr. John H. Robertson succeeded Charles Bradlaugh as editor of the "National Reformer," and although there are reasons for believing that his views on marriage are far from being orthodox, he was careful in his conduct of the "Reformer," to steer clear of any imputation of free love. Replying once to a correspondent who had advocated Freedom in the Sexual Relationships he pointed out that the article was admitted in the columns of the "National Reformer," solely on the grounds of giving a hearing to a properly expressed argument, whether the contention were right or wrong. He then argued that under existing economic conditions, woman might be expected to suffer from the lack of protection afforded by a socially ratified union and concluded by saying, "This of course, does not preclude the later recognition of the expediency of freedom, when the social condition of the woman is improved."

I quote these opinions, not so much to show what were Mr. Robertson's own views on the subject, but as indicating his belief that it would be bad policy to allow a free love declaration to stand in his columns, unmodified by editorial protest. For intellectual ability, Mr. Robertson stands easily head and shoulders above any prominent Freethought leader, either in England or America, and it is only due to him to say that with this ability he combines the greatest of all progressive virtues—tolerance.

The organ of the National Secular Society in England, is "The Freethinker"; of which Mr. G. W. Foote, the President of the society, is editor. He, too, is a firm believer in monogamy. Replying to George Bedborough in the "Freethinker," he says, "It seems to us that the world wants more discipline rather than more freedom in sexual relationships." At the same time he vindicated his claim to be called a Freethinker by saying, "We believe in Freedom, and we would try and defend your freedom if it were attacked; but freedom is one thing and moral and intellectual agreement is quite another."

Far different is the attitude of the "Reformer," a Freethought journal owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner.\* Not only would that journal give no support to the Legitimation League, (the English Free Love organization) but it point blank refused to accept its advertisements.

The attitude of the "Agnostic Journal" to the Legitimation League was more or less one of sitting on the fence. Replying to Mr. Bedborough, the editor, the brilliant and pungent "Saladin" said, "Our support to your cause must, as heretofore, be incidental. This journal's special mission lies in another field." Later, in referring to the "Adult," the editor says,

"The Adult," the organ of the Legitimation League, and edited by George Bedborough, is certainly the most outspoken and revolutionary serial devoted to the sex question published on this or, peradventure, any other planet."

What Saladin precisely means by saying "Our support to your cause must as heretofore be incidental," it would probably puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to explain. I was not aware that Saladin had given any previous support, incidental or otherwise to the free love movement. On the contrary, Saladin, as we have already stated, violently attacked Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant for publishing "The Fruits of Philosophy," and for promoting the sale of the "Elements of Social Science." At a meeting of Secularists held at Cleveland Hall, presided over by Charles Watts, and ornamented by the presence of Mrs. Harriet Law, George Jacob Holyoake and G. W. Foote, Knowltonism, and its relation to Free Thought, was under discussion. "At that meeting," writes Saladin, "in reply to the hiss of opposition, which I cared not to conciliate, even if I had known how, I raised my voice to a shout

\* Saladin afterwards purchased the "Secular Review" from Watts, and subsequently altered the title to the "Agnostic Journal" which title it still bears.

† Knowlton's pamphlet.

‡ "God's Views on Marriage." A pamphlet by Annie Besant.

\* Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner is the daughter of Charles Bradlaugh.

of defiance. I managed to make myself heard over the hiss and groan of Onanie disapprobation, till I thundered forth the words 'Charles Bradlaugh has dragged the standard of Free-thought through the mire of Hollywell Street.'"

To be concluded.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Harry Hoover, 2 Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa.:—Our Lucifer came to us this week with "The Ideal Home" marked in red. We too are interested in "Hilda's Home," not only in the story, but its practical realization. Mahomet said—"One hour of action is worth a lifetime of prayer," and notwithstanding the failures of the past, we believe that true co-operation is not only possible, but feasible. In the enclosed clippings from the "Pittsburg Times" of today and the "Carnegie Union" you will find a condensed statement of our enterprise. As the readers of Lucifer well know, we are living under the competitive system and are perforce compelled to utilize it in order to get out of it, and propose that the unearned increment shall remain in the hands of the co-operators. Being personally acquainted with the author of "Hilda's Home" we are anxious to see it published in book form and make the following proposition. The first five dollars of the price of every lot purchased by any of Lucifer's subscribers will be donated to the publication fund. In fact we would be pleased to have Mr. Harman act as agent for the sale of lots retaining five dollars in each case. All questions promptly answered.

Oscar Johnson, San Francisco, Calif.:—Enclosed find two dollars for three copies of "Hilda's Home"—one copy at one dollar and two copies at fifty cents each. In case the story can not be printed the money to go for subscription and literature. The reading of "Hilda's Home" has been a great pleasure to me, and regret its coming to an end. It is charmingly written in choicest language, conveying an idea that the writer possesses unusual wit, wisdom and knowledge of human affairs, also a desire to lead and teach in the right direction. Please give the author my kindest regards and beg her to accept my thanks. In the "Arena" magazine for 1895, June and July numbers, are two articles by the pen of B. O. Flower, one headed "The Rights of Children," and the other discussing the marriage question, both articles excellent, and in line with the teachings of Lucifer. Is there any obstacle or objection to reprinting them in Lucifer? Mr. Bellamy in his new book, "Equality," takes similar views regarding sexology as you do, and as the book is advocating the co-operative commonwealth it ought to be read by all progressive minds.

[There is no objection to reprinting the articles alluded to—the difficulty being a lack of space. Mr. Flower's "Prostitution in the Marriage Bond" was copied from and commented on by us, soon after its appearance in the "Arena." Both Mr. Flower and Mr. Bellamy are doing good work in breaking the bonds of institutional marriage. M. H.]

Susan Swainsgood, Healdsburg, Calif.:—FRIENDS OF LUCIFER: Why, O why do you continue to jangle and quarrel? Why does not our Moses, like Moses of old, write down the law, saying now, my beloved children, in whom I am well pleased, listen to the voice of reason, and cease your contentions, or ere another moon goes down some religious sect will come and claim each of you as members of their flock.

Who ever heard of such quibbling outside the church? If you advocate Liberalism, stand by your colors and practice what you preach. Mr. Ruedebusch sets a good example. After a slight protest to set himself right he retires, not caring who picks flaws in his writings. Can his admirers do less? No where in the "New Ideal" is secrecy mentioned, but the same sensible advice is given that Albina L. Washburn gives in last

\* Hollywell Street: A street where contraceptives are sold, and at that time having very unenviable reputation which it had held for 150 years.

week's issue, namely, to go on individually, co-operatively and lovingly; each on his or her own way to happiness.

Friends, cease this useless controversy and pull together, then you may hope to accomplish something. Unity is strength. What if we do not agree on minor subjects, the great thing to achieve is freedom.

Dora Boss asks what will New Idealists say to "C"? What can we say more than encourage her to keep her own self-respect? It is hard to advise without knowing all particulars. She may have been a willing participant, or again she may have yielded to the persuasion of a sleek tongue, but in either case her duty is clear. She must not allow herself to be pitied, as though she were a criminal, or a weak-minded fool. She must assert her right to assume the responsibility of motherhood without a license. True, she has great odds to contend against, living as we do under the system of Grundyism, but if she respects herself and does the best she can for her offspring, the world will soon smile on her again, for secretly it admires anyone who dares do anything outside of the rules laid down by law. So, let her be brave and hopeful. Loving hearts will beat in sympathy with her, and who shall say but it may ennoble and enrich her life in after years to have this experience now.

John W. Van Deventer, Sterling, Colo.:—Enclosed find \$1.00; credit me with fifty cents on my subscription to Lucifer and send me Emil F. Ruedebusch's book "The New and the Old Ideal." I have read "Hilda's Home" very carefully and I do not like it. I feel that our marriage laws are far from perfect but do not see in Free Loveism a remedy. In my early manhood I fell in love with a maiden after the old fashioned way. Nine years after we were married and I am loath to believe that the angels in heaven were happier than we during the four years she remained on earth afterward. She has been dead almost five years but I love her tonight just as much as when I first whispered the name of wife into her ear.

In "Hilda's Home" all the women old enough bore children about as fast as nature would allow them to, "three little prattlers and one sweet cooing innocent lying close to Imelda's breast," says the story. And the girls were preparing to become mothers ere the first blush of womanhood faded from their cheeks. Man's condition under a free love regime would be delightful I grant. To be ever able to satisfy his lust with a fresh victim, to become a father and yet entirely escape a parent's responsibilities, to throw the whole burden of life on the weak woman, to bask in the sunshine but flee from the clouds—such would be the condition of my sex.

In "Hilda's Home" early motherhood and the cares that unavoidably attend it, would prevent woman from making herself man's equal, would compel her to remain only a plaything, a gratifier of his baser passions.

My wife and I read the same books and magazines, worked together, attended church, lecture and theater together, our minds grew to run in the same channels (run, not stand still, mind you) and our home was always full to overflowing with life's brightest sunshine. We desired children, two being the number we felt we could rear properly and we brought them into the world, but, alas, they and she have left me, I am alone. Your daughter Lillian answered my last letter. Will you kindly hand her this, if you deem it worthy of an answer, as I would like a woman's opinion on my view of the case.

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WHOLE No. 690

### By Right Divine.

When rogues would fill the human mind  
With some transparent lie,  
They always claim it counterfeited  
And sanctioned from on high.  
An instance makes this statement plain—  
The right divine of kings to reign—  
This lie was shot to death in part  
A hundred years ago,  
But now the tricksters seek to start  
An equal falsehood, so  
We hear proclaimed by every fool  
The right divine of gold to rule.

How long when they grow bold enough  
To make their purpose clear  
And throw the mask of pretext off,  
We may expect to hear  
The moneyed knaves make this appeal—  
The right divine of thieves to steal.

I seem to hear another cry  
That comes from all around.  
Beginning low, it rises high,  
A deep and growing sound,  
That claims in no uncertain tone  
The human right to have our own.

This cry is filled with dire distress  
And angry discontent,  
With tones of want and wretchedness,  
While into those are blent  
Stern undertones that demand  
The human right to life and lent.

From torrid zone to frigid snows  
'Tis heard in every place,  
It ever louder, deeper grows  
Until it thrills the race  
And thunders forth from sea to sea—  
The human right to liberty.

—J. H. Edgarson.

### The Postal Inquisition in Oregon.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Contrary to the expectation of some new workers in the field of reform, the Oregon grand jury to which was submitted the evidence in the "Firebrand" case has returned two indictments jointly against A. J. Pope, Henry Addis and A. Isaak. The first indictment covers a poem of Walt Whitman, a letter written by Kate Austin, and one written by Annie E. Parkhurst. The second indictment is aimed at a letter written by Anton Neidermeier. The poem appeared in No. 6 of Vol. III.; the letters of the insurgent women in No. 12 of Vol. III.; and the letter of Neidermeier in No. 33 of the same volume. If I am not mistaken, the issue last named was the one seized by the spies of the department and confiscated without the slightest warrant of law.

As stated, the accused men will be tried together, as were the victims of the Chicago panic. It is to be hoped that the lawyer in charge of the defense will vigorously demand separate trials. Some years ago this man defended a similar cause and won. He was appointed by the court, as the conductors of the

"Firebrand" are financially unable to see an attorney. Henry Addis will act with him in the preparation of the defense.

I do not recall the contents of any of the incriminated letters, but there could not have been anything very "bad" in them or I should have had the matter fixed in my mind by the suggestion of danger to the publishers. It occurs to me now that we are passing from the epoch of "obscene" words to the epoch of "obscene" ideas and principles. In the cases of Heywood, Bennett, Harman, and other earlier victims of the Censorship, certain words and clauses were pounced upon as essentially evil and likely to corrupt the morals of the reader. In the present instance, it would seem that the change advocated in the social system is the rock of offense. This is exceedingly suggestive, and goes far to show that Heywood and James saw clearly the animus and purpose of the Inquisition, years ago. Mr. Heywood was censured in bitterness by his enemies, in sorrow by his friends, because he insisted upon using unmistakable terms in discussing sex problems (this was after his first imprisonment). He replied, in substance, that the foes of free press and mails were determined to suppress discussion of the great question in which he was interested, that all they wanted was pretext, and that when they could not find one they would invent another. No matter how scientific and "pure" were the words employed in examining the foundations of the family, he argued, it would be only a very short time before they would be so degraded by common use that they would in their turn fall under the condemnation of Grundy and of the law, to be avoided by refined persons and their use punished by fine and imprisonment. So he set himself the herculean task of bringing again into fashion the clear and rugged sex vocabulary of our ancestors. Whatever we may think of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of his course, it is certain that here in "free America" we are hastening in the direction he foresaw. Saying nothing of the tabooed words, we have passed through two stages of persecution and may be entering a third. We have seen men sent to prison, their business ruined, and even their lives sacrificed, because they discussed the love and marriage questions from the viewpoint of liberty in language that, while plain and cogent, was in no sense "obscene," within the theretofore accepted definitions of orthodox morality. Succeeding this stage of persecution came another, hearing similar poison fruits, in which recognized scientific and Latin phraseology was in its turn placed under the ban. Now, as I have intimated, we are confronted, apparently, with the alternative of giving up the advocacy of sex liberty or of continuing in our work at the risk of spoliation and imprisonment, no matter how circumspect we may be, no matter how many and how tiresome the circumlocutions to which we may resort in the effort to be understood without being "criminal."

In the light of these facts, it is certain that all friends of sex rationalism are vitally interested in the outcome of the Oregon persecution. Whatever each may be able to do to help the

defense, that, little or much, will be the work of self-preservation, and cannot safely be delayed or left undone. A victory for freedom of investigation and transmission will encourage all progressive men and women. A defeat—well, out of defeat will come victory, sometime. But it should not be deferred through our neglect.

### Freethought and Free Love.

BY ORFORD NORTHCOLE.

#### Concluded.

In an addendum to a pamphlet called "Sexual Economy" purporting to be written by one Peter Agate, M. D.; Saladin writes as follows:

"We have heard a good deal about the heroism involved in the publishing of such works as 'The Elements' and the Knowlton pamphlet. There is no heroism in the thing at all; but there is a good deal of cowardice, not without a dash of greed and avarice. A section of the public is prurient, and the publication of 'nasty' books like 'The Elements' and the 'Fruits of Philosophy' is profitable. . . . I must protest too, that the only organized society of 'Freethinkers' in England elected for many years President (Charles Bradlaugh) one who has done worse than blasphemed fifty gods—has outraged the highest and purest instincts of human nature. The gentleman (Mr. Bradlaugh) who could sit down with another gentleman's wife (Mrs. Besant) to edit in conjunction with her a work on sexual commerce, should be painted in pigments the due manipulation of which is beyond my skill as a limner. . . . As long as Christianity insists on sexual purity and restraint, and debars the transgressor from her sacraments, she does the world a service which goes some way to compensate for many crimes and errors of which she has been guilty. . . . He who adopts the teachings of 'The Elements' has no high ideal up to which he tries to exalt the measure of his conduct; with him there need be no remorse and no regrets; there is no standard of purity after which to struggle and to strive; there is only the inexpressible Malebolge of unbounded sensuality and shameless lust: no woman you love that it is not proper for another to love tomorrow; no maid such as has heretofore blessed the bridegroom's arms, but only a shameless and deflowered harlot who has responded to the desires of others as she responds to yours; a social convenience, like a drinking fountain or a chalet; a creature liable to be called into use anywhere, at any time by anybody, and who constantly carries a syringe in her muff, in the name of Mr. Bradlaugh and 'Freethought.'"

So wrote Saladin during Bradlaugh's lifetime, and if this is incidental support to the cause which the Legitimation League has at heart, then language has no meaning. When it is remembered that Bradlaugh's sole aim was to educate the working classes in contraceptive science, to the end of reducing poverty and alleviating suffering, we can only characterize Saladin's pamphlet as the rankest piece of obscurantism that any man pretending to be a Freethinker ever uttered.

It is of course, possible, that Saladin has changed his views. We shall be heartily glad to chronicle the fact if this be so. But not till Saladin retracts the infamous things he said of Charles Bradlaugh should we regard any such professed change of opinions as sincere.

There is however one splendid exception, amongst Rationalist publications. I refer to the "University Magazine" which has done magnificent work for the free love movement. Reaching a highly intellectual class of readers, it has, by publishing articles on free love, given the movement in England a tremendous impetus. But this magazine has no official connection with any freethought society whatever, being the private property of a wealthy gentleman of advanced views and high courage.

Summing up the general attitude of the freethought leader in England toward the free love movement we may say that on the whole there is a strong disposition to treat it with

tolerance. While no actual encouragement is given the movement is neither totally ignored nor violently opposed.\*

In America the denunciations of free love are not only more forcible, but the attitude of the freethought leaders is less tolerant.

In Vol. XV. of the "Free Thought Magazine," the editor Mr. H. L. Green thus variously expresses himself.

This damnable doctrine of free love. p. 61.

Free love and whiskey, two of the greatest evils, in our opinion in the country. There is but one other of equal magnitude, and that is superstition. The freethinkers ought to eternally war against these gigantic enemies of the human race. p. 59.

In our opinion any one who does not fully subscribe to Col. Ingersoll's views of marriage is out of place in the freethought party. p. 56.

Free thought is the direct road to heaven, and free love the sure road to hell here on earth. p. 117.

We would have the government protect and guard and improve marriage in every possible way by legislation or otherwise.

These are the views of the editor. What are the views of his readers? Here are some of them.

I think free love is simple damnable and downright lost. p. 106.

Free thought means emancipation. Free love, dissipation. p. 107.

We must put marriage and home life above everything else. It (sic) is the foundation of law and government. p. 108.

A great stone is rolled from the pathway of intelligent men who want to take a more advanced stand for liberty of thought, and who shrink from the very appearance of association with those unclean things—free love and whiskey.

I fear you have done the "Freethought Magazine" an irreparable damage by admitting that free love article by Moses Harman. p. 120.

I must say that my feelings were very much hurt to think that you would allow your pure, lofty and able publication to be marred by the publication of the article written by Moses Harman. I most certainly trust that your columns will not again be polluted with the ranting of any one pretending to be the exponent of "freedom, love and wisdom." p. 120.

And right here permit me to remark that in my opinion, intemperance and free love ought to be denounced by every honest Freethinker. p. 120.

It is probable that the opinions of the "Freethought Magazine" correspondents are the honest expressions of puritanical fanaticism, but there is abundant evidence to prove that the editor's antagonism arises in large measure from cupidity. Mr. Green is afraid that the commercial prosperity of the magazine he edits, and the respectability and social status attaching to free thought will be endangered. Let the following utterances of Mr. Green speak for themselves.

In this city of Chicago, intelligent Freethinkers can be counted by the hundred among the best business men of the city, but so long as the Freethought societies are run by free lovers, these people will have nothing to do with them. Our free thought journals also suffer greatly by the misrepresentation of what free thought really is. The public are getting the idea that free thought means free love and therefore they refuse to subscribe for free thought journals. These free lovers who are calling themselves freethinkers do not subscribe for free thought journals. p. 118.

The (freethought) organization should be as perfect as any Christian organization—should be run on business principles, and should, by its constitution, be strictly guarded against the bad influences that have wrecked and degraded the old association. Such an organization would draw to its membership, within one year, after its organization, ten thousand names at least. p. 118.

The principal object of our writing this article is to open the eyes of the liberal (freethought) public and show them the necessity of raising our case of this cause of free love and planting our moral standard so high that it will command the respect of all good people even if they do not agree with us on theology. (Itches mine.) "Free Thought Magazine," Jan. 1897. p. 61.

I have accused Mr. Green of cupidity, but to be quite fair, I will do him the justice of assuming, that it is not his personal aggrandisement, but that of his party that he has at heart. But whether the cupidity have a personal or a party motive there can be no escape from the main charge.

"The public refuse to subscribe for free thought journals. . . . Among them (the free lovers) in this city (Chicago) there are not five who pay for any one of the free thought journals. . . . Hundreds of freethinkers among the best business men of

\* An exception must be made of the leaders of the Glasgow branch of the Secular Society. The executives of this branch illustrate the attitude of many Freethinkers on the sex question, by their puritanical treatment of a colleague, Mr. D. G. Lindsay, who committed the unpardonable crime of exposure for sale, Emil Ruedebusch's "Old and New Ideal"; which admirable work it was my privilege to first introduce to English readers, through the columns of the "Free Review."



the city will have nothing to do with us. . . . The free thought organization should be run on business principles . . . (and would then) draw to its membership within one year, ten thousand names at least."

What other construction can be put on the above sentences than the one I have suggested? The whole truth of the matter is just this, that Secularism, like Christianity, has been found to have money in it, and business principles must stand before intellectual honesty and the search for truth. The worst thing that can happen to a forward intellectual movement is for it to become commercially prosperous. When a free thought lecturer can pack the largest halls in the states, the prices of admission ranging from a dollar upwards; when it will prove a paying speculation for a dealer to manufacture and largely advertise for sale silver spoons at two dollars a piece bearing the image of a free thought leader, it can hardly be urged that free thought is a commercial failure. And when commercial prosperity begins to follow in the wake of a heterodoxy, it is high time for the real freethinkers to balance accounts, and consider whether there are not other fields of thought waiting to be made free, besides the particular field which has become so free, that not the martyr's stake but the comfort attaching to the almighty dollar, and the hero worship as exemplified by the silver spoon, is the reward for successful leadership in that heterodox field of thought. Let it not for a moment be imagined that I begrudge Col. Ingersoll or any other man, the pecuniary profit he may make of his abilities in opposing superstition of any kind. My only reason for referring to this side of the question at all, is to point out that where profit and honor may be gained by the advocacy of heterodox views, the real urgency of that advocacy is past. It is true that much may remain to be done in educating superstitious people out of their superstition; but the real fight occurs when there is no freedom to hold to or act upon the views antagonistic to an orthodoxy. Human progress consists not so much of the increase in numbers of persons holding sane views, as of the increase of freedom to hold those views at all.

The real battle of freethought in the field of religion is over. Absence from church does not involve being put into the stocks; the profession of atheism does not involve the stake.\*

Let it not be supposed, however, that the battle for freedom is over. The venue is merely changed from one field to another. So far as America is concerned, there can be no doubt whatever, that the battle for human freedom will rage, in the coming years, round sex. Already the puritans are gathering their forces. Anthony Comstock, with his vile trade of agent provocateur is but the bird of carrion that hovers near the field of the coming battle.

The suppression of polygamy in Salt Lake City, the overthrow of complex marriage in Oneida Creek, the raising of the age of consent in some of the states, the attempt to smother malthusian and other advanced sexual literature, are but the preliminary skirmishes. The real battle is to come.

Who will be found on the side of freedom? Hardly shall we see there the Colonel Ingersolls. Certainly not the H. L. Greens, with their pious wishes "to earn the respect of all good people even if they do not agree with us on theology."

Men who put the respect of their neighbors in front of truth and freedom are the very cowards who would never strike a blow for liberty. Freedom for them is an empty shibboleth; they are as far from realizing the true inwardness of freedom as the veriest modern protestant prating of the tyranny of Rome.

It is time to differentiate. There are freethinkers and freethinkers. It is useless to appeal to those who agree with Mr. Green in saying "Any one who does not fully subscribe to Col. Ingersoll's views of marriage is out of place in the freethought party." p. 56, "Free Thought Magazine." Can the arrogance

of his utterance be matched any where outside of Rome? The Pope's views on a subject other than religion could hardly be invested with infallibility with more display of unction than are Col. Ingersoll's views on a matter outside the sphere of atheistic thought. Here is a recrudescence of the very worst features of Popery. If such is to be the attitude of leaders of the freethought party, the sooner that party chooses new leaders the better. For it can hardly be that the whole rank and file of the American Secularists are of such intolerant mould.

Freethinkers of America! I appeal to you from across the Atlantic to take a stand on this matter before it is too late. Many of you, doubtless, honestly believe that monogamy is good for the race. But there were honest believers in the blessings of Christianity when the Spanish Inquisitors were denuding Spain of its best citizens and of its noblest blood. Thomas Paine, Bradlaugh, Holyoake, Richard Carlile; men like these have secured to you religious freedom. Will you stand by while others, who are endeavoring to capture one more citadel of tyranny, are thrown into prison by the Comstocks of orthodoxy? Will you join in the hue and cry against those pioneers who are trying to lift the yoke of sexual bondage from suffering humanity? Will you join forces with the puritans who would make of life a joyless withered desert? Or will you give to others in things held important by them the freedom you claim for yourselves in things held important by you? Upon how you act in the coming struggle, largely depends the issue. If you side with the Comstocks and the Greens, America will have little to thank you for when she emerges from her time of trial. The cause of sexual freedom will require all the forces at its command, in the hour of danger. May you not be found wanting when that hour arrives.

#### Sociologic Lesson. No. LV.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

ADVANTAGES OF LARGE CORPORATIONS. The trusts which have been so much opposed, have been based in theory upon the advantage of bringing into one scheme as fully as possible all the operations of a single branch of industry, avoiding unnecessary expenses, and making use of all conceivable economies. The railroad system which has been so much abused, has nevertheless given an impetus to the industry along the lines it has traversed, which could have been given in no other way. The more extensive the operations of a corporation, so long as they are properly conducted, the greater the advantages to the community as well as to the corporation itself. While the operation of a manufactory are only sufficient to supply a few neighbors, the machinery cannot be extended to small details. When a nation is to be supplied, many of the details can be constructed a thousand fold more cheaply, and very much better. The largest corporations or trusts, if rightly managed, will benefit the people the most. We only need, but it is now a most important need, to prevent their taking advantage of the monopoly to secure to themselves an unjust share of the profits of co-operation. Perhaps the only remedy in society as it is, consists in competition, largely diminishing the profits but more certainly securing some of them to the consumer; but in society as it may be we need no such wasteful check upon inequitable dealings.

[The only comment I will take room to make upon this "Lesson" is to say that if Friend Parkhurst expects to live to see the day when "corporations and trusts" will be so managed that they will benefit "the people" more than they will benefit themselves he must expect to outlive human greed—the greed that is incarnated in the family, as we have it today, and that inheres in all the political, religious and other society arrangements that legitimately flow from our abnormal family life. To talk of preventing privileged corporations from "taking advantage of their monopoly [privilege] to secure to themselves an unjust share of the profits of the co-operation," seems to me to border on the fatuous. Give us equal freedom of opportunity, abolish privilege, then voluntary co-operation will in time give us all the benefits of "trusts," without their dangers,—their evils. M. H.]

\*I here, of course, refer to England and America; and further I in no wise depreciate the work of freethinkers. For while freethinkers are in no present danger of persecution, the sleeping dog of Christianity may any day rise and bite. In this respect the more extensive are our freedoms the less chance there is of Christian persecution again becoming rampant.

# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—

For Reason against Superstition—

For Science against Tradition—

For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—

For Liberty against Slavery—

For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each Individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1361 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## Reminiscences.

Having frequently been requested to write for Lucifer something in the shape of personal reminiscences the following brief and very imperfect sketch of the life and character of one of Lucifer's earliest and most helpful friends is offered as the first installment of what may prove a series of similar articles.

Among the faithful, true and honored friends of Lucifer, who, during the year that is now closing, have finished their mortal career and passed from sight and sound, is the man who in life bore the name of Noah H. Harman.

A relative, near and very dear, to the writer of these lines; one who, in heredity, in early training and in early evolution from theologic views of life to those commonly called rationalistic, Noah H. Harman was in an eminent degree my brother, though not born of the same mother and father.

Born January 1829, common calendar, in what is now West Virginia; reared in the pure and bracing air of the Alleghenies, he grew up with a strong and vigorous individuality, mental and physical. Of freedom-loving Teutonic stock, he naturally rebelled against the enslavement of the weaker to the stronger, so common among the Latin races or nations. Hence, as naught have been expected, during the anti-slavery agitation that followed the repeal of the famous "Missouri Compromise" by the American Congress in the early "fifties," in company with his young wife, Emily J. Burgoyne, daughter of a cousin of the general who commanded the British forces at Saratoga, Noah Harman went to Kansas and took part with the "Free State men" to keep chattel slavery out of the territory then for the first time opened to settlement.

Settling on the unbroken prairie he and his brave young companion had a long and hard struggle with annual drouths, with grasshopper raids, with prairie fires, with malaria and with all the privations common to pioneer life in the great west, added to the losses incident to four years of war, or rather to the six or seven years of war, over the African slavery question.

When that question was at length settled—if it can really be said to be settled at all so long as monopoly of nature's wealth by governmental authority remains,—the next question that engaged the attention of this Kansas pioneer was the liberation of the human mind from the shackles placed upon it by ignorance and theologic superstition. Among the pioneer newspaper men of the new state was S. R. Shepherd, now of Leavenworth, Kansas. In the private office of Mr. Shepherd, at Grasshopper Falls, now Valley Falls, were held the meetings of perhaps the very first Freethought society or club held in the Sunflower State. This club, called the "Philomathic

Society held regular weekly services for many years, and it is perhaps not too much to say that from this small beginning sprang the many Freethought organizations that have since made Kansas noted, far and wide as a battle ground for "Universal Mental Liberty"—including the moral and religious features. Of this organization Noah Harman was a leading spirit, and from that time till his death, he was regarded as one of the best known and most highly respected of the Freethinkers of eastern Kansas.

Out of this organization, this pioneer freethought association, rose Lucifer, our "Son of the Morning." Few of its early friends and helpers deserve more credit for the work this paper has been enabled to do, than does the man and brother, Noah Harman. When our plant was removed from Valley Falls to Topeka, seven years ago, in connection with my son, George Harman,—now editing and publishing "The Times," Oskaloosa, Kansas,—"Uncle Noah," as he was universally called by friends and the public generally, began the publication of the "Farmer's Vindicator" at Valley Falls, to the editing and general management of which journal he devoted the last years of an honored and very useful life. As a friend and helper of all in need of help I have never known one more unselfish, more ready to respond with sympathy and material aid.

As a fitting close to this short and very imperfect memorial I here introduce a brief tribute from the pen of Edwin C. Walker, whose acquaintance with the subject thereof was sufficiently intimate to enable him to know whereof he speaks.

M. HARMAN.

"A tall, gaunt, slightly stooping, figure; a serious almost sad, face; an eye kindly, yet severe on occasion; a tongue slow and careful of utterance; a brain not always quick to grasp the new thought but fair and analytical in investigation, and retentive of the idea once accepted, popular or unpopular; a purpose iron in tenacity and directness; and a loyalty in friendship and to the cause espoused that never wavered, come what might."

"That was Noah H. Harman, a soldier of humanity who on November 16 unstrapped and laid down forever the heavy knapsack he had borne through sunshine and storm for so many years. A relative of Lucifer's editor, he was his conservative supporter and his bondsman during the bitter fight that raged at Valley Falls and Topeka for four-fifths of a decade, when provincial ignorance and hypocrisy combined with federal tyranny to crush the man and the paper that dared to question the sacredness of hereditary institutions. Of what might have been the fate of Lucifer had it not been for the supporting hand of Noah H. Harman, one is troubled even now to think. The silent sustainer, his service to the cause his more radical kinsman championed can not even now be accurately measured, but it was great. For one, I owe him the meed of appreciation. I am glad he lived; I am sorry he is dead. To those who loved him and who in sorrow survive him, I give the hand of sympathy and the word of hope. The hope is for a freer, happier humanity which the aspirations and the labors of this man have helped make possible on this earth which is our home and our heritage."

## When Argument Fails.

From time immemorial it has been the custom of men who failed to convince their opponents by fair and honest argument to resort to physical force of some sort. In other words when reason has failed to convince then such arguments as 'the rack, the dungeon, the headman's ax, the gallows, the fagot and stake have been appealed to.

In modern times, owing to an evolved public conscience, added to the fact that experience has shown the futility of such arguments, men do not commonly use the fagot, the rack and the gallows to convince each other of error in matters of religion, and not often as a means to prevent the spread of heresy on political or governmental questions, nor to make people do right in matters of food and drink, of clothing, or in satisfying any other appetite or want, and yet cases are not lacking!

which fines and imprisonment are used to enforce the views of those who claim the right to govern their fellow beings in matters of opinion or in purely personal matters.

As proof of this we need only to cite the imprisonment and hanging of four men in Chicago for the utterance of unpopular opinions on governmental questions, the imprisonment of the Seventh Day Adventists in Tennessee because of a difference of opinion as to a religious observance, and the fines and imprisonment of Mormons and others for a difference of opinion in matters of sex relations.

Among the later instances of public prosecution of men for difference of opinion as to what kind of literature is moral and healthful is the case of Abner J. Pope, Henry Addis and A. Isaac, of Portland, Oregon, mention of which has been made in recent issues of *Lucifer*. For information as to the present status of that case read the article entitled "The Postal Inquisition in Oregon," by E. C. Walker. Read also the following letter from Mr. Pope, dated "County Jail, Dec. 4, 1897."

"DEAR LUCIFER BAND AND READERS: This is my fourth epistle from the Portland jail. Eleven weeks today I have been deprived of my inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. 'He who useth the sword shall perish with the sword.' I was taken from my solitary confinement on the 16th of November and put back into my old cell, to give room to a woman with two babies, as that cell was considered the best place for them. During the twelve days I was in solitary confinement, H. Addis was admitted three times into my cell for one half hour each time, and C. L. Penhallow and wife and C. E. Miles once, one hour.

"On the 24th of November a company of Sunday visitors to the jail, who sang and played on the melodeon, and prayed and preached to us, brought all the inmates of the jail a treat of fine apples and three kinds of cakes as a Thanksgiving offering.

"On the 26th of November I went before the United States grand jury and told them part of my side of this case; on the 1st of December I went to the United States court, Judge Beltinger being the judge, and plead not guilty to the indictment made by the grand jury, of sending obscene, lascivious, etc. matter through the mails. H. Addis did not plead, asked for time. The judge asked him if he had a lawyer. He said, 'I have no money to fee one.' The judge appointed Henry McGinn. He asked me if I had a lawyer or wanted one; I said no. We were then taken out of court, and I went back to jail. I was told they would try our case as soon as it is convenient to the court.

"My reasons for not employing a lawyer are, (1.) The lawyers, generally, make the laws by which innocent ones are the victims and sufferers. (2.) Put a lawyer against a lawyer and we do not get the facts nor justice. (3.) That kind of a struggle for the truth has but little influence on mankind to make them better, or to abolish government of one or many over many or one. (4.) I have found that one case of strictly and faithfully living out our principles has a permanent influence for good and for all time. I claim and contend that each one should be his own governor and developer in all good things and a repressor of all evil, in one's self.

"I am accused of wanting martyrdom; that is false. I want liberty for all, and that I live for and take the consequences for so doing, be they what they may.

"I am now in jail because I will not admit the right of others to govern me; so will not sign a bond for my appearance when they call for me. I am not a citizen of the United States, neither are women, the better part of mankind. Women are not citizens because men will not permit them; I am not because I will not be a murderer of my fellow beings, as I consider all governments to be. I am a man of the world. I want the authoritarian and war spirit abolished out of our minds and the love spirit take their places. The Barcelona article was not one of the indicted articles.

"I am in excellent health and spirits, and what the United States government officials have done and are doing to me as a

punishment is proving a blessing; as I am cheered, comforted and blessed by the many good and loving words from the lovers of liberty, but they must bear in mind that the United States does not furnish stamps to pay postage for my replies to them. Yours for truth's and liberty's cause.

"ABNER J. POPE, Pantarchian,  
"Box 94, Portland, Ore."

As another of the unnumbered object lessons showing what government of man by his fellow man really means, we present this instance of invasion of personal rights by what is claimed to be the "best government on earth." If this be the best, then what of the worst? And if this is the best, would not "no government at all," but simply voluntary co-operation on the basis of equal freedom for all and special privileges for none, be infinitely preferable?

### The American Secular Union on the Oregon Outrage.

In no uncertain tones the National convention of the Secular Union condemned the outrage perpetrated on Pope and Addis by government officials in the interest of the Vice Society. This is the resolution which was passed without a dissenting vote:

"Resolved, That the arrest of Abner J. Pope, Henry Addis and A. Isaac, editors of the 'Firebrand' of Portland, Ore., for an alleged offense against the postal statutes, an arrest procured by the usual methods of dissimulation and trickery, was a gross and despicable invasion of the right of discussion and transmission. Asserted to be in the interest of morals, it was in the interest only of hypocrisy and vested wrong. Were the censorship sincere it would strike at the publications which deal with certain tabooed subjects in a frivolous and degrading manner for the mercenary advantage of their publishers instead of persecuting men and women who are seriously trying to discover truth, to unmask crime, to defend innocence, and to bring about reforms on what they conceive to be lines of liberty and equity. It is the shame of our legislation that it has made sincere investigation a peril; it is the shame of our jurisprudence that it abets and aggravates the outrages made possible by legislation; it is the shame of our newspaper press that with the rarest exceptions, it utters no protest against this crime, that it silently acquiesces in, if it does not ostentatiously indorse, the suppression of freedom of speech, press and mails. In the case of the 'Firebrand' the arbitrary denial, to wit, by minor officials, of the privileges of the mails in absence of any possible judicial condemnation of the contents, or parts of the contents, of a few issues, which few issues are the only ones incriminated, is an invasion so monstrous and so far reaching in its ominous menace that it seems incredible that the American people have not risen in instant and forever decisive protest and repudiation of the usurpation."

Resolutions were passed, also unanimously, in praise of the life work and in sorrow because of the death, of Samuel P. Putnam and May L. Collins. Not a note of fear of conventionality was there in the wording of the resolutions. Space forbids more than a brief mention of the Congress. The "Truth Seeker" (28 Lafayette Place, N. Y.) of Nov. 27 gives a full report.

The Convention was one of the most successful ever held. Harmony prevailed throughout. The speakers were: T. B. Wakeman, Moncure D. Conway, Dr. W. A. Croft, M. Florence Johnson, James F. Morton, Jr., Susan H. Wixon, E. C. Walker, Rev. Henry Frank, L. K. Washburn, Henry Rowley and C. C. Moore.

John E. Remsburg is the new President. Otto Wettstein and E. C. Reichwald were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary.

WHEN May L. Collins was in Chicago a short time before her death she gave a number of copies of her lecture "A Plea for the New Woman" to us to be sold for *Lucifer's* benefit. A few of these remain in stock, and will be sold for ten cents each. The picture of the author, contained therein is alone worth the price.



## Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

A fool Negrophobic mob at Troy N. Y., tore apart a young white man and a mulatto girl who were looking for a clergyman to marry them. Had it not been for the interposition of the police the young man would have been severely handled. As it was, the couple had to leave town. The man who said that "the m-asses" was the proper spelling was about right, although his remark was an unnecessarily cruel reflection on the genuine quadrupeds.

In the case of Mlle. Chauvin, the Court of Appeals of France has decided that women can not be admitted to the bar in that country. This should gladden the heart of Mr. Wakeman, for it is another check to woman's entrance into the field of economic independence, thus helping preserve her a little longer an untarnished "angel" dependent upon chivalrous man for her support. I suppose the court of Appeals would not have denied Mlle. Chauvin's right to be the kept mistress of one of its members. Such a position is not in conflict with the "ideal ministry" of woman.

For a long time Mrs. Charlotte Smith has been waging war against the bachelors. Her motive was not discernible. What there was in it for her we could not clearly see; but as she was zealously advocating political methods of "reform" it was certain there was a prospective "job" somewhere. Now we know what it is; she has indicated the "place" she wants created for her benefit. Every man and woman is to be compelled to marry. To assist in attaining the end sought, a national matrimony bureau is to be established. The office of United States Commissioner of Matrimony is to be created. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is to be said Commissioner. Salary? Of course! It is hinted that Mrs. Smith may have a competitor for the position. Mr. T. B. Wakeman exploits the same ideas in the Liberal Club, and his admirers intimate that he will stand a very fair show before the committee of congress which will have the disposition of the plum.

"The Torch of Reason" still flickers feebly in the Oregon woods. Occasionally it flares up in righteous indignation. It will be remembered that it is the ardent defender (and I believe the procurer) of that rule of the Oregon Secular Union which excludes users of tobacco and alcoholic liquors, and social radicals, from the lecture platform and the teacher's chair of that association. In a word, it sets up its opinions as a standard of moral fitness and boycotts all who can not accept those opinions as divine. One would naturally suppose, if he were unacquainted with the genus Pecksniff, that it would be the last paper to prate of "illiberality." But no; it has the audacity to say that a man who stops his subscription to it because of its narrow policy "is not very much of a Liberal." The cheek of it! Will Mr. Hosmer please tell us what there is opposed to Liberalism in the act of a man who declines to support a journal which refuses to permit him and those who agree with him to speak from the platform of the society of which it is the organ? What obligation was Mr. Ruedebusch under to give aid and comfort to the enemy of Freethought? And what does Mr. Hosmer mean by obscuring the issue in this way? "Just because we believe that it is best for our lecturers and teachers to be people who refrain from the habits he [Mr. Ruedebusch] mentions, he will drop us." That is not true, and Editor Hosmer knows it. Mr. Ruedebusch did not drop the fitful Torch because its editors entertained certain opinions concerning the qualifications of lecturers and teachers, but because those editors, precisely like the church in all ages, seek to force their opinions on others by the brute power of majorities. But even were Mr. Hosmer's imputation as true as it is false, he would have no just cause for complaint, for "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword." The "Torch of Reason," having invoked the arbitrament of force,

has no business to plead the baby act if met by force. It deliberately chose its court; let it silently abide by the decision of that court. And I want to tell this young man, who thinks he has a commission to shape every Freethought worker to the proportions of his Procrustean bed, that, had as the tobacco and liquor habits are, and disastrous as he may believe the principles of Social Freedom will prove, it is still true that misrepresentation of an opponent's position is an immoral act, and it is an immoral act for which the only excuse is the fear to let the real views of the opponent be known to the people. It is perfectly natural that Mr. Hosmer, who has taken a leaf out of the book of persecution of the church, should likewise resort to the church's method of blackening the reputation of the victims of bigotry. If Mr. Hosmer can make his readers believe that Mr. Ruedebusch is "illiberal," it will help to blind them to the wickedness of his own persecuting policy.

## The Light Bearer Library.

Those who intend to become subscribers to this publication should send in their names, even though not ready to pay the money at present. No. 1, "Variety vs. Monogamy" is the smallest of the series, but is nevertheless an excellent little tract for distribution. Price by mail three cents each; reduced price when ordered in larger quantities.

No. 2 will be a larger pamphlet with handsome cover, and will retail at ten cents. The subscription price of the library is twenty five cents a year, regardless of retail price. We need an assured subscription list to enable us to enter the Library as second class matter in the Chicago post office.

## Holiday Presents.

When selecting holiday presents, will our patrons and friends remember to read Lucifer's book list, and see whether there is not something therein named that they would like to present to their loved ones as tokens of good will, and as helps to right thinking and right living? In addition to selection of books, we would suggest also a subscription to Lucifer for the coming year as a very suitable New Year's present.

While helping others to useful literature this method of remembering friends would help Lucifer to begin the new year in good shape.

## "Three Dreams in a Desert."

Probably no work of the present century has done more to arouse women to thought concerning their dependence upon men than Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert." Sarah E. Holmes, one of the brightest of radical women in America, has just issued an edition de luxe of this charming brochure, bound in handsome flexible cover of green and gold. It is a really artistic piece of typographical work, and nothing could be better chosen as a present to a girl or woman. Supplied from this office at 25 cents a copy or five copies for \$1.

At Lucifer Circle, Tuesday evening December 14, Prof. C. Orchardson of Chicago, gave an interesting address on "Socialism," quoting largely from his pamphlet entitled "Looking Forward." The address gave rise to a very lively discussion that was kept up till a late hour. So great was the interest in the views expressed by the speaker, upon the ages-old problem of Individualism as related to Socialism, that a dozen or more copies of the above named pamphlet were sold to members and visitors. The price of this pamphlet is five cents post paid. It may be ordered from this office.

## "In Brighter Climes; or Life in Socioland."

BY ADY ELMINA.

I've read and re-read this interesting book by Albert Chavannes. As I always want others to share all the good things, I call the attention of Lucifer's readers to this little volume.

It is a novel written to show the advantages of sociology

and communism—of fraternity and comradeship, in comparison with self-aggrandizement and monopoly. A land where all are happy, joyous and well cared for. Where people do not pray to any of the gods to help the poor, but where all help each other, and there are no poor.

"In Brighter Climes" is full of good, grand ideas, wholesome truths and of pleasant, cheerful pictures of life as it might be.

It is also a love story for those who enjoy the lights and shadows of Cupid's realm. Buy it and try it, and I'll warrant you full value for your investment. Price, 25 cents. Sent from Lucifer's office.

### Things as I See Them.

BY LOIS WASHBROOKER.

There are many things in the last Lucifer (No. 688) that quicken thought. One thing with which I am pleased is Mrs. Washburn's idea of the ballot for woman. Sometime since I saw clearly that the ballot in the hands of woman would do more harm than good. I may be heretical in this, but I see in woman's suffrage only an extension of the rule of force and an enforced morality is not morality in any true sense of the term.

True, Colorado and Wyoming may be evidence that woman's votes have driven out certain classes, but driving out is not reforming. Those people are somewhere and plying their vocations; vocations that are the natural result of our present economic and social systems.

I may be considered metaphysical but I beg leave to give my idea of where woman's real power lies—a power that she cannot use till her sympathy is withdrawn from the present system of things because she sees the necessity of a new and better system. To give this idea I must postulate, first, the accepted—the demonstrated truth that all life comes from the union of two factors. Second: The feminine factor is the embodying power. Man quickens, impregnates, woman embodies. Third: Being the embodying, she is of necessity the attracting power. Even when man has taken forcible possession of her it has been because she attracted him. Again: Neither "father God" nor father man can create alone. Yet again: Thought precedes action, and a blending of the two factors is as essential to live ideas as anywhere else, and the sex which is positive in this thought life directs its action in practical life.

In the past, man has controlled the product of the two factors both physically and mentally. The children have been—are still his, and woman's sympathetic life has been his also. He has controlled both to his own ends. True, there is the beginning of a change, but woman does not yet see the law of her own power. She simply thinks to help man to make the present system better. She does not see that, as a whole, it cannot be made better—that it must be superseded.

When she sees this she will no longer give herself to the work of patching that which must be set aside, but will give all her thought-force to the new; but being the attracting power she will still draw man to her side, and as he can do nothing alone, his thought-force will blend with hers on the line of the new.

It will be said that woman's thought-force has gone against intemperance but she has not been able to so control man by it as to remove the saloon, therefore my position is not correct. No, she has not succeeded here because her efforts have been against the results of a false system and not against the system itself. But I will say no more now on this point, but will leave it to such criticism as the friends choose to give, premising, however that when we have sex freedom for woman we shall have it for the race, and it seems to me that all this discussion about variety, etc., is not quite in line, for when woman is free she will decide that for herself.

I agree with Chavannes as to the disintegrating tendency of "The New Ideal" and with Berrier on the importance of the

family, but it should be, and in the new order will be woman's family, but to this end there must be economic independence. Bellamy has given us the germinal idea of such independence. Will woman receive, embody, round out that ideal?

I note signs of progress in economic lines with pleasure, also in the line of sex emancipation. During November I have been attending the Universal Spiritualist Society, a meeting of conference from twelve o'clock until four, each Sunday, with only a ten minutes' intermission, and the interest is kept up all the way through. Conditions have been such that I have given my strongest ideas of sex freedom, and have been largely cheered, and last Sunday a sweet little woman who is quite prominent ably sustained my position. On Monday evening I listened to a lady who speaks entranced, her subject being given her. She handled three subjects and well—one of which was: "What kind of government do they have in the spirit world?"

She replied in about a ten minutes' speech, the substance of which was philosophical anarchy—self-government—showed that what prevented such self-government here was largely due to our economic system—said we could not live our best life under it. And in a communication published in the spiritualist "Journal" here, of date Dec. 2, I find the following:

"A great change has to be brought about among the children of earth—a change whereby equality will be the motto, where each will have equal opportunity to advance," and more in the same line. When I remember that I have been publicly insulted in a spiritualist conference for giving out the same ideas, such signs of progress are cheering. Last autumn in the State Convention of the Spiritualist, resolutions were passed, for the lack of which I criticised the doings of the First National Convention, and was told it would not have done to have touched upon the economic question; it would have split the convention all to pieces, but in the State Convention here there were threats of an independent movement if some such resolution was not passed.

Yes, I am very happy to note that "the world does move." Still, there is cause for regret in that the different classes of workers are often so suspicious and denunciatory. The Socialistic Labor party here denounce Debs and the Anarchists—and the latter denounce Debs and the State Socialists. Why not feel that all are honest and doing the best they see?

P. S.—I am receiving no orders for books. Have the friends forgotten that I need bread, shelter and street car fare—yes, and postage and paper? I could speak every Sunday to good audiences were I able, but there is no pay in it, only collection, or door fee to pay hall rent, etc. The landlord gets what is collected.

521 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif.

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Mary C. Parker, Pine Island, Minn.—I pledge myself to take three dollars worth of books, "Hilda's Home," as soon as they are ready. Think I will take five dollars' worth but will not promise positively more than three—half cloth and half paper binding. Hope they will be published.

Ernst Ebel, Findley, Ohio—I will take one copy of "Hilda's Home" in cloth binding and will pay the price three months ahead of the delivery of the book. As a former member of the Topolobampa colony I know the necessity of such literature. The women as a rule are very much opposed to progress and liberty. They believe in the selfish family ideal.

E. C. Leonard, New York.—Please put my name on the list for "Hilda's Home," one or more copies. I've just received sample copies of Lucifer which I will send to friends in the country, and hope you may reap benefit thereby. The paper is very instructive and interesting, and should have a wide circu-

## 690.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

I am an old Spiritualist, eighty-five years old; have always advocated free thought and speech, and am in favor of progress in every department of life. Superstition is a clog to progress. Old orthodoxy is dying hard. Send more copies.

Allie Lindsay Lynch, 5329 Indiana Ave., Chicago—"Hilda's Home" holds many beautiful thoughts. Its author has taught the truth that tender love is truest purity, and freedom places persons where this enlightenment may give each heart joy. I wish a cloth bound copy in my home, to lend it aid to my own efforts toward reform.

If you can grant me space—because I know many Spiritualists read Lucifer, I'd like to ask these to kindly mail me their full address, if willing to be enrolled as Anti-Christian Spiritualists. I am simply desirous to aid these as co-workers. Truth moves onward slowly unless radical minds lend it strength. Long life to Lucifer and its brave staff.

[The above are samples of the letters we are getting in regard to the proposed book. In our next issue we hope to announce that the publication in book form is at length assured and that the work has been commenced. Meantime we ask all interested to let us know how many copies and of what binding they will be responsible for, and when we may expect remittance for the same.]

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We have in stock a considerable variety of pamphlets which we have not space to advertise. As we desire to get them off our shelves as soon as possible, we will offer them as premiums with trial subscriptions. In ordering, please state second choice, as some of the works are now out of print, and in any case we do not expect to renew our stock of any in this list.

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# LUCIFER.



## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 52.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 29, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE No. 691

### Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

Newspaper "interviews" are so notoriously unreliable that it is not safe to assume that Colonel Ingersoll said what a Detroit dispatch charges him with saying about Emma Goldman and Anarchists generally. It will be recalled that Rev. H. S. McCowan, of Detroit, admitted Miss Goldman to his pulpit, where she spoke in her accustomed unconventional way. His liberality called down upon the clergyman's head the wrath of his congregation, and he may lose his position. Colonel Ingersoll is reported to have said, in response to questions, that Mr. McCowan probably did what he thought was right, and that Miss Goldman is in all likelihood powerless for harm. Then he is debited with these statements: "All the Anarchist are crazy, and they ought to be treated as we treat the insane. . . . They should not be killed. They should be confined as lunatics. That would destroy the Anarchistic cult and the breed would die out." If Mr. Ingersoll did make these statements, he is most unscientific in his thought, for, rejecting the theological dogma of Free Will, he accepts the fact that men and women are the products of efficient causes, and being the products of efficient causes, men and women of a certain type will continue to appear while the causes that produce that type persist. Essentially, the Anarchist is a man of peace, and he develops violent tendencies only when the wrongs against which he protests become so deeply-rooted and so grievous that he can see no chance for peaceful reform. However, I did not advert to these doubtful utterances of Colonel Ingersoll for the purpose of writing a homily for his benefit, but with the intention of bringing up with a short turn an antiquated disciple of his, who quotes the interview, true or "faked," it matters not, and then comments in this wise:

We fully agree with what Colonel Ingersoll says. Anarchists and free lovers should be allowed freedom of speech—their papers should not be suppressed, and they should not be arrested or imprisoned unless they are guilty of the violation of some law or the commission of some crime. The very worst thing that can be done with them is to make martyrs of them. That is just what they desire.

H. L. Green is more than ordinarily obtuse, but it is hard to believe that this glaring blunder of his is wholly unintentional. He says that he fully agrees with Colonel Ingersoll, and in the next sentence declares that Anarchists should be allowed freedom of speech, that their papers should not be molested. But if Mr. Ingersoll is quoted faithfully, this is precisely what he would deny them. He would allow them no freedom of speech, he would commit them to an insane asylum. Does or does not Mr. Green understand English when he reads it and commends it? Or was he led to make this exhibition of himself by his desire on the one hand to have the credit of agreeing with Colonel Ingersoll and his fear on the other of offending some of his Anarchist subscribers? Mr. Ingersoll says he would interfere with the freedom of Anarchists by sending them to asylums. Mr. Green says that because he fully

agrees with Mr. Ingersoll he would not interfere with the freedom of Anarchists. Did you ever see H. L. Green? No? Well, there hangs his portrait, painted by himself. Look at it. It is photographic in its accuracy.

Anarchists "should not be arrested and imprisoned unless they are guilty of the violation of some law," remarks H. L. Green. "Some law" is delightfully indefinite. There has never been a tyrant on earth who would not have subscribed with his whole soul to such a declaration of liberty for his subjects. He would have found it a trivial before-breakfast job to manufacture "some" law to give the exception par value. If Mr. Green will substitute "Freethinker" for "Anarchist" he may see the point. And as to the law, suppose he particularize. How would the Sunday law do for a starter?

"The National Conference on the Christian Principles of Civil Government" has recently been in session in Philadelphia. It was held under the auspices of the National Reform Association (God-in-the-Constitution party). Reactionists of all sorts were there in force. REPRESSION was the dominant idea. DREAD OF LIBERTY was the spur; HOPE OF POWER was the lure. It was the Fifteenth Century projected into the Nineteenth. It was darkness envious of light. It was hate methodically stabbing at the heart of love. It was assumption decrying science. It was authority seeking the death of liberty. There was the mildew of mysticism. There was the formalism of theology. There was the dogmatism of ignorance. There was the mediocrity of moralism. There was the cruelty of paternalism. In a word, there was the supreme curse of anti-naturalism.

Anthony Comstock was a leading light in the God-in-the-Constitution convention. He made an address on "purity" and he had his usual meeting "for men only." "The Adversary," in the person of a good friend of mine was among the saints, and he took some notes. He writes me that the Censor told the old, old story about the seventy tons of bad, bad literature his society has seized in the last twenty-five years, and portions of which the chief saint carries around in his grip for the delectation or horridification of possible contributors to the funds of the organization. He is still crying out for a greater strengthening of the law out of which he gets his living. It is well known to radicals that the Censor has always insisted that any possible good intention of the writer or publisher of a book in which there were alleged objectionable passages could not be taken into consideration; that the passages only could be examined, and that their condemnation was the condemnation of the whole work. Now he wants the law so amended that an asserted good intention may be recognized by the court and jury. That is, if a man should mark with a blue pencil any passage in any book, and if it should be decided that that passage (or picture) might have a tendency to suggest immoral thoughts or cast reflection on God's holy book, the marker

is guilty of a violation of the law against obscenity! This, I suppose, is the sequel of the Wise case in Kansas. Our Christian friends have at last discovered that the Bible can be used against itself, "without comment," and so they are appealing to the civil power in the supposedly Secular republic to help them crush their Freethought opponents. All of this is submitted, without respect, for the consideration of the editors of the "Torch of Reason" of Oregon. As to real and live Freethinkers, they already know what the Censorship is and what its promoters intend it to become. It must be destroyed or it will stifle liberty, utterly. It has shown its whole hand, and we who play against it for the stakes of freedom and growth are fools if we are for a moment deceived.

### The Legitimation League.

BY GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

The Legitimation League of England has had a most successful series of lectures at Holborn Restaurant, London.

On May 27, Mr. Leighton Pagan lectured to a small appreciative audience, in the Phoenix Salon, on "The Judgment of Paris"—new style. Readers of the "Adult" have had an opportunity of judging the quality of Mr. Pagan's brilliant style and witty criticisms of life. He deserves a further tribute of praise for opening the ball—it is easier to lecture to a large audience than a small one, and at the time Mr. Pagan promised to lecture for us we were not certain of being able to find any audience at all. Our members are scattered over the kingdom, and London is one of the most difficult places in the world to find an audience for a lecture of any kind. On the whole our first lecture was a genuine success, and the fact that every subsequent lecture has been attended by ever growing audiences is largely due to Mr. Pagan's excellent opening.

On July 1, Miss Wardlaw Best delivered a lecture on "Which Sex is the Greater Sufferer Under Present Sex Conditions," which has already been reported in Lucifer. The League has lost a most eloquent friend and helper in Miss Best, and we miss her and her handsome paramour at our meetings and reunions.

Mr. Henry Seymour attracted a crowd to the Chinese Salon, a room of larger build than the Phoenix Salon, for his lecture on "The Physiology of Love" on September 6. Mr. Seymour made a great impression on his audience, everyone being struck with his careful phrases and well reasoned arguments. Mr. Seymour's theory of "temperamental adaption" is likely to make its mark in the world of thought, and I hope he will be prevailed upon to give Lucifer readers an article on this subject in the early future.

Mr. Orford Northcote whose articles in the "Adult" have so largely helped to make the success of that journal, lectured on October 5 in a still larger salon, the Council Chamber at the Holborn Restaurant on the subject "Should Sex be Ignored in the Education of Children." Mr. Northcote incidentally quoted Mr. E. C. Walker's fine brochure on this subject, and echoed the general appreciation of that work which all who read it agree to express.

On November 8, Mr. William Platt, a famous writer in England, perhaps I ought to say an infamous writer, whose books on "Women, Love and Life" are tabooed by the press and the public but who is a real poet, and one of the few living writers of great gift of expression really anxious to tell the whole of the truth as he sees it. Mr. Platt is one of the most daring writers living, and by sheer force of ability he will some day compel the world to hear him. He is a believer in a hundred ideals with which I have no sympathy, and he aims at a monogamy which would stereotype most of the evils of present day marriage. He deserves the title of free lover however, for his view that "marriage" to be real, in his opinion must be absolutely independent of law and marriage systems and free from hypocrisy and commercialism. William Platt is a Walt Whitman in his frank, natural, pure, outspoken appreciation of the human body, of nudity, of passion and of every healthy

function. A few years of greater knowledge—Mr. Platt is fortunately a very young man—the evaporation of a zealous spiritualism which at present disfigures his work—will I venture to prophesy bring William Platt into his proper sphere as the poet of the new sex movement. Fortunately one can rely upon such a man not hiding beneath seemly words the progress of his ideas, which is as inevitable as day following night.

On December 6, Mr. Oswald Dawson lectured on "The Outcome of Legitimation." A full report of the lecture will appear in the New Year's number of the "Adult."

I have left to the last to express how delighted we all were with a surprise visit paid us at the beginning of our sessions by Captain Robert C. Adams. His eloquent address, his unmistakable friendliness, his kindly advice, and his generous encouragement of our young movement will never be forgotten. Captain Adams will never cease to be remembered amongst us, and his genial presence will be looked for again whenever the fates in their kindness again waft his vessel towards our little island and the Legitimation League.

On January 3, 1898, we make another new departure. We have decided to try our fortune at that home of great causes, the best known center of its kind in the whole world—St. James' Hall. We begin with a modest lecture hall in that big building—some day we hope to overflow into the great hall where every great indoor demonstration in London during the past fifty years has shouted defiance to tyrant statesmen and tyrant systems. In England Oxford is regarded as the home of lost causes and St. James' Hall as the birthplace of winning ones. May the augury favor us.

### Increase of Wealth. Is it Due to Labor or Capital?

BY J. K. INGALLS.

Mr. Parkhurst in Lucifer, and A. Chavannes in "Modern Philosophy," reviewing my "Reminiscences," speak of interest as a "natural increase," economically owing to the holder of the plant, of the money or of the land employed by the laborer in any productive work.

Now without discussing this as an abstract proposition, it seems necessary to inquire whether a particular increase is due to really natural causes, or to artificial reasons, as the enjoyment of a privileged franchise, or other legal measures, discriminating between persons or classes. It seems to me there should be no difficulty in making this distinction, though I know of no political economist who has ever attempted it, certainly not previous to my showing nearly ten years since, some half dozen broad distinctions, between economic and monopolistic rent; increase from use of land, or from plant, or money.

A point which seems to be still more generally overlooked, is the fact that the "natural increase," is always balanced by the "natural decrease," so that economic rent interest or profit, the existence of which is inevitable, is a minus quantity as often as a plus quantity. That cost of keeping values conserved equals on the whole the benefits of their use. Production and consumption determine supply and demand, which regulate prices in exchange. It is upon the labor, and the intelligence and foresight (add luck, if you will,) of the laborer, which determines the increase arising from its application. The thrifty farmer succeeds on poor land, the thrifless one fails on the best. It is so with manufacturing plants. The big establishment goes to the wall, when not protected by crafty legislation; the inferior one continues and prospers, when not handicapped by partial laws. The merchant who commences business with inherited or borrowed capital, however large, fails in nine cases, where the one starting with small, but independent means, will pull through the most disastrous crises.

Mr. Parkhurst, in his exact statement of the problem, omits to note that capitalists are more willing to let money when interest is low than when it is high; or that they would be still more willing to let it for the purpose of having its values simply conserved from decay, were not our gold and lega-

tender laws so contrived as to perform that service for them without cost, keeping good the values most liable to shrink and disappear altogether.

Rev. T. K. Beecher tells a humorous story of an interview with Mr. Arnot, the great Elmira banker. Mr. Beecher held twenty double eagles in trust for two wards of his. He wanted to know how the interest could be got out of them which the law required. Mr. Arnot told him he would take them, and give five per cent for their use. Mr. Beecher did not see how he could do that.

"Oh!" said Mr. Arnot, "I let them to Jim Smith for seven per cent, and so make two per cent for the bank."

"I see!" said Mr. Beecher, "and Smith lends them to Jones for nine, and Jones lends them to Brown for eleven, and Brown to Snooks for thirteen."

"No, no!" said Arnot. "Smith uses the money to buy goods and sells them at a profit. We divide the profits as a sort of partnership."

Mr. Beecher asked if Smith did make losses as well as profits, and whether they shared them.

Mr. Arnot replied: "That would never do. That would rob the bank, and your wards too, as you must see!"

This would be the inevitable result where accumulated wealth of any kind shared the losses as it seeks the profits or increase with labor.

### The Durrant Case.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

Durrant, accused of a most cruel murder of two young girls in a Baptist church in this city in the spring of 1895, and who is under sentence of death, after several appeals, is one of the many cases regarded by the press only in its individual aspect, and as exhibiting the inefficiency and delays of the law. But it might have general bearings of great importance, if the bottom facts, in the nature of causes operating with the absolute certainty, for good or for evil, of all natural laws could be ascertained. The Durrant case is probably one of thousands due to a persistent disregard, by State and by individuals, of natural, including moral law. And the State is the greater criminal in prohibiting the dissemination of a knowledge of those laws. I will therefore assume or suppose what is somewhat probable, as applicable to thousands of other cases, if not to this one.

Suppose that Durrant's father (industrially, I understand, a man faithful and able in his vocation as a mechanic,) acting upon current views and practices sanctioned by both church and state, had a very strong sexual nature, and forced unwilling maternity in the case of this son what the law, outside of marriage, calls rape; or suppose that there was acquiescence, under a distorted idea of "duty." Lust would have been transmitted to the offspring; and that brutal desire which, in the father, was kept within the law, might in the son, endeavor and find expression outside of it.

But more than this. As this son grows up an occupation must be selected. The father was a skillful mechanic; the son may have inherited his ability; but a false pride—the same said to have given utterance to the expression by his mother that her son had access to the best society and had no need to seek that of "servant girls," probably induced the mother to hanker for a "profession" for her children. The daughter becomes an artist; of her abilities in that line I know nothing. The son trains for a physician. Robust in body, with much idle time, showing no special ability in that line, he drags through the routine indifferently, and has therefore a large residuum of physical energy which turns to unbridled lust, finally reaching a most cruel murder.

Who is responsible for all this? I claim that society, the church and the law are, more than the individual. The church and the law sanction and society ratifies what is virtually rape within marriage, thus generating illegal rape and murder.

Again, they are otherwise responsible in that (as to society and the law) a certain direct or indirect prestige is given to professions over other industries. The mediocre physician

makes (or at least charges for his services) more than a mechanic of unusual proficiency, and is looked up to where the mechanic is looked down upon. Therefore Mrs. Durrant naturally preferred, without reference to fitness, the profession to the trade. The laws which discriminate against service in favor of privilege; the laws which hedge around the professions with heavy cost, with mystery, with special license, to keep out the "vulgar herd;" these laws and the "society" sentiment (not "the people") which back them, are responsible in the main, for Mrs. Durrant's mistaken choice, which has probably sent her son to the gallows. The church, while not directly responsible, is, by its inaction, responsible for not preaching the gospel of Christ, which is in deadly opposition to all privilege, and for which—not for its views on the hereafter—the authorities of ancient Rome persecuted its believers.

But, his profession having been chosen, young Durrant naturally begins to look out for practice. To get practice he must go into "society"; he must form acquaintances who can pay for a physician's service when needed, (or supposed to be.) He therefore joins a church as a matter of business forethought. He in fact said as much. And how large a percentage of church members is thus made up? Probably a majority. Churches thus become "fashionable club houses." A minister is hired that will draw membership—not merely attendance. He may fill the church to overflowing, but the pews must be rented and money raised to pay the interest on the usual mortgage and other expenses. Here protrudes the cloven foot of the landlord to complete the vicious circle. Churches to secure attendance must be located where population has made the ground valuable, and the landlord rakes in the coin, to raise which the minister must prostitute his talents—a prostitution far more criminal than the prostitution of the person, but which "society" crowns with flowers, and with something more substantial, while the clergyman true to his convictions is fortunate if he can, on his profession, keep the wolf from the door.

What strong moral influence keeping the propensities in check, could there be expected over young Durrant from this source? "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

But let us follow young Durrant in his training for his profession. I do not know what the practice is of the college which he attended in regard to vivisection; but young men of his organization, according to recent researches in that line, would be likely to take much interest in the atrocious tortures of dumb and defenseless animals, being made to believe that thereby he would acquire proficiency. And the claim that this practice promotes lust seems to be well substantiated. The desire to torture brutes, by its gratification, would naturally lead to a desire to dissect, smother and torture women, in connection with the gratification of lust. I claim, then, that the ethics (or want of ethics) of the medical profession are (or may be) largely responsible for intensifying the brutal lust which was probably born with Durrant, but might have been very much lessened and radically modified in its manifestation, but for the malign influences of the law, the church, society and the medical profession. It is these which are mainly responsible for the crime of which Durrant, according to the verdict of the jury, was the willing instrument. The cure for these evil influences is radical, genuine democracy in all things—the exaltation of service and the extinction of privilege, in politics, in industry, in laws, in religion.

But again—the full and explicit discussion of the most important subject which can engage human attention—the natural laws of sex—is prohibited by law, and Moses Harman has served a term of years for calling attention to outrageous violations of these natural laws, which violations are sanctioned by church and state. As long as these gag laws exist, devised to keep men and women in ignorance of their own bodies, wholesale crime must continue. As long as, to use the words of ex-Senator Ingalls, "government is force, politics a battle for supremacy, parties the armies, and the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign," there can be no let-up in these horrors. No number of executions, no amount of detective ingenuity can diminish them in the slightest degree. Until proportional representation is imperatively demanded, thousands of more Blanche Lamonts must become human sacrifices at the altar of church, state and society.



# LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER

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## Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

- For Light against Darkness—
- For Reason against Superstition—
- For Science against Tradition—
- For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
- For Liberty against Slavery—
- For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's specialty is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the most important of all Sciences, because most intimately connected with the origin or inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1204 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

## To Extend Lucifer's Work.

The object of this fund is to send trial subscriptions to those who have not yet been made acquainted with Lucifer's educational work in sexologic science.

Previously acknowledged,	\$401.00
S. O. Bishop,	.50
J. Warner Mills,	1.00
Frank Rosen,	1.00

## "Firebrand Fund."

The following sums have been received at this office for the benefit of "The Firebrand Group," one of whom, A. J. Pope, is now confined in the county jail at Portland, Oregon, charged with violating the postal laws by depositing for mailing, copies of the "Firebrand" dated Sept. 19, '97.

Previously acknowledged,	\$13.00
S. O. Bishop,	.50
B. F. Odell,	.25

## "Hilda's Home," Once More.

As partly announced in last week's issue the statement is now made that the publication of the serial story in book form is at length assured. Work thereon will begin at once. As we are dependent on subscriptions for the necessary funds we are compelled to ask those who want the book to send on the price as soon as convenient. The cost to the purchaser will be fifty cents, paper cover; substantially bound in cloth one dollar; postage or expressage paid by us. No serious accident preventing the book will be ready for delivery some time in March next.

As some of the names first sent in for the bound volume have been mislaid, we again ask all who subscribed before this last call for names was made, to drop us a card at once, and let us know how many copies they want, and of what binding; also all who want the book and have not yet subscribed, will please notify us soon, so that we may know how many of each class of binding to get out for the first edition.

AT LUCIFER CIRCLE Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, a good attendance greeted Prof. W. A. Bryan, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, whose subject was "Property Requirement in Marriage Licenses"—an argument for a property qualification before license to marry should be granted by the state. Lillian Harman replied in a paper of about twenty minutes length, taking the opposite view. The usual discussion followed, most of the speakers taking sides against the state socialistic idea. The same subject is to be continued at next

meeting, Tuesday eve, Dec. 28. An interesting feature of last meeting was an unsolicited and unexpected contribution for the benefit of the circle, by those present, amounting to six dollars and thirty-five cents. The leading speakers at next meeting are to be Chas. Turner Brown, lawyer; A. E. Gammage, lawyer, president of the Chicago branch of the American Secular Union, and C. S. Wood, physician. On Tuesday eve, Jan. 4, Dr. M. B. Lawrence, Superintendent of the Dunning Asylum for the Insane, will read a paper on "Some Sexual Facts Related to Insanity."

## The Outlook.

At this writing, December 23, 1897, Christian calendar, or 297, Brunonian calendar, we have just passed the winter solstice—sunstand—or midnight of the northern solar year. In sailor phrase, "What of the night, watchman?" is a pertinent, a timely question to ask ourselves, as intelligent voyagers on the sea of mortal life.

The answer to this question will depend greatly upon the standpoint of the watchman, or the observer. From the sumptuous parlor of the millionaire speculator in stocks and bonds, or of the "protected" monopolist of nature's wealth—the monopolist of the fruits of other men's labor (of brain or hand) the outlook for the present moment, and also for the future continuance of the reign of monopolistic privilege for the favored few—not only in the country called the United States of America, but in all lands whose people claim to be civilized,—the outlook for these favored ones is all that heart could wish, or fancy paint.

On the other hand, from the standpoint of the bare walls, naked floors, broken windows, the empty larders, empty wardrobes, coal-bins, empty purses and empty stomachs of the victims of the various monopolistic social systems—from the standpoint of the *unprivileged*, of the great *non-protected* masses of human beings, the outlook this freezing wintry morning is anything but rose-colored or inspiring.

The great newspapers of the day, as is well known are nearly all subsidized—owned and controlled by the law-favored classes, and hence it is their interest, their business, to present the rose-tinted outlook, instead of telling the truth as it is. But occasionally we find in them a rebuke like the following paragraph—clipped from yesterday's "Chronicle" (Chicago):

"Everyone," says Mr. James R. Keene, "ought to be glad that his lot is cast in this country." Mr. Keene is credited with a big winning in the stock market, and hence looks at the world through rose-colored spectacles. Abstract patriotism endorses his sentiment, but there are some thousands of coal miners, cotton spinners and unemployed laborers who may question it. (Of course we live in the greatest country on earth and we are a free and independent people, subject only to the law of the land and, incidentally, to the pleasure of the trusts. We ought to be happy, as Mr. Keene points out. Yet all of us cannot rig the stock market, and there are some who may even be disposed to say that one can starve to death just as comfortably under an effete despotism as in an enlightened republic. Opinions will differ concerning these matters.)

Yes, opinions will differ. It depends upon the environment, influenced, of course, by training, by early impressions, pre-natal and post-natal. It is simply impossible that the lucky gambler in stocks, the law-protected and trust-protected manufacturer, landlord, mine owner, merchant, the government official, railroad magnate, etc., etc., should see things through the same glasses as the "thousands of coal miners, cotton spinners, seamstresses and other wage earners whose wages have been cut to the point of mere subsistence, to say nothing of the millions who can get no work at all, or so little that most of their time is spent in hunting for a job—that is to say, in seeking a master who will, for a beggarly pittance in cash, consent to buy all that is salable in manhood and in womanhood.

Whether the "Chronicle" speaks of the "law of the land" in unironical way, or in sober earnest it is not easy to see. But what has the *land* to do with the making of laws? Or, if he means the people who live upon the land, what have the great masses of these to do with law-making? Our laws are made by lawyers as we all know for the benefit of their guild or trust,

and for the benefit of those who have the most money to pay for constraining and interpreting the laws of their own making. In other words, the "law of the land" is neither more nor less than a cunningly devised scheme to enable the lazy and dishonest to rob the industrious and honest without danger to the robbers.

The reference to "patriotism," "greatest country on earth," "a free and independent people," and the like, would be amusing were there not so much of the ghastly and the horrible connected with the subject. These catch words and phrases are found to do excellent service in amusing, in diverting the attention of the voting masses while the exploiters get in their work.

That these voting masses can be thus hoodwinked and kept quiet while the gigantic game of robbing in the name of law goes on, and that they can be made to believe that they are the greatest and happiest people on earth, and all because they themselves make the laws and are therefore self-governing, this is the saddest feature, the most hopeless feature in the outlook of to-day. When will it be better? When will the stupid and gullible masses get their eyes open to the real character of the governmental system under which and by which they are robbed and slowly murdered?

It is quite safe to say that no effective change, no real change, for the better can or will take place until there is a radical change in the methods of reproduction of the race itself. If human science, human investigation, has taught anything it is that like causes invariably produce like effects. As indicated in the clipping from the "Chronicle," people suffer from want and even starve to death in this land of boundless resources called a "republic," just as they suffer from want and sometimes starve to death in lands where the natural resources are much less than here, and under governments that do not profess to secure equal rights to all. Patrick Henry once said, when urging separation from the "effete despotism" known as the English monarchy, that he knew but one lamp for his feet and that was the "lamp of experience." If he were alive today he would see that he himself had profited little by the lamp of experience when he urged separation from the British crown. He and his fellow rebels tried hard to found a government in which monarchy, or one man power, would be unknown. If he were here now and were not blinded by inherited superstitions he would see that so long as men are born and bred under the old marital system, the old monarchical, or one-man-power system in the creatory and nursery—the family, or the home life, just so long we can expect nothing better than the old, old division of men into the two classes—rulers and ruled, masters and slaves, despots and serfs, sheep and wolves, pikes and minnows, the narrowly selfish, the capable, the provident and the cunning few, on the one hand, and the incapable, the comparatively unselfish, the improvident and the easily imposed-upon many, on the other. He would then see the utter futility of changing the form of political government while the family life, from which all governments spring, remains the same.

From Lucifer's standpoint, then, the outlook for any real improvement in society conditions, including governmental reforms, is hopeless so long as woman is enslaved in her sex life; so long as woman, the chief maker of the home life and the real builder of the race, submits to laws and customs made by man for his own selfish benefit, just so long will her sons grow up tyrants or slaves—the victims of tyrants.

To rouse woman, then, to a sense of responsibility to herself and to her prospective offspring is the first duty of the reformer. All other reforms are good and useful mainly because they assist in making possible and practical *free motherhood*, the self-ownership of woman in her relation to maternity—the creation of a new and, it is to be hoped, better race. Self-reliant, self-owning, self-respecting mothers must precede self-reliant, self-owning and self-respecting thinkers, speakers, workers and voters.

## Threatened With Indictment.

The following letter from the author of the "Old and the New Ideal," tells us that the postal censors are active in Wisconsin, as in Oregon and elsewhere:

Mayville, Wis., Dec. 14, 1897.

"TO MY FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS: During the last few weeks a number of persons sent in the complaint that they had not received the copies of 'The Old and the New Ideal' mailed by me, and it now seems that every copy of this book delivered to the Mayville post office since Nov. 15 was retained by the post office department. I demanded an explanation from our Postmaster, who answered that he did not know, and that all mail was promptly forwarded from this office. On Friday, Dec. 10, a man, introducing himself as a United States Post Office Inspector, visited me and explained as follows: Some time ago he received a complaint (from New York) against the mailing of 'The Old and the New Ideal.' Thereupon he ordered a copy from me and, having no time to read it himself, forwarded it to the United States District Attorney, who declared it to be unmailable. He further informed me that I might expect an indictment by the Grand Jury meeting next January.

"My book unmailable! That would mean that it is lewd, lascivious or obscene! It has been abused in a great many ways, but this is a new and surprising claim against it, which appears simply absurd to me.

"Well, I certainly do not want to act contrary to the Postal Law or any other Obscenity Law, and the sale of 'The Old and the New Ideal' will be suspended entirely until I have proved to the satisfaction of judge and jury that I have the uninvadable right to use the United States mail for the transportation of this book. Yours truly,

EMIL F. RUEDERBACH."

While it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Ruederbach will succeed in convincing "judge and jury" that he has the "uninvadable right" to use the common mails for the transportation of his book, we know from past experience and observation that courts are organized for *business*; the more cases the more business; the more indictments and convictions the more honor and profit for the prosecuting attorneys and other parasitical hangers-on, that infest and that make up the court house rings; and we know also that so long as these prosecutions are on the side of popular prejudice it is a comparatively easy matter to get indictments and convictions.

We shall anxiously watch for news from this new battle between the "Movement in favor of Ignorance," on the one side and the forces that stand for enlightenment, for freedom of speech, press and mails on the other.

## "The Coming Light"

is the name of a new magazine, or an old one in a new dress and with a new name, published in San Francisco by R. L. Bernier. Quoting from the title page we learn that it is a "monthly magazine devoted to higher thinking, higher living and a higher social order," and that "its aims are to liberate man, woman and child, socially, religiously and politically; to educate by every method from symbolism to science, extending from kindergarten to university."

The names of Dr. Cora A. Morse and Dr. Mary A. Janney, appear as "Promoters," and this word seems to mean editors.

The December number is handsomely illustrated, substantially printed in large type on good paper. Among the many able and interesting articles is one by our old friend and acquaintance Prof. J. S. Loveland, whose theme is "Perils which Menace Present Civilization"; also an extended "Memorial" article commemorating the life and work of the poet singer, James G. Clark—whose recent demise was chronicled in all the reform papers—written by Dr. Mary A. Janney, prefaced by a full page likeness which all who knew the man personally will recognize as true to life. A very attractive feature of the magazine consists in a number of full page illustrations drawn

from a lately issued work by Dr. Cora A. Morse entitled "The Yosemite as I Saw it."

Altogether the December number of "The Coming Light" is a bright and beautiful addition to reform literature. Lucifer bespeaks for it, and predicts for it, a large and growing constituency of intelligent and appreciative readers and patrons.

Price, single numbers, ten cents, fifty cents for six months or one dollar per year. Address 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif.

### There is Opportunity for All Kinds of Work.

BY E. C. WALKER.

I am somewhat astonished at Comrade Lloyd's article in No. 683 of *Lucifer*. This is not because he does not wish to join the propaganda but because he advises us who favor that to drop it and work along "New Idealist" lines only. It would seem that he, of all men, would avoid the error which is involved in the supposition that all reformers can pursue the same methods. For instance he himself has found it necessary to cut loose from the Philosophical Anarchists, with whom he is, as regards most general principles in close sympathy, and devote himself to the attempted solution of the industrial and related problems as a "Free Socialist." But his enterprise in that direction does not prevent his taking an interest in other advance movements. He believes no doubt, that he can help the cause of enlightenment and liberty in more than one way, which is a fact. As I have said previously, there is no necessary antagonism between the aims and methods of the "New Idealists" and the aims and methods of those who have inaugurated the Propaganda. The seeding field is very large and there is room and tasks for every laborer. They need not dispute as to the relative importance of their respective specialties and many of them can work in more than one department.

Mr. Lloyd's second mistake is in assuming that the missionary work of the "New Idealists" is more private than that in which we of the Propaganda are engaged and that the methods he advocates and pursues differ in kind from ours. The "New Idealist" has set out to convince the world that his relations with any and all women are none of the world's business, that it has no right to inquire what sort of associations follow from proximity, and that, in fact, it cannot know what those associations are. This presupposes a vast amount of propagandistic work and propagandistic work the major part of which is necessarily public. It cannot be denied that the publication of books and papers in the interest of New Idealism is public propaganda and the "New Idealists" are just as eager to publish books and papers as are the supposedly less cautious advocates of the National Propaganda. I may be obtuse, but I can see only a difference of degree between the work which Mr. Lloyd favors and that which he condemns.

My friend thinks there is danger in "systematically increasing the circulation of free love literature," and yet he speaks a good word for "Lucifer" and "The Old and New Ideal." Certainly, strenuous efforts are being made to systematically increase the circulation of these two publications. Mr. Ruede busch sells his book through the news dealers and it is advertised in the radical papers. Lucifer's friends are constantly helping it in all ways possible, many of them having recently contributed to a special Extension Fund. Pray, is there no "system" in all of this? If Lucifer's subscription list can be lengthened by one hundred names within a given period of time by the employment of existing propagandistic agencies without subjecting us to unusual risks, shall we be in much greater danger if we so increase our efficiency as to be able to add two hundred names within the same period of time? As the purpose of Lucifer, "The Old and New Ideal", and all other papers and books treating of the sex problem from the viewpoint of the libertarian is to educate men and women and so increase the number of sex liberations, and as this is precisely the purpose of the propaganda, it follows that Mr. Lloyd's argument is an argument not merely against the propaganda but against all

open educational work, against the printing and public circulation of any book or paper dealing radically with sex problems. Mr. Lloyd contributes to Lucifer's columns and so helps make the journal instructive and interesting, thus augmenting its attractiveness and consequently increasing its circulation, and progressively jeopardizing all of us, including himself. To be logical, he must cease giving encouragement to any and all forms of public education in this department of life. As we are doing all we can with the agencies now at our command, so we shall be doing no more than all we can when we have added the agency of the Propaganda. Mr. Lloyd is helping us to reach everybody we can now, thus making his offense the same in kind as ours will be when we become able to reach a few more persons.

### Another Broadside.

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

I regard C. L. James as one of the most forcible and logical of Lucifer's correspondents. After his vigorous words in No. 686, the opponents of the Propaganda have not a leg left to stand on. It is simple childishness to quibble over trifles, when every spark of liberty yet remaining to us is threatened with extinction. Union is strength, and division is weakness.

Caroline de Maupassant objects to the "Call for Concerted Action," but without giving the slightest reason for her attitude. She is like many pretended reformers, who spend their time and energies mainly in cultivating the fine art of "how not to do it." They are very progressive in theory, but the moment action is proposed, they have nothing but discouraging words to offer. They do not explain how any cause is to be advanced by hanging back, and doing nothing. The Propaganda is simply a concerted movement, which appeals to all friends of sexual emancipation. If we all pull together, we shall accomplish something. Let the laggards fall into line.

It is a mistake to look on the "Call" as simply a pet scheme of Mr. Walker. Doubtless many liberals have for years thought and talked of the desirability of united action; but no definite steps seem to have been taken. On a visit of Mr. Walker to Boston, I broached the matter to him, as I had proposed it some weeks before, in a letter to Lillian Harman. The plan, as I had worked it out, embraced the now familiar features of the Propaganda, including the two classes of membership. Mr. Walker immediately fell in with the suggestion that the time was fully ripe for such a project. He drew up the "Call," which, after receiving several signatures, was published in Lucifer. Believing that what is worth doing at all is worth doing thoroughly, Mr. Walker has devoted his time freely to pushing the matter with his accustomed vigor and ability. It is not a movement to "boom" any individual, or to exalt one set of views over another, but to strengthen the hands of all who contend for freedom and progress.

Mr. Chavannes need have no fear that Lucifer will be weakened by the direction of activity towards the Propaganda. The officers of the society are all friends of Lucifer, and regard this paper as indispensable to the lovers of freedom.

I have received some interesting letters from various New Idealists. As I could not acknowledge all personally, let me say that it is gratifying to know how many men and women have the full courage of their convictions, and have well learned the lesson of entire liberty.

1 Lynde St. Place, Boston.

### Reply to Critics.

BY LEROY BERRIER.

I feel myself something like a duck in a rain storm just now. The criticisms and — in Lucifer fall upon me thick and fast, and as yet, they have not succeeded in penetrating or ruffling my feathers. Let it rain, afterwards comes the sunshine, flowers, birds and beautiful women.

If the editor is willing I will expose myself again. Else



Cole Wilcox's reply deserves consideration. I always enjoy hearing from the ladies on this great subject of sex life. This article evidences the fact that my position is not understood, therefore I will endeavor to briefly state it.

I believe in free dissemination of knowledge pertaining to the sexual nature and relations. Sexual intercourse, in itself, to me is no more indecent than social intercourse. I view the sexual organs as I do the hearing and seeing organs. I believe that human welfare and happiness depends upon the recognition of the fact that every human organ and faculty is decent, should be properly educated, and exercised under proper conditions.

Yes, I believe in "freedom not license," and "my ideals" have nothing to do with either, for there is a natural and scientific test. Freedom in no way invades equal rights. License, as I have used it, means the granting of a special privilege which invades equal rights.

The only reasons for society's interference with the sexual relations in any way are: (1) to secure social welfare and progress and (2) to restrict invasions of equal rights, and I do not mean by this the equal rights of one sex, but of both sexes. If all laws existed for the realization of the above ends, they would only be active in case of a deviation from lines of action that lead to those ends. As matters now stand, the marriage laws, although imperfect, are passive where there is no desire on the part of either man or woman to deviate from these lines which always tend toward the coherent, stable and harmonious.

Yes, "my ideal sex relations" would be coherent, stable and harmonious, but I do not wish to be understood to hold that our present relations are perfect in those respects. It is their tendency however.

I think that I desire reformation of the sex relations as strongly as any of the Lucifer readers. The sex relations of the major portion of the human race are haphazard and often result in ill health, unhappiness, loveless homes and unfit offspring. The abolition of the home, however, is not the reform to change this condition.

I should like to know something about that "free love" of which I have no conception. If that "free love" means love(?) for more than one and expressed by sexual intercourse, I confess the lack of a kind of "breadth" that would allow me to appreciate it. I have always thought that I was enjoying free love in the same sense that the needle of the compass has freedom; it is under natural law.

I know of men who say they love all or many women, and they desire to sex with them. That desire seems to be all there is to their love, and they do not wish to assume the least responsibility. I ask my critic, which form of love she would prefer to have sex relations under, the love for her alone or the love bestowed upon many?

Can it be possible that love is killed by the mere thought that there are laws for the purpose of prohibiting action that would surely kill it sooner or later?

I do not believe in prostitution under the marriage bond, and all sexual intercourse that is not the culmination and expression of love (a relative love) is prostitution. I do believe in the prohibition and prevention if possible of action that will kill love. Why? because I believe for many reasons a permanent love is the most conducive to the welfare and happiness of the race.

My critic says, "Do not fear, Mr. Berrier, if two people are drawn together by the power of love they will stay together as long as it is mutually agreeable for them to do so." Yes I believe this, and I also believe there is no danger of thoughts of imagined "chains" killing it.

My principle aim is to disseminate knowledge that is conducive to the endurance of love and the welfare of offspring. It is true, I do not wish to interfere with the monogamic family. It is also true that the family as now constituted may "serve its purpose, and in the course of evolution pass away." I only

know that in this stage of evolution it seems to be better adapted to secure the desired ends than any other sex relations. The family, or the living together and exclusive devotion of one man and one woman to each other, is born of their natural desires.

What does Mr. Ruedebusch offer as a remedy for the home "devoid of love"? Simply its abolition. See his article in No. 677 of Lucifer. Because husbands and wives after establishing through love, a home, which constitutes the family, violate the natural laws that govern the endurance of love, Mr. Ruedebusch and others wish to abolish the home. I do not think for one moment that the home and family as institutions need any defense or special efforts made to uphold them, for as long as they make possible the realization of our greatest desires they will continue to exist. My aim is to remedy the loveless home by teaching the laws that govern the endurance of love, while Mr. Ruedebusch and other varietists shut their eyes to those laws and say there are loveless homes, therefore we will abolish the home.

No, the present indiscriminate haphazard procreation is not satisfactory, but this procreation is not due to the monogamic family by any means, it is due to ignorance and the lack of a true interest in the welfare of the human race.

This communication is already too long and must be closed. In the near future I hope to show the physiological affects of variety. I think it is possible to prove to every thinking and sincere person of conscience, that variety is not what we want. Of course there are consciousnessless men and frivolous women whom no argument can affect. They are only influenced by social powers.

"REMINISCENCES of an Octogenarian", referred to by J. K. Ingalls in this issue, is a work well worth the perusal of all reformers. It is the summing up of the experiences and observations of a long and very useful life. Sent from this office for forty cents, in boards, or twenty cents paper cover.

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Frank Rosen, Washington D. C.:—The herewith enclosed three dollars, will pay for your paper, one dollar for "New Humanity," one dollar for yourself, in order to drink a bottle of wine. With best wishes for many returns of a happy New Year.

S. O. Bishop, Wichita, Kas.:—Enclosed find order for two dollars and fifty cents—fifty cents for the "Firebrand"; fifty cents for Lucifer's Extension Fund; fifty cents for "Hilda's Home"; one dollar to renew subscription to Lucifer.

[For the "Firebrand Group" as well as for the encouragement given to Lucifer and its work we sincerely thank our old time friend and faithful co-worker, for his short and business-like letter. M. H.]

Dr. E. B. Poote Jr. New York City:—Enclosed find receipt for bill paid and my "Xmas" for Lucifer Circle. Suppose you call it a "V" for Moses and a "V" for Lillian and the baby. I haven't read "Hilda." Can't easily keep track of such a thing in pieces. You may, however, count on my taking two dollars worth if you get it out. I shall then find chance to read it.

[The profoundest thanks of the beneficiaries of the above, is but poor acknowledgment, or return, for this generous token of fraternal regard. May the shadow of the good doctor of minds and healer of bodies, never grow less.

L. H. and M. -]

James Freeman, Bloomington Ill.:—I want to say to you, by all means, don't fail to publish "Hilda's Home" in book form. I will take a half dozen copies, (paper covers,) for free distribution. Will try to induce others to buy. I think it will

## 691.

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prove a grand educator. Wishing you the greatest success in your labor for humanity, I am always your friend.

[Such letters as the above encourage us greatly. Col. Freeman, (by which warlike title he is generally known, though a man inclined always to peace and not to war) has been a very generous helper to Lucifer and to "Our New Humanity" for several years. In his capacity of President of the "Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association" he has had it in his power to introduce our educational work to hundreds of progressive and liberal minded people.

M. H.]

THE CLOSE of the old year and the beginning of the new, are now here. Will our friends whose time has expired or about to expire, kindly renew for another year? And if in arrears, will they kindly add the arrearage to the renewal?

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